



His Mature Style

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His Mature Style

loudly they claimed to
give him a break,
for which he remains
eternally grateful, *et cetera*;

would he speak of
himself in third person?
he thinks not, never!
that's not his style;

the only person he
surprised much was himself,
and not too successfully
to this very day;

he can break them,
the poor little devils;
the war suited him,
because he outlasted it;

they say he adored
some of the other
formats (or was it
floor mats?) anyway, say,

if he was worried
{gallery, petite, world, Ukrainian}
he thinks of y'all
as his just friends,

sends Rosa his love
(also known as Tyrantess)
who influenced his growth
in some subtle ways,

roles that tapped his
grey tweed suit and
his old strawberry hat,
yet made him strike

like a nuclear diamond
(rock on, Flaubert risqué!)
so, is this one
he's really proud of?

They're Straightening Me Out

surely we're not responsible
for all of this?
don't be coy or
flip or even wry;

if you can't trust
your wife with your
Social Security Number, what's
the world coming to?

anyhoo, I already brang
you your coffee, it's
there by the bed,
don't spill it, OK?

would you please leave
the back door open?
where's the trash can?
why are you up?

they're straightening me out,
it's high time I
learned where things go;
we've been here, what?

thirteen years or more?
certainly, shoes are one
thing to fuss about,
if not sweaters or

this record player or
putting the dishes away;
shit, I probably drank
too much wine again;

"always tell your kids
to do what they're
already doing, that way
they learn to obey"

Harold told us that
back in the day,
he's long gone now,
and his gracious wife

Gauntlet of Girlfriends

hubba, I am back!
coequal girlfriends retrieved taxonomically
from a pathless rhizome,
duennas of the flatlands,

impelled by hardpan flapjacks,
until my beard grew
(almost reluctantly) to share
the opinions of mankind;

almost fictitious, those girlfriends –
fragile, those back-burner moonbeams,
privileged in strange ways,
in hee-haw ways, really;

word after word, song
lyrics accompanied by the
soft hooing of an
ocarina, the ocarina of

time's wind, changing meanings,
letting me think, thank
each one, but differently;
we learned who the

real animal was then;
no changes so far,
just releasing the facts
that flutter away irretrievably,

unique touches of anger
and combinations of talent
{boom, boomer, boomerang, boom-town}
but it weighs heavily;

let no one but
your comrades touch you,
yielding to no others –
the distillation will intoxicate;

there's no resurrection, so
die the real death,
memorize the numbers, you
beautiful gang of rattlers!

This Could Only Happen to Me

the sun always rises
in the East, unfortunately,
since our cloud cover
is in the West –

it's the *Urname's* will,
so we were taught
in Sunday school class;
my sisters and brothers

(or brethren and cistern)
we must ask ourselves,
“is it truly just?”
on arrival we suddenly

noticed the slanting rays,
like angels' wings abaft
the mizzenmast, and oft
nostalgically imagined other worlds,

fanatically dwelling, with badger-like
intensity, on an issue
that seemed quite contrary
to democratic principles;

it's white again, next
winter will be different,
when the sun appears
at noon, holding sparklers

as it slips into
tight white Lycra; it
will be the fourth
from the last time

we'll see this type
of magical astrological event;
then we're back to
the old reflexive exercise:

in and out, and
back and forth, somewhat
predictably; we're too old
to wish upon a star

Taste

Tina, have you heard
how she sticks her
head out, greasing up
and pulling her hair?

the calmly controlled sky-agent
doesn't have good taste,
she likes to dance,
but that doesn't help;

getting my tonsils out,
wishing for *her* problems –
combing out her hair
(it doesn't look crooked)

I'm a little nervous
while she's still alive,
offering a give-away of
main titles, as though

advice was really helpful,
and rolling me out –
it insults my intelligence
for a straight answer;

peek at infant worlds
more than any could,
or brew this once,
and sip it twice;

same video for years,
she over him first,
stories with no point –
this is the best:

talk to the recruiters
about those new opportunities,
picture a sausage roll,
visualize the duct tape,

craving Spring as much
as she actually respected
her workers (but I'm
leaving out so much)

Roulette

a pharmacist, dead at
twenty-seven from cocaine,
the most obvious example
of living life passionately,

most unseemly, venial evil,
a “bloody dull business,”
old-fashioned (in the nicest
possible sense); we can’t

look into our own
sixth sense, anyway not
when we first start;
bald, bad, rich guys –

you can’t deny that
the war sometimes seemed
to serve a purpose,
now and then anyway;

I can’t help noticing
(and here are some
telling moments) that I’m
rapidly, helplessly getting younger,

and I’m doing well,
as I will explain:
like a Bengal tiger,
I fit right in,

drinking a little less,
thinking a little more,
getting a little more
value from my education,

grinding up the normal
{not, what, think, one}
ways of the world –
you think I can’t,

but I’m all in,
showing a little skin,
a very rare denizen,
making one person grin

Earth-shattering

rope's in the wagon –
don't waste my time,
quote him a law;
so many exciting things,

you ran 'em ragged
to touch each other
at the age mentioned
in their own time;

stay your time here,
you're not out West
(they're not so tired)
another thing to do:

go on the idea,
all the way out
to the second ending;
a few other people,

they were cast metal
(little or no recall)
his own low temperature,
as clouds poured in,

into the craggy bowl –
how close we got!
{gnu, Goa, gob, god}
no one likes these

immoral saplings, relegated scraps,
and there will be
great distress and skeining,
calling us to go,

go the other way;
got to dig in –
don't end up being
like those other people –

and the second time
the trap gets stronger;
we could have resisted
once upon a time

Force of Habit

we can't rush this,
battle it out now,
stomp on the breaks,
I'm way too busy;

a treasury of familiar
habits of self-disciplined thought,
nothing you can't do,
getting busy with life;

the money we wanted
for our marginal work,
our goals in life –
it can't be had;

{Baptists, Barak, Barama, Barbara}
they recognize two sacraments;
moving five years on,
it finally gets tough

with steam to it:
emotional flights of rhetoric,
moose in a barrel,
flights will take place;

do you still remember
how it all began?
trying to collect money
ahead of time and

closer to our path?
I have my sources
working like a wolf-pack
to tamp down expectations,

allowing only one phone-call
to greet my well-wishers,
regaining assurances of help;
those who had left,

worth all they cost –
tent revivals, Baptist preachers
who buried the hatchet
like friends of relatives

Strauss (A Love Poem)

these things get around,
featuring the green dragon;
(OK, I've lost interest)
see all these things?

often they join early,
maybe relax a little;
she was a calf
doubling as an undershirt;

took years off her,
she held my breath
and followed my nose,
just talked a little,

exhaled a tired breath,
whispered in my ear,
"I'm pretty sure, yes,
promise not to go

off to the Philippines,
where everything just flows,
and pace the palace";
I always thought that

we might be great
in ascending the scale,
loved to hear you
(I don't know why)

what does it mean?
is it the after-midnight
romance of your friend?
(isn't he a joke?)

