

Mushroom Lady

Asphalt street, puddles

children

gasoline rainbows

millionths of an inch thick, you said.

Thick as a soul is long.

Field Guide, logging trails,

children

aspen, two years dead; oyster mushrooms.

Pleurotus Ostreatus, you said.

The grouse silenced us.

Rush Hour

classify the crowd

behind your smile

you don't belong here

and the small groups

with no innate

individual strength

find precarious security

laughing at others

and the arm-in-arm couples

in their solipsistic waltz

don't realize

each draws nothing from

the other

and the rest stand

in bland raiment

trying not

to touch

You've Been Falling

you've been falling
you can't sleep can't concentrate
don't feel one shred
of joy you don't remember
when you didn't
ache in every muscle joint or
through your marrow-spooned
and freezing bones
around this barren chamber
once you kept
your soul here but it fled
your formless memories
squirm flat their two dimensions
without being
bound the void as they bind it to you
that would be how being nothing
feels except you can't ignore them
voices in the
emptiness howl wordlessly
but you know what they
want they want to tell you
go
escape it
no it's not the easy way though
there perhaps will be those
who will think so
but what the fuck do they know
you've been falling
you can't sleep can't concentrate
don't feel one shred
of joy you don't remember
when you didn't
ache in every muscle joint or
through your marrow-spooned
and freezing twisted
throbbing bones

After The Rain

A stripped wind coaxes
dribbles from trees in weak rushes
you slog through sidewalk pools
panes of glass
shattered with a spatter

You frown mumbling down
at wet shoes wet socks wet cuffs
and gasoline rainbows
in puddles that ripple
wobbling gray reflections
grinning back

Children overflow the streets
with laughter silver
flashing sheets
splashing from mirrors
tickled by boots as they stomp
yellow slickered effigies home from school

You soak your inseams
with a flat footed two step
and sneeze
with a smile

Bad Corner

The screech of rubber coating the road
Gags conversation
Freezes customers'
Coffee cup puckered lips
Over motionless mugs.

The slam careens to our ears
Eyes jerk to the Bad Corner
Something colorful flops to the ground
Just beyond the twisted motorcycle
And man beneath the truck.

A few cars stop; people stare,
Or pretend to look away,
And I'm on the phone
As always
When the Bad Corner causes an accident.

A calm and sweaty man comes in
I give him the extinguisher
(The truck, at least, can be saved).
They have to jack it up
Over and off the charred bike and biker.

The rumpled scar is scraped from the road
And wrapped in blankets.
Just before the ambulance slams shut
The calm and sweaty man
Places the leg beside the body

And wipes his hands on his pants.