

5 Poems *“Quandaries on the West Coast”* for Sixfold

“San Francisco Bay: Midnight”

i’m sitting on the frontage road
Front Row

I. The Grand Drape is being drawn open.
its gentle sashay sway
breathes across my face, my neck
like the breath of one loved

Sounds!
like the west bound freeway 80
behind me
the applause coming off
The Bay
fluid, polished, prepared

starlight—spotlight—moonlit stage
in this violet blue auditorium
the ground row curtain Dark,
getting darker as the lights dim

the refineries produce charcoal gray capes as the
waterfront the satin evening dresses’
sequins
each performer in their place

II. The tugboat conductors, Corps de ballet
pirouette,
contretemps

the passing lights and shadows are jesters
jumping about, doing ronds de jambe
stage right, stage left
up the Bay bridge the lights are dancers
on a trampoline

the fog horns ‘ooh’ and ‘ahhh’ their delight

III. The quietude allays
solitudes chill
i sit in the audience of
blinking eyes of night creatures
observe the City's skyline lights
the gala's nimbus

my senses satiated i exit this theater,
slowly travel the frontage road home
in heightened wonder of this performance. ✨

“Mouettes et mastodontes”

On Seagulls and Elephants

the ocean seems, a lifetime of poems
a university library's overflowing
stacks and shelves, stacks and shelves

kelp tubes the sea's daily flotsams
and shells and shells of creatures
within the waves and tides reassurances

my friend tells me the ocean is not
a lover or mentor; surreal illustration;
merely ionizing specialties of the ocean's air

still i hear the seagulls interjections
i hear, hear, hear, them call above,
adjudicating the sea's crashing protestations

my friend sees a world of physics, of
explanations, 'empyrics', definitions
calendars and planner's days and months

this ionized air brings back to my mind
metaphorical elephants of swelling sentiments
creating visceral in-body re-creations

his native language, his first tongue,
misses the foreign expressions in these underworld
speak-easies, their currents and currencies

and i come to a north star recognition of
a language spoken by gray mammoths in *vers libre*
to an alien resident on a familiar planet

and the colony of white and gray herring gulls
keow, keow and ha-ha-ha-ha-ha their banquet days
and voice their condescension to the third heaven.

and by some surreal illustration,

J'ai été aimé et encadré

(i am loved and mentored) ✨

*"Alcuni Contano le Stelle,
Alcuni Grani della Sabbia"*
(Some Count the Stars,
Some the Grains of Sand.)

Talk to me,

while i finish counting the grains
of salt on the brim
of a margarita glass,

or after counting the grains
of sand on the rim
of the pacific,

speak to me please,
about the credible explanation
of the vast, expansive, accelerated
beginning of this Universe –
a commentary on the stars.

Somewhere in the Pacific Northwest
on an ocean shore
where i have often walked.

I would like to vision,
a triumphant 'ahah!' vision,
above a languishing earth,

beyond the counted stars,
those markers defining time,
recording time indefinite,

help me, as I walk the dunes of Mendocino,
(Voce sussurrato)

*"Alcuni Contano le Stelle,
Alcuni Grani della Sabbia"*

(some contemplate the stars,
some the grains of sand.)

to simply perceive their perfect possibilities,
as gifts. ✨

"In a little breeze"

You are somewhere in California
i'm under the rumble of jet engines
as planes and jets roll in, fly out
of Colorado
it is the holidays
not my holidays
you are a thousand miles away
distant from me
separated
i am
isolated
and wish you would find me
in a little breeze on the coast
outside of Bodega Bay

i would fill your nostrils
were you to find me there
make your face moist.
It shines, i love the shine
you are unblemished, backlit
as the sun sets behind you
if you found me in the breeze.

If you could find me in the drawer
you might find me in the
scraps
 of paper
 in your desk
 in the drawer with your cards
and stamps and notes
 a scrap
with the words
or a phrase
that would make you smile
or would
flush red
your face embarrassed
if you found me there
my blood being ink
my soul a phrase

a memory
in which you would find me.

Or you might find me on the floor
in the morning
in the clothes being picked up
and added to sheets from
the bed, and towels, socks
t-shirts
there finding me as
day old cologne
patterns of silk
a single sock
(behind the headboard)
that in a fragrance
or texture
or fabric
you might find me there.

You might find me there
in a measure
a tempo or stanza
in the shuffle of life
and dissonant tones,
erratic staccato
of our lives rhythms
and a song
in the shower
over the radio
would find me there
finding no borders
between
Colorado and California
from a time past
where there were no
borders
long ago
in days we pioneered
you would find me.

i wish you would find me
at breakfast, early

Saturday
espresso grounds soaked
saturated broth
over ice
chocolate and croissants
the breakfast your mother
told you about,
next to an oak framed
window

open

ivy hanging down
in your cotton
sleepy eyes
soft, stirring sounds
of neighbors
lives
reviving
and there
you would find me
in your quiet prelude
to a lazy day.

i would have you find me
inside
coursing through your veins
pulsing in your ears
electric swelling
emotion
feeling the
tympani
vvvvibrrrratting
booommmming within
a muffled resonance
a bells striker
padded with flesh
i wish you would
fine me there,

find me there. ✨

"This Park, That Spring"

This park, this spring
hidden in the Berkeley hills
talks to me
as we view from this vista
the San Francisco bay

the confetti of sail boats sprinkled
on the late afternoon table cloth bay
on this goose bump baby blue day
metallic sprinkles between the cornbread hills
catch the Maxfield Parrish colors of the dusk

this park, this spring where
hidden we were from this day
two plum trees in blossom remind me
of the blushing, the bleached white sails
filling your open air smiles

embracing you from behind
my arms around your waist
looking out into the now
a day floating away like clouds
a day with a silk thread horizon

the sun setting into our blood
leaving warm the slow setting evening
our souls begging this embrace
to never end
in this park, that spring. ❀