

Scoops

By the time I'm done
My sides will be pocked
From the clinical mouth
Of an ice cream scoop

A poem on an ice cream cone
Rapidly running across your fingers
An obstinate stick

Suck them
Flesh-coated
Cool liquid sugar
And wipe them on your corduroys

Before driving off to work
With a thousand mini-faces
Pressed against the glass of your brain

Rattling through mouths
That won't stay closed

Pink Noise

It was like a death
I just had to figure out how to mourn it.
Just like a breath
I had to figure out how to lose it.

All this time I thought I was free
until I swam your open sea.

How long was it before I learned
that freedom really is the right to say no?

(Like when you turned away and didn't look back)

Nothing else changed
The city clanged
arranging her bracelets;
only your reflection witnessed

in a sidewalk puddle
after the rain
from which you surfaced
again and again.

Loaded

Sometimes you get loaded
At three in the morning
Like a gun

A hot pistol focused on something

To pull the trigger or not to
That is the question

Tropical Depression

Storms come.
Lightening feeds on landscape
You have a choice
Stake dry land—sheltered, immune
Or remain in tropical depression:

Fronts crawl forth under anvils
Lugging gusts, squalls, then gales.

Measuring your mercury, as
Atmospheric pressure's gnarled fingers
Pinch your head—a vineless grape.

But from high ground you watch.

Occluded fronts still swarm below
Your skin still registers the downdraft, the moisture
It is real.

You can't solve the weather
But you can watch from a distance.

Get Down

There is no escape hatch. Ground, grotto, field. Picking adventures. Loosen up, gouge, thrust into. Mine, chunnel, vault. Frame, define, outer limits. There is no escape hatch. Submission is Holy. Prostration is One. There is no escape hatch. There are things buried (which you can't define) and they're stuck, and sometimes blacklisted. You may live close to the ground, or choose to dig a hole, to get down on your knees and burrow. There is no escape hatch. You may feel like Alice, or like that weird kid who picked at his face. Either way, adventures still call, even to adults, even to fragmented and tired adults. If you dig down deep enough—diggin' for fire or vinegar—you hit the Flow, where tall outlines simply dissolve—out of touch, out of mind. There is no escape hatch. Things that deep don't take kindly to boundaries and segmentation; to them it's brutal, to them it's a crime. There is no

escape hatch. Outer limits, define, frame. Vault, chunnel, mine. Thrust into, gouge, loosen up.
Picking adventures. Field, grotto, ground. There is no escape hatch.