

## **The last fall trusts summer**

Right in front of me  
I see for the first time  
two woodpeckers  
at the very same level as me

High above the river's bend  
a fun house mirror slivers  
dipping a sea of fractured fruit  
into the paddler's approach just out of reach  
waving from the stop sign we left behind  
plucking the stillness from the middle of the stilts  
feeding into the ocean

A life in motion  
receives a message  
a notion to go ahead and reroute  
as many times as there are  
parachutes to catch our falls  
every time before the last bird  
calls the eucalyptus leaves  
to witness a sunflower bowing so deeply  
the geraniums become the congregation  
dancing in the gentle currents  
of this crosshatch weave of a chaise lounge that longs  
to remake what she can receive into potions  
a slipped note about how even samplers float  
loosely tied to a boat on a Russian River sliver  
ducking below the flow  
tuned to the current of a summer dam

This is no poetry slam  
it's a gel of a jam  
a stop motion trust fall caught  
in the plain air art of our  
slowly exposed heart  
where hope touches tender roots  
Says go ahead and reroute  
round the offshoots  
shoot those falls  
take the plunge  
your fall will be caught  
every time  
including the last

## Turning the book upside down

This is a mid summer poem of a moving portrait  
of a writer heading down the block  
in search of peace and AC in Peacetown CA  
sailing a craft paper raft  
along broken lanes to regional domains

In a light sweat you don't regret  
coming inside to shine a spot of light rosé  
away from the heat lamp's forget me not.

Nothing rash about an unmad dash  
from a mash up of drinks made from  
the ash of future past heat rash.

Even inside we're never far  
from the nature that forms  
a thousand thousand sunspots  
on our skin so soft.

Avon is calling and she's brave on purpose  
lifting one case of you at a time  
sliding down the community pool greased with  
coppertone #4 before the numbers piled up

Do you suppose  
the 60 year old's errands are ghosts  
frozen in the free form verse  
of a half glass  
light splash?

In the rim of our full cup  
writers jointly pursue the unblock  
(camera off)  
making friends with the  
clock's ticking tail  
the tale that no longer mocks  
a first grader who forgot to  
remove her painter's smock  
on first book photo day

If you can picture it  
the reader is a writer is a poet  
turning the book upside down  
even as she writes it  
especially when she recites it

Camping out in her own corner  
of the region  
making peace with the mercury  
recirculating celluloid memories  
in a sea of borrowed AC.

Avon is calling from the street  
of your true self.

All the books are off the shelf  
and she's brave on purpose  
turning the book upside down  
even as she writes it  
especially when she recites it  
(camera on)

In a surge of energy  
the peace is found  
sharing in the round  
it's circular  
cellular  
indelible  
electrical

## **He doesn't die today**

In the summer of '86  
I find my feet and face North  
having come from the East.  
Seeking the center

This time  
the selectric chimes  
go to the next line  
where there is peace

we pick up the clues  
in the grief songs  
left in open tabs  
delivered by butterflies  
into the wavering air  
And the tune changes. Rearranges.

This time  
the train goes straight through me and  
I pick him up on the Harlem line  
where the Westchester pounds  
Let's get out of here dear  
with that gift I gave you  
in the spring of your commencement  
upon the eve of my graduation from earth  
that time

This time  
I write from the wound directly into the light  
and bring this man with me  
as an incantation

On this reclamation  
He heads to a bar  
drops money in the jar  
orders a shrub - a doub  
and shrugs  
"I am no longer able to enable Mabel".

This time  
his throat catches  
unlatches the door  
Reads the signs his granddaughter made  
She the kind who feeds the hungry ghosts  
poem after poem

In this reclaimed home we time travel  
from pole to pole.  
Healing the the whole mother loving line  
line by line by line

The chalk Marks say  
Wayne, don't die today.  
And he doesn't.

He moves to the country and  
raises chicks.  
Cousins  
a baker's dozen  
making jelly doughnuts in the gravel.  
We time travel

And as we walk off  
the sidewalk chalk says  
don't die today.

And he doesn't.

This time.  
He doesn't.

## Poet at large, on the loose

I am on the breadcrumb trail  
to find the thrum of your hum  
and accompany it with the help of four fingers  
an opposable thumb

I seek ripe  
I take swipes  
at the outgrowth of the overgrowth  
while bastions of all over the place accompany me  
I outfit in chore kits  
while the quail flit in the understory  
I listen for the lines of the story

The free ramble unscramble of the delight  
in this write and the next flight

What if I quit  
sharing and shining  
what you lit in me  
instead of passing along  
that undimmable light of your afterglow?

Like a light snow  
I sprinkle as you go  
into the incandescence of the afterglow

Shake the globe  
in case it cracks  
the magic will waft like a draft  
catch it and release  
this work  
that piece

catch it and release  
this work that is of time  
can't help but rhyme  
guilty as charged for the crimes of  
poetic snaps  
shared in scraps

I am a spoken  
never token  
string unbroken  
poet at large  
on the loose  
catching that last train  
tossing pages out the caboose

Will you catch them?  
Will you watch them?  
Can you hear them?  
Can you feel them?  
Did you snatch them?  
Dare you feed them  
another snippet of your attention  
to fuel their reinvention?

Will you shake the next verse  
from the snow globe riding the last train  
and release it back into the aftermath?

The poet at large is on the loose

All that she asks is for you to go  
into the undimmable light  
of your own snow globe  
crack the glass  
release your heart

Accept your part  
in the aftermath