

First Contact

stopping circularly into the

loosening

sees a successful

person

everything breaks.

The clear

air

is tightened,  
but some one  
comes up for

air

the class of  
the best

lack motive  
motivation

revealing

ulcers

Surely,

no

confusion

no

no

the first leaving  
the first leaving!  
where leaving  
sings

does not exist

surely are those in

help my hearing  
nowhere in the  
of the

water

ocean.

amorphous tiger with foot of man

grit  
ears in muddied water  
teeth  
without arm or  
leg,  
soul,  
luminescence,

dense

smoke

sought after by

humans

## Post-Eclipse

I  
don't know how I'm  
going to  
feel  
when I die  
but  
I don't want  
to  
regret how  
I lived.  
If I  
die trying then at  
least  
I tried.  
I've come  
back  
from worse  
with more to  
lose. So  
even if it is just  
licking  
wounds,  
then so be it.  
When you see  
God  
tell him  
to leave me the hell alone  
already.  
I'm going to  
find  
my light. Keep  
struggling,  
struggler.  
Struggle.

**Thriller Bark**

Cumulonimbus.

Wet, water, oceans of  
grass and dust  
partially frozen.

gravity pulls  
(or pushed)  
down towards earth.  
inhabitants of dirt

cheer and  
rear their heads up at the sight of  
drip drip drip drop  
cumulonimbus

culminating in the final orchestra  
of the oceans  
falling down  
to earth.

## **Green Mars**

The arrest of a hero  
is archaic enough to march with  
and the cuffed wrist  
of my hero, from which, I think  
blood glistened ever falsely

and yielded savage mud to the restored earth  
where topaz mice fielded line drives with dinosaurs  
under a wet summer venus  
and plundered doubt on green Mars.

I breathe in essential venom while  
fluently reviewing the potential craters left  
by pebbles melted by violators that  
arrived Monday and left Tuesday.

### **Brewing Song**

I am within the sea on the grand line of the ocean's  
depth which has swallowed me and brought me to lay, to the water.

I remember days of thick liquor, when our faces would be  
lashed by the rain's harsh falling, and we would say "to the water!"

I am a diver now searching for insights into the stream of human  
awareness that leads me back to the ocean this day, to the water.