from around the globe,
Earth stays the same –
we're tired of thinking;
make it out of

catches around the world,
a pile of sticks
to stamp my passport
one of these days

A Lot of Nerve

the most essential, the
required resources, the paucity
of time, a lot ...
a lot of nerve,

most of the time
right out there, always
on the scene; it
should not be misconstrued

as out there on
Fourth Street; positively portrayed
as innocent victims, clearly
divided into two groups,

one epistle after another,
a certain grim logic;
give it a glance –
a time-tested trick that

won't give out information:
one person's mistake is
another person's sodden insight;
after an independent clause,

the name everyone gives
to their worst mistakes,
their way of thinking,
of giving up change;

we intend to clean
up how people use
words in sentences, to
serve as a guide –

a damn poor mind,
but conveniently at hand;
mistakes in our terminology
{time, cognac, inessential, paucity}

when you are right,
then stand and fight,
when you are wrong,
then hold on strong

You Say Claymation, I Say Klamata

surrounding waters and cities
stitched with subtle fields,
illustrating a utopian world
with water and gum-trees;

a detailed writing review
on the water's edge,
icing and black marzipan,
and other American cities

review various grades of
sugarpaste working with shapes,
and all they offer
to change other characters

on multiple different levels,
learned in different ways,
results of a child
making a visual explanation,

maybe thinking in pictures,
offering more than one
interpretation and explanation of
five concepts applied freely;

one of the utopians
recalls the quasi-scientific mode
{cities, citing, certain, citizens}
pots to carry water

to the north pole
like a garden horse;
following academic depilatory technology,
seeking to express themselves,

descendant from this tradition,
popular in the north,
forbidding such phenomena by
general consensus of newspapers;

your favorite aquarelle paintings,
if invented very early,
guide you through, gingerly
exiting the big box

Short on Long-term Memory

for the most part,
small amounts of harm
are balanced equally by
small amounts of gain,

whereas carefully controlled studies
usually show neutral effects;
therefore, a detailed evaluation
is required for everyone;

no two the same,
and the larger studies
naturally include the greatest
number of unusual cases

(outliers, sports, and weirdoes);
easy cases call for
less than desperate measures,
so we can proceed

with caution, run the
proper controls, and then
finally measure the degree
to which problems arise,

conceding that semi-daily ingestion
of these very small
pellets may not be
the diet for everyone;

how can you avoid
certain sensational stories sometimes
found in the media –
press, cinema, radio, television?

what can be done
about risk of exposure
to ignorant, unfair, or
biased perceptions and prejudices?

well, just ask yourself
some version of this:
“what would happen if
everyone did the same?”

Hold Everything

looking good, feeling better,
feeling better than I
look, if that's possible,
giving away cool stuff,

accessories with feral tones;
eternal youth is fine,
but I could actually
win a beach vacation;

I am confident that
this is sure to
show off my style,
new shades for everyone,

680 biggabytes of memory
(make that long-term memory –
playing dumb is just
not smart these days);

amazing results! prizes galore!
today is Self Day!
I'm happy for you,
so treat yourself right,

help reverse the signs,
thirty is the new
bored stiff; time to
discover your perfect partner:

vampires are for kissing;
nothing is easy anymore,
people have certain health
problems that can linger

for a lifetime or
longer, anyone over 65
can tell you that;
yoga changed my life,

not for the better
(I have yoga insurance);
now for some everyday
safety advice that kills

Maybe a Miracle

these auroral bird events
are eating me alive –
who can keep up
with the fossil record,

the damned dinosaur literature?
these incredibly violet events –
magnetic energy builds up
to invoke a miracle;

I have learned much
about eating the crops;
how is Denmark different?
because of community meals,

responsible use of enzymes,
they take one step
at a time now,
and make steady progress;

Sweden and New Zealand,
kept in the kitchen,
in a little bowl
like a garden journal,

buying up the shares
to keep us alive;
most “missing links” discovered
can’t repair the record;

the grizzly bears eating
scouts, though not indiscriminately –
it’s a harvest scramble
for sure, Ellie Mae!

he was near retirement,
put his oat-seeder away,
neither rancher nor farmer,
yet still quite interested;

keep me logged in,
I’ll think about it;
will you miss me?
maybe by an inch

God During the Cretaceous Period

give him a detailed
creative review, earthquake god,
lizard – periods of time
were defined much later;

worship of the feathered
elephant's tomb, greenhouse period
in no small part
inhibited the polar regions;

were people left behind
rather than blinkering themselves
with desires to write
(supposedly simple) so-called literature?

gods' plan for all:
the climate was warm
in an old Earth,
including the anti-religious polemic

during the past decade;
try to imagine yourself
as extinct as they,
the first to call

for an experimental-scale phase;
two new land masses
had given up trying
to cheer us up;

age of the Earth?
(looking for it now)
new data undercut assertions,
as immensely inflatable studies

cause worries about experience;
if bats were created
later, all at once ...?
{pronunciation, synonyms, translation} gods

set the moral boundaries:
god of the ocean,
a green lizard-god, shark-gods,
a little brown bat-god

Pistachio

made a good impression,
a big social advantage;
hearing about all their
dubious health benefits and

their big movie montages
makes me think of
nothing; instead, I want
to try the monkey-bread;

tried to train myself
for conspiracy, to reveal
ways toward the beast,
always thinking I was

pretty good at grammar,
proud of their hospitality
knowing their job, then
up and doing it;

keep using this one,
giving people enough room,
tools of the trade,
and they'll soon have

front doors kicked in;
ashamed that there has
been nothing to show
for it? well, nuts!

out of their way!
to imply they're going
out of their way
to avoid and evade

the prospect of paying
those who they feel
might have betrayed them,
trying to steal everything –

could it be possible
they made their own
patterns? seems like a
hurdy-gurdy kind of opening

Could It Be

could it be leather
sent me this blind?
how can I see
things up your sleeve?

after the war ended,
all of a sudden
death shocked the nation,
Tuesday marks ten years;

nine men were trapped,
food and water above,
tireless champions in fights
went into blinding smoke,

through smoke billowing out
we trusted our fingers,
freshly washed and dried;
rocks slowed our movement

until they ran out,
out of my reach;
we walked all night
through the freshly fallen;

we're on our own,
we can hold out,
racing through the night,
sheer high stakes, and

finish what we started,
until they find out
they're gossiping about someone
taken out and killed;

we are only puppets,
we are only human,
we underestimate our own,
we're almost in range,

we've been completely blind,
can still go wrong;
spot your future wife?
startled to see her?

