

Having Friends: Research Perspectives

What way to commemorate the warm?
Which looking glass fits best?
And how to build a nest
to weather humor's storm?
It's true: Time spent with friends
is rarely spent at all;
it is a ripe-strummed call,
warm with the means and ends
of being. Through this moss,
so thick with film-grain fog,
he moves, the wet, brown dog,
but one of three. This loss
is stone-bright: What I see,
on-rushing through the rushes,
is a worn canoe that pushes
past watching cypress-knee
and through my vision's field;
a field like any other,
a place to be together,
a place to bow, to yield
to a whole, and to no piece.

Grounded

after "Hand Holding Egg," Charles Ray, 2007

The egg's enclosure opens onto void
and the wrist holding the egg also opens
to the same gray between-space, museum air, the touch
of the guard's eyes behind you, suspended
in it.

Sometimes things
grow from soil, expound their beanstalk logic of smooth upward,
but soil is itself a rope of ropes,
a baroque emblem of change;
since soil is not earth
but the memories of past earth
rendered on that same cruel timeline,
their chronology of being is
stilted, vertical,
too fragile to unfold.

Nothing like an egg, tumbled and bowled
to a well-spackled Bone,
a versatile neutral
which cracks when pressed
or faced with force
but remains otherwise self-contained
uncompromised by all not in its orbit
and imagine the sun-core
spinning its cum-clear albumen satellite
in infinite, geographical spirals.
It's a convex mirror;
like you
might hiccup after a fight,
it's all going back out the same way it came up.

Product

So be it.

If you want to mill and pray for forgiveness,
this text won't fight:

I'll work on something sharper, a human whistle,
for the day when words are currency.

Here in front of it, though,
the insufficiency seems obvious:
the peeling paint renders as bare,

renders bare the cabinet,

and shoots you a look like: Girl, as if—
as if you could move with grace
with empty pockets
and jealousy your sole guide.

As if you wouldn't trip over your own shoelaces
as soon as you tried.

I'm telling you, though,

I'm not settling for a light at the expense of my sun,
a wobbly, awkward atom, flinging its light haphazard.

As if the real trick is to look, and seeing is just a bonus:

As if the real trick is to look, and seeing
would pollute the glance irrevocably.

In any case, I'm bare here,
a dinner guest in a paper robe
trailing snail slime soaking awkwardly
into the authentically foreign carpet.

journey

bases basics rudiment wrought worked
journeyed dayed set went wassailed
threshed thrashed trashed held holed
helped felt fell felled failed
trailed trained birthed billed transformed
turned formed filled fated fared
hared sprinted got forgot forgot
forgot forever forgot back bases

Overdraft

The sun rages like authority
at insouciance, bringing its ruler down
hot on limbs and palms.

Hold out your hand,
I have candy peels for sweet children
and in my shirt pockets a paradise of loss.

There on the corner, the shadow of an arabbers' timeworn cry
yells to break free of fresh apples,
rise above melons, red to the rind.