

Pluck you

Submitted to Sixfold

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REVOLUTION

We walk hamlet to
hamlet past guard geese that choose to pretend the sounds of
our flip-flops are nothing but
the night-time cluckings of
their cousinly chickens

We enter breathless in
the dark
& find your bedroll by
 smell
& your heart by
 sound

We lie @
your side all night long
& sew steamy dreams that tap @
 your longing

We steal away w/
you before
sunrise
& together we wreck roads
& crush pipes
& gnaw wires
& divert power
& pull down walls
& lay waste to
 whole ecosystems of
 blanched belief
& ruinous adaptation

In
the wake of
this tempest the
liberated bodies of
traitors
& martyrs alike shall fertilize the land for
 generations to come

Fill in
the blanks:
freedom from _____
freedom to _____.

PLUCK YOU

You tutor yourself in
confessionary logic of
St. Augustine
& revelation of
 temptation w/
 limitless potential of
 understanding

Here I am !

Hear me
& hear yourself

You study nighttime logic of
dreams where spirit navigates w/
faith alone

Look here !

I see best w/
eyes closed

You love according to
earthly logic of
arousal w/
beauty's antenna conjuring yet more beauty

Taste me !

My flavor is the flavor of
love

You are unsatisfied w/
any spectrum of
choice that falls short of
all colors
 ... w/
 anything shy of
 life's full arc from
 seed to

bloom

... w/

unequal openness

... w/

anything that's just sort of
love

No February flower are you w/
fear of
her own bloom

You unfurl your vastness under
heaven before
the level gaze of
a man who sees you

I reach across
the garden gate to pluck you
but you slap my hand

–Don't you know wasting time is a sin

!

YOU'RE SOAKING IN
IT MADGE

!

It used to be just some computer model running in
Japan
or some chemistry laboratory run by
the Swedes
or some two-minute segment on
NPR brought to
you by
generous funding from
the Ford Foundation

Truth is species come
& species go
& it's not always very pretty

Ashes ashes
& all that

Bear your fangs
& unfurl your claws
& see what good that does against
the fall of
night

Rate of
change accelerating
& all that

Still might it not line up @
least for you

?

@
least for me

?

The best approach is to plan to be in
the right place @
the right time
& come out
the other side of
this thing alive loving

& lucky to find
another to share
this bed of
embers

?

No rules
only consequences

Combinatorial explosions spawn rapid speciation

Only beautiful monsters may endure such sad seasons.

ROADTRIP

Whoever you are why don't we
drive out to
Saline Valley in
a jeep
or a Jetta
only this time w/
better clearance

Between
the barely bearable
& the definitely too hot we pick our way through
 the dusty sage
& sandy dust

We pass desert tortoises baked like pies in
their shells
before

The highest fronds of
palms move w/
the wind
or waves of
heat
or hope
 sway
 sway
 sway
 sway

Once there we stretch out on
a cool
& moist stretch of
 grass where we'll
 dip our feet into
 the cold-water pond as
 ancient koi float by like castaway party balloons

Water flows up from
the spring to fill the tubs dug out of
the living earth by
Desert Jim
& Maxie

& the dubious contributions of
wanderers whose w/
kids whose smiles are caked w/
mud under
an all-too conspicuous sun

That guy's playing slack guitar again

Blue Moon

The only tune he knows
but he milks it all afternoon as the sun breaks into
shards of
light that shed the distance

I just don't care anymore
& I should never have in
the first place

I want to feel that kind of
heat again

I open wide

The wind rises up

Sand fills my mouth.

TRUE TUNE

I cannot see my way back
home
so I show up in
this sweaty beery place on
Mission w/
a samba band playing less in
time than
just plain drunk

I see you crossing the floor in
the arms of
a man who can't possibly deserve your bounty

When he breaks for
the bar I approach you armed only w/
admissions of
desire
& an inability to dance

You take my hands
& place them on
your hips
& show me where to move
& where to turn
& when to stop

Soon we're rolling
& shaking together muscle
& bone rhythm
& flow your body an instrument in
true tune translating intent to
action heat to
perfect pitch a joyful chaos of
limbs not to be believed

No longer a soulless shade am I
as the music fades
& you brush against
my cheek your flesh like snow.