

yellow hair

There was yellow in your hair back then, because
the summer settled slowly into September
still full of light. Sweat glistened on my upper
lip while dust drank up my ankles.

Your hand felt heavy as you reached forward and stroked
my arm to bring me slow. I fought it faster down
the mountain, ran over the rocks.

The yellow of my hair doesn't depend upon a season.
I would be on Hitler's list of weak
but breed-able, arian to the last degree.

(when Hitler finds his way into a poem of lost
love, you know more was lost than love)

The stroke of your hand murdered the woman
I was, as flung forward I fled.

Life fills with alliterations you wish life left alone.

This is many poems, of few ideas, merged together
because I can no longer separate what happened
from what is in I am.

The yellow of my hair does not depend upon a season.

(or an age)

not about you

I'm not even thinking about you, and my mind
speaks your name so loud that my tongue
rolls inside my mouth.

prayer

Lord, today is a new day, with new people
(and old people), new challenges (and
those old challenges). Help me not to sound
like my motivational calendar.

to be you

You can't know what it means
to be me.

Because you are you,
walking down the street
when your mind is in
the office, or on
the mountain, or mused

between the fingers
of the baker kneading
dough.

You walk and you see
the child who lost his
ice cream cone
top down in the crack
of the sidewalk, while

I walk and see the geranium
blooming in the window
on your side of the street
and up two floors.

You don't feel

my toe shoved up
against the inside of my loafers,
or the hair that keeps
escaping confinement
to dwell in the recesses
of my mouth, wrapped well
around my tongue.

You have stopped

to feel the inside of your pocket
for the elusive cell phone
that acts as the compass
for your life –

to adjust the tie that shields
your throat – and

as I keep walking,
across the street from you but
in stride, I see you fall
behind, and I realize;

I can't know what it means
to be you, either.

Kirk Creek Campground, Big Sur

We wake to find the morning of the dawn
partway up our foreheads in dew. I have slipped
from my mat with the slope of our tent
and Charley's muddy muzzle looks down
longways at mine. My sister moans
and pushes his bark-filled tail
off of her face.

I gather my things and they are damp –
my pants, my jacket, boots, scarf.
Outside the whole of the world is wet
from a mist now non-existent. The ocean
continues its movement
no matter.

love song to a place (San Simeon, CA)

I miss the way your rocky hills crack off
into the sea, the smell of salt
seeped well into the pores of granite, limestone,
filling the spaces between the grains of
sand. I miss the cypress trees that line

your crags, that turn to bare-bone
wood in an interior of shadow and
broken branches – cypress skeletons that
reach further up to flourish a stem of
green somewhere out of sight. I miss the way

I froze and panted, the way
your winds blew me about like
that sail in the water, caught my
coat to flail my arms along my

edges. I miss the way I felt for

something more in your fanciful
terrains – the way the grass on your
hills was the greenest, the wounds from your plants
the deepest, the ocean there the most ferocious,
and the tide-pools always sealed in glass.