

## Old Dog

Greet the world with noise

The roses your mother got you two weeks ago

Let me appreciate the black of closed eyes

Let me not talk of such things

I have taken too many showers

Orchards are not appeasing

Angel faced and struggling

It will start again tomorrow

Smelling the dregs

Till I dangle from within

Incomplete until euphoria hits

She don't chase the stick no more

The choice to drop out forever

We felt similar

I snuggled with her and I could tell

The old dog is depressed and dying

## Hammering Nails

I am not an angry man  
but I am an angry man.

Sick of killing legless flies  
that escape the sticky paper.

I am nostalgic for the hard times  
that left me mute.

Turbulent atrocities  
tamed by snowflakes.

Only gnomes can see  
My quivering knees.

## Dead Car Battery

How having to jump my old car  
in the driveway on the first cold morning  
makes my bundled-up baby in her new coat  
seem poor. How I think I need  
to change and make more  
as I push my car into position  
and try to remember  
which color goes on first.  
Is it black or red?  
My wife says black.  
Black to be grounded.  
Ground before power.

## The Ground is Good

I saw a mole who could not see  
his face was all dirty.  
He didn't care.  
he dug another hole  
disappearing into the dark ground  
where maybe  
he had better vision.

## Moon

Last week a contradiction  
understood me at bedtime.

I was — paralyzed  
by the possible  
metaphor of every word.

I felt for something to squeeze.  
I only got a little.

In the closeness of moss  
my love is devastating.

Under the moon  
sawdust from my eyes  
onto my grandparent's sidewalk.