

staring into South America
looking haggard
a dream of summer shade
a body is one of those weird places
you find yourself again and again

the man on a platform
addressing a crowd
cultivates errors of speech
how dearly the lives of the dead
the early morning light on their wings

there are birds of prey
and birds of prayer
both at home
in the same yellow sky
only their beaks shaped different
the dream of shade
versus the dream of shadow

a man and a woman
build a garden between,
a river in repose
through the valley
the locusts come to chrr
in the late afternoon

South America, a myth to itself
no place really
a span of black feathers
an iridescence
a shadow play
screened on a valley floor
circling forever
high in the Altiplano

As Answers Run Away From Their Questions

I kissed his mouth
it tasted like bananas
and thus our will
and our fate
did so contrary run

some people enjoy
verbal pleasure
and employ long sentences
letting water spill sweetly
past the lips

if a poem has no conceit
the emphasis falls
on reality: square, severe
the words now stretched

I remember Portsmouth
sleeping, the window open
and it felt like the sea coming in