

BODY-POEM

i.

my body is a poem

it sings, reverberating as a tuning fork
reverb vibrates melodic
as a buzzing swarm
of lightning bugs;

as in a thunderstorm,
the bugs and frogs come out
to make the world
a damp and sticky place
for us.

ii.

my body is a poem

about my city in the rain, covered in fog
covered just like a child
under a great mountain
of blankets, white as death;

I was always afraid of winter,
how it roared
& crept up,
covering
my shoulders
in its fog.

iii.

my body is a poem

that had trouble sleeping last night, & woke up
startled by the rustling of bells

& the subtle click
of a door closing;

the way a funeral proceeds,
culminating in the closing
of the earth, the subtle
clink of a shovel
finishing.

ADVENTURES OF A LOST SOUL

When I was young,
I fashioned a small halo out of hollow stars,
Insect husks and the love of my grandfather

In the rustic shadows of farms
I explored in search of a reason,
Any reason at all to continue exploring

Once,
I led an inquisition in my
Grandfather's backyard
Against an insect insurgency
 Swatting mosquitos in droves
 & capturing buzzing bee drones
 & chasing centipedes away
 & banging on wooden nests
 & watching the clover mites
 bleed out in a frenzied splatter
of bright
red —
 I ran away —
 Afraid.

Today, I know
Clover mites are harmless little bloodbugs,
And I've long since quit the inquisition,
But I still explore for the same reasons:
 The incentive to keep exploring;
 & so I wear my halo like a badge
 & set on out in search of home,

The place I lost, so long ago,
When I left those forsaken farms.

THE KIOSK

red light kisses a neon tavern;

a block away, a bum ambles into the night
his body silhouetted hungry red, a ghost.

he rolls a shopping cart,
filled beyond the brim
with plastic

(transparent
bones)

he'll cash them all in
for coins — he'll recycle his life
at a kiosk.

THE SOUND OF DISTANT EXPLOSIONS

I am sound
emitting

as rocketfire —
distance
is drowned out
by a bonfire

in the night,
the hungry city
pulls the stars down
to earth with
skyscraping
razor-sharp
desperation

I eat sound
& sleep sound,
quietly fortifying
my body-fortress

to perfection; this vessel
for my mind and spirit.

TEMPUS FUGIT

i.

in time, you will see
the glowing shell of day shed
into the evening.

(two lovers stroll along an esplanade,
hand in hand in secret hand of another
secret lover, the moon, peeking out from
a curtain of grey clouds.)

ii.

in time, you will know
how doors unfold into death,
how curtains cartwheel

light into a room
but also darkness — and why
windows wane away.

(farther down along the river,
an old man falls in love
with the coy moon —
he gazes politely, not wanting
to strip apart her innocence.)

iii.

in time, you will be
gone as memory in a
holocaust of thought.

(a slow cloud obscures thought,
and the old man, weary of love,
bows his head ever so slightly and
closes his eyes to sleep —

and then the lovers closed their eyes
to kiss; and then the river closed its eyes
to flow; and then the clouds closed their eyes
and began to rain; and then the moon closed her eyes

and disappeared into the night.)