

DECIBELS

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now kids I swear
that woman can't stand me
and he has always been a jackass
needless to say
they don't know what they're doing
how could they possibly
life is awful isn't it
isn't the sad world sick? it is
well they really could have killed her
for that one
just a total mess and
I've got this horrible feeling that
nothing will work
out and so the truth is
the landlord had four thousand fits
five thousand
six I'm not exaggerating
they laughed until they cried
died laughing
how much more ridiculous can it get
and now on top of that
he can't stand her either as for me
I've never really cared for any of them
better be careful don't you kids go
any closer watch out
umpteenth nightmarish
jungle gyms
plus sprinklers potholes curbs
dogs bees cats birds honestly
everything is killing me
cripes almighty mother of god
another disaster
an absolute catastrophe

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Girl thinks she's now
a mynah
 curse
 upon

her mother's cardboard
nest
 the sound-better
 eggshell

Girl still knows
Ago

Once upon a time
 trees caught fire
 the silver owl withered

Ave Maria
Ahmen

 Has worried that
to want blue
 feathering braids
adds another knot to
the red penance

Doesn't she isn't she always double
cross
 Girl
 tossed upon
 the 13th wind

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Next boy over
in the front row tells himself:

I am like the brown pony.

He has to pretend that sawdust doesn't itch his feet.

Mr. Clown makes him run around and around the ring.
If he laughs too loud I will cover both my ears.

Am I supposed to clap? For that big red mouth?

Front row boy hears the pony
whispering:

You are nothing like the circus lion.

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Mom *Mom*
in school I'm learning by heart
Common
Helping
Verbs.

am is are
have has had
could might should

Mom Mom practice
with me.

A nightmare
could
be only a story.
A nightmare
might
be only a story.
A nightmare
should
be only a story.

*

I will sort it out, this next shuffle of
Language, this festival laughter
In a church plaza, the pueblo's familiars
Remaining even while not remaining –
Ser, Estar.

We all habituate, we all re-inhabit.

From a balcony I can almost hear the gusto
Of pennants. I follow their borderland's
Verde y blanco, white and green, my ear's mind
Streaming,

Welling --

Ahora

Time now to spade away
Rock and soil, to free
The choked spring.
 From cask to pail,
 Pail to cupped hands.

Time now to spade away
Nutshell and bone, to release
The seven buried streams.
 From cask to pail,
 Pail to cupped hands.

Time now to moisten brows,
Let mules lap, ease the parched
Tongues of all our children.
 From cask to pail,
 Pail to cupped hands.

Ahora.