

The Holler Held In

I want to sing down the world
expressly for the singing
for the wind and wind of it,
for the soul in it
and the howl,

the holler held in,
refined to more purpose,
raised to a language
without words and
uncrippled.

Inhale the moonlight.
Croon it crescent.
Call its secret name
of sunlight crooning
sunlight.

Make an open throat
of the hollow trunks
on stony crags,
to amplify the singing
from the bright cold top of the world.

But this body so muddy
so fibrous and pliant,
heavy with jellied squirming,
shames my song and
shames me.

Chocolate

An extra 'x'
marks the spot
where I crave chocolate.
It's in my genes,
buried front-and-center.
It's like a hole.

Once a day, without habit,
without fail,
the bittersweet urge to let it
melt in my mouth and ooze
like an oil over gums and teeth,
rises like a rose, its petals
brushing like a sea anemone
along my spare ribs
to tickle stinging near my armpits.

With swoops of gesture, long arms,
a heart all a-shimmer (no, simmer)
(no! stammer!),
I flit through the foil,
floating in ambrosia,
soaking in the smooth untouched sight
of my chocolate fix for today.

The dimples in my teeth,
woodgrained, streaked
by a nicotine lather of cocoa,
betray in little concave hints
the secret joy in hidden itches.

From the Bridge

Can't believe
My good fortune
In these cloud dunes hanging
Over the river, blunting the noon.
A shimmer of damp sunlight
Wrinkles itself upstream
Goading a small boat onward.
Can't believe
My good fortune
In that white sail
On the dark water.
Fortune so good
I'm doubtless.

Water Torture

Everything drips.
Sometimes puddling.
Sometimes to lakes.
Often to roots.

Like hissing fat

from a browning goose
or oil from a gear case,
everything drips
eventually.

Teeth drip
wickedness and bile
and spit and friendship
in glints like starlight.

Like leaves

within the waterfall's cloud
or dreams from the corners
of the eyes,
everything drips.

Inside Passage

Clouds
barrel blue and hammer gray
drain in from autumn seas.
A great slowing down,
an amassing of great force
 as when the sails hang silent
 in wrinkled stillness
just before the catching snap of the wind.
Prayers should be said
with gratitude
for the comforting exchange
of juices and salads
for ciders, soups and grains.
Hopeful prayers
said into vast closing spaces,
murmured with the hands.
There will be cold and storms,
the never-rising haze
of a breathing, sleeping landscape
and the woodsmoke, spiced and warm.
Everything is beautiful,
and there is much work
to do.