

## **Man in the Moons**

I tour the moon.  
I travel at night.

The moon is round.  
It could roll across the deck  
of a luxury liner.  
Now the moon is  
a German's head,  
bald as a ball,  
Revolving, no nerves attached.

More moons,  
the size of condos,  
float past my nose;  
they are souls,  
lighter than soap.  
Green, orange, red –  
the colors of sherbet.

I'm telling the truth.  
I'm rational like Spinoza.

What I see is empirical.  
The night is heavy with proof.  
University students,  
open-minded as goats,  
Calculate the impact on the tides.

The black-haired Uruguayan  
prays to the Virgin Calendaria.  
I am packed and ready to go.  
Will she come, too?

Suddenly, an Australian,  
partial to Excel,  
Frowns at my frivolity.

### **Any Love**

*To E.W.*

The storm rises.  
Can sailors breathe on ships?  
The serious fish pause and stare,  
Scales throbbing with wisdom,  
They don't ask questions.

Ask me about your love  
When the fabric of the sea,  
Laced to the silhouette of sand,  
Drops away  
Exposing the thighs of gulls.

I write this on the Java Sea,  
Sword in sand,  
Near the breaking surf. Your smile  
I imagine to be for me.  
The ponderous birds sing  
In our ears, fine-tuned as feathers.

I pump up my wife's bicycle tire,  
She serves a goblet of Merlot.  
The pirate, your lover,  
His eyelashes tight,  
Lies beside you—  
Your babies,  
Chests throbbing in dreams,  
Swim in your womb.

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## **Flight 1057 to Kansas City**

I fly economy  
to Kansas City  
to prove the earth is flat.  
Through the glass of the porthole,  
I watch us take off from  
the flat runway.

On the compact jet,  
I sit an inch from a blond woman.  
(She's not flat.)

She taps a phone,  
aware I am close by.  
My guess is she's European,  
but I dare not document  
her global complexion.  
She glances past me  
with blue-green eyes  
lips of gold.

"Do you speak French?"  
I ask above the clouds.

"No."

She is curt. I am hurt.

"On airplanes,"  
I hasten to explain,  
"I always check to see  
who speaks French."

She is not reassured.

At 24,000 feet,  
my chosen golden one,  
her brow furrowed,  
transfuses herself  
into her digital device.

Time passes, and  
like God,

I know the number of hairs  
on her arm.  
She's wearing jeans  
leather sandals  
a lime blouse.  
Her breasts  
are tethered.

I am a religious man:  
I am tempted to declare  
a Psalm to my flaxen foreigner:  
"I will lift up my eyes  
Unto the hills  
From whence comes my help."  
Whose hills those are,  
I think I know...

No response.  
(Did I say something?)  
I pull out Franz Kafka  
who writes in picture-perfect sentences  
about Gregor Samsa -  
it could have been me -  
evolving into a bug  
losing touch  
with the human race,  
finding solace  
on reflective glass.

When our flight lands,  
the earth is flat  
proving my theorem.  
"Don't forget your water,"  
I advise my confidant,  
Pointing to her flask  
in the seat pocket.

She smiles at last.  
No fear, my dear.  
I stand and retrieve my bag.  
No more time to  
peruse topography.

**Visiting Marc Chagall's Madonna and Child in  
Framunster Cathedral, Zurich  
While Writing to My Paloma  
in Uruguay**

Mary's green,  
holding lettuce-  
thin Son of God  
whose bones  
nick finger tips.

Do you know *echar de menos*?\*  
I ask you when we hold hands  
by the sea.  
Interpret, please.  
Each cricket  
speaks its own language,  
requiring a word of prose.

Your pen, by way of interpretation,  
cuts hieroglyphics in air.  
(Mary's message is in sand.)  
And what is the vocabulary  
of sea stars?  
They listen to our feet  
above patchymama –

Dreary, rainy days  
of Switzerland  
requiring the sun of Punte del Este,  
rising in Mary's arms,  
star of the sea.

I genuflect,  
cast kisses at Paloma,  
but she dodges,  
agile as Mary's baby.  
*Escribir para Corazon sano*\*\*

by xxxxxxxx

\* to miss something  
\*\* write for healthy heart