

**1/**

lonely people  
eating in cars.  
solitary lot  
concrete space;  
chew fat  
like purpose,  
suck out bones  
of misfortune.

but I the worst -  
fire to flesh  
marrow's bone,  
fat dreams  
on time's watch...

singular vehicle  
eating lonely.  
hunger kills  
leftover life,  
late shadows  
blot pages:

stained &  
invisible

2/

[how does one end up this way? here?  
character drawn in  
and played out...  
making no difference in anyone's life, not really  
flickering shadow between passing cars  
like an old film reel -  
  the shut & narrow

passivity chokes on exhaustion...  
burn fuel, run up miles  
that desire expects  
to outlive the moment.

an absence made clearly by shortness of aim, or  
possibly the bad luck of  
moving targets.  
should have observed greater distance,  
packed lighter suitcase  
...who knows.

maybe vision's a distraction to sight  
the way reality dilutes fantasy  
made of little accidents  
bleeds landscape beautiful ugly;  
hindsight blinds fortune  
where stars look like bullet holes.

forward same old story: last to arrive first  
(and they keep score after a while) ...ay, there's the rub out.

but when do you have time (to live) between the living?]

**3/**

and how do you look for someone who was never there?

run on sentences search distinction... an out clause  
whoring halls of literature           lurid, open-faced  
molesting ideas   plunged deeply bottom out depth's desperation  
whistle's graveyard   ...the last tango in poetry –

snapping whips in ghost towns.

an open parentheses (.....

/trying to squeeze in the tempo of one of those cool jazz riffs you find in a 60's art  
film/ only misplaced and miscast, dangling principle hung puppet chime  
- wallflower in the dance ["jesus...what an asshole"].

now there am I..I am there now\*

end parentheses...)

for intellectuals an exercise  
to the poet a last chance.  
horseless but untamed,  
wordsmith's anvil  
pounds shape  
into sound;

observation essays  
multiple questions  
pencil thin, unleaded  
political correctness  
as giant eraser:  
no trial runs  
all exams final.

**4/**

*out of the blue  
8 years between...  
bohemia & vivaldi open your eyes  
and 6000 miles to close them.*

my body a tower  
limbs for blades,  
cut sections out of air  
like light solving fog.

shatter mirrors  
to open windows:  
silhouettes sculpt  
relieved wait,  
white sheets  
double space,  
shapes mold & harden  
written out pieces.

skin maps measured  
between two lifelines  
- gypsy blood  
& mad refrains  
watching children  
laugh in the rain...  
tiny years paced  
closing distance  
in cooler shades.

*the first drip on canvas  
another self, a Lorca poem;  
that night...  
we ran the best of miles.*

**5/**

the next chapter finds me in advance.

*scene shifts* [exterior]

choosing instruments,  
negotiate at 20 paces  
or carnal hand-to-hand  
in gentleman's duel;

to ambiguity  
the obvious  
is second hand:  
you screw courage  
but no place that  
words can't stick.

options for sword,  
I counter with pen -  
climactic showdown  
names the action;

easy road's the hard way -  
soft hands chisel-to-stone  
level concrete n' gravel  
on solid grounds.

*final afterthoughts*  
*return native lot;*

stiletto tattoo  
cuts & burns  
into the art  
of permanence.

flashing steel to bit player  
who draws between frames:

*skin body paint with silence.*