

Guthrie

Hollow baby bird
Gasp for breath
as the fever blisters
the sores on your back
as your neck spins like
a revolving door

Breathless with panic
I stop the revolutions
Dripping water in your mouth
hopeful we can mend
the infection that spreads
consuming the spark that makes you
more than a hollow baby bird

Loose soil is your nest
Memory is our tombstone
In mine you died motherless
Who knows about yours?

Growing Pains

I don't want to love you like I did yesterday
I don't want to love you like I will tomorrow
I want to love you starting and ending today

You didn't want to hear that
Fumbling beneath *Sequoia*
Where I sprung a trap on you
The harsh grating snap
Frightened and made you flee

In the mulch it rusts
A curious relic
I dimly recollect
Putting to use

Never again will it crack the loving tension
For you have fled, my dear

Limitaris

Snakes of peppery smoke collapse under the hush of The Neighborhood
A fortress condominium of solitude
Eyes glazed head razed
Montecristo; a trapped firefly
Sketched reflection of a face worn gaunt
“Is all this what’s left?”
Retired apathy bludgeons all in pupal
A slice of nail torn in genocidal grapple
Pruned lawns fertilized with broken vows
The Neighborhood smirks back

A heap of Sears, best fuel a living room bonfire
Nude Cock
Crammed against pane
Glistening smears
Veteran god
Of the Killing Fields

Shudder, sigh, shutter open
Pulse in waves
Pneumatic boredom incarnate
Shudder, sigh, shutter close
Mystery cannibalized in mechanics

Slack lining thoughts
A familial sleep number beckons
The pane retreats the wind entreats;
ensconced in a radical lift
I soar on thermals-
Frozen crystals-obscuring billows-a colonized marble retreating
I lob into the gem splattered well and weep, for no one
A lone laugh escapes...dying amongst the manicured lifers
The Neighborhood sneers

Sentinels erupt spewing howls
A rattling mass carts over the median strip
Raucous laughs and taunting barks
Spat at the fuming Neighborhood
Men, swaddled, careen to a stop
Bathrobe tailored Mr. _____
Zealous lifer
Whistle of mortar, pop of fire, churn of treads
Mr. _____s spills out in ultra-fervor
One starved maw

Solipsistic Siren

*“To protect
and to serve”*

Shoved, yanked, cuffed, they disappear
Laughing, teasing, all facetious activists
Till there was one

Old black man spry
Teased in pleading
“We good people! We good people!
We good people!
We GOOD People!

The Neighborhood gloats

The lifers flee inward
Something inside hardens
I step outside

Delicate Steve

Last night I sensed suicidal eternity
Howling hymns with Lust
to the highs and lows of rock
in the Empty Bottle off Belmont St.

Briefly I balance on windows edge
With senses sharpened on the night's whetstone
I laugh. Drawing from a well of mirth
With brothers who will never die

Now, serenely alone
A budding *Zelkova*, companion to my thought
I smile and
don't know why

Borderless darkness fumbling hands
Fasting hunger on the lips
A euphoric anticipation

Under the Knife

Hands kneading fleshy dough
Rolling pinching smoothing

Slime trail of clothes to the alter
Of fertile sacrifice
Two parts liquid one part solid
A reptilian connection
Moan.

Oh fuck...

Somatic seizures
Gasp. Prick of pain.
Pause,

Slow-

Down

Self-conscious retreat
Lip Service to the splayed goddess
Groping in the dark, legs akimbo
A struck match spits to life licking the wick
A flare of primal dusk
Deaf children in the glow

Hands of ivy
Thoughtlessly wrapping
Sticking to the smoking skin
like pan-fried trout

Anxiety melts like butter
and sizzles into a baked embrace
A mystic pretzel tying
us to the line all the way back-
to the beginning

The walls melt into masses of gingerbread
A torrential sweat rains from above
freezing sheets into glaciers
Lips recede barring fangs
Convulsing race with the beat of hearts
Crippling pleasure swells
And the awaited gust chases the oven heat away

Thought creeps in muddling instincts
Two crucified rotisserie chickens
Soul waxing, Soul waning