Decanter

the Minnesota River's a
little higher than usual
this year, and it
makes no effort to

evade us as we
approach, no move to
be sociable when we
come to stand alongside;

with the packages arriving
and the romantic skin,
it all comes naturally;
it's not our fault,

someone other than us
in a distressed festival;
we wished less harm
over the pronunciation of

Indians (some years our
seniors) using corn for
higher pursuits than trade;
we meant no disrespect

in what is now
North or South Carolina;
a family occasion to
move the oil lamp,

abandon the moral ground,
make it crystal clear
that vampires no longer
need to feed on

live humans, knowing any
kid with a computer
should be asked first;
all 21 plants were

here exactly twice with
a lot of effort;
guns on the streets
subjected suddenly to derision

Accidental Flask

everything you do enters
into everything you are;
eating caviar is unpleasant,
as ideas are annoying;

let it be known:
what turns one species
into another may well
be just another species;

wouldn't you like to
know what they eat?
another kind of life
that's depending on you

to switch off the
lite fantastick, to theorize
matters a little further,
to be in the

forefront with due caution;
well, consider this {it
of, me, what, is}
your reactions are just

the ending of then,
but life is now;
you might let complaints
dimly mix with daze,

but dive into the
search, and become as
a shield, an ice-ship
of destiny, or another

day of back-breaking work;
take it all in,
feel others feeling everything,
drink down my trousers;

someone owns your family
(and that includes you);
all but the most
feeble must accept apologies

Everyone Knows Something You Don't Know

outreach has always been
a country that clearly
hates us; he and
his wife are, well,

known as wayfarers travelling
all day, and they
have come to us,
bringing thoughts about England,

hours with the Bible,
raising an important issue,
a crime; virtually everyone
touched on all of

the matters in some
important way, so they
wouldn't have to bring
in visitors, deal worldwide,

and have their clients
touched by the support
of important foreign figures,
of brushes with reality;

no matter how well-placed
the timing of the
piece may have been,
to have flexibility and

find some of them
more fully conscious of
the world and (most
important) bad teeth, because

conditions attributed to villainy
are not a matter
of being completely drunk
or automatically assuming they're

all little girls who
have a right to
be here with their
furtive manners and faces

Edgar Allan Poe

once a correspondence commences,
as it were, we
claim a singular charm:
lo, it's shining through,

one hour after sunrise;
no one owns the
bridge, or can tax
the three of us;

there is no furniture,
that's the most remarkable;
all that we know
only seems to implicate

one cluster of clusters,
would not chide us
or condemn us for
a truly epic fail;

in each healing we
get our power restored
before the pending battle;
many seek me in

what we today call
the rubble of crisis,
the healing housing market,
the fields and valleys,

the rails end there;
let *Wunderkinder* drop out,
young people drop out,
languishing for years before

seeking competent medical advice,
magicians coming to be
bullies, shot and killed,
so proud to review

our controlling the weather,
only to miss out
on our radar; yes,
they dismiss our words

Pygmy Marmoset

the huge rhyming sounds:
spider monkey, vervet monkey,
sharing this braid of
black, wise, and green;

people in your class,
the group's feeding tree,
curiosity can be fun
(they have sharp fingernails)

provider of high quality
cherry, purple strawberry, guava;
Bonobo their asinine questions!
they fit perfectly with

our other neighborly cabin,
and there's some similarity
to the pygmy tarsier;
as you may know,

we have a list
of all English words,
a complex communication system –
one word is enough,

lots could say something;
were you taught religion?
still got any cerebellum?
too old to answer?

it's amazing what you
can achieve in just
{must, mute, mutt, myth}
19 or 20 months;

never have I seen,
and only so much
{conflagration, conglomeration, Congolese} congratulation
that you can take;

what good are all
the possessions in the
world without your health?
and possibly sounding cute

Z Business

what does it mean?
race for second place?
off to one side
needs to care for

cloud-based tools, you need
definitely the right thing;
talk to one another
in the water tank;

firm located in Dallas,
it's a growing problem,
one thread or another;
one of the reasons

resiliency and availability features
above his own height,
war isn't a game;
as well as streaming

with friends and others,
not, for one thing,
since that's not possible,
a number of things,

secrets of the mogul,
delivery of accessible care;
you fix one problem
and another arises, like

forms, writing epic stories,
showing you a description;
we examined two documents,
my second most favorite

a full-service tax form;
another thing about this
{another, while, us, off}
on the education side –

new ways of doing
(vendors are generally good)
you need to watch
for the latest update

Some Damn Crow

it's not done yet,
not actually the new
scored stroke of coup,
crow's not dead yet,

revealing a basic oneness,
intelligible to some extent,
acting like gang members
that they couldn't convict;

building a dedicated studio,
building my own home,
building new universities, but
couldn't find the solution;

from the famous painting
the crow can bring
that soul back to
Detroit, my home town;

piling up so deeply
that I grew up
reared my twisted head
these few fleeting hours;

two names have entwined,
reckoning on some fun
{so, up, said, what}
only remembrance of it;

we've got to clean up,
some will question me
in a lofty demeanor
with a haughty glance,

a local cheese factory –
I almost staggered backwards –
we've got work ahead,
the harsh remonstrance of

the crone-like old women,
crow-like salvation turned up,
slouched like sleepy sentinels,
dyed red with henna

Kangaroo Courting

building a healthy family –
slow, polite, and tentative –
gathering up the ends,
certain kinds of stories,

attending a family wedding
about the mating rituals
has a mysterious appeal;
nesting material and structure,

a close knit family,
benefits of marine foods,
good at model airplanes
(there are literally thousands,

cost like the devil
but they're worth it)
after all these years,
small books describing our

ten favorite summer activities
raised his absurd hat
that will never look
right; humid, mountainous regions,

a single small victory,
a more favorable view,
evaporation has produced hanging
garlands of Spanish moss

with family and friends
draping laughing ferrets over
pecans, oaks, and pines;
granite moss, umbrella moss,

you are here, content:
will you be mine?
good for my age,
getting my balance again;

love is an error,
it's our star product
(it's not for sale);
don't talk to people

Laundry Room

they were trying to
put us at ease,
so they came across
all neighborly, as if

we were born yesterday
in the laundry room;
it's a real puzzler,
makes me feel like

I should be depopulating
the cloud cover, thinning
out hedge funds, and
refinishing a little sandstone;

sure, the sky is
fun to look at,
but (admit it) sometimes
feels like an eternity;

boots were drying through
the nearby chestnut trees
that had no boss
to chasten their chuff;

our cowboy days, yes,
the massive westward migrations,
are gone for good
{beeswax, beet, befall, befit}

sure! keep going west!
you'll soon find out
there are more than
fish in the sea –

this wisdom is straight
from the artist's mouth
to those who somehow
{owl, own, pad, pal}

had to remind us:
we can each sense
everything's ambiguous, I guess,
the deeper you look

Musical Erotica

not quite time, but
it will be when
it's time, good dog;
around the world and

back again, you don't
get out much, right?
lighten up a little,
we dashed out the

front door into the
moon-walking principal, who happily
showed us around campus,
proud to say that

it will take a
little bit of extra
time before it shines,
representing the Dog Star;

once upon a time,
after all the world
knew it's more readable
with than without those

