

Northern Aridity, New Year, University

Dispersed, like beads

Of aqua 'cross the oily

Atmosphere, a grey

Checkered haze squelches the blue

Burning brier, and frost ensues

The New Year;

Nostalgia in the modern age,

A ripeness turns the passé page

And swells from cheek to cheek,

As the vine grows limp and weak.

The neoteric network shirks

A unitary word.

The world is made of words and work

Unseen and hardly heard.

Chalk powdering the palms

Which are to sway or close at will,

As the ocean afore calms

Her future scenic tempest kill.

In the Tropic of Cancer

Scents of pine trees with the breeze

Abscond, as if to sigh an answer.

Cap and bells

A child's game

The salty shells

My heart has claimed

Fall frozen from the window pane

And crash like crystal dancers,

In the Tropic trope of Cancer.

## Peerless Pressures

Though the immoderate skies  
Seem flattened top  
Our cherry heads,  
And seem to squeeze sphericity  
With barometric might,  
I respectfully concede  
That the skies in fact, recede.

And open lunar mediation  
To conceive the path's creation  
Of a lost soul's evanesce,  
Descending on etheric crests  
So long above our pool of sight;  
Within the black and orange night  
They leap in laps of full libation,  
Pooled with tears and perspiration.

Physiognomy: The Foul Freeze

The arroyos of your face  
Have altered, late stirrings of the deep  
Elements of restive sleep;  
New excavations of the pillow sham  
Have burrowed like nocturnal whistle-pigs.  
Underneath, insurgent tunnels  
Reigned a tension, tightly  
Visible, and waxing nightly  
So no slack could thus repair  
Your plastic sleep.  
Your plastic hair, all plastered to your plastic stare  
Once beautiful when buoyant,  
Brilliant in bulbs, and limber in our liberty,  
The nimbus of our age, that then; and now,  
Behemoth of the ersatz stone,  
Your countenance commands  
The insects, all who graze your altitude,  
Like sport planes by Mt. Rushmore.

