

I. *The silent cabin*

.....

February/

*grays eclipse the blues, a cloaked awakening –
wind violins to trees' applause, raindrops tap dance,
firewood snaps its fingers –*

*secluded sounds' expanse in silence
muffle memories under a crunch of snow
(catching breaths from echoes out of hearing)*

*coolness cotton sheets silk envelopes the spirited mist
of smoked vapors chill invigorates, steam like dry ice,
fall prey to the warm bodies of stragglers who escape
to what passion held, bear arms in a hunter's chance –*

I myself am caught breathing.

* * * * *

1.

summers exploit free living,
turn off air,
burn you on the bill –
spring washes its hands
but fall is cool:
leans towards winter,
takes the heat off.

I am February's
orphaned child,
winter's second offspring
out of seasons' wedlock –
nourishes skeletal frames,
bare bone & naked.

*

nights shed light
lowering volume
in neon nightlife,
flower stars
song asked
to the dance –

fog wets breeze
lapping tongues,
water grass
stoned on hills
smoking clouds

*I'm wrapped inside her
in the dark wet wonder...*

2.

blood's sweet wildness
shot through the moon
fifty summers trigger –
gun powder blue,
my love in black.

sun's early thieves
break down doors,
steal the music –
darkness losing light,
space runs into walls
*blind noise deafens
the sight of silence.*

*

arsonists at war
suits the body's
inescapable skin,
cold's in a sweat
leaking thirst –
resigns cool restraint
prepare for the thaw.

*moonlit bones
of watered stones
thinning stars
to smoky daylight..*

postlude

notes linger the longest
small silences sustain –
solitude strains
to hollowed space
dissonance beds
crowding its place

days cross calendars
marked by absence –
I'm out of silence
suspension delays

*

the alarm bell rings
and wakes a life past –
wet roads of early rain,
I'm waiting but I'm late...

II. *The painter*

.....

*portrait in blue – I ate off her lips from the drunken rage my palette lapped with
thirst – rawness of purity caught in the act, pretense without the pose, still wet
in my memory – but I’m mistaken for poetry, singing music in the wrong bars
penned by a sad surprise – where my sentence starts at the end of this writing...*

* * * * *

out of the blue...(a restoration)/

I pose as dawn, never look back
painted beauty but never stared
closing curtain’s tricks of light –
her leafless coat forger smeared
crude imitations hung to dry

absence sweeps vacant halls
draped daylight black –
silken hem’s slender trace,
stairs faintly cushion steps

still-life’s artful grace
brushed off memory’s dust
linger long sunflower wisps,
hair strands knitting webs
tailor to attics, tangle forget

8 years between winters...

bohemia & vivaldi open your eyes
and 6000 miles to close them

my body a tower,
limbs for blades
cut sections out of air
like light solving fog

*shattered mirrors
reveal windows:
silhouettes sculpt
relieved wait,
uncovered white sheets
beneath the prayers
filling blanks
of written out pieces,
wordless captives
freeing bodies,
shapes mold & harden
naked spaces*

.....

her nudes return
corners of surprise,
a crush of bones –
flit spasms in release
hundred shocks deep

skin maps measured
between two lifelines
– gypsy blood
& mad refrains

*children laughing
in the rain...*

tiny years pace
blacken blue
hallways
winding down
the winters
of our lost spring

stripping words
the naked promise
armed with
wild silence

*palming distance,
drawing shades*

.....

a victory
between races
when art posed
for still life:

first drip on canvas,
another self,
a Lorca poem

*that night..
we ran the best of miles*