

Paddle Ball

Ponytails
Pink ball on a rubber string
The tip of her tongue a writhing, uprooted earthworm
An incessant gentle thud
I feel her concentration
"25 Dad!"

Later, we lay silently on a mattress of thick grass
And watch the sunset
12 now, I hear the sounds of her growing older with each breath

"Dad, why doesn't it just bounce off the horizon
(See how the flat rocks ricochet from the water's surface)?"

Indeed, (I think to myself), it only sinks deep below
Like wounded pride into a dark abyss
While the evil chill settles into and around us

"But it rises in a symphony of brilliance," I say
"Again and again,
Like a paddle ball on a rubber string"

"Love you Dad"

Relieved, I ease back into my darkness
And nonchalantly coalesce with my worries
Beneath a decaying canopy of hope

At the Shore

The aroma of sea and aged wine vapors lulled me to a sandy retreat,
And as I squinted up through the sunspots and glare
I saw your scarlet lips
And your freckles, all randomly spilled upon an ivory canvas.
I watched the seaweed twirl on the kite string
Like a forlorn seedling helicoptering its way to fertile ground.

Erratic movements, like a discarded beach ball in the wind,
attended me.
When The Maestro tapped his baton on the lifeguard's tall wooden chair,
The last wave crescendoed in perfect 4/4 time,
A darting breeze snapped the umbrella fabric,
The seagulls chanted an urgent chorus, and
Suddenly, I lost my senses.
But just as I accepted my newfound weightlessness . . .

"Come" you said, your generous bosom pointing the way.
Rising from the cool dark shade, I witnessed cotton candy clouds framing
your silhouette.
The sun teased the ocean's edge as I absorbed your warmth.
While you sashayed, I heard the gentle crunch of sand
Beneath your French pedicure.

Our fingers cut through the licking wind.
I bristled at the chill of my sweaty palms and sunburned skin
And breathed your jasmine perfume.

Your cherub tattoo weeping saltwater,
We walked to Nowhere and arrived to a waxing moon,
The stars winking at our togetherness.

"I can't imagine it," you said,
As you sat, criss-cross applesauce, on the teak boardwalk.
But what you really meant was
That you couldn't comprehend it
Which is quite an important distinction
Because after all, as children we lived by imagination.

Burrow, hermit crab!

Spying through your translucent flowing linen, I glimpsed your belly
Distended from the fruit we planted there.
And when we returned, we studied each other,
Weathered and bleached
Like driftwood vomited upon the shore,
And smiled.

Halftime

We smelled the sweet decay of autumn
As the sun hung low and distant
Like an indifferent youth leaning on a street lamp with a cigarette hanging from
his lips.

“Yes, you can,” said I,
And gently lifted her sharp chin with a curled index finger.
Her large eyes were two fried eggs on a skillet – steady and unblinking.

“Think of the seed,” said I.
“It’s infinitesimal,
Merely a speck
Buoyed by breeze.

Soon it’s punished by beams of sunshine,
Drenched by torrents of rain,
Relegated to lie hopeless in the muck.
In time, it’s a resplendent and majestic tree
Standing stoical against winter’s biting wind.”

In one swift errand, and
With a knowing glance
I watched her peel away
And felt a familiar swell in my core
As the ball left her foot
And distorted the symmetry of the rectangular soccer net.

Libretto of a Three Act Opera

Seated in my private box
I reach for my glasses
As the curtain parts
And I hear the familiar choral swell
(I know this libretto by heart)

Act I
Intermingled shadows of distinct forms
Melting in an awkward dance

Act II
A filthy, biting, angry, swirling cyclone of vomited words in a deafening
crescendo
SPLCH! *tink, tink*
Shards of porcelain scattered like grain on the cold kitchen tile

Act III
Bereft of all senses
In my private hillside castle
With my moat and my stone walls
I poke sticks at the sentries

The Impropriety of Soul

As you spoke,
My soul abandoned all decorum,
Gliding gleefully through your hair,
Lying about lazily on each perfumed tuft.

It swam desperately in the deep pools of your eyes,
and danced across the perfect symmetry of your face.
Then, encircling your tender neck,
It ran to the valley of your chest
And hiked the gentle peaks of your breasts.

It inched its way across your pale abdomen,
Twisted its way to the small of your back
Where it caressed your Venus dimples,
Skied expertly down your buttocks,
And surfed the smooth islands of your thighs.

It paused to read the tattoo encircling your ankle
Before sliding along the arches of your feet.

It returned to me
More wanton than before it left
Eager to explore this foreign, beautiful terrain
Again and again.