

Mr. Nobody Notices

it's raining on a humdrum friday night
& there's a poverty of options in the wealth of netflix, i know.
thank you for coming to my abnormality show.
it's not the thing you probably want or need,
but you may watch me sitting pensively in a room
dreading the flight of an arbitrary fly
or reading a poem on my iphone.
it seems to me that from that blue glow
a billion hands are reaching:
i rather like the line
"in memory, even the love light words
gathered from our day at the beach
become crystals, grains of salt
on your sunburnt lips -
the ocean's kiss"
while you focus on this patter, my associate
steals jewels from the pockets of your brain.
what if i can sense you reading?
your attention is a precious resource;
thank you for bringing it here & making
my wallet whole.
i will spend it wisely on premium chronic & other elementaries.
from now on we will only pay attention
to the unpopular ones:
a lavish centipede in a room
of basic butterflies -
the black hole we cannot see
at the center of all this radiance we call soul.

Queen of Cups

remember
all the children
drowned
the ferry on fire
like the globe
inescapable
in this era of rockets
high anthropocene
the cargo
human
human, a mother,
seems like a precious
word, seems like its meaning is
precious, a world, precious
puff of air
to carry meaning
from one shore
to another
remember
sailing in the ship
of our mother
her rocking hips
& now the ocean, open,
will lift your feet
from the broken shells
the broken lights
& carry you away
on green & blue
horseback
the emerald horses
the sapphire wheels
of the rip tide
memory
a small fishing boat
rocking like
a babe
on the breast
of the matriarch
unfolding her story
death is an image
we should not

love so tenderly
should we remember it
in the human celebration
at the conclusion of day
the funeral barge
offering its treasure of flame
to the hohumming sun
dragon, oh dragon mother,
what does it matter
when each of us spills
our hearts
into the mother
of fables
this ocean
we were here
we existed, we were
a seeming
& then
we were
or we were not.

Two of Cups

does anything belong
to anyone
(says the sun)
this ocean view you share
does not belong
to nobody
not god nor country
cannot be taken, bought, or sold
pieces of air in your lungs
pieces of fire in your skull
in a prison cell
in the bedroom of royalty
your experience is not controlled
by history
cannot be erased or changed
by the fads of human fame
your story, your shared experience
already questionable in the eyes of this infant
who cares what it means
was it lived in innocence
was it lived without pieces of blood
on your hands, the words on your tongue
the light racing from heaven
to explode the world in the miraculous
hallelujah of your eyes

Memory is a Bitter Well

we failed to understand, back then, that a pool is a body of water in chains. still, in the penitential heat of oklahoma, it offered us relief. or was it the light leaking from the black holes of your eyes? was that the medicine?

everything alive expresses itself. did i not imagine you said that? the blue starbeams like lotion on our sun sore skin, the petals of the june rose sweating their heavy red scent. fireflies signaling green & neon that they are ready to swap digits, maybe DNA. was it then we kissed? could a moment be so unblemished, unmarred by harm?

the world wants to kill us. or force us, at least, to the train tracks & cemeteries. i liked the long lick of your belly, the taste of it like grass freshly cut, like the smell of cracked earth cooling in rain freshly fallen. your sack dark as a salty fig. there was no disease in your cum, no death. but there was death, there is a ghost anchored in that moment like a frequency frozen in quartz.

in the morning you left. the room loomed emptier than ever. i was fourteen. i knew nothing of the world. knowledge kept me company as the light surged through the house, strange & demonic, transforming the air, dissolving me into steam & slipping the soul out of the borders of body, & yes, i liked it.

afternoon discovery of the moon, pale as a seashell in the blue devil sky. already the clouds had forgotten. somewhere a fire. somewhere a thirst for everything that happened, a thirst deep in the bone, & how shall it be cured when you are so gone?

Apocalypse, Florida

i record the charred-looking clouds of the sea-sky, my eyes
non judgemental as possible, soft, floating lamblike over the other families'

messy remains: styrofoam, straws, sharp-lipped sprite cans, diapers. the storm
pulsing its morse over the distant deep is like a brain awake & alert

long past midnight. in the dim yellow light
my father reads about the guns of WW2, with each cycle of breakers he resembles more

& more like a beach ball asking to be bullied. what is love
but this empty coast, the surf insisently knocking (more each year)

on the grassy doors of the dunes? the ache of this moment is like the stones
of the peach & plum resolved from the liquidating flesh

of the fermenting fruit. in true postmodern fashion, we are always
among the last to leave. so we wait,

wasting time, my brother changing the topic of conversation
to fresh irrelevancies as the ravens pull up

on their gorgeous underworld wings
to interrogate the spoils of man's war against the planet.

my bones brim with a happy weariness.
let them be scattered here,

where nothing is ever complete,
where reality always wavers on the brink.