(more than once before)
tags were applied sparingly;
how is there still
electricity and running water?

the times when experts
said that people didn't
need, and would never
buy, color TV sets –

experts! what a joke!
what were the experts
trying to do to
everyone from the beginning?

we can't just sit
around here crying like
children all the time
and talking about things

Dimestore Teeth

the last item on
the lowest make-up shelf,
dimestore teeth that sometimes
glow in the dark;

a dark maze of
clutter, trash and objects
flashing yellow emergency lights
to stun their prey,

bold with strong teeth,
managing to sound like
plastic cat masks covering
darkness at a pay-phone;

weed didn't help any,
but the dog could
(or may) have originated
where they bite on

one big marketing scam
(they've never seen anything);
any exams coming up?
because we were away,

because the drummer wasn't
getting the feel, and
the poor kid looked,
more than anything, among

the things said, as
though any of the
aforementioned had happened overnight;
she says her piece,

but how can she
really relax into transience?
{some, were, can, when}
ironically, to me anyway,

police picked her up
ten minutes from her
destination, as she sat
eating a buttered peach

Loose Cannon

because, say, your time
here is limited; say
the limit is involuntary;
say you'd prefer to stay;

it may also mean,
"how in the hell
is the canon of
criminal minds defined anyway?"

learn from your failures
a posse ad esse;
you'd rather stay home?
how is that pragmatic?

moderation might condemn you
without offending anyone; you're
simply a clever man,
a dime a dozen,

bought and sold on
the open market, not
to put too fine
a point on it;

I don't know how
well you'll be able
to sell the argument,
given your profound *plomb*;

all episodes were rehearsed,
didn't really affect policy
{at, by, this, I}
I'm quite well acquainted

with my turn of
mind, I've adapted to
urban jungles, but I
wander how much deeper

with a butter knife;
a few minutes later
we have to affirm
how we belong here

On the Wagon

a shore excursion is
the best way to
see evidence of what
those (the first time)

tried to conceal, and
alike shifted through time,
shifted in ways carefully
designed to hide progress;

you are not too
smart, or you would
have already managed to
enter a semi-ecstatic state,

a state that would
enable you to dissect
their dissembling, like a
hot knife through butter;

then the supporting actors
ordered the orchestra to
stand back, allowing the
audience to see clearly:

it was a baby –
sock off foot, sock,
then foot, in mouth
{north, soused, eels, worst}

personally, I found it
infuriating that they insisted
on seeing and reporting,
though you didn't need

to be too smart
to see that eventually
one of them would
fall and hurt himself;

no time to gloat,
though, till clobbered by
a flash of insight:
"two books in one!"

How Many Times Have I Told You?

you're caused by bacteria,
believe it or not,
therefore easily disrupted and
derailed; you may ask,

"how many are needed?"
that's a good question,
let's set it aside
and consider our options:

you might not respond,
you might get medium-well,
maybe you'll get lucky,
or you could survive;

it's swing time, Honey!
many times I've said
longevity is way over-rated;
know any state laws?

otherwise, you are healthy
if you say so;
you're only as old
as your last complaint;

you are lacking definition
(not vast, but half-vast)
about less than one
percent of what's normal;

dizziness is some kind
of bad sign, usually
coming from bad seed
{second, who, ear, local}

should your behavior become
pliant or pleasant, please
contact one of our
specialists for a package;

ask for your package –
you've got it coming –
it won't get any
fresher, so take it

Haywire

were things after others
starting to go haywire
on your own site?
{plot, crew, photos, fandango}

someone in your own
sight showing as one
who wanted to share
parents in today's America?

something a bit provoking
receiving a phone call
from Sunnyvale cops
or Giles, or Jackson,

who can't quite decide
they've committed a crime?
I remember being amazed:
genius at the helm

needs to do something,
I believe, but I
can remember fruitless inspection
following a cursory search;

can't picture the equipment
like we're drooling idiots,
because we couldn't believe
we'd been holding off;

a squid is clockwork,
delusional minds are clockwork,
your ores are clockwork;
clockwork always goes haywire;

we're holding off fun,
imagine what you've been,
with a smile bespeaking:
shields that won't work;

how long have you
{Beelzebub, Beelzebubian, beeman} been
on a tangent explaining
your cagey survival strategies?

A Low Profile Makes You More Conspicuous

flexibility and comfort, it's
magic tonight at 8pm;
make sure you apply
later in the year,

more conspicuous than usual,
alone in the world,
a series of images
makes no accidental mistakes;

please do not ask
why we ask why;
put out the garbage
somewhat later than usual;

certainly harsh experience is
preparing to join us,
to be instantly linked
so we'll get twelve

messages urging us to
free the Super Penguins;
please take the time
to the club tonight;

in the late morning
he's leaving his house,
he's hitting the road,
he's specifically worried about

buying more "luxury clothing,"
putting the pieces together,
buying back some shares;
{simulation, increase, paltry, students}

a short aspect ratio,
not seen every day;
expect some large chunks,
even some fakery, but

he gave her more –
a story from memory,
a task buried away,
a bit less conspicuous

You Are Usually Right

heroes in our dreams,
sick of this idea;
America so often seems
a separate martial unit;

to find a way,
a lattice of theorems –
not a bad idea –
isn't quite that bad;

provider of high quality
{crying, Cuban, chart, cholesterol}
stops a bad guy
coming into another class;

had a bad feeling?
just a word Tuesday:
have a novel idea?
imagine what it means;

it isn't a factor;
your American rights, right?
linking tourism and business,
another rating system; unfortunately,

she opened a business
and closed another one;
this is the right
kind of moxie, Nazi,

(meant to say "Mitzi")
out of my reach
to grow old with
a faithful, life-long friend;

assembly-line delivery of one
dumb idea after another;
bad things that happened
to you during your

college years, well, really!
can I possibly teach
you a new idea
while you remain delusional?

Half As Much

which hurt their feet
when they wore them,
subscribed to your silage
as I whim you;

if you are original,
to stay in touch,
find a great number;
the reason was that

(feel free to get
in touch if you
would like to for
any reason) people sell

those calves to feedlots;
him in his space-car,
your brain goes numb,
they get in touch;

one statistic that I
read said that prices –
like a punch in
the face sitting here –

said he's been inspired
forty percent of those,
when something goes wrong –
one form for each –

he's close to that,
and this easy back-and-forth,
five years earlier was
never doing anything helpful;

you sit this next
history may say about ...
about whom people say,
about points under consideration,

“he moved here temporarily,
was ruined for you
without ever being seen,
we're glad to announce”

Perusal

press events this time,
different kind of brain,
they need to parade,
joking about his nickname

(to organize peace meetings);
never formally studied law,
different species of birds,
resolute way they intrude

with customs, peculiarities, language,
remote stocks of kinship
to jostle them aside,
these cousins of crime;

helping them find additionally
that amount of energy
for real insight into
the mining life itself;

likewise throw it aside
as formal governments, family
multiples live like parallel
streams from one glacier;

the way we see
human beings living in
many parallel, viable communities,
knowing an inner life,

taking the long view
based on common beliefs,
foreseeing the same calamities,
sewn into the fibers

of their beings, as
they had learned life,
the tribal life and
its tensions, of an

unfocused sense of ease,
in which all their
faiths are captured in
the form of jokes

