

444.ruby

Once upon a time on a far away far away island a tiny tiny bug yes she did popped right up from a deep sleep and took an immediate bite of green leaf. Meanwhile at the bottom of a murky deep pond one sleepy sleepy fish rolled over and died. One two one two these are the things Aleximpia is thinking about as she brushes her little teeth she thinks oh yes all over this big world things are *happening*. A crow lands on a wire in Illinois and at that very instant as a matter of fact 83,000 some flamingos somewhere else are just standing there standing there no worries at all. So she spit, our young Aleximpia spit in the sink and stomped off to find some *paint and brushes*. Because over the river through the woods up and down the other side of a mountain across the sea there just there at the tippy top of a coconut tree if you can believe it lodged *in the shell* of a very coconut in fact yes, a ruby. Bright red in the sunlight many facets right there up high. How in the world you want to know. I know I know but this *world* oh this world. See once long ago a boy about your age he scampered out the back door of the castle with his mama's most precious thing scampered down to the beach and down there off popped a ruby fell right in the sand when he wasn't looking. Lots of things happened then including of course a stern reprimand and the decided withholding of certain memorable desserts for a whole week. Meanwhile the tide up the beach and down the beach up and down a crab then ate that small ruby crawled eventually up, up beyond the tideline and without a thought about it died there. Taken in by soil the crab did rot and so over time left behind nothing but rich mineral ready earth with of course one flawless ruby quiet so quiet. Up right in that spot as it happens sprouted a brand new never before coconut sapling and she just took that ruby with her all the way up over the years in that same way kind of that oaks just grow right around barbed wire in the dry dry foothills of the Sierra Nevadas if you know what I mean. I mean the oak doesn't care what anybody thinks, somebody says *obstacle*, but oak doesn't listen just keeps on. Growing. So. Red so red in the sunlight that ruby and to this very day not a soul in the world knows about it.

detour.123

1.haiku

Speeding black car stops
Cold, young white guy jumps out and
Steals the detour sign

2.sonnet

A frosty cold and sunny long blue day
I walking saw a speeding black sedan
Stop quick and then reverse to my dismay
Flashers flashing out steps a young white man
He pops his trunk, bends to the tall side grass
There lifts a black and orange detour sign
Steals it, he really does, he is an ass
But who am I to quickly so opine?
Needing perhaps just this he wakes and prays
A sign, send me, O One, just where to go
This job that girl my head a whirling maze
So arrow bright there in the weeds did glow
 Now that fast guy his life becalm just might
 And I, shown too, to go home now and write

3.rant

So I took out the trash and kept walking on this frosty cold blue bright frosty sunny morning I just kept walking. Going nowhere but the sun was out. So there I was walking down the back streets, the back streets into town where people don't drive much really so mostly it's strollers, mamas out putting their babies to sleep and at the right time of year of course folks picking the blackberries. So there I am just walking and this shiny small black sedan comes flying down the little road, just flying. I'm mad right away of course because I've got a kid, then this guy he whips around the corner and stops on a dime as they say. We do that don't we, we say he when we see the outside of a car or a dog or something. I know we do because every time I say she about some random raccoon in the yard or the pilot or something somebody says how do you know it's a she but if I say he nobody says anything. So he backs up, again way too fast, and the flashers go on. Jumps out, this young white guy he pops his trunk and there on the side of the road he pulls a sign out of the weeds. An orange and black detour sign with a big arrow, battered around the edges. He throws it in the trunk, and he's off again before I can say boo, before I can say, hey man lots of kids around here slow down. He's off. My two hands in my warm pockets, I think, I just saw that. I just saw that guy steal that thing, and I think about the next time they'll need it to shut down the street to town for some kind of small island thing where we walk down the middle of the street and say hi to everybody. Strawberry festival or Halloween or something. So what's going on? This guy calling his friend on the phone now probably saying dude, come over for a brew, I gotta show you this thing I found. Or maybe just maybe he woke up this young white guy on this frosty cold blue sunny morning maybe he woke up and said, I need a sign. Maybe he prays somehow or

other or maybe he wishes he did he's got some questions he needs some direction. So he found an arrow finally there in the tall winter grass. Detour. Okay, then, he thinks to himself. Thank you. I'll call that girl, quit that job, take that trip, whatever. Maybe this guy, maybe he'll drive slower now. Go home and change that thing he needs to change. Exhale real big. Really, every one of us, we just want to know what to do next.

Oh, fenceposts!
Oh, you tall grasses
come over here.
I am wrapping my big
big arms
around
spit bugs and all.
The sky,
the blanket good sky.
Butter. So.
A blackbird lands,
twig in her mouth.
Build.