

'heart's harp chords draw tapestry'

in silence she breathes  
to stir his heart  
like streaming feathers floating  
her will grazes his thoughts

he stirs in sleep

she feels ocean swell  
& willow waves swaying  
through already fallen leaves  
& hears them hum

he dreams her fingers ballet dancers  
feels shadows on his lids

she watches where the breezes move  
sings soft light & petals  
sighs spring rains & river stones

he rolls into her arms

greater light now smoothes his wrinkles  
moon beam glitter in the sun  
heart's harp chords draw tapestry

& then she's gone

"dangling filaments seek moments"

morpheus shifts shadows  
loosely tucked 'tween sheets of daze  
'neath blankets of confusion  
in corridors of maze  
as hours pass in seeping sands  
through gates of ivory  
where horn bone beads  
are stitched to stars  
with threads of irony

traces of his design  
link dusk's dissolving brink  
where influence and inference  
lead blind souls to drink

flasks of wine and poison  
fate and faith pour from his will  
neither of them offers life  
and neither one can kill

one eye marks the moon's dark side  
seething scorn and hate  
the other glints diamond lust  
mirage and fool's gold bait

benevolence and malice  
both formed and forged in sleep  
grant penitents their rescue  
on wings of slaughtered sheep

while granting grace and plenty  
in horns of fruitful yields  
he scorches aster petals  
shrouding pastures fouling fields

restoring broken hearts  
breathing dead coals into flame  
he'll safeguard innocence  
or claim innocence to blame

choice is all but rendered  
delegated to his whim  
dawn might wake your presence  
but not fully vanquish him

dangling filaments seize moments  
captured by his sway  
unguarded unprotected  
they'll shatter like frail clay  
molded in eventide  
fired and finished in night's chamber  
he is artist and artisan master painter  
and grand framer

## "wendle"

wendle did not pass perfectly through  
like he had a dozen times before or more  
and slipped beyond delore  
whose coins rattled her tin can  
like wind chimes in mud  
where her mood pooled  
in wendle's half moon prints  
left in asphalt ramps  
off his inner state

rental vans and semi trucks  
like broncos out of rodeo chutes  
kick their cargo contraband  
northbound from the border

wendel wasn't a part of that train  
he'd been traveling east and west  
but overgrowth and weariness  
in streams of excess and exhaust  
would not haul him past there any more

wendle's masquerading gear  
his book of names  
and other props  
shed threads from his retreads  
along that particular stretch  
so as to afford cops no alternative  
but to conclude that wendle  
crashed down that guard rail  
at a hundred & fifty six miles an hour  
suggesting that wendle never tried to brake  
and therefore  
it was most likely not an accident at all

further investigation  
might have established  
whether it was indeed wendle's will  
or another act  
of natural malfunction

facts & maps  
were pinned upon the jail house walls  
& town folks peering in  
figured that delore  
would never see sunshine again or even  
its refracted glint's hint on faux chrome

any more than she'd wear gold wedding rings  
not knowing hers were plastic  
that melt in ravine crater crash site fires  
in this particular case  
there wasn't the slightest ripple of rain  
in that dry bed to make even an attempt  
to bother the flames

folks who believe more than they know  
and know much less  
than they think they do  
seriously sneer  
and cast suspicious looks  
on delore who  
pays them no mind

delore reads something about past lives

she's using newspaper clippings  
for after pissing  
reckoning  
they'd be turning yellow anyway  
and reflects for an instant  
on the origins of names  
and turns to ponder what would have been  
if the only decent thing wendle should have done  
long before the editorials were written  
was to not have showed up at all

or leastwise to not have signed on  
for a self renewing subscription

as for wendle  
we can safely assume  
that he wont be getting out of  
from wherever it is he's gotten to  
unlike everywhere else  
he's ever been

wendle's first feel of delore  
was exactly  
waves lapping  
in summer breeze  
along a soft beach  
while something of his conscience  
struggled to make sense  
out of an inexplicable expression  
counter to that fine feel  
of water flowing  
leading wendle  
to lose hold of himself  
with a notion of something  
slowly seeping away  
pressing from out under his soul

cold wet sand oozed  
between his toes

so so long ago

left like autumn leaves  
buried in last century books  
or between appropriately chosen  
pages of farmer's almanac  
a tad forgotten  
but not misplaced  
like other folks lives  
moved in & out of

down in the cellar  
forced editions of real to reel  
keep flickin their torn tongues  
lapping time with delore's can  
rattling out a tune  
sounding very similar to wendel's anthem  
with the exception of being  
sung down slower

state trooper officer j s wheeler  
smoothly slides to the mike  
brass blazing  
like copper autumn sundowns

he's well groomed  
& wears horse scents  
he looks predictably uncomfortable  
in his formfitting uniform  
& wrap around shades

officer j s wheeler proclaims  
he's a direct descendent  
of Bull Wrinkle

crowds gathered like props  
are quoted by pulitzer (a local journalist  
named after a prize winning local chicken)  
believe that he had said  
bullwinkle  
& that's exactly how  
the homegrown gazette  
reported it

yellow & black tape  
once drawn tree to tree  
no longer marks  
the cross-less spot  
where years before  
the sky folded under delore

clouds hang hovering around  
real close

but as this is years later  
it most logically seems that delore  
has found a way back

her clothes no longer smell  
of saint quantin

scars of detroit steel  
still linger on her right arm

an oklahoma farm shed  
tattooed  
on the other

'pride of pirate's oath to Saints'

blind fooled & folded  
dawn draws closed its drape  
doom grooms in dew's dry fallen ash  
day's break in callous rape

hope crossed heart  
& prays to die

where light wont raise its band  
horizon's fall from off its edge  
ripped sails torn strand  
from strand

across ship's bow a sailor's pledge  
to gulls & anchor's weight  
pride of pirate's oath to saints  
his flesh to fishes' bait

morning's star thrown roughly through  
scar of tides undone  
winks a sly moment's grace  
from the dark side  
of the sun

