

Poems

Football Practice

forehead remembers
blowing snot rockets
warm rust-laced
damp crotch chafe
smell of
sour mouth-guard chew
once clear
tear at
gnaw it
get chunks stuck
teeth and

breath couldn't
leave quick
enough
singing voices
iso run
we hit
grass
sense got knocked

to beat the
out
of to
get your
bell
so bad
you

Qui Vivra Verra

Adz perfecting lumber,
Balancing rough
Creases.
Deft strokes

Erode and
Fade.

Grief
Hinders
Increase.

Just as Rimbaud,
Keep enough poison.
Let drunken ship
Maintain course.

No fault of
Ours. The way
Paved amber.

Quintessence,
Resolute long-body,
Still through time.

The tale
Undertaken:

Velleities in hirsute nostrils,
Wishes in corrupt molars,

Xebec toward the
Yellow-orange
Zero.

Spiritual Unity

In Memory of Albert Ayler

Needle drops: freedom forms: buzz of bees, hive in a sax. Stray cats pounce across toms, knock over cymbals. Masked ghosts in overcoats, mid-summer, beat chains -off tempo- on attic floorboards: *Da-thuda-thump da-thuda-thump!* Worn planks make deep, agonized creaks as they bend. These ghosts that knew suicides beg for a kiss.

These ghosts that jumped off Lady Liberty arm in arm. These ghosts that died tied to a jukebox: copper shells on the floor the cops called invisible. These ghosts that went home to Cleveland only to have Vietnam carved into their foreheads. These ghosts that washed up on the banks of the East River, honey dripping from the corners of their mouths.

The ghost in a wolf mask dips its snout in mustard and sings. The ghost in a flesh mask dips its face in piss and sings. The ghost in an owl mask dips its beak in caramel and sings. The ghost in a fox mask dips its snout in fire and sings. These ghosts that sing the soul's true notes. This salvation acid band sings impulse like smack and darkness like Baraka: *There is no such place as Harlem. There is no such place as Cleveland. We are big and stupid as the wind. We are in heat and bleeding on the tulips. We are unmentionable black.*

Full of Myth

Fritillary on my nail, yesterday rain unclouded the sky. Nothing will bring us closer, therefore, I should do nothing.

Oread of apricot and blackcurrant. A nymph echoes silence and a stare sees through nothing.

Invisible as prayer, delicate as memory, psyche careens, brick and limb, and turns to nothing.

Slender rocks of Meteora, feminine, gesturing heavenward. St. Stephens perched, no discussion amongst trees, residue of nothing.

Hand of earth, monasteries alight and wait. In them ascetics hide and value nothing.

Death after resurrection, Monarch and sea of glass, framed by cypress. Oh cocoon, I dread new nothing.

Deer Carcass on Burch Mountain Road

Our pink bullets paint the hide bright and thud
against spine and ribs. The belly open
guts torn away by coyote or carrion bird,
empty of life, melting into the hill.

Still, do we disturb the maggots?
Or do angels fly in the body's rotting vaults,
through the body's cracked buttresses?
Can a myth be told in any candle-lit corridor?

The Cerynian Hind, in one version, died
before Heracles could attempt capture, and
the severed golden antlers turned
schist upon delivery to Eurystheus.

We are young and know little of demi-gods
or labor. We go quietly about the business
of youth, pelting with neon a form
bound to earth and faceless.

The sun is buried behind the foothills
after our last round is loosed. We trip over
sagebrush, wandering home. We trip
over ourselves coming down from the mountain.