

Magnificent Idler

You sit between the heavy drapes,
a magnificent idler within your fields of prose,
your noble thicket a jungle of words
mined from mouldy books,
trawling the ports of missing men,
at the mercy of their means,
as your imagery is refracted by the mirror
and scattered through the rooms of my house.

Recurrent Dream

The wheels of my suitcase
staccato-click over sidewalk joints
on Columbus Avenue,
headed downtown.

A warm November morning;
I am wearing my grey suit,
and a new shirt and tie (the pink one
you helped me select last weekend).

I slow at Union Square and
listen to flute music
floating through the air
as the sun rises over Coit Tower,

burning thru the mist revealing
the old Chinese scattered
under trees and along gravel paths,
each lost, posing as moving statues.

Tranced ancient ghosts call
me to join them in their ritual bliss,
as I continue walking
east as the light changes.

Post-Sandy

On the ferry from Lewes,
past Slaughter Beach -
where the horseshoe crabs meet their fate
washing ashore in a final glorious orgy of breeding
only to be stranded by the low tide -
I am heading to the new wasteland of New Jersey,
recently assaulted and battered,
lying derelict like a drunken sailor on the beach,
awaiting redemption.

An elderly aunt will meet me,
evacuated before the deluge,
to be reunited with her simple house today,
the sea-green bungalow
a lifeline for her final days,
two survivors with sturdy foundations
that have served them well.
I will witness this reunion
and will marvel in its simplicity.

Solyndra Summer

Our summer love launched in June like Icarus,
ignited with volts of passion,
crystalline dreams of blue refracting fields.

Burning white hot, my plug-in modules meshing
with your coiled junction boxes, our parallel
connection carries us to
new depths of cathodic discharge.
(*'We don't believe in surge protection here!'*)

At the beach town - our own Silicon Valley -
the envy of our friends in July and August,
we reached peak wattage, a
photovoltaic array with
just the right azimuth.

September brought the clouds (and whispers),
power surges came and
recalibrated our angles of incidence;
our grid became unreliable.

By October, we were gone,
Chapter 11 of the heart,
a finite resource in a renewable world,
insolvent to ourselves.

Onward

The mileposts are passed routinely
now, the course long ago charted.
Two roads diverged...
more like a hundred,
or maybe a thousand?
In the rearview mirror
a Rand-McNally atlas flutters dog-eared brittle pages.
Winding, circuitous, unrelenting...
but always bearing north.
Holding close to the land and rivers,
following the topography as best I could,
heading out, climbing up,
city folded to town, town melted
to country, country spreading
before me... like that Dylan song from 1962
playing on the AM radio.
Paths not taken, regretted.
Others taken in a leap of faith,
and rewarded, always another bend ahead.
The places, the faces, the nurture and the nature,
reflecting back on me in the windshield, refracted:
the kisses, some given, some taken;
the words, written and spit, finding their mark,
lodged permanently in the soft tissue.
The sticky sweet nectar and the sharp rocks,
eaten by the heaping spoonful,
each one savored (some more than others);
the yellowed Polaroids; my analog to your digital,
X's and O's, 0's and 1's;
The cherished routines became embedded,
the others, discarded along the way.
As I peer around the crag and tailings
the retreating afternoon sun
casts long shadows on hunched figures
clearing and grubbing the land below,
the colors slowly wicking to tans and greys.
The trail ahead still glistens,
bathed in wintering light, the stones
growing ever larger towards the summit.
I turn and carry on, savoring the grind,
still hungry. My sweat, the consecrated wine,
giver of life, feeds my drying skin.