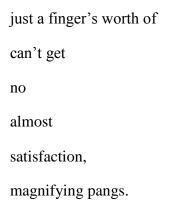
A Moment on the Lips . . .

His love
was
the last bit of
the batter -
thick
clinging
to the edges
of a broken bowl
a tasty tease
so fetching
a flirt of a confection
containing raw
things
and other things
otherwise undone
and capable of ailing;
not enough to fill a
loving spoon
or save for sharing



The Magician's Lovely Assistant: An Ode To the Brain

She

Pit of flesh
Strand of generosity and notion
Map, question, key and answer
Rocks and is the cradle
She
First and giant step
Immaculate in her conception
Chambered, furled and swaddled
Is Bornagainpregnant
She
both theme and variation
as if struck
flows sensation
summoning
the flesh

Who	
answers	
trembling	
resonating	
in his vessels	
writhing in his chambers	
alternately dissipating	
into primal rhythm	
beating wildly for a measure	
resting	
beating wildy	
resting	
Flesh	
a thankful bellows	
Praises!	
rising	
falling	
from his open spaces	
dancing	
his response in exaltation	

Inspired -

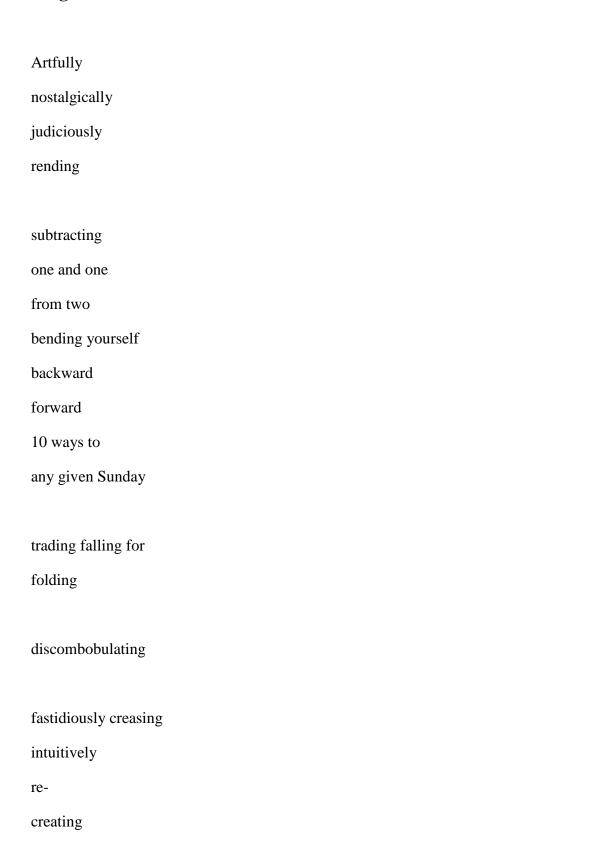
the body

BREATHES

Ice Pirates

Are we breaking <i>up</i>
or breaking off
falling -
a separating glacial mass
of disproved warming?
Is the sting
the frosted bite
of coexistence?
Won't explorers find us
floating -
mired in this ice
nestled in the fissure -
wrapped in permafrost and clumps of cooled regrets?

Origami



flexing
pretending
to see
the beauty
in
us
ending...

SKYFALL

Half-way to home
a generous
sunset
smudges
warm rouge
on my face,
it's rays
low slung
like lashes
tickling my cheek.
I see
nimbus pinatas
firmament-doused
dripping
light salutations
and sprinkling
clear candy.
Five
Six,
(was it seven?)
veiled clouds
lift white skirts
as the sky weds new virgins

and I

speechless
bear witness.
Cirrus clouds
hair down
arrive for the nuptials
as
nimbocumulus brides
hung low
with bliss
weep bulbous and
broken waters and
procreate pauses
dropped
in improvised piles
of transparent pieces.
Cacophanous
clapping and
flashes of
lightning
drop parting gifts
of gold and
bow-shaped
prisms of candy.
Deed done

the drops lead me home,
drizzling puddles of
rhythmic
love pats
and cool palpitations.
Lightly drummed and
deftly tapped
back to
unfettered
adolescence,
I follow,
splashing
behind in
appreciation
rapt
in contentment.
Home now
silvered wet
drenched fresh
freely baptized
by dollops
of cumulus kissing
I hesitate
Chin up

Arms flung wide.

Awed and
crestfallen.
I envy the
translucent rise of those
chosen clouds
kissed
and
so gently consumed
by the sky.