

Saturniidae

Island Sanction

Bloated belly of black noodles
squid's ink alarming,
she won't eat them now.
Vegan on some clocks, but she ate the calamari.
Laughter bellows meet the waiter.
Rolling laugh track; someone's paying for this.
The tear-filled eyes of Someone's Father,
across the table.
Of sleeping sorrow
or of here?

Later, smoke curls phantoms
to keep the night dreams spun.
She sees my letter in the sky
cloudy alphabet and so,
I know she loves me.
Lip-lines gone flat with age,
says she canceled her
operation appointment
I cry opera rage.

Fill it to the brim a-gain
so I know it's that old green house I'm in.
Pine needles, needlepoint, boxed white, Coors light.
Magic at every turn but sick
on forgetting.

She says look around,
Amy from the south of Florida.
Who smells of baby tones, fresh powder,
voice goes dreamy when she speaks of spirit.
I follow her up the steps to ice-
clean, lofted white linen.
SANCTuary.
Staring at acrylic neon lines
which mean her self-
portrait and I'm glad,
for JANuary comes.

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Bi-cycles

Cycle I

Pocked polar pastures pine
for unknown waters, for waited embers,
a sleep that does not dream. A rest
that only screams. Fall
on fated pages, on craggy banks...
on yesterday's *grand* surprise.
I was waiting there and awe
was waiting there
and murmuring melodies of pasts, you
won't remember. Of paths you don't recall.
Amber waters run the veins of yesterday's sorrows
tawny tendons snap and fade.
There are gardenias in the garden, petunias
on the sill.
Silo slumbering's before you've reached the shoulder
cracked beaks
of birds that perished
frozen, and showing you
their will.

Cycle II

Organs, taken to wringing
their tired pores of tar-goo
pedals squeeze and wring
free
pedal among
petals of amber wildflowers
pouring off the mountainsides,
when was the air ever this clean,
despite the plumes-
the pines breathe you,
the red woods know.
And there,
at the peak,
exhale- and below, above the treetops
glistening foggy release
hovers there
where we've left it.

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Walking to the Bridge

I left the small white house
with the blood-red panes.
Its crumpled yellow ceiling plaster
yesterday's prices.

Her blackened eyes, patted on, sponged
heavy-lidded. His sinister stare. Her mushrooms
buried

for boars to sniff, uncover
and eat.

His mustache's oily black,
every hair combed in line.

I left the warmy spiraling square
in a suitcase, going no where.
The sky feasting its warm-hued hunger
upon the unknowing city
bustling in-wait.

I saw him *again*.
Crouched in plaster, as a lawn gnome
cowering newsboy-capped,
and wrapped in the paper
of the american flag.

The sky wore its lines candy-coated.
Pasteled blendings, lines of cotton blue
and puffed pink.
Waves falling on a pit of fiery amber
only a December's night knows.

A cold rush to the water-belly
where the geese speak
if someone would listen.
A wide-bellied river throwing its limbs
in every direction.
Swallowing all hungry human sound.

On that orange lipped bridge
day fell to night.
She pedaled by with a slight smile
and the sky.

It resumed

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its gun smoked hues
swirled opalescent and in time.
In my haste-
I forgot the fiery windows.
Like so many neon-fired sun shades.
No eyes behind them
and every one of them watching,
expectantly.

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Enchantment Estranged

Kiss of fire ants crawling
from puckered fundament.
Lips burn of fever, of not-hot hunger, of des-per-ate
desolate. The curling's of my abdomen scream
Twisted sickening of the senses. Something
the same again.

Rose quartz and skull scattered mountains.
The silence pierced
only by- what do we say next.
Who is it that you know?
and I think,
think I know them better.

Moments of pure grinning wides,
Women are made to smile, so often, so
feral will shatter them on contact, but still.

The mountains breathe only slowly
and heave, asunder.
I was listening when you said it
socket rollings betray my attention.

Listen, our brothers are called by the same name
Your Father, a Porsche burgundy
Mine, center-line yellow

Brought me to adobe and bright old wood,
Arabian doorframe, the way my hips would shake.
Crystal teacup of days old red,
boxed, perched at tables edge.

Thick ropes hung, trapeze-greeted on entry
these moments come from somewhere
perched like a bird, or spirit flies
and it could be any record
no matter the year,
just *please*, choose one.

Arranged marriages, cadavers, and pauses,
that don't fit right.

Baron acts dismissive until he learns
of my recent arrival,

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One moment of welcome, that's all.
Speaking of dreams, I tell one
not meaning anything by it.
He tells of the old hotel explosion,
glass windows shattering outward
and everyone running...where to go?
Another bullet-filled scene
and a baby's head
smashed by a strong boot.

Dreamy sad speaking of children
and source. If you know it, it's lost.

Driving in silence, so what's your religion?
And clockwork tells the tale of Alfred's scars.
Growling from the backseat, post tractor-crushed chest:
Give me a Fucking *cigarette*, but I leave that part out.
They were Catholic once, devout.

A building plain as any other, Unit D.
No signing. Alien entrance
to museum of the black light 90's.
The Disco ball still keeping time.
Flat orange wheels, brown skin and laces.

Well around and around, spinning round
the float-toy centre.
Little orange cones floating
in a sea of rink.
Someone filming yet?
and the stomach curls again.

Find me back, warm alone and pantsless
dreaming of times romanceless
or romantic.
Soul-murdering and
it's come to this.

Lips of fire, burned at the poresticks.
Picking microscopic angel-haired thistles
from pore-skin.

Post-climb thigh, chaffed and aching
cactus blessing, a warning.
Come home with a
is it too soon?

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that's what I thought too.

Disposable exchange when a
dance upon the stage, enchanted.

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Mirror Clearing

Fiery mass that surrounds both irises
in child-ocean-blue.

Embers at the edges like ashes
rise to the surface, to rest.

I feel you beside me breathe,
a gentle heaving.

In cascading paths that fall down
your cheeks
crawl up your toes to meet
your perfect feet.

Through mud, blood and diamonds they've trudged.
Rubies and sweetly seeping rose petals.
Through fields of impossible secrets, currents
of knowing and unknowing, knowing again.

On your knees, grass and leaves, air and
breath, rainwater, morning dew
trickles through your heart
and beats it, still.

To the precious pounding
of a spirit's wait, a soul already here
a future, everywhere.

If I try to capture, it would evaporate
If I blink slowly, I could miss it.

Eyes heavy of divining truth-tellers
and wake-leavers.

Rest now, as a petal pressed,
 a page turned and returned,
 waves crest and fall,
 a winter also in thaw,
 summer spent and waiting.

The veins, on a map. in a heart. crackling a fire log.
 and spreading through frozen water body
 a willow, a juniper sprig
 in cedar longing
 you stay.