

Chosen

One atom seen
to be moving so strange

in the middle of
the Bose Einstein Condenser.

We can get closer now
to absolute zero,

a billionth
of a degree away.

We are not going:
all the little facts grow empty,

not by being poured out,
but by being known beforehand.

Arne's Solution

The Dr., brilliant, Oxford, asked me to hold out my arms.

They flapped like broken handlebars,
like organ failure

which would ensue.

The psychiatrist, alone with the lowered class
smell of bad retsina

and the lithium citrate she withdrew,

is unsure, tonight,
if I'm a real emergency. On the khaki hospital phone

Arne calls me about Jesus Christ.

Moonballs

Your tennis balls go way too high
to be played at the night clinic

but you keep hitting
anyway, skyward, out of play.

You heal off,
impossible.

You were always drawn
on the universe, written large, wide —

the night unworkable.
The tree I wrap one arm around

never sleeps. Imagine how crazy
it is, all the roots

and branches it's stuck in.
And the ground —

what if it wants to get up
and climb into the tree in the dark?

The Salk Institute
created neurons

from stem, off of skin, off of mood disordered
persons. Excitable,

like friends and doctors reevaluating you.
I could have run them over.

Loaded Gun Subdivision

The lake under spades of rain,
elbows making the vinyl float shine and squeak.

Don't the snapping turtles sleep at night?
The smell of offspring, crushed watermelon,

a long flip book of homes on the horizon:
The pale face trying to look up,

the loaded gun resting
against the bottom teeth,

in the detail in which one always wanted to live:
lower lip going numb, legs bicycling water,

bicycling around the warm spot, *the warm spot*
moving away after seeming so forward.

For Andreas at Fifteen in Late March

Your three month old
prescient face

amidst the semi-lit dust
afloat in the room,

your pointer
finger looking

out for the slowest
floater to touch

and I'm still
waiting for you

outside some card shop
running the car

to keep warm
on your fifteenth birthday.

Redbuds and dogwoods
telling me you'll be soon.