

On the Desert Floor

Awake.

Stirring brown in the level field
and no seeming of anything above or around;
just firm and flat,
not against one another
but one surface made of infinite pointed opinions,
so many in fact they appear small
and in their summary make up a composite bed of dirt
where the stirring works
without a ladle
and with no spoon
I promise no pot
nor memory of a red-eyed duck under a Canadian moon,
but a thought
that begins to be stretched over the seconds
never leaving the first,
just expanding it so that the point is never dropped,
only held longer and longer
closer and closer pressed into the fertile bowl
at the direct middle of the reason for the thought
which is unknown.
There are no letters drawn in the soil
to spell out the name of the beginning thought.
There is no face peering down
at the body lying in the dust.
Just firm and flat,
expanding for as far as we know
that is all.

The body doesn't know a thing
and the brain cannot feel.
The eyes can meet another place
away from the sure, good field.
And say, the sky is excellent above,
a white expansive mix of hope and mourning doves
singing a melody of solar beams
all filtered through a flood of spirit ground
floating underneath

Good Goddess feet and eagle rounds.
With screeching yellow screams
they pierce the lids that shut these eyes
in yesterday's last night dream
and bring them into height,
unknowing cirrus circus light,
of more than three rings.
And the ladies sing
of more than rings.

A drop of hue
then hangs onto the nose
by only the skin of its crown
before plummeting fast
to the flat firm ground.
It is a tear!
But how?
because the sky was so so mild
and the birds were fair
and the body had yet
to even move
its steady justifiable nothingness
from the spot where it was set.
And yet the tears came in storms.
And tell me, how were they formed?
Did you do this?
What is more?
Why?
For love and marriage?
For the right kind of revenge?
For the inevitable moment when the sky will turn,
reveal a most heavenly face on its other side,
and say,
"My child, you were nice enough for seconds"?

And they came in crashing waves -
the seconds -
and the thought did not, no never stopped.
It rolled over and over itself
until it split the mast of the most superior vessel

sailing on the great shallow sea of newborn cheeks
and when the ocean of un-asked-for glory
tumbled off of the earlobes
and struck a speck of opinion
on that factually mute Earth
a small eruption happened -
The color of brown became darker,
more seriously neutral than before.
And so there was even less.
No hidden seed was struck beneath the surface
hiding in some rich and patient layer of loam
so no turgid sprout began to spring out
of the dirty yet reliable surface pane.

Instead the ground turned darker,
not in an evil sense
in which a villain looks over his shoulder,
sees Satan himself,
then looks back at Superman with iron from another place;
rather in an environmental sense that is not as obvious,
a push more towards stability,
towards the balance point of fewer happenings.
And so it might be seen as something sad
to someone who has yet to even move -
someone still lying on the level field,
now aware of a place above,
a place too far,
a place -
but maybe nowhere at all -
In the same way
we thought air was nothing
before we realized we were breathing it
and then it tasted sweet;
In the same way
we thought crying was bad
until we really really
needed it.

The Oyster

To be an oyster
To rest while at the same time making
making some precious thing

To be hard against the prying world
closed to all but the little girl
who will one day grow to pluck
the tender jewel
you've all the while
been constructing

But to be alone
for that long time
-time enough to make dirt shine
can make you realize why an oyster
lost its mind
or rather never needed one

And time may cast you down too deep
to where no girl can go
to someplace you will always rest
and the pearl may never show

Song of the Sea

At the mid-ocean ridge there rises a proper hump to challenge Wednesday.

For whoever wants a closer look there is a telescope on a deck with little helmets of air that you can use or would be able to use if you could afford it let alone if you could find an ocean bank to convert your useless land dollars into the currency of the ocean which you might think is sand dollars because of your associations, but that is just what associations might conspire to make your dry mind think so as to understand the world in a single-minded and certainly not aquatic way.

The sea is sad.

Money is something that makes animals happy too and there are many animals in the sea (such as sea lions) who do not have money so they are not happy (so they are sad) sea lions.

I haven't seen a happy sea lion but I have seen one that was pretending at an amusement park where the people were pretending too - that they were happy and that they had any decent amount of money at all and that they were not just animals the same as lions of the land and that they did not prey on the lack of communicative abilities of the lions of the deep (or should I say deep depression?) and that their hands were more noble than sea hands and that their hair was somehow able to be "styled" and that fish were smellier and more deserving to be eaten than ourselves; eaten by some monster of the beneath.

We imagine that the amusement lies in the fake faces of mammal slaves and we imagine that the ground is down and that our heads are the highest part of what we call us but in the sea we cannot keep it up and instead get fucked by the mighty hump.

The Man I Never Met

The tear streams of red and white car lights
that flow down my cheeks as I gently shut my eyes

I never knew my Uncle Billy
my Dad's older brother
who played him his first record
and taught him how to mess up a good thing going with your dad
with religion

He died when I was two
I like to pretend that I remember his voice
and his castle-on-a-hilltop type of West Virginia place
where I'm told I crawled around
when I was one or two

I imagine him as a sailor
brawny and loved like his father - my grandpa
and as a mountain boy with a big heart - like my dad
and as a person who when you looked him in the eye
you could see more than just an eye

I cry because I long to be the man I never met

The streaks of perfect crimson honey shine sweet
against the midnight rainy street
There is Saint Michael, rowing