

“Bending Light”

around the curve of
summer’s first day
the sun jumps,

leaps to the left,
she’s citrus
in orange neon,
shimmering wide hips,
wailing like a siren—
cars swerve as she shimmy
across the street

after all, half the world’s on fire,
lunatic bugs buzz and fuck
like mad, blazing
with her waxy drippings

forget circumferences and
temperatures, arm’s length abstractions
and theories of light—
she’s
the mother of all bombshells,
pre-atomic,
breathing nuclear secrets
into the ear of Eve, who still
listens from
Eden

“Sirens”

pulsing red brakelights,
and sparkling ends of
cigarettes flicker
outside windows

dusk falls,
finally a firefly
whizzing
day-glo yellow

against bathroom-tile-white
stacked signs and
detours everywhere,

jack-in-the-box
ladders over
sparkling orange
cargo containers
bearing arrows
going both ways—

mono a mono
monoliths and

the beat goes on:
the barker
gives a curly-haired
crowd a petunia,
and now they've
morphed into
Frankenstein's
shell-shocked
bride.

citronella
roses bred neon pink
to keep the
bugs—

everyone
stares—they are
always staring at

the midway
it is holy
as it's the
intersection where the
bullets sing:
duck
duck
blood

there are always the

bullets singing
there,
there.

“Far from a beach”

in this fire engine red city
loose cliques wander

empty streets, staring at
graffiti clues burnt
onto leftover walls

frying eggs on the pavement for breakfast,
listening to pop songs and eating snowcones for dinner

it's not so bad being lost with the rest of the
missing pieces

slumming in the open sun
no mother to scold us

“soft apocalypse”

neo-classicism sings the blues
the morning after

drooping purple domes
hardware scattered,
smoked out, spent,
out of rent

but at sunup

the ex-citizens are happy
countryless
having upended the tumult

the flag factories, gone--
without fires, fumes
or bullets

all the reasons to frown: *against*

evaporated
into seed clouds that might reign
in another century

let the garbage metamorph into fuels
for later millennia,
find new arms
unbroken

“possum christ”

we
assemble
in the garden
sunday
at sunrise
waiting for the
cardinal to
sing

squirrel servers
scuttle through
the gate
rabbit deacon
dove subdeacon
orange-vested
robins
chanting
in trees

possum christ
plays dead
under a
bevined
bench

the cardinal
flits for the
blueberry bush
the deacon for
the dandelions
the servers
scuttle

up the
black
walnut