

|.

*reflection's own image sight-speak corporeal body of work: languid language,
sound slants, roles song-skin mathematical music playing their private parts;
holding tongues, seal velvet envelope – a secret dance for your eyes only.*

* * * * *

1. medium cool/

half-naked body
and a refrigerator door...

is a poem...
unobserved bares
the unexplained –
linger longs for
distinct angles
pleasure endures
in one's discovery
it chooses to hide.

is an art film...
the cool light
smoking dark
projects static glow:
white noise hum
busy being itself,
answers questions
you forget to ask.

hunger savors
its resistance,
vitality's ghost
alive in spirit:
wave to the feel
rolling with surprise –
timid happening,
subtle wanting

like a loose hand
on a refrigerator door...

2. touch/

how can touch not feel?

detached hands
skim pleasure's maps,
measure distance
in proximity to desire –
reserve intimate delight.

I'm left a record player
scratched by the needle
amid sound's rustled movement,
this dance of erotic indifference;

the way the shore
repels tide it attracts –
impression's hand prints
marooned in memory
remind you it was
more than a feeling...

fingers crawl into bed,
smoke up the sheets,
curl through holes
poked in my sleep –
morning's love affair
touched in a dream...

fugitive heat runs in the fabric
snagged on wires:
fires in irons chains inflame
slow to the glow;

long burns
puff cherry red,
stars pulse
lighting prayers.

moon never asks for me,
nor storm's raincoat flash:
thunder rolls late
in lightning's dance.

wells are wells
and the rain's wrong –
I seal the music in my song
blind language with hysterics:

flutter behind eyelid's
hidden sight,
stroke under skin
sunbathing shadows;

burst expectation's
flare at the rise –
molten lava
in buried eruption
and dreams
run through blood...

the nerve of endings
that cheat the laugh:
I'd strip to the bone
to tickle my wounds.

||.

*grays revenge the blues. cloaked awakening – wind violins to tree’s applause,
raindrops tap dance, firewood snaps its fingers – secluded sound’s expanse in
silence...memories catch their breath from echoes hard of hearing. coolness
cotton sheets silk, prey to steam’s romance on dry ice; hot breaths chill
invigorates, bear arms in a hunter’s chance - I am myself caught breathing...*

* * * * *

February/

I am February...
calendar’s second offspring
a winter's child,
nourish in its skeletal frame:
bare bone & naked.

spring washes hands,
summers exploit free living –
turn off air,
burn you on the bill.
fall is cool:
leans towards winter,
takes the heat off.

fog wets lips
kissing breeze,
water grass
stoned on hills
smoking clouds –
the flower’s song
dreams to dance;

blood’s sweet wildness
shot through the moon
fifty summers trigger:
gun powder blue –
my love in black.

sun’s early thieves
break down doors,
steal the music –
warmth lost in light
space runs into walls,
blind noise deafens
the sight of silence.

adjust battered body
to suit the war –
fires sweat it out
drowning in thirst,
resign cool restraint
prepare for the thaw...

*moonlight bones
of watered stones
thinning stars
in smoky daylight...*

prayers pay the toll
with their absence:
sound alarm bells,
wake a past life –
I'm waiting
but I'm late...

III.

*The dread apparitions that claim you nightly,
will they too, come with us on our final run,
will they grasp emptiness from us rightfully,
or dwell in our dreams' remainder like a sun?*

~ Questions on the Way Over, RC James

* * * * *

the prophet's reply/

The ghostly days
lighten our final run,
father dreams in
nights without a sun.

Colorless spirits
to home & kin,
bleed of thorns
white roses skin –

Flesh out blood
brew's furies stew:
blue-eyed black,
field into flood.

Cometh with me,
young cavalier,
wild's furry pelts
gulp down fear –

Ale & a harlot,
salty meats to lime:
skeleton's dance
all the devils wine...

Moon cracks stone,
dreams color of bone –
shoots stars at night
to feed its ghosts.

Meet me at the tavern,
they're serving wild boar –
from depths of caverns
howl wolves at the door:

Wintertide's savage cry,
serfs are ringing bell –
let's ride, man, ride
on the coattails of hell!

IIII.

*she lent me her smile, eyes you tell your dreams to...but I've been dying
when I should have been born – I play the devil's hand with an angel
on my shoulder...the past whose time has come.*

* * * * *

1. slow dance/

all the way down
the line into the fire:
packin' automatic
in a thunderstorm.

save the kiss for last,
all fades after that...
except the music
our silence plays.

two time go-around
worn to the bone –
tango till we're sore,
till a bullet
smokes the floor.

black-eyed blues
street talkin' jazz,
brass knuckle band
shootin' craps
with loaded fists.

fishbone graveyards
in hustler's church:
fish out of waters
flopping on concrete,
reeled over shoulders
not worth the salt.

you've sung me
a midnight choir...
punchin' my way out
of this paper bag town,
takin' that slow train
to New Orleans –
a one-way dance for two.

save me a song...
I'm bringing the rain with me.

2. I was murdered last night/

*My body was found
in a strange part of town.
2:43 am. No witnesses.
No suspects. No foul play –
death ruled accidental.*

why remember?
why care who or why?
answers skip over questions
of peaceful transition,
stumble into *good night*
cheat my final float –
chatter-jawed traps
snapping at the heels
only mangle escape.

is it really the last thing
I want to take with me?
vengeance, justice?
toward what resolution?
every fingerprint
to clue misfortune
bloodied its hands,
why sully mine?

the opposite's almost true:
simply a lure whose grasp
facilitated my release...
gentle or not, unimportant
when the ultimate solution
is seduction in forget.

what *something* is better
than *nothing*?
why ruin my finest
achievement?
a forger's masterwork
deceitfully incidental
succeeds failure,
sleep worthy of dreams:
big sleep's pleasure
outlasting *little death*.

and *what* of passion?
liquid love's dried out bones,
I walked away when the cup ran:
silence cues my thoughts
and the buzz is gone.

dead departure alive on arrival...

daylight guiding shadows
led angels to poison demons –
this bird of thoughtful prey
nestled in killer's hands
freed the burden
of my sweet dying.

in the last moments
I had a choice,
instruction always
takes the last moral stand –
the staircase behind me
in which I retrace my steps
gravity to force my purpose,
or kneel at the entrance
to clear the cross...

but my life was there for me
and all it took were my words:

I walked through the door.

†††.

Epilogue – a hut.

there are no books on the shelves, dust shadows...empty cans – like coffee cups & the memory of rain: thin as straw or sand, the dripping of hollow songs...reflections without mirrors, stories with no endings, brooks that won't talk – breeze in the woods, music after dark...whisper through the leaves.

* * * * *

accidental writer/

I keep all my letters in a drawer –
I take them out, o-n-e at a time
shapes separate sounds
form melody touching notes
wrapped in alternate spaces
without breaking character
listen between silences
lean into their voices

watch them speak to each other
joined as chorus lines
recite alphabet like hymns
until the word is a poem,
and when speech invites song
they'll take me to the dance
romance me with language
maybe think themselves a novel,
spell my name correctly;

or just put them carefully
inside my pillow
and when the dreams end
I'll lay them out on sheets
in the light of shadows
and read love letters
I write in my sleep...