

bear

wild life

this man wears his shadow like a frumpy uniform
his temper is dubious but he can't put it down
he walks into a bar and silence buys the first round

it takes the toasts of strangers to divest his thirst
the stains on his shirt are the medals on his chest
the moon pulls his bravado around by its nose

he smells sweat slippery between breasts
he smells dew beading on wild strawberries
he fords rapids running through raging hearts

his passion insatiably pirouettes in the mirror
his spectacles are fly specked and tinted with fog
what he sees in front of him is not always there

his appetite leads him through a gluttonous waltz
he winks at the future as he dances with the past
the toes he steps on limp away from the brawl

his mother once tangoed time out the door
he keeps her estate in the heel of his shoe
clocks pick his pockets when he falls to the floor

bat

wild life

this man clings to the underside of over
he signs his name to documents that won't rhyme
he paints his mailbox with mustard and guano

he plays the radio his mother kept in her kitchen
in the winter he fine tunes crackling frequencies
searching late night static for a taste of hum

his frost bit ears gather the cloudy music of tiny wings
he once danced in starlight with hungry zigzagging women
now his stomach growls as he swerves to avoid the downbeat

this man sprinkles mosquitoes on short ribs and omelets
he inoculates his memories with mother's milk and rabies
his great uncles sipped the blood of slumbering giants

on whetstones of dragonfly bones he sharpens his teeth
he squints as the moon blooms in fragrant dark corners
he sniffs gasping blossoms he finds quivering in shadows

his dreams are upsidedown and cratered with echoes
the mirrors in his heart are turned towards the wall
he fondles the what ifs of what must be abandoned

marmot

wild life

this man is mangled by sawblades of sleep
he wakes up counting his fingers and toes
spotlights fracture the gnarled grain of his dreams

this man is puzzled by the jazz of his own charisma
hope is measured by the length of his shadow
his dreams are branches that won't fit in the stove

he keeps a portrait of the moon next to his pillow
minutia nibbles on the varnish of his pseudonym
his handshake is a cage in the middle of a smile

laughter is a mirror he shines in curious faces
the shine on his shoes belonged to his father
meaty ledgers were balanced and waiting

he lives in a maze with maps on the walls
he tips the doorman but whistles for the waiter
hunger is an ancient voice in destiny's choir

his harmonies are stumps on the forested edge
his heart is a blackbird in a frost stippled tree
his fate a tarnished spoon sprinkling his ashes

magpie

wild life

this man takes out the trash in his tuxedo
he reeks of roadkill he powders his crotch
he sharpens his creases he slicks back his hair

he struts through the hush like he owns all the vowels
he jaywalks with a flair through rush hour traffic
he could get smeared without ruffling a feather

he is a matador sidestepping wheels in a jammed up dream
he is the only son of a sleepwalker and a pilot car driver
at the end of the road a sliver of moon stabbed his mama's heart

his heart is an old valley slowly choking with intersections
his lovers with their mysteries and mirrors are good for a laugh
his syllables are waves of glass shattering on shores of stone

he is the sergeant of arms in a cathedral of criminal minds
he likes soda in his scotch and his eggs just about to hatch
when shadows steal the day misfortune cues his favorite tune

all his cards are on the table...face down but on the table
he has no name for the silence slowing upping the ante
nor for the drumroll about to goosebump his soul