

Body Painting

Erase the every day from your mind.
Enter a new space: dream time.
Travel down a model's skin with a brush.
She is brown, coat her flesh in silver,
burnish her skin, put pigments to her
face, give her a mask, make her belly
a jungle with eyes alive, lips seduce the moment.
Dream comes alive on her skin, aboriginal journey
in rituals mask colors for cave walls,
animals, their own bodies, faces. Model
wears a mohawk.

Skins are sand, buckskin, teepees, rocks,
flesh & blood. It is dream time.
Be a presence, forever transient.
We are not on earth, but in the sky. Give
the future a body of colors— paints from plants,
little white dots like threaded beads,
Aztec red flowers laced, diluted in a wash,
on a female nude, arms, thighs, breasts, eyes.
Old as a painted pony or a war shield—
fierce face in feathers, dancer decorates
in a costume of war paint on a trapeze.

The artist redeems an ancient tribe lost
in the Amazon. A contemporary brush strokes;
his mind listens to trees, sculptures, bees.
Sometimes the brush is a body. Sometimes the body
is a canvas, shapes that fit a skull for a celebration
on the Day of the Dead, a cave-mouth
with dancers' feet for teeth.

Paint a torso. Reveal a dream.
Envision bodies joined into new shapes.
See into the dark. Follow sharp leaves from a desert
plant. Stars are tattoos on a naked back above
bare buttocks on a night of scimitar moon.

1 of 5 poems

Blue SPOT series

Aubade For Changing of the Guard

She saw God in the “slim crescent
of the moon.” We are the earth’s shadow.
Like Flannery O’Connor, we get in the way
of the moon. Poor prayers make it hard
to find God. The other night the whole
moon shone. Later, on the patio,
the moon’s face is no longer visible

A memory of the full moon comes to mind
when she is half awake, pre-dawn.
She is on a canal boat leaving the lock
and headwaters. Everyone on the boat
looks up to spy the moon rise in the east.
In the same instant, the sunset in the west
leaves a wash of pink, yellow, red, behind clouds.

The Petersburg boat moves a musical cargo
under the bridge carrying I-20 across the Augusta
Canal. Other images come to her: an aubade—
blue flowers in lily pads at last light, under
bearded oaks, snowy egret on a rock in the Savannah
River rapids, dead trees in the dark, headlights near by
convey chaos, highway behind black water retreat.

The keyboard player —and jazz singer—
is provoked by a Danger Sign off the port side.
We dock with a bump, leave after the changing
of the guard. Sentry moon stays on duty,
eyes from a fortress wall look down on a moat.
Gemini spots lights; planets come and go.
Moon secures the night.

p. 2 of 5 poems

BLUE SPOT series

Blue Spot

The Mongols move west until defeat
They leave behind a lot of DNA
They go as far as Chalon, France
So Mongols infuse Europeans with blues.

She is German infused with a blue spot
She wears the DNA of her ancestors
A blue birthmark at the base of her spine
Invading Mongols gave her the blues

Her blood line is traced to the Huns
She shows traces of a blue bruise
just under the skin a common birthmark
Native Americans wear them as a tattoo

Her skin is pale, her hair is red, then silver
Her genes stem from Heidelberg
she rides the street car roams castles
studies artists out grows her tattoo

We are all one people it seems
so many pass on the Mongols' blues
to sons and grandchildren bits of a bruise
time erases even artists wear tattoos

Mongols claim a spirit slapped the baby
see Mongolian blue spots as a life mark
Chinese believe it marks a reluctance
for reincarnation So folks tales of Asia

wash ashore in Europe leave stains
conquering stains in blood lines fade
Oh happy day when we learn babies
are not abused, just loved with the blues

Genghis Khan climbed a mountain to meditate
His warrior prayers rained on Eurasia Genghis
Khan coupled with his conquests his seed spread
his blue shadows live just below her skin

Old Saguaro After Storm

Meteorologist draws battle lines.
Wild fires fueled by wind ravaged six states.
Flames light the night sky in New Mexico.
Winter snows are in meltdown. Furrows
wash away in the Missouri's flow.
Hailstones rattle like slots in Vegas.

Not so in the red scorch—over 100 degrees
and windy in Nogales—Sonoran Desert.
I remember speechless August lightning
near Tucson, each afternoon, dry
lightning. No rain falls near Mexico.
Silent light show. A bone white church.

Lightning strikes rear tires off an RV's rims.
A tall saguaro casts twisted shadows.
The wet spring paints the desert,
prickly pear colors resurrect. Cactus
fruits are pulled from sentinel tops
where a hawk scouts for prey.

Blooms last only a night and a day.
Open the fruit to taste; bless your heart
with the juice; pray for the mortal blooms.
May prayers pull down the monsoon.
The Tohono O'Odhan—native people—
drink in rare summer rains.

The desert is patient. It takes fifty years
for the saguaro to sing its flower song.
The Gila woodpecker excavates
a nest cavity in the pulpy cactus flesh,
leaves the hole to host an owl
before a seasonal downpour.

After lightening, thunder rumbles; rain
floods a dry river bed. Rush of water
in arroyo is rare. Comes a flower.

4 of 5 poems / **Blue Spot
series**

Jaguar

Hidden cameras spot him
when he enters Arizona
with a swagger, few paw prints.

Wild life researcher tracks on rocks,
predator—only the 4th male
to cross in 20 years: *El Jefe*.

Markings, distinctive, single him out—
heart-shaped rosette on his right hip,
question mark over his left rib cage.

A tracker finds his scat, no sightings.
His large Belgian dog shivered once
in fear. He is mythical to school kids.

Inquisitive cat sticks to high ground,
scans Santa Rita Mountains, preys on
deer, skunks—leaves poison sack—black bear.

Tucson craft beer celebrates his prowess
hiding in mine shafts, caves, steep scree slopes.
Motion detectors see him pass

among juniper, oaks, pinyon
pines, like mountain lion, wide
muzzle drinks in scents on sky islands,

ancient lands of Chiracahua Apache.
Jaguar scans from mountain redoubt.
Instinct draws him back to Mexico.

Hunter is pictured heading back,
scrotum swollen as a soccer ball.
Lonely predator swaggers off, seeks a mate.

end of **Blue Spot** series

