

# KOKUA

## Flying through Wave Spray

The taste of a svelte dream traces  
your lips, her tongue placing two beads  
on your tongue-tip. Your gentle caution slips

from behind birch and linden,  
flame lit by this warm creature  
melding wings on touch and voice.

Summer wind curves inside,  
pushes and pulls at the half-open curtains  
allowing in a susurrus dance of spruce and oak.

Luminous scales oval her face, opal her wings,  
breasts and belly, she leans over the windowsill  
and licks the salts of a long work-week

from your throat, easing tired silence  
from shoulders, back and thighs strained  
by lifting the freight of boxed hours overhead.

She leans in to pull one tide back, one current on,  
leaving shells on brown sand, your arms ready  
to fly through wave spray and doorways

facing east, twin huts beneath owls  
folding their wings, round eyes  
seeing heartbeat in meadow.

## Crossing a Mural

City night waving  
a calico flag, jazz bass  
thrumming a guttural song of love.

Your shadow crosses a mural  
as weekend headlights sweep past  
lounge doors, guitar picking through

what aches note to sharp note near  
midnight's river. Ribs like tuning forks  
touch this bridge railing. Waves meeting

undertow as grief splays its wings open  
above unlit candles. You could carry  
a crucifix, ward off inhaled thorns,

avoid grasping chain-link fence,  
syllables of your spine formed  
in an American sea of sounds.

Horizons composed of mirages,  
trinities genuflecting on ice  
then the rebirth of wonder

skates past the truncated ballets  
caused by logic. City streets  
snapping the wing bones of dreams

while running a gauntlet of echoes.  
Moonlight bisects spotlights,  
spills over the dry gutters

of city knuckles wrapped around  
the necks of bottles, jazz bass  
thrumming a guttural song of love.

## Martha

Leaned against a blank wall  
by the sludge of cheap whiskey  
she whispers a filigree of emotion  
to her right hand, the wing bones

of flying back to what was  
snapped by her daily gust.

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After hours of sweeping concrete,  
swearing at pigeons and the jewel-clad,

she'll dine on a driver-delivered sandwich  
then drink and ruminate on a midnight bench,  
mother without pictures, waving the last bus on.

## **Leaves blown over a drain grate**

The moon drapes a lace sari on cedar  
and fir. Dreams bead along the arms

of those sleeping back-to-back,  
pulling through wave crests, salt mist,

dream unfolding a sea-chart of strong currents  
and islands with caves, glyphs carved on walls.

Step down closer, feel the voice  
before waking leaving imprints on your soul.

An autumn moth ticks against your screen,  
death poised on the tongue-tip of a cold breeze.

Whitecaps to close horizons, the fog mare canters in.  
Dream-hands grip dark branches as the river coils

and takes color from sky. A gust  
rudders frozen leaves over drain grates.

## **Beacon**

Hot wind a coarse brush  
through black manes and cut hay.

Dusk absorbs  
sunset's plaited gnosis

into its deep blue wings.

What survives this season  
turns its back to the sky,  
rests on dark arms

and lets dry yellow stones  
fall into buried deltas.

Lantern glow on wire strand and coil,

hooves plant crescents in loam  
while bales, lined up at arm's length,  
release their last green to starlight.

Wagon, rein and halter, sweat  
crusted necks to sun-burned hands,  
sky a promise of more dust, of hot yellow

light edging the shadows of five oaks.

The swing-set chains and seats

pushed by this wind  
as the kitchen window becomes a beacon.

