

I Looked to the Stars and Wept

I see you: hair unkempt,
windswept like wheat, your hands:
pinpricked, tired, still scarred by
sickness and glue. You said
you had to go, but I
didn't know where, so I
looked to the stars and wept.

Those Lobsters Aren't Pets

I think of us, sheltered, single file,
fish market, fragrant, clung fast to our clothes,
the produce we'd left, slow dying in the car.

You tell me the lobsters aren't pets

yet never said why, so I named them
like show-dogs: heads high, with futures,
with prize bows and a chance to live another day...
and you, picturing grandpap at home.

Rough with sawdust,
the smell of hard work and Heineken,
a crossword decoded by kitchen light,
a belly laugh belying all his borrowed time.

No Place to Call Home

A car

...

silvered by sickled

moonlight, peeking through
the Benwood pine, where we slept; hunched
and hungry, shells

of whom we were,

Heaven

like a sneer of pearl in rear-view eyes;
no place like home, no God on our sleeves

Daytona, In Love

My ray...from here, your
steel smile smelts
molten like sunset
sneaking shyly through
the Rust Belt haze.
Arms embattled
by toil and time,
roughened like roadmaps
to a bullion bathed heart,
a love that skirts gentle
the holy pearl of
Heaven's gate.

Kattie...we'll always have
the stirring ocean foam
where you posed,
beach-bronzed, in the
veiled Daytona din,
your cornsilk hair
unfettered in the black
of polaroid decay.
A soft splaying corona,
woven like fate
with our threadbare
yesteryear.