

[Corner Booth]

The devil is a wanton woman
drinking whiskey neat in a corner booth.
unlovely creature
hiding near the bottom
of Tuesday morning's empty glass
negotiate, why don't you?
The mirror isn't good with names.

[Feathers]

Rooting out truffles of justice and truth,
from the lines worn into the faces the earthen mother bore unto them,
sometimes they lie as much as the weather vane does.
Instruments of spoken wind.
I split my time between the muck, and the work to be done.
Building monuments of refuge when my brother go astray,
the wolves do indeed lie in wait in the woods of this tired little oil town.
Don't let the storybooks fool you,
your house of bricks won't last the blows of February.
Never a fan of the spider, except for a friend I met once named Charlotte.
Shedding feathers onto the sawdust sprinkled floor
of any silver-dollar saloon I should find,
I hate to lose them but that's just where they end up, sometimes
there on the floor, mixed in the dust.
Nobility is lost on me, but my veins circulate tales of miscalculation.
The Great Alexander took my cousins to war, their duty done,
the beasts of the adversary with their ivory tusks would shudder, the earth
would shake, their plighted work go quietly into the night. History,
discarded. Evolution stacks the deck against legacy.
The wolves will be wolves, let open the gate!
You'll know them by the stench.
Sheep's clothing smells of a dead rat. That rat who knew the only secret
there was
to save your drowning soul.
Let loose the hounds of war. My place is in the sky,
much closer to the sun, despite my wax wings. My friend, pigs do fly.

[Jupiter Park]

Leave the rust stained faucet, and the falling
hope-breached blinds
forget the can filled cupboard,
and the walls,
shedding all their writing
you pretended not to see.
where dreams who missed their curfew
drift off to sleep
forever
despite their cold-numbered feet
"baby?"
he whispered
"we can do anything you want to in this bed"

