



**For Emily**

Who wants to escape their boring life  
The spells and holds of the mortal shell

Who wants to become someone else  
Anyone but this one

Who likes it here, wants to stay  
Who doesn't know what freedom would be

A piece of fate in my garden  
Up wildflower, scruples for you or anything

A prisoner wants to escape only  
I've known no prison, just a flower

It is good to feel or grow  
My eyes touch it, my ears touch it, my nose

Who gets trapped in sensations, too much  
Who wants to be numb

Instead let it come, sweet baby, let it come  
It's nada but a red hot perpetual ecstasy

**For Becca**

Ah, what a trenchant  
    slope I mount  
What a deep grief stricken trough  
    of  
    beautiful tragedies below  
What a spectacular farce upon  
    the ceiling of heaven  
What a yellow  
moon  
in the envelope  
    of my heart  
Ah, what a word to speak  
What a glinting string of pearls  
    I break  
What a poignant bodily symptom to  
cure  
    Absolute  
What a phony holy wrapper to peel  
back from  
    the wistful gaze of  
childhood dreams here now forever

## **Anxiety**

There is a high contrast in this scene  
There are distilling drops of chaos all over their faces

There are things happening independently with violence,  
Demanding more independence, distributing my center there

There are eyes that are vacuums  
There are words that are dead

There is chatter that is falling brittle on the ground  
There is a shut elevator with no buttons

There is a child eating ice cream -- fat and sloppy  
There is a mother radiating email'd rage

There are workmenworkwomen heaving discouragement  
Overflowing trash bin, slamming fucking metal

Here is a naked ruthless true reality  
Here are dispersed diamonds, buried and surfaced

Here comes the echo  
Of the past moving towards

Here my body vibrates  
Here my arms are writhing

Here is heard here  
Hear

Here the ear is the organ of fear  
Quiet here

Here I am gone  
Here is there too much, it hurts

## **Night writing**

There's a dent in my bed,  
In which I lay at night  
Sinking down is comfortable

To sleep on one side, facing a lamp  
All thoughts look the same  
And ears ring when late

sweet dreams arivin soon,  
sleep dreams, too sleepy  
write sloppy

big dreams could crush a waking life  
but my dreams of her, my crush, get right  
through January, to me, the sleeping winter man.  
dreams point me to the spring alright

“stop writing so late at night  
laying in bed, scalp propped upon the wall”

but perpendicular to here where I lay stands  
a decal of a bulb  
two dimensional lines symbolizing  
bulbs of light, or ideas

and I'll wake up tomorrow  
baseball sun on windshield sky  
stars resisting the streaming orange  
fan of morning

dawn tucks her knees to her breasts  
my eyelids are softly burning veils  
the bodily fluid lingers in my face,  
the serpents of my pupils prepare to eat,  
constricting

swing one, two legs over the ledge  
what was that dream?