Contaminants

nor did he whip
up a meatless omelet,
let alone writing a
tweet about it for

only a handful – we
are still pretty sleepy,
they had changed not
just the face of

a once neglected street;
we were good at
letting ourselves be molded,
I felt pretty good,

seeing rage in my
mother across the divide;
a few thousand doves,
all getting chewed up

at any street corner,
left as they were,
having a good laugh
at a sluggish machine,

landscape of chewed-up asphalt;
managing to sum up
paying all our attention
not to anyone else;

I get the impression
this would be solved
by crowds of reporters;
Grandma up in Alaska,

mixed by the bushel,
in debt so bad
to the wrong crowd,
just a dusty memory;

peddling down in Alabama
needs to be done
{we, who, would, been}
by some of us

Loquats

looking backward to Nightland
we continued, going on
to discredit the architects
of the whole spiel;

we arrived by Sunday's
period of industrial night,
after visiting the town's
biographical and critical center;

editor of the annotation
became an avid reader,
after an all-night dinner
and publication of revisions –

still undergoing final revisions,
which would last until
meltdowns offered parents relief;
our own resident chef,

this time behind bars,
the letters and essays
thawed out for dinner;
portable, high-tech reading devices,

men who lived it
and wrote it down:
wealth, physical prowess, intimidation
{furniture, marketplace, bespoke, road-show}

paths through the woods,
the pursuit of silence,
a great opportunity to
hire a professional omen-interpreter;

reading the court record,
my palette is thawing,
making something of it
without actually naming it;

he would have asked,
“how can anyone become
a great reader without
genesis of the work?”

Breakthrough

movement or advance of
research paradigms breaks inventors;
global is an independence,
but the proof is

the way through beyond,
has demonstrated advanced cleansing;
organization, with the primary
social conditions it creates,

an act or instance,
is due to unwilling
resistance to these technologies;
dream of the time,

removing or surpassing obstructions
and uneducated leaders and
talk based on principles,
when forms of love

find a counselor, an
energy policy maker, creating
a tantalizing platform to
unite family and community

for low-cost or free;
but that's not all!
inform and attract all
struggling, developing approaches to

take, join, get better –
we are uniting forces!
justice changed all that
and advanced our agenda;

what is it to ...
to create a movement?
help advance national conversation
of these game-changing technologies,

providing a free collage
to activate global consciousness
and invite new voices
based on advanced physics

A Unified Vision (I)

they all saw that
it was high noon
inside their little cave –
the insight was sudden;

it was as though
they had braved bodily
donors among them, but
not recognized the perfume;

he would prove boring
in his old footgear,
a shaggy giant standing
shyly outside the wedding;

ssh! it is his
absence near the stern,
so obviously being sanguine,
behind schedule, too early;

the discount outlet store's
foghorn sucked and inhaled
a few customers from
outside, who trickled sparsely

up across the lawn,
literally running on skates;
scenery imploded with indifference,
like bronze architecture suddenly

becalmed, adrift and sinking
with good cause never
to rise again; they
were full of vim,

though sad, sprinters along
the footpaths' petering out;
all of them were
in it for life,

though logically none of
them were, and they
had always known it;
just goes to show

A Unified Vision (II)

after they looked askance,
you couldn't imagine how
we failed to intend
happiness toward our gains,

shrinking unlike a leaf
in fully healthy air;
well, no, there was
insufficient cinnamon under mats

during some later evenings,
lidless frying pans, and
there were spicy pavements
in the suburbs, near

some dry, sandy ditches,
or giant tractors parked
in the flats – bad
luck for them, too,

that we weren't there,
just short of the
doorstep of vanished visions;
you told me to

become a golden eagle,
above words, to have
been all those furtive
wishes that they definitely

disbelieved, and just when
we were least whimsical
about the thousands of
vibrations never to recur,

didn't they come outside?
a dispersal of sunshine
and clouds always seems
most victorious, or the

same results failing to
appear as expected, avoiding
blame; instead they fail –
it makes no sense

Fifth of May

it seems to be
a kind of celebration
in the United States
and regionally in Mexico,

not a real holiday –
one tequila, two tequila –
there is much more!
arguably the coolest new

mother of two straight
and burning coal embers,
dark cocoa, top turtle
of the eight ambassadors;

chiefly dark-horse mothers flow,
likely to show you
more than a word,
never mind worthy info,

and spread that sail;
never anything like this
starting at top speed
{power, water, chemicals, pipelines}

like a dark movie,
firm beacon, food tour
{animals, cars, sports, food}
commercial prints and labels

to enjoy free exclusives,
to nail on lids,
to pass only time,
to taste anything else;

there's five more dates
more and more likely
to emerge from water
during the ebony parade;

32 tiny, important communities;
there's always a wait
{argued, arguable, argument, argyle}
to obtain clean water

Cinco de Mayo

parece ser, parece ser
una suerte de celebración
en los Estados Unidos
y regional en México,

no es verdadera fiesta –
un tequila, dos tequila –
pero mucho, mucho más,
discutible más interesante nueva

madre de las dos
consecutivas brasas de carbón,
cacao oscuro, tortuga mandamás
de los ocho embajadores;

principalmente madres oscuras fluyen,
probable que le muestre
más de una palabra,
no digno el informacion,

y difundir esa vela;
nunca nada como esto
de la velocidad máxima
{energía, agua, químicos, tuberí}

como una película oscura,
firmo faro, tour comida
{animales, coches, deportes, comida}
impresiones comerciales y etiquetas

disfrutar de exclusivos gratis,
para clavar las tapas,
pasar sólo el tiempo,
a probar otra cosa;

hay cinco fechas más
cada vez más probable
para salir del agua
durante el ébano desfile;

32 pequeñas, destacadas comunidades;
siempre hay una espera
{argumentado, discutible, argumento, argyle}
para obtener agua limpia

Euler's Broiler

mouse lodging to kill,
to ask after my
strong character; bouncing doubt
seems obvious that way,

telling the truth: pleasant
breakfast walk, with the
grandson wearing his hat
and toting our rifles;

patients taking medication should
adhere to prescription regimens;
thoughts should be with
{happy, by, for, suit}

is it about you?
here's an original of
what got us very
interested in research on

Bob Dylan's testimony making
the case for wealth:
"sure cure for greed,"
though, having said that,

how can we compete?
artifacts are now available
for educational use; do
you know which birthday?

you have been warned:
every person doesn't want
all our positive energy,
they're just ignoring us;

hard telling, change the
youth or poverty of
humans in the cities?
they resemble the Vandals;

the idea arose for
folks to know that
their productivity will increase,
every year at least

