

Family: FRINGILLIDAE

One spindly, slightly rusty, singular suspender  
slipped once then surrendered;  
and one finch house slid to the grass.

One kitty crept closer, stayed silent,  
slunk lower; sun slow, assured, acknowledged, quiet brass.  
Her ears jerking, twitching, offering tendered –

Fallen finch house, bawling babies, seem unattended;  
But not if you know this particular family!  
Flutter and bustle in the branches,

Camouflaged. Distant. Calculated chances  
to fluster and unnerve one fake-brave kitty.  
A divebomb churns, blurs through her field of sight

Consumes her attention. They take turns  
to take flight, deceit and deception.  
Their crowds allowed to increase,

No chance or piece of peace.  
Chants and chatter grow louder  
and from so many places

One kitty loses resolution;  
no matter; takes powder;  
now seeks safer spaces.

Champagne + Coca Cola

A feeling of recognition: unwanted, sinful, sublime  
when they stood still in their kitchen  
and first heard that song and line.  
Didn't think to ever ask, how could  
a boy be, too, a girl?  
Just sure as sure could ever be —

It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world

Except for her? Oh, no!  
that's confidence unfounded;  
Faux bravery, deceit, disguise  
become entirely confounded and  
the guestbook of the guillotine:  
astonished and expounded.  
The splendor and sponsor of that spokesgirl:  
astounded and surrounded —

It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world

That raucous roar of disapproval;  
dogged down; catcalls for its removal.  
To act the part: consider crucial  
to save yourself from their recusal;  
prevent the prod of their perusal;  
tho' it translates your canon to something untruthful —

It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world

[The refrain in this Bop poem is by Ray Davies.]

In the believer, Goddess created

In the believer

— in the belly of the bellows —  
Goddess  
created from air, the BOOM,  
the heirloom and ease;

And the ease was without fortune,  
without formality or format, or disease;  
And, for the heirloom, dawn was upon  
the feast of that definition:  
And the splash of going-over moved upon  
the failing and falling of the waves in omission.

And Gravititas said, *Let there be likeness and lilac and lilt:  
and dashboard and data and daughter, unspilt.*  
And Grenadier saw it; and divided this quilt  
from the dashboard and data and daughter She built.

Graciousness called the likeness Dearest,  
and the dashboard and data and daughter,  
she called Brilliance and Nearness.  
And the Dearest and Nearness were the first decryption;  
the first deduction; her supreme superscription.

And Grace said, *Let the edition bring forth  
every loan creditor after his king, cause, and creeping thread,  
and beat of his heart and the earth;*  
after Her kiss raised him from the dead:  
and just because She said it, it was so.

Graciousness made the beauty of the edition  
after her knowledge and knife,  
and every threat that creepeth  
upon the edition after her labour and life;  
And Graciousness saw that  
it was good and graceful  
and not very garish at all.

And Grace said,  
*Let us make manor in our imagination,  
after our limitation, our thrall:  
And let them have a doorbell,  
a doorknob, a doorstep over which to fall;  
over the foxhole and the foyer,  
over the fracture of the air gun,*

*over the cattle call,  
and over all the Earth;  
and over every creeping  
thought and thing to which She gives birth.*

And the Machinery Grandmother  
took the marker, the mark,  
and placed him into gentle park  
of Eden to dust it,  
be diligent, dutiful,  
entrusted to  
keeping it;

And the Luxurious Grammar  
commanded the margin,  
speaking it:  
*Of every trophy of this generation,  
this jargon,  
every triumph of this gender,  
this designation now completing it:  
Thou mayest freely eat.*

*But the trouble of the lamb  
of good and execution,  
thou shalt not seek,  
neither stain the ablution  
for in that debut, that devolution,  
that thou eatest  
thereof thou shalt surely die;  
therefore, dare not ask ye why.*

And the Machinery Grandmother drone  
(who is also she of the Luxurious Grammar),  
said, *It is not good that margin  
or manacle should be alone.  
I will make him a helter-skelter  
for an answer or a hem, not a he-man,  
or hemline, or poetaster.*

And out of the growth and guarantee  
the Machinery Grandmother formed when she  
made every belt of the fire,  
every fowl of the alteration,  
every foment and allegation,  
and brought them unto Adam  
to see what he would call them:  
and whatsoever Adam called them,  
as they assessed and creepy-crawled him,

that was the necessity thereof.

The Lord Goddess had him,  
caused a deficit slight  
to fall upon Adam  
and as he slept through the night  
She took one of his riches  
and closed up that site  
with succor and stitches;  
instead of; because of; thereof.

And from the rice,  
the ribbon, and the ricochet  
which the Lord Goddess  
had taken from him that day,  
made She a woodland –  
a woodwind – a wonder –  
and brought her directly  
to the manacled manager  
to greet when he stumbled  
from rib-robbing slumber.

And manor said, This is now  
borough of my borough,  
Bough of my bough,  
borrowing of my borrowing,  
focus of my focus,  
fly of my fly:  
She shall be called  
Worship – World –  
Worker – Wonder –  
Word – and Why.

She shall be called Worry  
because she was taken out of marble;  
She was taken out of manuscript.  
She was taken out of mortal.

Therefore, the margin and marker and mark  
from the house of his patents shall disembark  
and shall cleave unto this withdrawal,  
with his wit and wire and winner:  
they shall be opposite flowers and fauna;  
they shall be sentient sinners.

And they were both naked,  
the mandolin and his willow,  
and were not the least bit ashamed.

They were both naked,  
the mangler and the winnow  
but they were not the ones  
who could be blamed.

Freefalling: The True-Life Story of One Confused, Ill-fated Bicyclist

One day, that curve of the trail was so slick, you see. Spring rain.  
Diffused dredge of river silt washed over its plain.  
The gloss and the grease of it barely hinted at, not contained.

And he was too joyous of the freedom of that flight.  
Too committed to the curve, leaning hard, her body tucked tight.  
Too sure of two-wheeled, two-tone-deaf birthright.  
Too too full of wonder; distracted delight  
in the sounds and the starts of those woods, that windlight.

In the slant of the sun through the trees. And that breeze.  
Disregard diagnosis, despair, or disease;  
or the ease with which flesh tears from hands, strips from knees.

Centio for Bicycling

You road  
I enter upon  
and look around,  
I believe you are not  
all that is here.  
It is possible...  
It is possible  
at least sometimes...  
It is possible  
especially now.

The heat makes this  
place of the woods  
a room in which  
two robins pain.  
Sweet Life, My Love:  
Didn't you ever try  
this delicacy -  
the marrow  
in the bone?

All this  
and not ordinary,  
not unordered  
in not resembling.  
Somewhere on the road  
is everything you want:  
My heart is  
deeply rooted  
in the land.

[Lines from Mahmoud Darwish, Rachel Richardson, Gertrude Stein, Walt Whitman, and William Carlos Williams.]