

The Gift of a Talking Stone
(Not on Earth Day)

I start because it's expected
you're laid on the concrete
step over me, living vertically
pile more like water in a warm glass

your palm and bend
in a haircut.

you are a play-date without a self
and celebrate
a meaningless, empty
as a shelf

no one can save this
there is no blackness, or back here.

You wrote the labels in the clothes you wear
take pieces of
conversations you've had
and scissors in your pocket
cut the band around your belongings

It keeps you upright
one day there will be a picture
of you as a conglomeration,
a stone
but that's it. i'd rather you wouldn't
tell me it's not what you want
right now. this minute.

Poem and a Farmhouse Person

There are casual holes in this outfit
paint leaking onto dirt outside of this window sill
 into the field at night
this image, unpaused, would topple over

you dancing there
 curl toward the center of the frame
 where the better future I think is blank

Do your faults line up?
counting off with a hazy
 eye to anywhere?

You let your stomach out bare,
 where once you've figured
 that three-quarter time, don't fall
don't fall into a pattern, or raise to boil

You are a catapult, and I am a torched rope
You parse me out
 and I continue to stand in the soil.

After a Photo of A Woman I Don't Know, With a Headache

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taut in front of a mirror
 a lake outlined by
the muscles in your back
 apparent – the round of a gardener's hat
why are your legs like ribbons
 and fall to the feel of the rocks
why, your hands so placed,
 so delicate a maneuver
not sure of if you'll keep it
 it's too long to have been sat there
and flashing all such dimpled
the water would have had to
 so, it would have –
could have been the time
 the way you looked at, the finish
 mirror lake, and luster
 lacking in the trees lone flat
 in waves and wave,
brown to cold, in color, to hair
all sat in angled
 where you at the last cold —
will you take to the walk,
 or to movement
or to turns you might have,
 just except for your hat
 and the ribbons that are there.

Three-Nights Winters (2010)

i.

You turned at the corner
where I went straight
to the top between
breaking off at angles
like a branch tree covered
snow came to through
for what was a winter
you were there in
torn through a hole
in a canvas cover coat
bent at the ribs
to the hands your cold
till I could meet the lights
you and I would mettle.

ii.

There you were separated
 into you were all
I would think to
 in the land of only two
 in the fair of
there would be fire
 and you could hardly be you
but I'd be
how close you
 and a blanket
we could pass, and all what cold
 in all what lights
 in what we had in coming

iii.

For you there is a
 terrible me
I've thought of
 for myself
we could have in
 the dark
 and fleet
in the morning
 with you with the wrought
with the lamp and all enough
 and cold together.

Not a Bad Winter

pen tips face to the north
in a salsa jar
The plant creaks out of the cracks
and there are lessons

just out

I invited you for coffee
so I could see it with someone else
because echoes

I am in socks, and a warm mug
in not a bad winter