

It is All a Scene on Highway 118

#1 Selfless Saps

She was a pretty selfish person

Much better than those selfless saps

But still,

I felt a yearning at times

I didn't know where this spark came from,

From my cigarette or her

From my hand

Her mouth

But once that spark snapped into life

It grew

And multiplied

Like children, and their feet, on your back

and they would come crawling,

With their crying,

And their worries

And their shame

And guilt.

They would gather onto my chest

Growing

And Multiplying

Like houses, and their walls, over atop hills

And they would grow up

And spin more children into existence

And more heavy feet

on my miniscule chest

With their small breaths and my

small heart

But they grow

And multiply

A spark

And its all flowers, flames

Wrapped in a ring
on the hills
all around me

And I could feel the fire, on my face
My lion's mane burning
and scarring my nostrils
My teeth melting, out from lips
Filling and brimming with ash, my sinuses

I was a lion, with no mane
I was a lion, with no den
With no mate

Then I had a mate
And a den
And a new mane

And now from either me
Or her
These sparks kept being spun
Cloying and flicking at my mane

Threatening to burn it all down
Growing
Multiplying
Gnawing Crushing

She was a pretty selfless person
Much better than those selfish saps
But still
I knew she felt a yearning at times

#2 Lion and Dove

Put your flowers in my mane,
Put your heart in my paws,
Put your hands on my muscle,
And I put your trust in my lap
And against my eyes
I love you dove;
And as long as you flit about me
I will always watch after you.

As my mane ages grey
As my paws thin and wrinkle
And as muscle wanes;
Lay by me;
Hear my soft roar,
Tell me I am strong,
And be my anchor
Against rolling indifferent clouds.
Let my eyes follow your flight.

The lark beams the daylight song,
The sparrow sings a spring melody,
The pigeon chortles its quirked ballad,
And seagulls cry for encores;
But you,
Dove,
Sing our song.

#3 Gone

The trees of my childhood
Draped with bougainvillea clouds
Soft magenta's lilac cotton petal paper
Pinecones and porcupine needles
Fields of grass, gold fruit trees
Intersections of brick dirt roses
The pool
That large body of aquamarine.
So long off I fell in,
No one knows, no parents, atleast
Still might not know
But I lived
I was scared
Not that I would get hurt
NOT by the pool
But shirt dried, And so did the fear.
Stop talking, no talking, be quiet!
SHhhhhhhh
Dusty library, side of house
Dark, dampy, walls of leather and words
Plentitude of stories and novels
So many books
Why nothing to read, why never touched
A graveyard, a memorium, an inspiration.
To the garage
with tools, metal smells, and oil clouds
Darker room
Littered across floor, and walls even the
attic ceiling
stairs, holiday stuff
trapped above, lots stuck
Above, never been up those
Untrusty stairs.
Door back to the pool.
Run down that concrete ramp
Past brickwork, wrought iron black spines,
Down and past that garden (brick roses dirt)
Past paper petal canopy and needle beds

To the creek
With rushing river, once
With adventures, at times, so many times
With the family, and mom
And with death
That is where you laid
When she left to get help
In the creek of the garden of the house of
The life that you had
With the love that you made
With the woman that you had
In that creek that you made
Alone
I'll get help
"We did good Marilyn, We did pretty good
Happy birthday, another year"
Just days ago
Lifetimes ago now
You had done it
In that garden
You had made it, had it
Craft it with will, sport, spirit
A second chance, but ladders are unkind
And down the creek you climbed

The trees are draped with pine needles
The floors too
The creek is grown over, now, with vines
The brick moved over for concrete slabs
The pool is new
 And green
The house is painted white, no Burgundy red of old
Library and its books buried now, forever
Garage clean but still metal smells linger.
And you

#4 Rolling Like A Leaf

A delicate, holding gently onto a twine branch
A gale of cold shouldered wind bites
The leaf grips hard, fingers white
The wind pours out steam flying forward faster
Sweaty palms gripped over a careening unknown
And the train won't stop
And the leaf twirls about listless and wild
And grabs its
Tears it
Puking, rolling, twisting, turning, kicking
And the wind holds that leaf, levitating on air
Life moving
Train whistling
And then lands the leaf
Experienced and then stepped on.

#5 Glowing goldenrod rows of fall pillars
Divided up corn fields and kale bush
Kingdom
earth tilled in following plots, streetways
Skirt across here n' there
Some coated in fancy smooth sour asphalt complete
Sheen shiny yellow dashes and parallel walls
Of white wobbling whines.
Other streets of pork rind dirt, tracked
over and baked in the hot summer sun of
Fall.
Alas, but there are no farmers picking
apples or sowing next years fresh seed, no brown
hands bushels of organic jungle
green kale
Or swiping cons of corn right off the
Farmers lamp pool;
No; just big green machine with rusted
cousins, just giant grinding gears of
meticulous metal teeth and terrific tread, just
tractors and trailers and trails of carts
brimming over with delicious food, for a different place
A different home
A different pocket
A less hungry body
A less hungry economy
But we afflicted this lobotomy, or prescribed it
Now; we watch in sorrow as we till sand
And build homes with sand, and eat sand, and trade sand for sand, sand for gas for a car of sand
filled with sand in a world of sand baking under our sandy sun in
A sandy desert
Desert of water and food for those left
Dessert for those far far away, in another
Time and galaxy
and place with remotes
For those big green, with meticulous
Meddling and martyred magic for that big, Green
We, only, get big sand, big big sand
Sheesh

