

Glory of snow

In those days we shared a common understanding

He who imbibes is fed to the hole.

We sought out the spot where our new god created

Soft feather lichens and dew-coated mold.

Tunnels we dug would collapse if not laden

With glittering wood-moss and oak's amber-gold,

So straight through our mountain the soon to be saven

Float soggy on soft stems and glory of snow.

Each of the wormholes were married below us

In divergent dirt streams, when gathered would show

The twisting blue bronchi in forms we perceived

As bodies that soared through celestial homes.

Gondwanaland

For three weeks now we've lived in Gondwanaland,
where our arms reach out like moss-coated limbs,
where letters are flown by airwaves to kin.

Our lands overlap like the noise rides the air
stifled bikers that hitch onto sirens in prayer.

Where the Congo is met by Brazil in the West and India anchors us all to her chest,
in Gondwana we move like one lamb on a spit and we burn if we turn too slow or too
quick,

if the craton that begs for release comes undone,
then all of our cratons the flu will have won.

We live now in Babel where before God beseeched
that god-awful power to dictate our speech,

We spoke the same language and punished with ease
the virulent powers that brought us disease.

Two sisters

Golden pale drippings like diatom ooze
You snuck scanty hairs in the foam of my food.
In broken béarnaise blonde shavings were stewed
To feed within me a swan and his muse.

Who feeds on wool blankets she wove at her death,
To be carried on fours to the stone where she slept.
Unburdened showmen foresaw her neglect,
What one brings to the grave one is willed to ingest—

A nightjar alighting in willows of green
A verdurous land stretching serpentine seams
Patterned bonesets and Dutchmans and gold marguerites
Greying cats in a castle with traps at their feet,

A hot-water bone broth to calm the disease
A white whirling windstorm propels forth the seas
Two hands on two haunches drops one calf with ease
Drift scents of a bread barn and smoldering leaves.

In long wooly lashes the scenes come undone,
Dislocating eons so warily spun,
Weft into water through my swan becomes
A viscous brown bouillon to nourish our young.

Yet for her to endure when the woven lot rots,
When bronze serpent riggings converge at a knot,
Your firm flaxen curls over which wars were fought
Add to shallot and yolk and ferment in a pot.

And through my duodenum past caverns and craigs
Lapse braised honey spareribs and autumn soufflés
Though forgotten between in its gilded display
Your compulsory cream-covered clones-lace crochet.

And within me she sighs for her sentence has run
Over hyphens ellipses and full stops unspun,
Still her sinuous swan ejects pleated vellum
As beak enters mouth in the means it begun.

The visitor

Some suns come from a mile away to fall on one window
And set slitless eyes on the edge of the bed.

But some suns hide before they warm the pane
Their sounds the only relic when they sneak through the cracks.

Gaseous gripes, wheezing sad, a dying dog seizes mid-air.

Some suns are a template for the poor
And some are web over water when it foams.

I love you like a drupe fruit

I love you like a drupe fruit that dilly-dallies in the wind
and crescendos its skin to hear the chrysanthemums sing
and becomes one French horn to echo your name
a drupe fruit hyperbola to ward off the rain.

When it's warmer I'll pick a small drupe fruit for two
from a tree with four letters emblazoned askew
it might trickle its juice since I know you don't mind
a sticky mess on your neck my lips later find.

I love you like a drupe fruit my sweet-swaying plum
the stone in the center's a heart-throbbing hum
the slick peel's a deep pink like your heavy lids worn
by our shy, subtle glances from which love was born.