

## KOKUA 2

### Dark Blue

First adagio threading stems,

I wake  
to write before dawn,  
dark window to blank wall.

Spirit bound by cedar incense strands,  
and long tendons of wind-blown fog,

illusions ladled into my eyes  
below another jet-contrailed sky.

Perhaps, spring wrapped yellow  
on the eastern horizon will thread  
soul glow through sandstone.

Votive flame through glass.  
Dew beads on a crow's wings  
as time washes chalk lines off asphalt.

I peer inside receding dark blue,

raven feathers on antlered skull  
one dream stride from road gravel.

My life

on a flatbed truck gathering starlight.

## Face Cards

City night shuffling a tarot mix.  
Tower clock shadow edged by moon,  
crescent tracing chalked silhouettes.

The dealer hums  
while turning his cards face up.

Hope snaking an un-stemmed vein

of needs over formless cargo,  
you reach for a queen of hearts.

## Alone in Winter

Rising out of dream  
night-shaped by branches etched white,  
blizzard now scouring over the cracks  
and groans of lake ice, miles away.

Dream's blue scree filling ravines  
like regrets poured into the yawns  
of drains.

Starlight over dust.  
The oak of my days  
stand along a ridge.

My eyes map ricocheting echoes  
as cold gnaws into the dance

now beyond touch, silhouetted  
by memory after memory of her.

Rising out of a dream,  
I stub barefoot across cold linoleum,  
lean, hands on windowsill, and gaze out

at fresh, blue snow  
grained by starlight.

## **An Unfinished Painting**

You rock on a wooden porch,  
ignoring the blurs of passing freight.

Train thunder shrapnels the forest  
as pain ricochets inside arthritic joints.

Night bends down onto all fours and enters  
the river as you wave to the paper-boy,

his fingers darkened by newsprint.  
Your veins grown thick carrying

a host of illusions, hands cupping a lock  
of hair, dream dissolving from touch

on touch, outtakes and embers  
shelved close to an unfinished painting.

The portrait of her, graying in oak shade,  
carved initials barely visible,

first love in an oval of green moss.  
Her voice glides out of river fog,

birds singing to the sun-melted horizon,  
easel and canvas waiting near houseplants.

## Oregon Footbridge

Autumn approaches maple trees  
pulling a stream of reds and yellows,  
this current two nights from catching  
threads a full moon drops between contrails.

Hands on the gray wood railing, she watches  
a blue heron stem the shallows upriver  
from new cairns, casting its focus  
inside ripples. This warm day

an hours-long path to mid-bridge,  
her eyes gathering pastels, river reflecting  
changing skies, its cordon of trees,  
geese arriving from Canada.

Dusk peeling shadows off late roses,  
the webs between wood slats soon emptied  
by cold winds blowing skies open  
with the hard refrains glaciers dream

past tree-line lakes asleep beneath snow.  
Birdsongs will huddle below storm balconies  
of wind-blown snows as star-gazers  
retire to recliners. Her yellow jacket might

be visible from space, a thrift shop find,  
it beacons a 360 arc to those gathering  
for moonrise, his car just now  
pulling into the parking lot.