

T'ai Chi

wind rustles orange
ribbons

stapled to property
stakes

from space africa
drifts

into s. america
i push

into the pull
climb

rope one hand
open

over one closed
shifting

trees, this continent
that

flock are stars
returning

Reading

Dog comes from a book.
Book is illustrated in dog.

I'm not the only one
with a leash on life.

Watch the postman darting
from box to box,

a cat's cradle of boot
prints in the snow,

each flake an emblem
vanishing upon contact

quiet as satellites,
when I speak

a page turns,
windrows

more or less
accumulate.

Altimeter

the needle fluctuates
accordingly

for example
I'm folding socks
into each other

making things
like tea
& bed
available

you are so light
sometimes

I fall
through

Where My Life is at All Times

I like imperfections
a paint dribble
my finger rubs
idly on the rail

the brush having paused
where the painter
forgot the lyrics

Etched in Rock

the world
is fantastic

reptilian
fossil

cartography
constellations

chiseled
impermanence

of our star
maps,

soft sails
of invention

charted across
the latitudes

showing us
where

we intended
to burn every ship