

## The Summer Series

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## Where the Road Ends

where the road ends - i begin born in a fog.  
thick.  
london born again.  
pleated faces. designer smiles.

*up close just a wisp held in thick eyelashes*

soon to burn so i pace quick. a red fox.  
a circle is born. worn.  
i'm shortened to the eye.  
big ben strikes ten twice.  
i can't help but run off into the woods.

*this city in the summer is a death knell to artist eyes*

i live in a melting ice sculpture.  
the phoenix  
rising from my eyes  
screams like a hawk.

*this is where i taste the dusk*

where i ride tucked in the tusk  
drenched in musk  
all in the mist of lost trust.  
call it a getaway.  
ignore dead ends. elephant ego.  
unleash native footsteps.  
play your elaborate ritual of spin the word.

*fall into midnight*

all this where the road ends  
when the summer comes.

## The Cabin

our love is ten miles of gravel road.  
a song on the radio.  
means everything at the time.  
potholes where the oil is lightest.

all through waist high wheat.  
shimmering in the sun.  
shaking in the wind.  
ready for the combines' blades by late august.  
so we're late july. eyes happily shackled to  
fields vast. this place has locked up  
our love so  
eye sight strains to the edges driving through.  
and still...

and there. the small wooden cabin. built to last in '31.  
two acres on a steep slope. heavily wooded above.  
bears. huckleberries. they meet like us in bed.  
below. waterfront. flat. groomed grass green  
like the ducks' wings.  
many feet long.  
all contained in a two foot high retaining wall. concrete fashion.  
in the corner a semi circle of crooked stone around the fire pit.  
we unpack groceries. turn on the water.  
flip on the water heater.  
ready drinks and snacks.

then in the scent of the summer  
we lie on the dock  
and burnt sienna highlights  
the cream of your skin  
and the lightness of your curly hair  
and all i can do is stare.

soon dusk descends. heaven approaches.  
the stars have things to say  
that we can't hear.

and our silence is a blanket of desire  
so we bed down  
and watch the vividness of the  
aurora borealis streak and  
talk to us  
in color combinations previously unknown to mankind.

just another day at the cabin.

## Vacation

a meditation on impermanence. slurp. drink.  
vacation spills a bit.  
it decorates the seat cushion.  
right next to the bit of dried salsa i spilled.  
all in the heat of the day.

and then we see it.  
the light orange legs of the gull perched atop the post.  
one bent. one perfectly straight.  
egg shell thin yet supporting.  
plump. full bodied. white with a grey streak up it's center.  
a sideways brush stroke of color.  
almost forgotten yet defining.  
resting in observance on the white pastel background.  
on the other post to the river entrance are two young eagles.  
black and white heads nesting.  
quite the entrance to make one would say.

and the wake disappears in the reeds  
and other tall grasses in the low waters  
as we cruise past.  
it's the most fleeting glimpse of nature.  
a glimpse at 25 miles per hour.

## Vacation, Part Two

got america burn.  
late summer wheat fields still smoking.  
the vacation stings now.  
green globs of aloe. spread thin  
on apple red back.

*undressing sunset outside*

undressing goddess in the next room.  
how did this undressing dad bod in blached mirror  
get so lucky?  
i don't know but  
stand clear. it just might break.

no shower hot nor cold will do.  
fresh sheets necessary.  
she already knows.  
for i emit heat like an overheated radiator.

steam rises from my body as it speaks  
in streaks of pleated sky  
that left an impression on a young grandma  
so she painted it.

*we hang like her landscape on the wall*

only place we read the tabloids.  
only place i drive a ski boat.  
only place that doesn't have a microwave.  
only place with no address we inhabit.

come to stay. indefinite end. just before the storm  
lashes the dock  
and parks it on the grass for the winter i suppose.

## The Dusty Smile

it once was bleak  
dusty trains  
rolling over Native affairs

the rails outlining rules of law

the secrets we kept were the Natives  
the law split like a sapling  
and spilling sap saturated  
whatever natural between us was left

and crying over the blood soaking yesterday  
because Ginsberg died too soon moaning something sexual  
led to nowadays;

textile slavery in Oregon  
and tumble weeds in emptier Washington  
the Eastern half  
where this memory smells funny still

the sound of quiet vacation. it stands alone

and down the long  
traveled  
oil and gravel on the '64 Indian  
where my great grandpa saw opportunity  
and where the beaches reach the shores of couer d alene

i am no native

and the road beckons in bony fragments  
the type that pull  
and direct  
and film death in secret  
but you would never know

so the IPA grins  
and dances subtly



as the sunlight  
shakes the bubbles loose  
and i hear her relax on the new deck dad built last summer

and the lie we live  
grows a little more  
before the ferry  
on Spokane Point  
crosses the lake with us aboard  
but no Reaper in sight.

and i hear the sound  
of a motorcycle accelerating  
deep into the night the other way  
and i'm not wary  
and the tissues are not needed  
nor the heavy sleeves of my worn shirt i carry

and so we shop discounts  
and i think of that day  
in places that discount the perilous shopper  
and the coupons people use here  
are just cheap paper  
and that's a small town  
in idaho

but then i see her smile again.

and the manger is lined with roses  
and dangles with angel's wings  
over the grand abyss  
and all I can do is smile  
through the scent  
of the sunshine.  
it smells like hope  
and dial soap.  
the kind that floats  
so we can wash in the lake.