

## American Bean

From origami and chainsaws, enlightened  
individuals find solace. In the buzz,  
saw dust and gasoline;  
porcinis drying in the house  
leave the funk. I am banging nails into  
the moss belonging to the frogs  
that have overcome the pesticides,  
yet the beans, and the corn still grow.  
I question whether I am the sauce  
that the I am, made of many,  
this American is just a European mutt  
who knows only he is Italian, and other things.

## November Snow

Extremities of the morning,  
long yawns and scratches of itches,  
and the snow in the sun  
on the pines, melt away.  
In the cold the rabbit turns white.  
She wiggles her nose, and  
sniffs for the predator, coyote  
waiting in a darkness behind  
a boulder, still for millenniums.  
The white field is passing silent  
through a dream, wide, inviting  
the dead, thin as winter leaves.

Nap Time

Guessing my way through the woods.  
Should I be a dumb phone forever?

Getting older faster.  
Should I continue to expand my bopping?

Just about every morning I wake, thinking I will conquer.  
Is touching me the last thing you need to do  
before bed?

Because I capture I have hope.  
Should I rest?

## Birdbath

I seem refreshed  
in birdbaths  
perusing perfection.

The only chord I know  
is often times  
wondering.

Chipmunks watch  
the cyclist peddle  
from behind blackberries.

I let you touch me  
while I cooked  
and listened to Eminem.

I sleep on the dead dog's bed  
where we have all died  
and know life's worth.

Some Dark Hallow

Dad, I am really a dishwasher  
covered in little red ants.

With my kitten eyes  
I know the kitten.

Meet me with a camera  
at the screaming abyss.

I feel swollen  
swooning at the lake.

When I was a teenager  
I had a trembling body.

The suburbs destroyed enough of me.  
I don't care if I am poor.

Stress is not a virtue.  
Do you believe me?