Exhibitions

design your own exhibition,
including creation, design, production,
captured for cinema screens;
the heart of the

following resources relating to
space with three others
engaged in providing services:
luminous is the world-famous

bringing together of seven
amply air-conditioned exhibit spaces
in a vacant storefront,
sized as transitory space

in the modern world;
high quality of work
creates three equal sections,
inspiration from Hollywood cinema,

tall in the heart;
we're not talking about
lyrics, an original song,
good sense of humor,

a checklist of elements,
greatest albums ever made,
installations of studio glass,
regional and national resources,

the fabric of time;
results are not available
with new internal codes;
now the great sculptors

engage combinations of drama
with photographs, the premier
aspects of digital oilfields,
world's foremost upcoming art,

responses to industry demand,
demonstrations of interest in
engaging in providing services,
focused on contemporary art

Bazaar

to save the chancellor
from any potential embarrassment,
the facts were criticized
behind loyally closed doors;

he will advise governments
on “effective tax regimes,”
also called “sweetheart deals,”
with major lawless corporations;

a list of caveats
designed to ensure integrity
(somewhat belatedly, I guess)
against conflicts of interest;

his appointment was approved
by leaders and advisors
on the business committee,
though it went unannounced;

the fight with multinationals
escalated overnight; it emerged
that the leading tax-official
was mired in controversy

one day a week
with auditors who faced
tax fraud allegations during
their time in government,

but drudges raised objections:
the appointment suggested knowledge
of offshore tax havens
used to strengthen positions;

a judge, a deal,
a broker, “ingloriously lawful,”
as historical episodes go;
the front-man insinuated that

a spokesman would work
primarily in the world
of “effective regimes,” enabling
their necessarily continued growth

Mark My Worlds

tomorrow night on stage,
today (for the holiday)
tries to find itself
on the latest news:

kid's gun went off;
the five theme answers
hide in the bathtub,
helping survivors find pets;

I was fine until
the roof came off;
sometimes kids get nervous
when it first emerges –

roof of the world
up one final stairwell;
a lack of "humanity,"
though born with teeth,

Wolfgang renewed the invitation
to ideas on Sunday;
let's say another one,
less influenced by others,

under some other pseudonym,
threw a smoke-screen around
periods of life during
the last two centuries,

going for another year;
everything is quite interesting,
returning to an idea;
newcomers have fewer possibilities

to mingle with academics;
the most unpopular state
without a hands-on connection,
followed by everything else,

leaves the country tomorrow,
goes through some problem-solving
for about five years;
they sure mean business

A Trumpet Talking With Me

of course they didn't,
to prevent any embarrassment,
chosen and edited by
Stuart, was not interesting;

his career gained momentum,
extra work and worry;
one octave to another,
and stop trying to

be such a hero;
they don't talk about
it, and they certainly
don't tell you anything;

you don't get punished,
you people of Manitou,
cycling what you love,
don't need to tell

this makes sense to
religious people for years
to name their children;
they do get credit,

they endured pay cuts
(as weird and creepy
as that may seem
(ask about "Night Train"));

the worst possible thing,
the wind and rain
all covered in blood,
makes me feel better;

credit where it's due:
newcomers to the fantasy
after something terrible happened,
mixing cute and creepy,

we will show that
it doesn't seem to
fit, and ask ourselves,
"why slow, minor chords?"

Let the Games Begin

the bells rang loudly,
but I failed to
understand; anyone else, or
is it just me?

withal, we do respect
those who sought to
grasp the hidden meanings
of clanging and ringing;

cold, bleak, biting weather,
diffusion of proper feeling
from one to another
and a sober lifestyle;

we were torn from
one game to another,
as though hidden, veiled,
much like ordinary people,

strong and happy people;
it was the finals,
it was another time,
it was far away;

the games for us
were neither questioned nor
challenged as to their
meanings; they were bells

ringing, we well understood,
fierce and relentless riding
of hot and cold,
floating in droplet webs,

neither brilliant nor incompetent,
but more like unthinking –
the power of action
without thought, and now

we can hardly remember
distant places and times
to which we all
are struggling to return

Elitism

believe in favored treatment
of openly gay nudists,
some politics being played
that's raising real questions,

ways to look upon,
quoted as having said,
often shaking our heads,
hiding in the shadows,

quoted a text message
{fitness, religion, science, literature}
said that his constituents
{health, entertainment, money, technology}

said what it's about,
showed you a description
(the look and feel);
this does not mean

you are the message –
religion is not money;
still feel physically vibrant?
the science of art

is like the saying,
“think, feel, and act
when someone says things
you see for me”;

from time to time,
you don't know what
love is, without someone
acting like your claims

amidst a tangled web,
but not too religious;
you feel so lonely?
you feel too obsessed?

it seems unfair to
claim that the fellows
abhor running and despise
a lot of sunglasses

Salt Lake City

primrose and wren are
active today, squirrel and crow
are standoffish, nobility is
fake today (as always);

large-jointed, intimidating puffs of
bitter examples for sale,
where there's a friend
who will stand watch;

healthier than a CEO,
perhaps a little bland,
like melon mei fun,
like big metal chickens;

there's more story than
any man or life
could bare, than the
cocktail in my soup;

however deep the hurt,
they stood up again –
whoever knew them personally
can attest to that;

the uptown movers ought
to buy something tasty;
these little sweet treats
click it like service,

calling a huge number
{acrobatic, across, actress, actual}
to view the news,
as panic is spreading;

spending money like water
on huge Montenegrin villas
upside a secret marriage,
emerging with desolate plans;

national public money is
not for attribution, unless
a possible problem ... say,
loosen up, damn you!

Manager

don't try to explain,
he's not a manager,
he's a robot, so
no point in palaver;

wearing a white hat
of rage and guilt
to flirt with strangers,
and yet the family-man;

no point in washing,
just blow it off;
I'm really not sure,
I think he's gone;

what he expects to
get from this, I
really can't say; if
you don't kiss up,

nothing will surprise me;
just add another congratulation
(happy to see you!)
it takes a lot

to get me worked-up,
or sexy or romantic,
or obviously or subtly
seeing all the consequences;

the youths encounter jokes,
wasting a lot of
time and money, or
try to quit smoking,

anything that won't destroy
the small chance of
launching what they might
get away with; still,

they're waiting for you
to position the subject
{furry, near, seasonal, dripping}
to frame the problem

Too Much Good Food

have a good time!
elated transit facilities have
opened up the country
(waste is stored on-site),

less loudly this time,
to open the facility
(7% of the volume)
with the largest number,

and not always distant;
recent threats to discovery,
very few, if any,
leave a terrible toll;

from that hour on,
little guys would sprinkle
(after the first few)
their attempts to estimate

the absence of artifice,
yet were not designed
for displaced Western children,
returning recently mislaid attention;

might be all happy?
an isolated farming town
{child-rearing, children, child's, child-wall}
since they were little;

hours with no leaks,
not showing his knickerbockers,
those cheap plastic containers
not too close together,

more meticulous and inspiring
since the recent collapse;
the lives of ordinary
citizens concerned with exploitation

of six big numbers,
places for ordinary people,
suggestions related to changes
are a prolonged insult

