

## Kid K

For in the darkness she can sing  
handsome, epigraphic scenes  
of girls awake inside her dreams  
of earthing every imaged thing  
to her surprise she jumped into  
a cloud of mauveish pink and blue  
prophetess with words and glue  
embracing grief, give birth, ensue  
gather up her caravan  
turn up the ancient, bloody sand  
spin through mind and space and stand  
in the place of her demand  
reach out and touch and kiss her hands  
and disregard your feeble plans  
and take to heart her sweet commands  
and seek out softly where she lands  
in her wing you nestle warm  
and in her mouth you speak reborn  
clinging to her waist deform  
take from her, the calling storm  
linger far from tight belt time  
hold, spread wide, this undesign  
gathered stones and leaves provide  
a wholly soul in which we hide.

C.

Secretly my monster wants to consume...

it...

but...

there couldn't be...

the sunlight of...

my mother's brightly...

his apparent,

weakness...

and his...

and his...

and his,

seeking the mighty,

encompassing the deep,

the dry river lucidity,

I mold as...

oil over water.

Ferment fermmeement I am alive alive alive

Though I am alonnneaaa.

secretly my monster licks its ashy lips with big yellow eyes lurks in the dark seeking...

company,

I shelter my head with a black cap,

I pour it over my nakedness.

When there is something to argue

that is invisible.

And I am,

glue,

stonelike,

its surface.

NOT young enough to catch the hint,

he said,

I am following the surge of idle remoteness,

he said,

and I couldn't speak,

so utterly cotton mouthed,

I smell his breath,

like a sick person,

bite it down,

the lice in your teeth,

killin'  
each  
as  
they  
come  
'cause  
they climb back in,  
she says

I'm from nowhere,  
I respond,  
I've got nothing inside but smoke,  
(I'd light up a kid's asthma from across the room,)

WE toddle and bottle it up,  
fiddling and fucking,  
beading each other's hair with the smell of saltwater Venice Beach California,

remember?

When they teach it,  
I existed,  
Exited! ha,  
Excited! HA.  
Exhibited,  
h a.

Rain bows in horror of my great sky,  
yes,  
the storms of my conjuring,  
I send them on raids,  
I sent them for blood,  
and I emerged triumphant.

[rebirth,]  
melts with afternoon sun,  
that looking the mirror holds a virtue,

I was warned about...  
This...  
monumental destruction...  
I was warned...  
About...  
This...

b.

Strong paths unfold undenounced to my distracted eyes searching for one which cannot exist.  
The world calls its name desperately-  
her small lamb feet tread as light as clouds over it  
and over it  
and over it

she gasps for breath  
and gasps and

dreamy young fawns in a fairy meadow wet and damp,  
a welcoming golden sun piercing the leaves;  
illuminating an idea;  
with braids in their red red beards  
the druid masquerade of birds and bugs  
return as innocently as sentiment.

Happiness tickled in my despair,  
she twists and smelled and pet my hair,  
She pat my head and touched my chin,  
forgave my lucid bubbly whim.

And Sadness touched her with a nudge,  
So Happy freed her gripping hug  
then pulled me in to taste their breath  
to suck and choke whatever's left.

For when I'm sad I'm most afraid  
of Happy's evil blinding gaze  
and Sadness holds with strong embrace  
to keep me out of mindless haste-

the soldier encompasses his passion for something strong and meaningful:

Moon peers at Earth with great round eye  
angels swoop and glide and,  
Fly  
and angels loop and harmonize  
and angels fall  
and angels hide

And Angels manage to survive  
and Angels rise from blackened ashes  
an Angel's birth,  
an Angel hatches

The grey wind rattling afternoon  
the company of insects alone-

sunshine discovers an epoch and forgets about it

and doubt, with time, grows more fantastic

and in being so,  
how,  
distant?  
it becomes

Following the hands of a clock in cycles,  
urging quiet limbs to remain lean  
maybe only with well-behaved eyes.  
Beware.

Remember the sometimes.  
The greens becoming as distinguishable as they have always been  
in their hazy summer throngs  
beckoning small seconds to be had,  
Beware.

Remember the sometimes.  
We drip down  
as impatient as puppies  
for an affection seeming long and far off  
I slip into skin more comfortable  
Demon Earth cries away,  
regretting the softness of a body  
hollow from maintenance  
allowing it all to slide  
between the cracks  
furrowed brows in angry clouds  
have more on their mind than a love story.

More on their mind than a naked compassion  
far from the noisy contentions waxing her gentle grounds.

We speak as we always have  
with little return  
with helpful light,  
my slow burning sensation  
allows a freedom extending ignorance.

Remind the hallows of nothing more than their acute fondness for  
shadowy images in the darkening rapture.

It cannot sink.  
It will not rest.

We come in masses.  
Remember the sometimes.

## 123

all the children, too, carry death  
she was amongst the people who were animals  
she was so like a person, she was the most person,  
the most like a person I've ever met  
she was such a person, I'd liken her to a dove  
she was so like a dove, I frightened her away

in which universe will she lay down her mind?  
she crawls through them constantly.  
there under her fingernails  
and of course we talk about her skin  
giggling at her pond reflection curls  
myriad queens of underground palaces  
green pearly imagery and very somber attitude:  
Wrong turn bud

counting on it: 1, 2, 3  
forming quivering hatches  
you are never going skulls, they say in their own manner.  
I yolk through fence posts like rabbits  
speed on my mind,  
speed on my mind.

how like a bird she was,  
whispering milky grey rambling  
the ones with so much wisdom  
cage, cage their innocence,  
I wipe that mouth right off their chin

## Red

It, in need of a helping hand  
I cry out for the blood of introverts  
I feast on milky tendrils  
I swim in a bowl of sorrow  
And I am dried stiff in the glow of embryo.

Far from a hilltop contemplation  
Like an underling  
A far stretched songbird  
And rise in the red mist.

Found there, nothing not a thing  
No longer any dust to pour  
My wrists still swelling  
I rustle the rosemary bush.

Keeping if you like,  
Measuring the distance from what has been  
It can not, have been,  
And always, is.