

## Therapy

There is no free pass in this new born dawn  
whether it be blue black or gold green  
it's all hard work  
it's all humbling.

This is the new me you see  
the better one; the reinvented  
the not so scary, beary one  
the one that doesn't yell at the kids  
the one that doesn't cry in the car  
saying, why me, God, why?

This one's got pills  
this one's got a friend that listens  
so very patiently  
every single goddamn week for  
five - count 'em five whole years of  
Wednesdays at one.  
Where would you rather be -  
chatting with Freud just for fun?

This new time's got a choke on me  
tisn't easy being in the world now  
as a member, not an inmate

My own warden

my own crawl through a pipe of sewage

a Shawshank Redemption

the murderer was you old foe - so fuck you -

I'm Tim Robbins.

## Bad Neighbors

Frost would think we suck  
at mending broken walls.  
Good neighbors we are not.

What once was rolling acres of  
deforested masterpieces,  
framed by such precise and plaintive cairns -  
Rolled by hand or man or brutish ox  
to the edges of the gentle wooded glens -  
with the deer, the fox and the wise owl  
Watching us, wondering -

To keep the sheep so neatly grazing  
for to make our woolen warming wares -  
at the grist mill down yonder  
at the center of town.

Children wove and spun  
wove and spun  
with Lanolin drenched fingers  
ewe's coats into  
farmers' pants and ladies' shawls  
late into the northern evenings.

These children now  
make imaginary pants to place on  
imaginary characters, woven from  
pixels and broadband

That dance around in their brains ,  
late into the nights,  
stressed and angsty from  
the burden of bitcoin -  
in their not-of-wool imaginary pockets -

Their fingers stained with heavy metals:  
like toxic tantalum -  
dug from mines in Africa  
by children: pocketless, gloveless  
who've no wifi friends nor soda crush -  
but maybe rocks for fences.

## Lemmings, My Love

Landlocked in dirty pain, I'm  
an ancient moraine; so  
far from the newborn icebergs  
- that calve into the sea.

The glaciers of my past  
are on the move,  
retreating  
- they're afraid of me.

I am the North: warming  
tundra of the fox and owl,  
I am the loyal lemmings  
- who feed them all.

If the lemmings were my love, they are  
selfishly scarce, as I  
ushered them  
to the edge of the cliff  
- promising parachutes.

And in hard faith,  
beholden only to  
Heaven's fatal fingers -

off they leapt

into invisible arms:

harm

- Jumping

- Jumping.

## Tree Rumba

Every morning I limp to the window  
sweaty and crotchety  
still swooning from the night sweats, the  
bad dreams that caught me -  
to see what the trees are saying.

Today, the often mild maple  
I trust the most  
Was shaking her upright stick fingers  
Back and forth like a portend  
A bad foreshadowing, branches whistling:

*Don't come, don't come*  
*Its really bad out here....*  
*She's so mad at you -*  
She tells me.

Just yesterday she was swaying to a song  
I couldn't hear  
but it must have been beautiful as her hips  
swayed as if in rumba -

Some lovers' lips expand in rhythm  
parting for the tongues -

a mother rocking her new baby;  
all innocence: a fit like gloves.

But today, it's those awful witch fingers  
ghostly ice shards haunt the windows  
proportions of fear flooding in the cracks

Of my cacaphonic brain -  
forbidding, foreboding  
I'm an arsonist's holiday.

Tumors of guilt, jealousy  
ravishing the landscape of a former protégé.

My grudges laid bare  
in a bloody, post-apocalyptic skirmish  
then recoil in fear -

Well aware, their own actions  
caused the great war within her; within me.  
Still: *How could she do this to me!*

Mother nature knows what I've done, I suppose -  
so she's decided to blow her wrath all day.

To punish me and my tree

for our hubristic hope  
that things might get better in the end,  
in my head -

*I deserve it, I whisper, I know it.*

I'm going back to bed now,  
to pray for a Cuban Guaguancó  
to seduce the tree hugging hips of my maple; to  
shift the lips of hate in myself -  
parted to closed:  
ovaline to train track.

To give me a little more hope tomorrow  
that some day, might one day, be better than the last.

## **Arsenals of Sunshine**

What will I do  
with this birth on my skin,  
when the warmth in my pores  
fades into the  
Hunter's  
Moon-mouth?

You've woven my skin  
into dappled arrays  
that will never suffice  
as a safety net to  
keep you here -

To keep you near me  
in this season of deepest darkness and  
undulating -  
ever changing  
arsenals of sunshine.