Shameless Postcard

just avoid that person,
go through some pamphlets,
stay healthy at home;
a true friend asks,

“why don’t you try?”
do people usually try
after a hard workday?
somehow I doubt it;

there are facts to
back it up and
scrub it like an
enclosed and illustrated brochure;

well, it’s just hype
so far; so far
there is no doubt,
yet still no faith;

things don’t add up:
there’s a small possibility
you can blast them,
maybe after the fact;

makes me feel sad,
in a way, that
people squeeze good times
and toss away bad;

just pick it up
and funnel, be a
Mensch, for pity’s sake,
nicht wahr? yeah, I

guess I didn’t notice
{one, you, so, up,
said} pie in bed;
welcome to the fields –

just on the other
side, the gate glittered
like sand on marble;
thanks a lot, Lancelot

Top Drawer

jump to a page,
then be fairly traditional
about the proposed visit,
about the general dissatisfaction;

having been translated into
the garish aloha shirts,
their story became true:
extermination was being proposed;

probably their first visit
to the Far West,
vinegar and hot water
were distributed quite liberally;

having been handed hundreds
of her letters, the
issue was becoming increasingly
gnarled, so they decided,

instead of following tradition
in the election, to
propose a slate of
clowns and puppets, who

might have been related
to one another, without
risking public pressure from
someone's head rammed forward;

neither had married until
being critically, however improbably,
hit by a dune-buggy
{alive, alkaline, Allah, all-American}

the spirit in August,
in its general outline,
sent a few invitations
to attend Oregon State;

they believed if they
made a visit to
the Pacific Northwest, they
might have enough room

Press Conference (in memory of Dan Cooke, a friend)

they say that you
are never further from
God's love than out
here in West Texas,

can't get something you
need, but it's always
an awesome story, and
now it's even better,

but only if you
sit as attentively
as if at a
sermon – time stands still;

stop looking for it,
that voice that has
nothing to say about
its owner, bent low

at the harvest season;
the risk of your
trying to do something
new is greatly amplified;

the father of a
family can never afford
to take such risks,
except on rare occasions –

if his son's away
on service, if he
has nothing to say
that could offend anyone;

hey, pal, you can't
ever say anything that
everyone doesn't already agree
with, and you can't

get any further away
than they already know;
you'd best get yourself
something cool to drink

In the Shadow of *Soup*

“of course, nothing bola makes will ever live up to the impact *soup* had on me, nothing can live up to the expectations set for this album” (submitted by anton, March 11, 2002, http://www.nezzerwerk.com/seven/reviews/album_review.php?id=837)

why worry? four winds
through the annual index,
a theme by Paganini,
narwhal soup for dinner;

my final and worrying
thought was, “don’t take
it out on me;
say in my defense,

so help me gods,
I did my best,
I did purchase that
which flows so uniformly”;

readers of old stories
have no doubt observed
the demonic voices, the
hospitality of the natives;

is it only wildness
that keeps me from
becoming *encantado*, enchanted by
the dissolving, twilit songs?

my world of soups,
my world of stars,
my world of songs,
and dogs, shadowed dogs;

for nearly four years
I didn’t worry, confident
in the future of
oceans; {annual, overland, plushy}

stars and, through me,
the gods, sent us
big people, if only
our demons would relent;

there are many reasons
why we finally found
love and new release;
is that really you?

Like a Knife

best use for poetry
is making people cry,
cry louder and louder
seeing more and more

like a knife with
hands of gold; treat
her kindly, even wifely,
as she well deserves;

now, at life's end,
I try and fail
to come to terms
with my generation's music;

a dream comes true –
movements of the hand,
she cuts the snowflakes,
now calls my name;

my "soul" likes a
cold coin, or a
coiled knife, or a
frail trap, kindly waiting;

more than six is
foreign to human nature,
against the vivid blue,
golden keys on oak;

however, I'm too old,
I know little more
than these six pictures,
one an armored creature;

in all my life
my deepest grievance was
that I shouldn't be
here or even elsewhere;

here's where the eyes,
the eyes and ears,
shouldn't get caught off-guard;
I'm pressed for time

Who's Sorry Now?

you'd like to apologize
but don't know how?
please be aware that
very few people have

the ability to live
gracefully and under control;
most of you find
words have a tendency

not to come out,
I don't know, so
you meant no harm
but maybe you thought

you did owe her,
I don't know, some
other, different words later;
you most likely need

time away in Missouri,
a place of formulation,
a place not here;
sometimes you're amazed how

one word can change
the stupid meaning, even
when you weren't really
pissing along rumors about,

about a particular person;
imagine some kind of
scenario where there are
three or four drunk

guys in the hall,
and they're talking about
stuff; it's loud and
begins to change and

you can't recognize it,
and gradually it's about
something that hits you
just like cat-scratch fever

Shapes and Leaves

if we went slowly,
noticing the stolid worshippers
en discothèque à Marseille,
relations blaming the others

into two hostile camps,
where the mighty shaman
cajoled powerful, swirling spirits
into helping his clientele

eat my tasty bits
and, likely, my classmates'
revolution that they wrought –
great river Novanus, aye!

an improbable Gorse myth
that may be challenged,
like the military career
of his distant youth:

his parents took refuge
from the bitter revolution
across the Apennines, and
in that landscape, he

betrayed himself a little,
perhaps for his sister;
all of a sudden
{under, went, far, away}

like shapes and leaves,
we are all unique –
our liberties bartered away,
each requiring enormous labor,

because "freedom is fragile
and must be protected;
to sacrifice it, even
as a temporary measure,

is to betray it";
nay, perhaps we may
discover a cause, shouting
"death to them all!"

Eight Days, Forty Dollars

I do know one
decent thing that upsets;
you haven't heard about
crisis, lessons, and comparison;

money is silence enough,
though soiled by toddlers,
to double the value
of a scary feeling;

it's one of the
moral strengths of Asia,
never seeming to tire
of the apprehension that

smart robots are the
eyes of the storm
that see us coming,
like fish in barrels;

here we go! no
expertise can be claimed
by becalmed claimants in
this freedom-loving, -laden land;

I learned very quickly
that glass of wine,
that beaker that's upset,
that rebel leader, one

who's spent time in
detonator's prison – he knows
the most important ingredient,
though majestic, can never

engage public interest seamlessly,
like the maid and
villain, even though
machines don't do that;

just goes to show,
by a simple taunt
the world can be
upset: realty or rhetoric?

