

some (small) poems

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Night Fire in Late Summer

Irises open believing it is spring.
When flames come pale insects
Flit between sparks.
Their wings burn for flight.
Moths mate with scattering ash.
In autumn, orange moons rise
On the undersides of leaves.

Underside of The

An underside of The is
if (as when an An becomes
an A & sees first hand)
things forget their suitcases
packed with re-s and -lys,
all these & thoses tossed like
undergarments or wadded
socks cached in damp crevices
damp with sweat and trickle
where der die das refuse to play.

The Shell

A tongue of salt, a closed fist, a blade of scrimmed scree—
what fist I will pry open underneath the rippling light.

To Loneliness

It is good to see you again,
pacing hallways in flannel pajamas,
your skin hanging loose and open
as a young lover's robe in early
morning light. We have not talked
or met enough despite the
emails, faxes, calls & sticky notes
we leave in familiar places to
remind us to reacquaint ourselves
with the mirror you built, buffed, & polished
with the cells we've sloughed and left behind.

Last Call

The phone rang. I answered.
Three clicks, then a silence
encased in valleys
hummed across the line;
my ear slick with sweat
strained to hear
the whisper of a voice
where no whisper slept,
and I stood there,
the wind moving
but not.

Migraine

Moth wings
Flash against
An interior eye.

Two cords entwine
Around feet
Suspended in silence.

A whisper
Folds in
On itself.

The Geography of Letters

I never learned to navigate
the curves and curls of the ornate,
to slink between crisp Calson glyphs
or swing in jubilant arcs throughout
the Comic, sans care;
no, I learned to read the spoken maps one
strike at a time without direction,
backward faces facing forward
as they carried me in
the heaviness of monospace
and all those forced returns.

Yet Another Poem About Love

The frog in my
throat wants to drink
black label rye & bellow
at the moon in late July,
wants to settle in the phlegm
beneath my septum,
wants to see the light
before it's swallowed.

Adam's Fear

She said she was coming out of my skin and into the light of the room, but she never came. She stuck there, in my rib cage, kicking and screaming to be made whole, but not like the bone and the flesh of my own flesh. She was separate, distinct and wanting to breathe on her own, but her lungs were tied to my lungs, her heart to my heart. I could not pull her free. I could not stop her from seeing me with her malformed eyes and her fishlike brain which snaked its veins around my own, strangling my own thoughts before they could find a voice in the darkness of my throat.

This Is the Poem's Title

This is the poem's first line;

This is the poem's second line—

This is the poem's third line.

This is a stanza break.

This is the poem's fourth line

This is the poem's fifth line.

This is the poem's sixth line.

This is a stanza break.

This is the poem's seventh line,

This is the poem's eighth line

This is the poem's last line.

Remembrance

What you remember
is not what you remember
when you graft with loose thread
the known and the new.

What you do know is this:
memory is a paraphrase,
a pause, an empty glyph,
a foundation built on glass.

Sailing the Seas of Lies

An ocean of no solidity
or virtue: a fertile body
overflowing with love or not.

One more wanderer
in ignorant hostility,
an auburn hostility, noiseless.

A round, damned cup.
One commendable hammer—
cordially, joyfully, cup.

Beware

Beware of the obsessions ahead! Already your leaderships are cherishing, they subjugate within some apologetic content of degradation; it is absorbing down. Do not neglect aspects, or the yarns, deputized by consciousness in the rocky world! Stones creep under the passive wanderers! Beware of the obsessions! Beware!

Open Close Open

open

palm page letter

closed

fist tome expectation

open

fingers language

what comes to pass

