

--mischievous cloud--

döstädning, you know?

sweetheart:

let's do some swedish death
cleaning. let's do it tonight.
we'll put on some *real*
jazz while sirius swings
across the vernal sky.

I mean:

aren't you a little tired
of this surplusage
of stuff, this filled house?
fling open the windows
and doors. let's polish
off that cheap red blend
and dance like we never
did before.

my god:

how the stars sparkle
when the moon is new.
oh, and did I tell you —
I pissed myself again.

--mischievous cloud--

in which I die, become bird tree

if I say I hear the thirst of trees,
the suck and siphon of roots,
I mean I hear the rush
and rise of my own blood
in the swell of a thousand buds.

if I hear leaves rustle and unfurl,
I mean I hear myself unfold, become
a flapping bird / tree / night-bird.

I know a word the way a word knows
water, the way water finds its shape,
becomes what it wants.

I open the window and unwinter,
listen for things I can hear in the dark —
like the ringing in my ears, like the moon
is a bell, like it's time to come home
like a bird, like a bird in a tree.

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upon reading 1,000 birds fly into skyscrapers

before I sensed
the untold pursuits

of birds and before I knew
the histories of quick warm hearts

and before I renewed
my own heart's history

of an easy autumn morning,
there it was in black and white:

an apparition of blood and feathers.

I read the news and chew
the words like day-old bread,
ponder the shadows cast by crumbs.

birds — their souls remain a mystery
but this I know: if not for glass
houses and a mirage of clouds.

stay, I whisper toward
dark firs where chickadees
still sleep. *stay with me*.

together we'll wait for a different sky.

--mischievous cloud--

when food wars come

never had to skin a squirrel,
never had to lay it belly-down,
lift its tail and cut a smile
from side to side.
never had to tease
the knife under skin
and whisper thanks
while dogs wait.
never had to strip it inside-out
like a glove. or a sock.
never had to gut a squirrel,
didn't have to pull
its entrails warm and soft.
but when I do,
we'll light a fire
and drink last summer's
honey-wine. so come, my love —
let's greet orion under
his november sky.

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self-portrait as your worry stone

I taste of salt. salt of the ocean and salt of your palm. you move your thumb
back and forth / back and forth across my back / across my back I carry the worry
of water that rolled me back and forth against flanks of sand and a bed of stones
so that I may carry yours. I know your blistered soul. I see where you go when you turn
out your light. I know your keys / your leather wallet / loose coins / the many man-things
on your nightstand. I am volcanic — your flare, your flash. when you wake, you summon
my heat and spring creeps closer. rhodora blooms. a phoebe sings her name. the shadow
of a wasp outside your window treads across the sunlit blinds, builds its paper house.