Lax Compatibility

sound made by blowing
between the two lips;
none of us was
blown away by the

shining, all the less
by mind-blowing sounds that
were the first songs,
as we headed for

the complete episode, listing,
blowing into the air
to give us reminders
of years gone by,

blowing at a candle;
computing devices require consciousness,
some kind of flow-control;
shining, the birds chirping,

sounds to notify teams
also having no meaning:
“give us your technology,
none can go alone”

progress made toward achieving,
originally looking for another
crispy, crusty, crunchy loaf;
two of our levels,

symbols of the transcript,
make it look cool,
neither rod nor blow,
flinching at every shot;

based out of Toronto,
extended to cover all,
{bleary-eyed, bleeder, blow-hole, blow-up}
yet with lax compatibility

(both lax and reformed)
accommodating future growth, yet
young enough to make
a loud, rude noise

Swing a Cat

sleeping on the job
can be so adorable;
around here, the cats
couldn't start to swing

without hissing a lawyer;
the issue was, your
understanding of water was
so large that you

always knew exactly what
I was talking about;
I wasn't always worthy
of my salary, but

check out the prices:
the cost of living
here is much higher,
and there are many

fewer moments of awe;
and, speaking of respect,
you know there's a
saying around these parts:

"that's a big apple!"
first time I heard
that, I almost got
hit by a truck –

Highway 9, animated sign,
you know, distracted; you
shouldn't walk out there,
not without proper training;

(dump that gargoyle statue
on your way out –
that thing is dangerous
and a public nuisance;

hold it upside down,
slowly relax your grip,
make clever use of
the Law of Gravity)

Queen of Keen

she was someone I
always quietly admired, jovial,
always joking, always laughing
ha ha ha ha

she was quite plain,
rumor has it, and
had an undercurrent of
closely watched moderation, or

“tubulence,” as it’s called
around these parts, right?
(hey! not my fault!)
eager to see her

on every reasonable opportunity,
“reasonable” meaning “not creepy” –
I never stalked her –
admiration at a distance;

remember what Jason said:
“heal all the wounds”;
ones just lying around
would mostly never say,

“never let me down”;
dancing around my disability,
if they unfriend me,
lurking around like clucks,

obviously not my fault;
outside the old house
{year, still, see, own}
was my pet owl;

might have troubled to
wrap my head around
that house, if she’d
let me do it;

finally I, too, realized
it never bothered her
to raise her voice
and sing a silly

Blessed

or *blest*, meaning *lucky*,
but with some power
beneath, conferring the luck,
so, “pray for luck”;

some of them say
all the little flowers,
noted at the end,
meet; don’t pity them,

owners put them there,
lilies break beneath them;
share some of the
frameworks or some of

any moves to wrestle
in different positions an
offering of the healing,
the healing and luck-conferring;

they had luck that
allowed them to stop
rituals that required songs
more than once heard;

you’ve got to show
the whole of every
beauteous star and blessed
shamefacedness for them; even

before they got it,
they got twisted and
they were embracing, head-to-tail,
like carelessly open-beaked storks;

the poor in spirit,
the first Christian visitors,
the knobs and softness,
not so long ago;

but he was young,
flower of his youth,
o’er the mountain’s breast
to meet the King

Descriptions

years on the dunes
near the tidal marshlands,
sites of Spanish borders,
now covering the first

major barrier islands owned
by one family with
things to do; best
islands in the world,

with tall sand dunes,
shoreline, sea turtles, scope
for activity, festooned with
festive family fun; also,

as though intentionally well-kempt
near well-known historical sites,
barrier islands, wetlands, foothills
up to high country;

triple last year's snowfall
(a forty percent increase) –
cabin fever sets in
like a visiting relative;

same kind of problem
to be solved by
some kind of ... what?
wizard? I don't know;

continue wishing, Christmas tree
in the pine barrens,
on the mountain's flank,
wish for your destiny;

an awkward silence, trying
not to rankle that
soft, liquid light we're
hoping to reason with;

we are on Mars,
a planet of wraiths,
little whorls of dust –
these *are* the Martians

Broom Closet

lay it over there
by the other brooms,
by the old brushes
and dust mops; don't

get caught up in
topology, don't significate the
treasured details; they say
tomorrow is another day;

it could be shovels,
rakes, hoes, pitchforks, wine-corks,
until the door flies
open and the mops

fall out on top
of one another; sorry,
those cans can wait
until we come to terms;

while there are many
appearing to slide out
over the blue tiles,
this isn't too bad

as embattled encampments go,
stability almost in our
grasp, fear almost defeated,
bare fealty almost assured,

all indolence wilted raw
under land so ill-reputed;
{very, house, me, did}
content with your feed,

as conferred by another,
a few chipped pine-cones
found in the hedge,
raw filet of sidewinder;

please do as I say:
take your time, but
burn those brooms before
the wheels fall off

Motorboat

I am a propagandist,
just as you are,
so let us think
afresh, what comes forth?

once we're airborne, I
really don't care a fig's
pit, let them think
I have no scruples;

the old men stood
dimly at the back
of the print-shop and
helplessly clinked some daguerreotypes;

others poked aimlessly in
amongst clumps of grass,
thus entertaining themselves until
the lawns were aerated;

still others kicked tires,
tightened belts, torqued bolts,
checked fluids, finally deciding
to replace the freeze-plugs;

they pursued local goals,
to be sure, yet
they basically went nowhere,
{how, go, said, back}

and, in the end,
as though by guidance
from an invisible hand,
arrived at lyric stasis;

so we will arrive,
and, in the end,
admit our loves' sedition
and our minds' subversion,

punching the extra pillows,
struggling with the sheets,
and, in the aftermath,
envisioning a wooden peppermill

The Real Problem

the real problem is,
dogs will eat anything,
anything that's not up
high or actually underground;

they chew real fast,
before you can react,
before you can grab
the discarded, petrified Oreo;

they'll eat chewing gum,
which may cause alertness
to improve at first
(we all know that

chewing gum boosts mental
focus); we know that,
but, in the case
of dogs, there are

some side-effects that offset
the mental gains; also,
dogs will eat wood,
and that's a problem;

you will not know,
you'll ask, "what's a
puzzled parent to do?"
well, cutting the wood

into small pieces is
one thing to try,
and this might be
something that people suggest,

probably just before you
start considering them as
former friends of yours;
or just wait for

your dog to die,
and yourself, and we
all finally take our
place in the sky

Vox Veritatis, Manu Iustitiae (for Tom Diegelman, a friend)

don't tread on me!
hey! wake up, dudes!
this place looks like
a god-damned animal shelter!

I got here late,
but I'll catch up;
what you guys drinking?
(it's cloudy in here)

semper fi, my brothers,
don't expect any less,
though we be apart,
miles apart, even years;

this is a hypothetical:
if I lied to
you, told one of
you ... where's Jerry tonight?

this old pick-up will
have its sweet revenge;
stayed up way past
midnight, way past noon;

let's see you try
some of this leaf,
with this stuff, you'd
walk into certain death;

you asking or telling?
hey! I'm just playing!
you gotta believe we're
on the same page;

when I look around –
so many steady comrades –
hard to think we
may never meet again,

sharing the same sky,
the same hard times,
the same *semper fi*,
live free or die