

*POTATO DREAMS*

There was once a man who was me, who kept having potato dreams.  
The first was when we was in bed with his lover, he mumbled it to her,  
as was his wont with most strange dreams.

“I see a potato”

“Okay—

just a potato?”

“Yes, just a potato, rotating in space”

And he meant space like nothingness,  
not like space like milky way interstellar always night darkness,  
just space like air, like the air in any room.

A couple of weeks later he was in another state, just on this side of the Mississippi,  
and he dreamed of being in a big field where a sporting event or festival was to be held.  
Different people kept arriving driving forklifts,  
with pallets loaded with shoes boxes  
full of French fries  
and they just kept coming.

‘oh put them over there I guess’

and ‘oh I guess those could go over there’

He woke up with pain in his shoulders and his neck,  
because the bed was too soft and the pillow too hard.  
And there was no one to tell about all the boxes full  
of French fries

*icky preacher*

icky preacher  
plays the 'possum  
quite well

tho he doesn't  
believe his own  
thoughts flock

around the corpse  
supposed it time  
clock to rot

causation to creation  
the full caustic  
solution to swill

rung the dishrag  
sin purposeful sin  
deliciousness whets sin

to get up again  
after all that long  
weekend and go home

to something sharp and green  
making a nest  
feeding the beasts

*migrations*

the apartment was decorated  
with x-rays of hairline fractures  
we had found at the thrift store

out the window the hill  
an angry pimple from the  
last ice age

ya wonder about lancing,  
oil, cars running on pus

there was a stand of sick  
old oak trees up there

and a thriving population of  
teenagers, drunk and horny  
and absent minded dog walkers

like litter, like any real place  
takes turns, day and night

flew the coop  
in fruitloop yoga pants

my blood moving  
like great birds  
and then it all shrivels

no plea or a discussion  
disgust cushions the blow  
the finally, thankfully cool breeze

*how did that conversation go?*

and it was eyes rolling  
all thru the drive by symphonies

my grandfather claimed he had a cousin  
who was on his way to becoming  
a famous tenor,  
but he got too fat too sing  
too fat too sing

with Jesus limping out of Gethsemane  
holding a tupperware with a half a lemon  
what a night, what a night  
and anyone who's lived near roosters knows  
they don't give a shit about the sun  
at least not when there's artificial light  
all around

on a long hike once, a friend told me,  
well, I told her there was a rock  
in my shoe, and she suggested we stop  
so I could remove it, I didn't want to,  
said it was okay,  
suggested I might just wiggle my toes  
make friends with the pebble

she thought it was a serious character flaw  
last I heard she was living in Brazil

*primordial ooze*

and on the seventh day  
He looked around and said,  
“what a mess,  
what a fucking mess,  
I’m going back to bed”

and then came the snow  
the ice age, with the  
shivering dinosaurs  
skeptical in the cinnamon fields  
“jesus Christ, we should grow hair”

I lose track easily,  
I am honey stirred into tea  
I jump off the tip of my own tongue

like a diving board, and the dead eels  
with their nerves still firing despite the  
soup learning to swim  
off the chessboard, learning to swim