

colonies

there it is again,
that strange sound

my heart is a beehive
sprouting celery stalks

oh the thump thump buzz buzz bizz
all through my sweet sticky chest

and hollow the arching cage
hollow the hungry veins

hollow the prayers bounce
the sun comes thru

I don't know what to do
I am stuck again

this leafy throbbing mess
this stupid head barely just

stopped hurting, and sees
all the ways out,

it must be the hills outside the city
which become the mountains outside the county

where the high up, you know the rivers come from
and the people with money ski

somewhere beyond that maybe there is a place
where I will find peace

before I turn into a goddamn senseless bee
making a mess of someone's last shreds of humanness

as we are all doing all around this concrete
as we are all doing to each other

slowly by surely little by little
and always one at a time

to have still wings at dusk

we bought a mockingbird
a very small mockingbird
small as a hummingbird, small as a moth
and Amy put a fish hook through it
(oh the few sad notes
 through its heart)
she hung it from her earlobe
we won't go alone or come back now
through the dark
(through the heart)
and I had the strangest dream
that all the pickled fish
in the cellar
came to life again
and started spinning in their brine
what a startling vision
and I wonder what if anything
amy's lullabies have to do with it
there is something about tears
in all this, in all this
my monkish heart is lost
(oh the sad few notes)
in the dessert
as a forgotten train
runs through the high rocks
and scrub brush
there is little to say
but we say it anyway
go east
I'm sorry
it shouldn't be like this
I watch amy's delicate fingers
she dismembers a red rose
fine little fingers pinch
each thorn off
then each petal
the now silent mockingbird
my parched heart
songs not worth singing

the softyellow light

the softyellow light
to believe that it was morning

all the mental gymnastics you need
to get through the day

you say what I was thinking
and we miss our turn
and have to make three rights
then a left, then another right

we were fighting with arguments
and we were fighting with the radio

some things I can't say plainly enough
"please turn the newscast down
it's making me sick"

but in the car with you feels safe

eventually you drop me off
where you picked me up
I look for any detail to anchor the evening

this is the difference
this is what I was trying to say

usually in fear and avoidance
I'm looking for a seam
trying to find the loose thread
which when pulled will open the street
wrinkle the highways all thru the plains
and bunch up the mountains like a furrowed brow

tonight I'm not looking for it,
but if I found it
I'd tie it to your rearview mirror

cleaning

sometimes you can't look back
and sometimes you have to

sometimes things stay where you put them down
two months ago

the hammer and tacks from the day I bought
this 5 dollar book shelf
maybe it was only two weeks

the faucet slows to a drip
there are always reasons
seen or unseen, good or bad
but this time it is a slow build up
of certain heavier minerals
which exist in abundance in our water supply

and we're like that,
or at least I'm like that
something I wanna call the soul
gets gunked up from time to time

and ya gotta rip the pipes out the damn wall
and just go at that shit,
section by section with a wire brush
whatever that means.

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A wet smudge on the paper
the car won't start
the horses are cranky
the blades on the sled rusted
ages ago, this uncomfortable
rocking chair, the wet dirty
air, the mud on all the side
streets, the tick tick tock.

Swanstalking, we place ourselves
in another period of lengthy discomfort
of surly remarks
tight lips, cold soup,
hours with long faces
beg for change
outside the fishbowl.

Rake the leaves, fat wiggly earthworms
the neighbor's cat stuck
somewhere in the laurel.
I start fantasizing about a vacation
meow, meow, we took years ago
any tropical *meow* beach.

What cruel and staggering inertia!
We've been left here!
Don't drink the ocean water,
it'll get ya bloated then kill ya,
Rake the leaves, "I was standing
in front of our house, the car wouldn't start
a pin sized hole opened up in my heart
as I watched your silhouette.
You were blow drying your hair.

I'm held together by chewing gum
and bent paperclips, and large quantities
of anxious dread, you rise and fall with
the curtain, softly singing to yourself."