

EDIT THE EXTRANEOUS

Happy Birthday, Boomer!

Every birthday I weigh less.

I'm down to the last hole on my belt.

There's more hair in the dryer
than on my head.

If I steady my sharp elbows

line up my better eye,

& peek through the doughnut hole

I see the person I've become

so small I can sleep on your tongue.

Can I See Your ID, Please.

I was born during morning milkings in the village of Happenstance.
Houses were always built with lumber by carpenters who wrote
in cursive. Cheese was king, methane-farting cows turned frogs
blue, a dash of pity made the corn sweeter & Lutheran farmers
farmed only white potatoes in hallowed fields where willows wept.

My barber was elected Mayor, five times uncontested,
when nickels were still made of silver. We never
asked why balls had corners. Alley cats pulled red
wagons filled with harbor lights, driving us bugaboo.

Most folks by 10 pm rubbed ashes on their elbows
and stood in puddles, full eyes looking at the moon
serving dreams on silver spoons. Every low tide another
one Mrs. Perlman's Christmas doilies washed ashore.

I didn't cry until I could count to one hundred.
I chirped when robins returned in spring,
That's when love was still worth the effort.
Every Friday Night the fish fried their cousins.

My friends got monthly allowances while I got
Old. For decades my Maker dealt me bad hands.
I bluffed my way to Vegas with four Jokers then
returned home broke to spend Thanksgiving in jail.

Because a good book is one that's written I wrote

a series of graphic X-ray novels from the perspective of
the colon, then the liver, that surprisingly became
a best-seller. Dr. Malady wrote the back cover blurbs
in medical terms that were stacked against me.

Time and space are not sheets that wrinkle. I
rolled my bed between the stars & learned new
dances once a year to save my feet from neuropathy.
My purpose if I have one is to line my lens upon contrition.

Twilight blusters low clouds shaped like bookends.
The bread I'm breaking is baked by John Barleycorn
and the finely tuned sound I hear can only be
my swan song. I'll listen through my left ear,
the one without wax build-up.

A Flower In The Wind

(Ode To William Saroyan)

Drawn to gaze upon a scarlet bloom
until I'd go blind, into winds that first
blush made unfavorable destinations
the only journey to forage.

A fresh thought in perfect colloquy.
A silken flower holding the eye.
A fragrant petal opening to a melody.
A lyrical blossom rapt in the sound of beauty.

The stamen, an iris, glorious tales to recall,
a budding branch, a carpel, earlier times of
hellish storms no amount of money could quell.
By mid-May the tulip bent but would never break.

A sun that rose, a moon that fell.
A proverbial man for all seasons,
A prose without pretense blowing flowers
of our sorrow off the face of the earth.

Cat Behavior

Turn out the lights
it's later than you think.
Cockroaches will follow
in tuxedos
stampeding the orchestra pit
killing the conductor
in the third movement
of his 800th symphony.

Drink your milk
ornery misfit
don't just count the cows.

An Ahh Moment

How many horrible poems
have been written in the white
space of false promises
before a fire in your veins
courses a hot run
of breathtaking lines
you can't wait
to launch into the universe.