

Haze (Five Poems)

The Haves

You have
the new boyfriend and I have
the new shoes and she has
the new phone and they have
the new puppy and he has
a promotion and she has
a baby and they have
a start-up and it has
a launch and she has
a website and he has
a video and they have
a podcast and he has
followers and she has
Austin and she has
a panel and they have
a real house and it has
a dishwasher and he has
a Tesla and she has
pilates and they have
plans to go out tonight and they have
plans to stay in tonight and they have
plans for the weekend and they have
no time to talk and they have
no time to cook and I have
the new shoes and I
just wanted to tell you about them.

Haze (Five Poems)

August

August blazes its
stripes on a purple-orange haze,
bursting sunny-side-up drips
down the sky and
the tide's in, splashing massive
waves toppling waders, and when
tide's out, receding toddlers taste
salted seawater,
sand dollars broken
against the shore

savor the dog days
the no fog days
let it all hang out
before we have to
go in

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2nd Floor Window (San Francisco)

The palette of daybreak
creeps through the blinds,
outside the laundromat.

The ambulance wails a violent rose slumber,
punting the trash can, revving the engines,
gunning past the traffic light and triple stories
lined up as Victorian workmen at daybreak,
puffy jackets with reflectors and sumo mandarins,
dawn hope in lightweight down

below the eucalyptus, above the hilltops

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Let Go

If tears roll down
Shall I sit in these emotions?

Is it better to just
eat popcorn
Is it better to just
take a walk
is it better to just
pray for better
or just
go to sleep
or just
dream dreams
or just
let go of dreams
or just
or

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Los Angeles Hike

The pond trickles
by shades of green
cacti, shrubs with
gnarly textures, and
gnarly people
with wifebeaters,
dusting off dusty
shoes, legs dust-tanned,

and, from all
angles it's all
Angelinos talking
dog adoptions,
laughing, lizards
rustling fast black
beetles blinking,
my socks are so
sandy, and it's
so hot still, the
sunset surprises
with violet pink
vectors, golden
rays reflect the
evening silhouette,
a mountain's profile, or
maybe it's a hill.