

“Mrs. Sauvignon”

I know a lady;
she goes by the name of ‘Cabernet’.
‘Cabernet Sauvignon’, to be exact-
and she likes to be exact.
Her slick green lips reminisce me of
fermented berries and oak casks,
and her slender figure shimmers off a
foggy gleam of stained glass
& dried sugars.

Care for a snifter?
She’s not much for waiting.
I’m up all night, anticipating
a sound sleep and a sound life,
and up comes my snarling, darling wife
mocking me from my bed.
‘You haven’t held me today’, she says,
‘you haven’t kissed me long & soft
with your rotting lips.’
What haunting is this?
My life is a mist,
a fiending, mottling spirit bliss’d.
Lucky thing I keep
a bottle of wine, to sleep
in times like this.

“The old man on the bridge”

The old man walked into the plaza
stumbling drunk
and leaned beside me, on the rail
over-looking The East River.

“This sun at high noon,” he mumbled,
“those two young lovers in bountiful caress,
the Brooklyn Cedars in the eve of Spring’s bloom,
egad! Get it over with, already!”

Bring on the night!
Bring on the heartbreak!
Bring on the firewood!
For Christ’s sakes, bring on death, already!” he
 hollered,
calling out for lunch
with breakfast in his mouth.

I sighed, listening to the waves
lapping against the Brooklyn Bridge
slowly, slowly,
once at a time.

echo in pink

little girl's sandals
floating downstream
heartbeat's echo
drowned by the dream

mother had warned
against which tide
drags rootless weeds
to the other side

froth of the current
so lovely for play
turns deadly at dusk
and takes away

pink bellied serpent
whispered at dawn
song of a loved one
swallowed and gone

memory recedes
through an opened door
where little sandals
appeared on the shore

“Marty’s dream”

“I used to have *boxes* full of old photos.” He said.
“My closet was crammed *full* of junk.
Mementos from past lives, past titles...
I kept all my daughter’s used school-projects on the
mantle in my room
with all her brother’s baseball trophies.
I kept every trophy, every goddamned prize...”
He stared into his hiking boots, scraping the mud of
the sides of the one with the other.

“I remember thinking one night
of how long it took me to collect all those things,
how solid it all seemed -
I loved having a spot to relax, a wall to put up pictures
of my family,
a place to prop up my mind
so that I could look at it, and know that it was there,
and that *I was here* somewhere, staring back at it...”

The homeless man
took a long drag on his cigarette
and leaned consolingly against the hard concrete.
“It was the most lucid dream I’ve ever had.” He said.

“Wild Honey”

Sunlight perfume clung to Mary like wild Toledo honey.

‘Toledo honey grows where it shouldn’t’, she said,
‘off the sweat of wasp hordes and thick weed pollen.
It’s tough and untamed – real jungle stuff, you know?
Not like that pasteurized crap you find at the grocery
store.’

I said that I knew, but I tasted the plastic in my words.
She bloomed at me in her flower-petal skirt, staring
gulfs into my eyes.
‘I think the well-spring of life’, she said, sliding her bare
thighs into my lap,
‘goes deeper than its machinery...’

I knew what she meant.
In the greyzone twilight of my neighbor’s backyard, the
beehive gearwork Tuesday
buzzed like an aphid. Cars honked on the highways, T.v.
sets blared through windows, lawnmowers rolled...

it’s no wonder we didn’t notice John coming into the
drive in his day suit,
walking out through the back-gate and dropping his
groceries
at the sight of his wife and I
making wild honey