

a place at table/

abandonment
dangles feet –
gets its kicks
at the end
of a rope

secretly resists
noose's
pulsing lust
loosen knot
tied to
release

swings from
branches
fantasies grip:
bear fruit
out of season

famine's
acquired taste
feasts
on stolen
moments

sets table
looking for
outsiders –
smoked
shadows,
a breeze
in the wild:
windows
of the living

haunted by
ceremonies
of the dead
nailed to
walls –
the fat &
drowsy sex
stuffed &
mounted
murdered
in beds

but lovers
of strange
hunt alley cat
& prairie fox,

stomach
unsatisfied sleep:
empty their
plates
to gorge
between meals

the uninvited
sense
of place –
bad &
the bold
beautifully lost

leaving tracks,
its loss
of time:
set traps
looking to
get caught

hunger's growl
picks up
scent,
preys on
romance
out for blood

howls
ensnared by
hangman's
knot –
swept off
their feet.

out of the race/

[background: announcement of the 9th race]

out of the game today.
went down to the races
see my muse's horse run

"buckshot" #9
...old leather, scrap rag
...cracked & battered coat of arms
pedigree: matchstick on dead legs
nothing but the charge in his eyes

(a few minutes earlier at the bar...)

what's this I hear about waiting on inspiration? ex-riders squawking how it's left them, brood over faded platforms while their train comes in from some war (like an old black & white), or have some new spark rekindle the burnt out parts: "horseshit!"

howlings and whimpers from spayed bitches – stiff straights, gutless as drywall.
next time, stick a battery charger in my ears for the juice...and what can you tell them?
"go teach horses to drive a bus", or "talk to camels who run numbers" – rather have intercourse with a toothache. backyard cackle clank & clutter: horsemen to cocksman crow for hammer and no trigger.

it's not cerebral: some wild stallion or stud buckin' at the ready, just saddle him.
a rusty, twisted chain bent but never broken/can't even saw the damn thing off!
"...music from a farther room" (as old T.S. was wont to say). needs to breathe,
feel up the air...slug it's way out of the bottle (believe me, I've bled one or two).

talent with no guts are good jokes with bad punch lines, shepherds of the sheepish.
mind over movement might as well peddle mutton (or horsemeat) and leave wining
to gamblers who have the stomach for it.

okay...we're coming up on the 9th ...this one's on me (drowns glass), here it is:
the play's the thing, it's all in the risk – a party all by yourself. hey man, no cup
is run without a chaser...I'm out!

[horses at the starting gate]

"c'mon, Buckshot, show these pastry ponies
some backwater thunder
...that old time religion!

mississippi barrel
& sandbags full of gunpowder!"

out of the blue...

*still-life's artful grace –
absence sweeps vacant halls
silken hem's slender trace
stairs faintly cushion steps*

*I posed as dawn, never look back
painted beauty but never stared
closing curtain's tricks of light:
her leafless coat forger smeared*

*brushed under memory's dust
linger long, cloudy wisps
hair strands knitting webs
tailor to attics tangle forget...*

8 years between winters,
bohemia & vivaldi open your eyes
and 6000 miles to close them...

my body a tower, limbs for blades
cut sections out of air
like light solving fog

shattered mirrors open windows:
silhouettes sculpt relieved wait,
uncovered white sheets
beneath the prayers
filling blanks of written out pieces
wordless captives freeing bodies,
shapes mold & harden
naked spaces

skin maps measured between two lifelines –
gypsy blood & mad refrains
watch children
laugh in the rain...

tiny years pace,
blacken blue hallways –
her nudes return
corners of surprise:
palming distance
drawing shades

first drip
on canvas –
another self,
a Lorca poem:

that night...
we ran the best of miles

Empty Lots/

1.

lonely people
eating in cars:
solitary lot
concrete space,
chew fat
like purpose –
suck out bones
of misfortune.

but I'm the worst –
human wishbones
fires fleshed
fatten dreams
on time's watch...

vehicles feed
themselves,
hunger kills
leftover life –
an instrument
of bad timing
in an age
out of tune.

late shadows
blot sunlight:
who am I
with no sense
of where?

2.

how does one end up here?
character drawn in and played out...
flickering shadow between passing cars
looped like an
old film reel –

wait, always wait
wait of the wait:
wall-to-wall nights
windows in keyholes
wrestle desire
muscle moment

fever's hesitant hours
sweat midnight sun,
graveyard shifts put
dreams to sleep

three-quarter noon
you're half way there:
empty's never light,

it's not dark
but always late
wait, always wait
wait of the...

3.

shortness of aim
marks absence,
or possibly the bad luck of
moving targets...
should observe less distance,
denial losing ground
avoiding conviction:

furrow creases ironed out
wrinkles more fabric
hung up by excuses –
resistance travels swiftly
packs lighter reason,
but who knows...

maybe vision distracts sight –
landscape portraits
illusions distort,
gamble lucky accidents
bleed beautiful ugly

invention's ghosts visibly blind

fresh starts forward same old ends:
first to arrive last
(and they keep score after a while)
aye, there's the rub out –
hindsight blinds fortune,
stars look like bullet holes

appetites courted on the sly
pay the fare for free meals:
the leftovers of half-lives
wait on tips serving time...

but when do you have time (to live) between the living?

4.

how do you look
for someone who
was never there?

(an open parentheses
run on sentences
punctuate distinction
...an out clause

whoring halls of literature
lurid, open-faced
molesting ideas, wet deep plunge
bottom out depths into desperation:
reverse my statement
before sentence

*now there am I
I am there now...*

5.

pierce primal quiet
to yell out loud –
words gag silence,
jolt exclamations
at knife point
cutting teeth on
carving boards:
dissect the hide
to free the spirit

exorcise phantoms
rummaging haunts
of empty lots by
engraved invitation:
beautiful bodies
stripping flesh

midnight's child
dead by noon,
shadows of skin
slip into bones:
twilight hunters
shoot for moon

wallflowers at the dance,
devil's off the bloom
for the last tango
in poetry:
dip tongues inside
their naked songs
lap all music lost
till rain runs blood
between coming
and going,
and the lives
of the dead
whistle from
graveyards –

snapping whips
in ghost towns

I was murdered last night/

why remember?
why care who or why?
answers skip over questions
of peaceful transition,
stumble into *good night*
cheat my final float –
chatter-jawed traps
snapping at the heels
only mangle escape.

is it really the last thing
I want to take with me?
vengeance, justice?
toward what resolution?
every fingerprint
to clue misfortune
bloodied its hands,
why sully mine?

the opposite's almost true:
simply a lure whose grasp
facilitated my release...
gentle or not, unimportant
when the ultimate solution
is seduction in forget.

what *something* is better
than *nothing*?
why ruin my finest
achievement?
an original masterpiece
that succeeds failure,
sleep worthy of dreams:
big sleep's pleasure
outlasting *little death*.

and *what* of passion?
liquid love's dried out bones,
I walked away when the cup ran:
silence cues my thoughts
and the buzz is gone.

dead departure alive on arrival,
daylight guiding shadows
with surprise as accomplice
led angels to poison demons –
this bird of thoughtful prey
nestled in killer's hands
freed the burden
of my sweet dying.

in the last moments
I had a choice,
instruction always
takes the last moral stand –
the staircase behind me
in which I retrace my steps
gravity to force my purpose,
or kneel at the entrance
to clear the cross...
but my life was there for me
and all it took were my words:
I walked through the door.