

**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

## Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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just a finger's worth of

can't get

no

almost

satisfaction,

magnifying pangs.

**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, furred and swaddled

Is Bornagainpregnant

She

both theme and variation

as if struck

flows sensation

summoning

the flesh

## Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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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

# Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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Inspired -  
the body  
BREATHES

## Ice Pirates

Are we breaking *up*

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**

Artfully

nostalgically

judiciously

rending

subtracting

one and one

from two

bending yourself

backward

forward

10 ways to

any given Sunday

trading falling for

folding

discombobulating

fastidiously creasing

intuitively

re-

creating

# Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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flexing

pretending

to see

the beauty

in

us

ending . . .



## Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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### 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

## Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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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.  
Cacophonous  
clapping and  
flashes of  
lightning  
drop parting gifts  
of gold and  
bow-shaped  
prisms of candy.  
Deed done

## Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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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.

## Moment/Ode/Ice/Origami/Skyfall

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Awed and

crestfallen.

I envy the

translucent rise of those

chosen clouds

kissed

and

so gently consumed

by the sky.