

Eden

The morning that you died,
I drank instant coffee

in a black cup.
I tended it

like a small fire,
leaning back

against the brick wall,
cold blooded,

absorbing warmth
through veined

lizard hands.
The apple tree's green

branches thrum.
I am six.

I have my own room,
and everything's new, unbroken--

the hundred year house,

the apple tree casting spells,

procreating.

The Return

When I come back from purgatory
I'll hold my candle high

and sing thin lullabies
I'll give five dollars

to a homeless man and woman
and a dog

walk home in the dark
cook a dinner

of talking fish
for unborn children.

I'll read poems
till midnight

open the door
and let in the stars--

The Reaper

Glittering and determined
you stand tall

on a broken chair
scale loose and flexible

branches
loot fruit

with tiny
tenacious fingers

gnaw flesh
down to stone

toss bones
at antimatter

and anti-grass;
fish, scales and fins

zoom,
confused insects

drones.

Life Cycle

Crayfish and trout
emerge from thawed ice

and thick-lipped mud.
Three-year-olds

made of earth
carry plastic buckets

and long poles--
maim without injuring,

kill without destroying.
You hold your catch--

one wriggly inch--
between two fingers,

look closely:
avatar,

letter,
the very first--

and throw it back
to safety and danger.

Incarnation

I catch you
with both hands--

newborn,
wet and bruised

from twists and turns,
blue in the face,

spitting water--
float and carry you

to earth's rim,
swing you

onto your feet,
plant you--

you grow immense,
beyond measure--

run drunkenly
up the ladder--

into constellations
and rebirths.