

Lift

The component of the total aerodynamic force acting on an airfoil or on an entire aircraft or winged missile perpendicular to the relative wind and normally exerted in an upward direction, opposing the pull of gravity: lift. (<http://www.thefreedictionary.com/lift>)

When the air above moves faster than the air below: lift.

I'm shaping my wings, now that spring is here, I don't fear the cold as much: lift.

And when those voices say that I am trapped in some yesterday, when they crowd in on me while dancing in their Easter clothes: lift.

Drive me down into the ground? No. I've grown there before; I've torn out my roots running from that hammer on my head. The faces, the tiny me in retreat, No, that will not work: lift.

Whether it be Jesus or Buddha or Ginsberg or Hank Williams or Van Gogh; or coffee or masturbation or calculations or predestination: lift.

With big metal forks that move under two ton palates wanting them placed somewhere else; the hydraulics working, the battery sending out its power to the point of transference: lift.

And these anti-humans, with their bloat and with their blame, blasting past the gospels in their chariots of gold leaf – trying to impress the crowd – they notice if you're loud: lift.

Lift me out

By my own power

In these last hours

Of bondage to, through, and true –

Lift me, Sift me, Riff me like a jazz break on a Saturday night

With nothing left to lose

Nothin' but the blues

And a whole lot of chains around my neck and back and ears and nose and

mouth

Lift

Lift

Lift

Neon

twenty-five gallons of vanilla ice-cream
40,000 freckles
six ounces of orange hair
I stood out
so clean, so white, so perfect
straight A's in math and science
but not p.e., or english, or history
don't ask me to remember correctly
or to live in my body
and you wont be disappointed
the things I remember clearly
are private
still

the deacons's daughter
maybe thirteen
I wanted in a wholesome way
until
the deacon's son
told me how
he had sex with his sister
when they were alone
I believed him
I did not think of it
as incest
or rape
then

I wanted her more
when I learned that
she was as dirty
as me
I did not have to pretend to be righteous
anymore
I wanted to see her holy naked sin
that's all I could think about
for years
I was ashamed
I had been
so
naive

she chose my best friend
sat by him
during church
I still wanted her

when I was pumping
the girl
who gave me
accommodating
sex

she wasn't bad
she just wasn't
wrong
enough

I fed the lust
neon
liquor, lies, dope, and smoke
sunday morning spirit

saturday night binges
with guitar
philosophy
prophecy
olympic drinking
I pressed my brain
into a vice
of throbbing

flesh

a light, at long lost love last
sin into zen
I graduated my body
through the bedrooms
I needed

to qualify me
if I ever
found my self
alone
with the deacon's daughter again
she sent me a friend request
last night
lit up in cyber

neon

Red

Red

Jammer-slammed and welded
 into the air
 fire sand invisible to the human eye
Watch the velmen hide
 and sleep 'til the storm passes

I cared too much
I tried to give you my arm
 for a pillow
 for a shelter

We both were lost
 breathing in the red
 exhaling our ghosts into the sidewalk

it doesn't mean
it shouldn't mean
it has to mean

This is the end of our
 carbon date
The particles are infusing now
 adhering to the helix
 changing our DNA
 blisters of gold are rising up on the inside of our veins

This is the curse of the high country
 when the air is tripped
 on a wire
 set for measuring fools

Fools who are only ignorant of

The symnobic rattle of synotics
Rebute the robaakan
Rhindal the wrecautious

We have regumed our lungs with Red

It is Opening

Out in the streets
shouting
into vacant cracks of midnight
dust and garbage
piled up in a scab
gray scaly skin
breaking apart
the ground up
the living veins
sleeping beast wakes
we thought dead

It is opening
all those who know the power
are praising the day
stopping
putting off
letting go
the corporate kings go without
for a while
Let them wait

It will be a while
before they realize we are missing
the managers will notice
try and make everyone stop rushing
to the portal
anyway

Then
when that fails
they fear for their jobs
run to tell their bosses

Bosses
sleeping off
last night's feast of fools

They get rich when it is closed
but it is opening

It is opening
a vagina stretching out
making ready to deliver
bread meat wine
to people

living

on corporate cans
of potted meat

left over from butcher parties

Hesiod, Homer, Hank Williams

My father

with a bottle of bourbon and a borrowed guitar

walking me through the ruins of Rome,

Troy, and Jerusalem

on a Saturday night

with a blue collar moon

watching Tennessee

Here lie the broken stones

the wooden heart

the crucified dreamers

in spirit

in song

today I pushed away from my squinting -- away from my reading and writing -- to take my mother, in her walker, with her bent glasses and her cataracts, to see the eye doctor my sister usually takes her I could not answer most of the questions they asked she picked out purple frames while two customers, next in line, waited and watched saying "isn't she cute? you're blessed to have your mother alive" and I, with renewed clarity, thinking about all the important things I needed to read and write, remembered I had grown in her womb

He

is gone

I try to explain

that I am working on a degree

in writing

She talks

and talks, and talks, and talks, and talks, and talks, and talks

I rush back

To the poems I am studying

record myself reading them

on my cell phone

I go

for a long, long walk

I walk

round the mountain

through the ruins again

I listen

and think of my father

now immortal

He scared me

I could not read

Hesiod and Homer

But I do now

I do

Now

while Hank Williams

points out the tragic

in silence