

# Vantage Points

## Table of Contents

1. Queen Bee.....	2
2. Spring Canon.....	3
3. Neanderthals and See-Saws.....	4-5
4. Bare Asphalt.....	6
5. I Leave for Hollywood.....	7-8

## Queen Bee

Bumblebees dance around my heart  
pollinating my chest with buzzing spurting noise  
their noses drunk on my morning dance with Gloria Gaynor,  
singing 'I will survive' on repeat

I've convinced them of their singular immortality  
now they defy their beehive  
and their Queen

I am not that easily fooled  
the Queen bee keeps my beehive heart alive  
reminds me daily of mortality

Death for bees is straightforward  
certain

I don't have the luxury of forgetting Deaths'  
warning aggression

I have no stinger

I know I am bone, flesh, droning heart  
my death sudden

Still nothingness  
abandoned cathedrals  
the silence of a thousand flapping doves

What Grim Reaper will threaten my fate?  
Where is my blackened Achilles heel?

Steeped in imagination  
a beautiful boundless grace  
screaming with the flapping mortal bees

Not soon, Queen Bee, not soon  
carry me from this uplifting resonance

## Spring Canon

There is too much new  
but the guns are laid down, Father  
the warheads removed  
and the bloodied battlefield lies silent

Memories flood my mind  
your spirit raises the Red River  
to carry away your pink childhood home

You catch me  
in ridiculous places  
the car wash, your lists, missing your voice  
in the air  
chase me back

There are your ashes  
or is it your body, Father  
in the urn containing your casket  
held in my hand next to my heart  
burning my eyes out

You are a serial number  
a name left in remembrance  
a body burned

there is too much new  
the battleground between us lies silent

and the memories rain down in poppy tears  
midst the joyous sun of spring time

## Neanderthals and See-Saws

I hold a face mirror in my left hand  
erect  
let it fall  
give a bored sigh

The kind you hear from cherubic modern angels  
with marijuana pot pie  
plate faced eyes  
tired of the bipedal life

In our easy chairs, sofas  
We embrace our marsupial days in trees

I remember the beauty  
of the Mexican Circus Wolf Boys  
Eager for flesh

We squawked up at their naked  
fur covered bodies  
The precocious spectacle  
on the trapeze above

Transfixed  
our mouths open  
crane necked vultures  
beaks ready to snap

They were the brave ones

Our fixations  
Our easy truths  
We could not hold them up  
Snatch away from our abhorrence

Their tricks overhead laughed down at us  
The ancestral shift out of control

I shift focus, rip the wax  
scream the hair off my lip  
Contemplate Neanderthals  
their dangerous inexactness

The frightful see-saws  
now pulled from the playgrounds  
Have we caused our own tipping point  
ripped from the root?

The free floating circus, the misfits  
the high-flying danger  
I refuse to reach for my tweezers  
Instead, I get out my freak

Everything, everything begin now to grow

**Bare Asphalt**

Small stones pushed underneath my young feet  
I grabbed onto trees  
swung overhead  
avoided the obvious mazes

in a downpour  
I wound down the asphalt to the bicycle shop  
danced down to burst out in wet wheels  
to kiss you

a Picasso on my t-shirt dripped down  
my naked body  
my bare feet awash in the reign of your anger  
I poured down soaked streets to our home

I looked deep down into the earth  
beneath the pavement  
below the asphalt

you didn't know  
I was careful of that

now asphalt is made of rubber tires  
trees grow too far apart

you ran

I laugh and breathe  
stuck in mud, pouring, running  
Ruining  
Running in rain

## I Leave for Hollywood

It was Flower Power  
my heart burst beside you in screeching neon brilliance  
free love, free love, free love  
all I could think of was the Laugh In

Tiny Tim played his tinny tiny tuned guitar  
to tiptoe through the tulips  
with his white picket fence vocal chords

the shimmy girls danced

We agreed on the need  
for the shimmy girls  
their lust  
their youth  
and the things they will make a man do

Beside you there was Henry Gibson  
my poet laureate  
“Hi, I’m Henry Gibson.  
And I am going to read you a poem.”

Gerbera flower in hand  
popped liked an Andy Warhol  
cramming images out of my pen  
I puckered my lips like a saloon girl  
kicked up my heels  
and breathed you in

The past went hush  
underneath the blatant seduction  
of Alberta clouds

The sky was an unearthly heavenly blue  
I wanted to jump in the sky  
scream my clothes off  
and roll around in the fur of the unruly perfection of the clouds

If Flower Power danced inside my head  
I stood alone  
with naked gawking gerbera  
consigned to your blueberry cage  
a domesticated bird, fed berry by berry

This careful gardening of your heart  
to tend to it slowly, to harvest the weeds  
I loathe gardening  
prefer the Scarlett O'Hara drama of life

Maybe I will start with a houseplant  
burst my own sunshine

Or maybe, like Vivien Leigh,  
the plant will suffer a far worse fate

As I drip my salty tears into its soil  
calling out "Rhett, Rhett!"

Still straining towards sunlight  
always straining into light  
yet lingering a plant-like silver screen death  
into everyone's heart and imagination

Yes, that's how a Hollywood star would do it  
that's how a poet would do it