

THE AMENDMENTS

Sitting numb
with headphones and
a screen portal
to another realm
the freeloader
bristles with disregard
as gun and ammo
magazines burst from
the newsstand,
porn of gun barrels
moaning shots of
triggers all
under the heading
of sport
be a good sport
don't shoot the
messenger,
your wireless
data your
Everest of cool
your lap top
lab making bombs
of creative cons
only fire blank
rounds of surprise
hollow tipped typing
lingers in the ringing
silence the smoke only
sulfuring the air when the
flash finds
resonance in
sun spots
age spots
and postures
stooped pathetic
only this round table
at the café's
proscenium, our
stage craft in
this box store bookroom,
we enact the
titles mirrored
back to us
as the shiny muzzle
phallus-y proclaims
Recoil

SEEKING PROPHETS

God:
*Where have I
misplaced my
prophets?*

a conundrum in that decade of
a second—
perhaps—pinching
distances of instances and
epochs of endlessness—
behind this prayer bead
rolling on disheveled,
shelved on the dirty
neck of mute and rambling
distrust (disciples)

over yonder—there's
a puppy fervent in
anticipation watching
carefully children carouse,
through plated patio glass;
prayers wave in the grass
a high heat builds from a
myopic eye, whispers of
fortune on the breeze, not I—
attuned to the currents of
future tense—

*think—God—probably
words of wonder smother
tongues in ways unknown
to ears,*

the lowly change cup
clatter, the meager beggar's
chatter,
the caterwaul of beers
a bourbon soaked night-sweat
in the eyes of saintly sanity twisted
queer?

*Where did those prophets
get to?*
riding a metro bus
in mismatched shoes
dust behooves the sandal's

SONG OF MORNING WITH U

There is imminent reconciliation,
a moment perhaps diffuse
yet strikingly pointed,
when birds spill melodic
euphoria at any breaking dawn.

There is a restless solution
peering from the horizon
of nether, the ether of dreams
nested in dew drops gathered by
the lost hands of time, the glimmering
gilt edge of potential peeking in
sliced ruby and regal purples, blushing
in songbird soliloquy, kisses upon
the eardrums of sleepers.

There is a brief pause in regret
and perhaps even moments
lingering in the still open arms
embracing the bracing cold
the intake of breath before
the morning's bold proclamation
cracks the heavens in a thunderous
exhale of sunrise, and the dancing
din of man's arrival among the
chorus of winged angels stepping
from their poplar pulpits.

There is a sloughing off of youth
upon a threshold of distant desire
grounding one in the squelch of
newspapers delivered with a tires
handshake on pavement and the
dead man thud of print against
the door, a textual cat rubbing
against profound suburban
stoicism, a little softer in the
blankets of bedroom banqueting
a solemn reminder that

Never again
will the taste of a new day be
entwined so thoroughly with
potential, with melodies of
lovers' fingers in
tousled hair, delivering a goose bump
rush, a twittering thrill, will the
chimera be present and able
such of twinned dawn's
lullaby with night's fount
of folly; only will the lark
assure us of mortal
dreams, chant lovely
melodies of morose
maturity, and the crack
of knees slopped
across the horizon
of routine.

ENTROPY

I am disordered
 may I transfer this heat
to you
 potential
our energy
 or the nucleus which
binds our flagrant
 flailing about
the lost electron
the one neutron seeking
ionic confirmation
 There is, I'm afraid
the loss of heat
 or perhaps a measured
chaos
 from those observing
or within us living
or from the past
off-giving, light, resistance
dynamics
 thoroughly thermal
instantly deceived
and informal classic
long-johns
long lines and long lies
blinked from without
dynamic dust
in our eyes the universe
simply putting pieces of
a puzzle together, fringed
edges nudge aside the
frames, fudge the lines
blur the
expectations of a chemical
reaction,
 here
hypothesize the
true weight of
of an atom
of an Adam and
the transfer of chaos
the contained properties

of organized religion
the mythical meteor
of physical and chemical
combinations which
bite the serpentine

S

and provide entropy,
the lingering heat
from swords burning
a good-bye
the Eden lost
the Lambda lies
down with the
Ion.

CONSIDER THE LEMON TREE

And the ways in which it grows throughout
folk imagination, becomes the talisman
for analogy, worried in rough bark lines
with fingers tingling in blind games
of hide and seek,
petals of innocence
petals of peace

And the ways in which we perfunctorily
pucker when conflict seeps up the
channels of ringed ascent, of growth
and sap and spring and the tasty
bitter things we swallow,
and wallow within
and among
and bees sting
singing sweet nectar

And the ways in which song and poetry
dance and deliverance, mood and motto
reach limbs and leaves and linger
in shade and shadow and ginger
snaps that burst with
might and crumble with slight
essences of lemon with
slight residue of thin depth
residing on the tongue
a muted speech
a coated bleach
stringent in
septic yellow tones

And the ways in which blossoming can
bitter the soft tonic of childhood
opening grafts and cankers
delighting the sense and
dropping fruit
bearing loads of seed
and cyanide of
creed, almond eyes
custard resilience and

meringue aspirations
curd among the
toast bits of
mundane maturity
roots saturated
with rain
and returning
Rothko
souls

And the ways in which we rarely
know this tree framed in
ways we only wish
to know
how to climb or clip
prune or rip along
the rim smearing
a twist in gin
or twisted
lynch a bitter
fruit
a strange
fruit
a zinger in
our tea.

Consider the lemon tree
civilized
me.