

Wishful

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TIRED OF GOING TO STRANGERS

Sometimes the way in is back through
the wound

What opened up when we tore apart

Still jagged in
places with
the raw of
blood
but familiar terrain all the same

Kiss me there anyway kiss me again
and this time never stop

!

STAMINA

Eyes you can recognize

A light so bright it steals your sight

Her arm slips through
yours
and she misplaces your keys
and makes you forget to eat

A shy white cat rubs against
your calf

It lays you
and slays you
and ruins you sleep

–Stay inside !

–Only the hard *can* stay in !

HERE IS WHERE

I cannot see my way back
home which is how I wind up in
this sweaty beery place in
the Mission with
a samba band playing less in
time than
just plain drunk

A soulless shade am I before
I see you crossing the floor in
the arms of
a pretender undeserving of
your bounty

When he breaks for
the bar I go in for
the kill armed only with
a demonstrable inability to dance

You take my hands anyway
and you place them on
your hips
and show me where to move
and where to stop
and when to turn
and when to grab
and when to let go

Soon we're rolling
and shaking together on
the dance floor all muscle
and bone rhythm
and flow your body an instrument in
true tune translating intent to
action heat to
transformation a joyful chaos of
limbs not to be believed

rising

I am alive

Here is where your cheek brushes mine your flesh fresh like snow

O do I want to feel that heat again

~

We climb into
my janky Japanese sedan

Wishful

and head north through
the city to
Fort Point tucked under
the bridge like a child shielded from
the cold

Chunks of
fog
tumble against
towers
as cables pull taut the red span like a G-string across
the slender waist of
the Golden Gate Strait

Here is where we stretch out in
the miniature bucket seats
and listen to
a lullaby of
breakers playing against
the sea wall

We launch onto
twin rafts of
dreams

~

I awake searching for
bugs
and roots to eat
and water to suck from
the mud to drink

Neither map
nor weapon
only fear
and intention

Seconds minutes hours days months years lifetimes
and at
last I arrive at
this jungle clearing
where you lay across
a broad wooden table a butcher knife
and a long-tined fork crossing your bare breasts

A miraculous meal a blood mist rises in
my eyes

Here is where you press your lips to
mine
and fill my breathless heart

–Sssshhhh

...

NO RULES ONLY CONSEQUENCES

Combinatorial explosions spawn rapid speciation
so only Beautiful monsters survive such sad seasons

Come out come out wherever you are
and meet me on
the other side

Come share with
me this lovers' luck this bed of
embers

WISHFUL

As I barrel along
Crow Canyon Road I am fit to be tied with
no more rope
than hope
and a too-tight grip on
the wheel of
an all-wheel-drive Subaru Legacy Hatchback

As waves of
sunlight roil late summer shadows across
the grasslands on
either side of
the road
and a shabby wind cuffs my ears I peer into
the heart of
oncoming motorists for
signs of
treachery
or distraction greater than my own
while the fingers of
my mind beads of
worry
and regret

All well and good until
something brushes my cheek with
the unsettling impact of
a lover's eyelashes

Enough

!

I take a *swat*

I get only air
and so my follow-through tugs at
the wheel causing me to swerve across
the double-yellow line
and scatter vehicles like a leaf-blower before
me

Heart beating against
my skull I reclaim the wheel

Wishful

and cross back over

I look into
my rearview mirror where instead of
mayhem I see a dandelion bloom all downy light
and wishful thinking

Whether at
the beginning of
its life or
its end I do not care
for to
me wishes are Inconvenient
and humbling
and friable at
the slightest touch

I have no use for
weightless wonders that flirt at
the periphery of
my vision making me wish it would go away
but also I were rich
and I could hold a tune when my girlfriend
and I go to karaoke
and I could taste saffron for
the first time again
and plunderers would stop plundering
and the sky weren't falling after
all
and I could conjure fresh luck just by
rubbing a beer bottle
and *presto* I am breaking everything apart
and putting it back together blindfolded

pffhhh

...