

An Object, A Mouse

so, let me begin—an object, a mouse.

this home, my head, is now aragonite and azalea, pieces of shell gone fossil gone chalk gone sediment, sentimental thought tempered by spring. a hard year. and what about the word "aragonite." afterthought: and azalea. afterthought: light petals down the drive. afterthought: november never stays which is my case for immortality, aragonite knocking down ridges, sediment, oceanic crust. can hearts beat between layers of stone? aragonite different from calcite different from calcite crystal different from clear quartz different from the amethyst on my bedside table, different from a corner room turquoise but not rock, and, geological thoughts like pebbles shaking pebbles from under sheets, from under pillows. aragonite, white remember, fossil. every season, aragonite bones. roll, rolling, off my tongue like rocks tumbling from the side of a mountain. passing by. side over side, disjointed. this home, azaleas down the drive. is there breath between the syllables?

so let me begin—an object, a mouse. dead on the side of the road: paws folded. just so. delicate grey.

These Woods, the Orange Night

The night is orange, and gathered
around empty glasses glazing off
new tequila,
the boys suck in their jaws, their necks,
their chests puff out, and the girls
spritzen lavender, we've learned a bit more
about aromatherapy.

So, the dogs and boys smell like lemon
and jasmine. The music is wind,
and
the corpus collosum has worked,
and spoken, and settled.

It amazes me the way that genders interact,
sweeping each other up,
in gears and grinding and daisy chains.
And we've lived in these woods, together
and twenty-seven years of ideas
have passed and born themselves
again and again and again.

Tea

The tea is—a taste of cayenne.

The temple dogs and Atlanta traffic rest,
steam rises, and the winter faces
in the window
fog or transform,
or melt.
January has dissolved
December, a month of madness,
into something buoyant
and disciplined.

I no longer rage against waking before sunrise.

The porcelain kettle proclaimed itself
a ritual—

a force of habit.

a gaze at the glaze of color,
a nod to the affability of change.
A new year suggests, try it with honey
and something wild.

Something of Death and Earth and Ether

is still wandering out in colorado in the sunshine and slush and barren winter fields. easy eyes and aspen trees, kerouac prose—overexposed, too new to be native. still caught up somewhere south of mesa verde, a worn one-way ticket curled at the edges and slick with grease, all southern jazz and louisiana, where walls wait to be painted timid absinthe. where mother wonders if baby will be ok without her. dad doesn't mind either way, about borders, and smokes his cigar,

all tapping toes.

is still wandering in crystal grottos. sand dunes and adolescent mountains, palms smeared with ink, still wandering in and out of fairy caves.

i look at the azaleas blossom and die here. watch the sun set and rise. listen to the creek of the old front porch door sing with the swing of the front porch breeze. agate on the bookshelf. a picture of her painted with wings.

Dino and Me

We sized up each other
with whiskey and wild conversation,
zipped our bellies together
with whiskey and wild conversation,
how does the old adage go?
Strapped the moonlight to our backs
and carried it across the cornfields.
No, that's the whiskey talking—
I just made that up.
Burned fires into ashes
into wombs and called them angels.
A lunar two, at night we read poetry
to help me sleep.