

## **Xiao Xiao**

Night holds  
a January moon.  
Ancient men fight.  
Winter's cold falls.  
Wind sweeps  
the river's width.

Standing within  
the midst of winter kill:  
scrub, stick, and bone,  
the mettle of my past,

I wonder when  
shall I be joined  
by the wind's  
song and the  
night's sky?

## **Naze Naze, Desu Ka?**

In the minute before  
I was to take the god-  
damned train to Santa  
Barbara two Spanish  
boys, in the alley kiss.

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One chained clock  
chimed the leaving hour.  
One egg hissed as we  
loved in a room of  
thin brown paper.

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Against the other,  
your blood pulsed  
under your skin.  
Your heartbeat –  
Tako    tako    tako

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All this could pass  
for a song, if the song  
wasn't so short and  
my voice hadn't  
caught in my throat.

## **The Bicycle Rider**

I am the boy rider.  
The bicycle rider.  
The red Schwinn rider.  
The wind-washed  
obelisk of palms.

I am the boy rider.  
The one pedaling from  
the realm of the backhand,  
the king of the god-damned.

I am the boy rider.  
The fire grabber of  
the moon and the sun.

I am the boy rider.  
I am air and the moon  
edged sky.

I am the boy rider,  
my fingers webbing  
through air.

I am the boy rider,  
inside the wind  
crossing my face  
washing all away.

## **Time Is Water**

The backyard narrows  
The moon lengthens.  
Time begins its drift  
at sundown's thin-slip  
into darkness.

No longer fearful, I am  
stilled into disbelief  
that the long shadow's  
arrival has come so  
rapidly and the worm  
of sudden thought-of how  
easily serenity comes to  
those who become accepting  
of time's short passing,  
shows its head.

Time is water  
beginning at the  
mountain's crown,  
falling through rock  
and moss until its  
splashes into the ocean's  
mouth where everything  
becomes quiet, quiet, and  
the quiet overcomes the  
unknowing of the knowing  
that there will be no calling  
from the water

No messenger  
No eternity  
No mother

Just the drift, the drifting drift  
only the drift, the drifting  
worm-hole drift atop  
the unfurling swell hiding  
the sparkling fish below.

## Beguide

Morning's landscape  
of amber brushed farmland  
sleeps as I,  
splendidly.

the light is the  
coming of the hare  
salvation's  
deliverance  
shadow's  
    following  
of Jasper Cropsey's  
    Hudson Valley light  
of brush stroke  
    Illuminating  
        grace

of the wane  
of the moon  
of the sojourn  
of the falling light.  
upon wind  
    upon fawn  
        upon spirit  
            upon scars  
                from the cloud  
                    from the moon.

daybreak's sun widening  
upon the doe wandering  
the river's bank.  
Hoof-print in mud,  
a flower.