

“Consumed”

In a minute
the fog will lift
from between the pine trees
white and pale yellow.
Fog be gone. The room's
morning cushion lifted
and the dust
banged free.
A voice. There you go, there you go
evaporates. The day
all that I hope for
will be fed
as meat.

“Waking early”

A train whistling through dark blue skies You have heard
that song sung time and again.
countless days will arrive
but I will not be here to hear
them sung. The loveliness of the waking day carrying on
opening up, following procedures
lifting shades,
dutifully. Light will fill all the crevices
all the deals and the wheels. But hold your breath.
The luscious stillness of it can't go on. This funny, odd world
we have created. Like a good friend
waiting on a street corner
before the morning bell. Again and again
but not forever.

“Parcel”

Other to another
An ocean to a shore
There is no
skin that cannot hold
the core.
Rain and puddles
grass and weeds. Wind take
me with you, birds
Invade my head.
Come to me with
a tiny parcel of your
breath and I will
wrap a bow
around it. Sing to me
a little ditty and I
will find a triangle
We are this and this
is what we are. Let's not
forget to blow out
every candle.

“Bic”

I am waiting for my hairdresser
to be done
with the long haired
lady in the chair.
I hope this lady
doesn't expect miracles like some women do, believing
a haircut can change their
lives make them walk into a room
more comfortable.
I used to
like the cleanliness of a good cut.
I would take a Bic
razor to my bangs when I was
unhappy in high school.
And because my unhappiness was
so long and scraggly and unmanageable,
I would hack and hack
until I could not bear to look
at what I had done. Yes,
a haircut can change your life.
It can really wreck it.