

In the Old House

In the dining room deep dead
colors rich with overloaded
gray like the heavy
balloons on the drapes
that make the outdoors gloomier.

In the kitchen lifeless
yellows, forgotten
greens pale and faded
like the face on the moth's wing
that has been dried up
under the stairs for weeks now.

Smells of dust
and mildew
whispers of stale bleach,
no longer pungent drifting
over the bathroom window sill.

And all alone in this plastic bag
I am hoping
for a sound in the worn cushions
of that maroon sofa, in the paint cracked
ivory cupboards,
or in the rust-stained sink.

Somewhere in the midst of all this
I was told exists, so I have to find;
a grain of sand that glistens like a comet,
an antique sugar crystal that illuminates
and a glass shard, sliver from the broken vase,
which will crack again like thunder
and the low sound of a horn,
explode into being whole
again, like a rushing storm.

And I am searching, like in a dream,
for a lightswitch
under the rose wallpaper.

aida in the Park

those of us who wore light blue that day
might have blended into the sky (or the Strings)
in the twilight, people ate camembert and grapes
and drank paper cups with Merlot in them
on grass that looked greener out there
than it did under us

nature and the sounds of Culture
reached me in my distracted place,
my Mother was there,
and a man called eugene

Nightingale

her eggs are like seeds and she plants them
shells black as pitch
smooth and oval like the abdomens of walking beetles
she digs in the rocky mountain earth
she blows away the chips of crispy yellow straw
and she digs with her beak,
she holds a rock in her fist and she digs with her rock,
and her rock,
her sedimentary rock,
crumbles at the impact into slivers and chips
she digs with her spade, with her beak, with her fingers
she digs with her manicured fingernails, chipping the paint

her eggs are like seeds, like quail eggs, like hummingbird eggs
she holds them under her arms in her armpits
she holds them in the crook of her arms inside her elbows
she holds them between her lips and she runs her tongue around them
just to feel how smooth
like the abdomens of black walking beetles
like the black bellies of beetles walking
she steps over the beetles walking,
walks briskly on the rocky trail

she holds the small black seeds in her fist tightly
she holds the crumbling straw in her fist tightly
she runs
and the wind is running
the wind is running in her chest
and the wings are beating in her
the wings are beating in her breast
she rips the dry straw from the ground crumbling it to chips
crumbling it on the rocks
crushing it in her fist
crushing it with the toe of her shoe
she blows the crisps into the wind
and the wind blows

a hummingbird pauses in the air before her face
her sleek silhouette, a beak, a breast, a belly

she seems to speak
where are the blossoms
her wings are beating
there are no blossoms

the seeds fall from her fists, from her palms,
palms upturned and open
they slip from her elbows, from her eyes,
from her fingertips, from the cracks where her fingernails meet her fingertips
eggs tumble from her lips, from her arms, from her wings, from her beak
the seeds tumble from her like speckled oval quail eggs,
like black smooth bellies, like abdomens of walking beetles,
like babies suckling at round speckled breasts,
like aspirin-sized eggs of her sleek hummingbird asking *where are the blossoms*
the eggs that will blow into the wind and be planted
the seeds that will grow into next summer's blossoms
like seeds, they stumble along, alone into the wind,
alone into the world

and as she walks, her shoes crush the rocks
and they crumble,
her feet step on the seeds,
on the eggs, on the chips of yellow straw,
on the broken shells, on the shells, on the seeds,

the smooth oval abdomen of the black beetle is crushed,
pressed hard into the parched earth and crumbling rocks
and its thick black legs are still walking

September

to Florette and to all of her babies

ruefully grasping her imaginary wooden barrel
of various contraceptives
the cacophony from the schoolyard
she supervises
threatens her womb
and she is like ice,
frozen, until time breaks water and pain bursts
and another babe cries out
halting the selfish silence
of fashion.

as her sushi-manicure becomes
frantic shoe tying
and her dry cleaned-coffee
shatters into chaos
wearing her own sweater
when the weather gets cool
will turn into holding it
and holding it
and holding it
she bellows at her charges

Adagio

The sun is up.
The dog can run.

in silence, tears well up
in big eyes,
blurring the desk and the thick rubber
pink erasers,
shaved pencils, their strong smell
stabbing at nostrils
shuddering shoulders cry out
for Time,
My god!
even the shoulders cry

All together now!

Billy is here.
Jane is here.

Educate: to instruct or to
teach.
to coax curiosity and learning,
with patience and with love.
Her piercing eyes see only the folded bits
of paper passed by his little hand,
her glare is commanding,
her looming figure demanding,
just one word following the next
in a fearful cadence of frustrated stutter.

Allegro

The boy can read.
The girl can add.

apple for the teacher.
apple for the teacher.

Kettle

I am a vessel, a corridor,
a valley of light.
I imagine my words contain
 water,
If I say it is so, it Is.

Find me in this reflection,
not the mirror, it distorts.
Look in the tea kettle,
(no not that, that is you
behind you, yes, there I am).

Do not laugh,
a master taught me this.
Look into my poem.
if you see yourself,
you have made this real.