

Ashes to Smashes, Dust to Rust

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Ashes when my lips consume sun
Ashes when everything has gone up in smoke.

Ashes when I walk through last night's fire
or in their singing am singed, in their burning

burnt. Ashes to bless tomorrow's tomorrow.
All this green world, arms lifted from earth.

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Smashes when I dream the dream of windows.
Shattered snippets of conversation.

Strawberries, blossoms of red. Sonic booms.
Black holes. Broken bones. God is made of glass

and porcelain. Glasses of wine. wafer thin.
Smash the glass. I am waiting, waiting.

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Again the dust, again ground down. Devils
twist in the wind, wrap in the robes of saints.

A sudden thirst for lime and water. Mouth a husk
of bread and dust. Rising, falling, settling; binding,

blinding. Dust is the decoy of lesser gods.
Motes rise from every step like breath.

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Rust as iron as softening as butter and flour.
Over time, fizzes, flakes. Over time tickles

freckles, curls tongue, locks jaw. Taut. To
stretch too far. To tumble into love's numb after

life. To listen to Neil Young and Crazy Horse. Live.
Living. As good as an object of affection, rust.

Irrevocable Year of the Ranger

The world claims itself as a flat screen. My truck dies every night in the phantom light and refuses to start in the morning. Kicking tires does nothing. Closed fist.

Open fist. Tinker's fingers. A thousand false starts might mean a thousand more. All I want at night is to be swept away in a birth of dreams. The morning just is

morning. Is just the sweet dreams of birth of a swept away night, of a thousand false starts, of a fist hot as a small sun. Unable to open. Unable to close. Again to tinker

and turn into a kick-a-long tire. In the morning's first refusal of phantom light my truck is flat as a spatula and all I want at night is to be swept away by a round

world, in a round of dreams, in the phantom light of morning's birth. But the world is closed. Open. Flatly. Claims order. Claims disorder. Refuses to start, refuses not to.

Bus Poem Revisited

Dreams are born of common faces. This
bus is an accordion which collapses on
corners as riders bury themselves in
electronic screens. How many hungry
gods live in our fingers? Each light's fairy
luminescence, beneath each bridge a troll,
the innumerable scrawl of spray paint.
Who is an adept, which a plastic shell
among the blue velvet faces of the interred?

The Law of Averages

It washes over like waves, some wicked equation.
Breaking the overhead light while fluffing the comforter.
Fly rod snapping in half inside the ferrule.
Alternator dying three hours from the nearest tow truck.
So what? Appointments pass in twos, in threes,
in night sweats and tightening chest,
as prescription pills, parking tickets, no shows.
Toxins creep through pipes, accumulate. A hornet's nest
or stroke or misstep. Everything wants transportation.
A creeper wave. A kind of awe. When it crashes upon us
we become drenched in a kind of magnetism.
The law of averages catches up, a spin cycle, an undertow.
Brief shimmers turned inside-out, nothing but lint, burs
stuck in laces, bodies left breathless in bed.

Bless the Last Words Standing

Bless missing s's
how the wind carries us
impossible distances, (cats)
in brackets, questions without answers
and things that are broken
and broken-open in reverberation
like fists that find fingers
or misgivings in the heart
that flake apart like alfalfa.