

Pieces of my Story

burst

art is a mosaic I keep taking apart
as the sea does castles
or winter plucks flesh
it's summer they warn
of flash floods and I flood
with fast guitars snap
my fingers to drums
dancing wild limbs
and when I am on
I am a river
charged with rain

The Gift of Anger

A bird jettisons.
I am slow to learn.

Fear does not breathe.
I believed in demons
and the swords of angels.

Life is without flowers.
It is a mountain lake
the honesty of wind.
And anger at dead flesh.

I clench truth like a cliff's edge.

The Sky

Green skies indicate tornadoes
also a sound like a freight train out of control
and the house shudders like a startled horse.
Dorothy flew to Oz with one
mine drilled out the foundation
and broke the good luck mirror.
Yeah, mine was a metaphor
with sharp teeth, and I didn't have a dog
to tell we were far from Kansas
just voices in my brain –
the moon smote me by night,
the insane can believe any gibberish
a god who turns his thumb down
towards fire. The remains
are buried. The natives knew weather
better than us, when the trickster came as a tornado
they may have told by the sky or the birds
to run before he uprooted the poles of teepees,
scattered the tribe.

Light

The thread for Theseus
Underground in the king's labyrinth
I've followed
A glinting stream
From the spring of my first year,
Looked for meanings
How the wind combs cirrus
Or a seedling grows –
A seed is so abstract.
It has all inside
But like a pencil sketch.
The thread is that slight
A compass needle.
When I find an opening
For an instant it solves everything
And I burst
From the dead cage
Into day.

Variations on Smoothness

Glass has no taste or smell
and lets sight pass
with but a glinting edge.

Red wine in a curved glass
is a ship
under full sail.

When the sea is glass-calm
the ship drifts
like a poet

with the tides
the moon births
smelling of lassitude.

Glass is even smoother-skinned
than Helen of Troy
stolen by ruffian Paris.

Paris has black holes of loneliness
guitars in the streets
hearts locked in museums.

Wine remembers more than glass
and smells of sweet age.
My father's scent was shaving and warm bread.

Ovid smelled perfume
and desired to be all nose.
My nose is for air after rain

when night is ending
and sky fills
with a desire for flowering.