

Everything I Mean Everything

A Collection of Poems from 2010

Richard P. Gabriel

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I Could Not Clap

this year more of the past will make it onto the page
I'll explore the long form and see what Lux meant
when he said "you write a fine prose sentence"
it's time to start winding it down
I never meant to make it this far
any time will be when I go away

In The Hut Leaving the Ukraine in 1910

behind the hut under a rough wood roof
he found a stack of split and dried firewood
behind the stove in a can
some wood matches
by the stacked wood he found a small hatchet
he used it to chop small bits of kindling
and before it became too dull
he used the hatchet like a knife
to peel off some small curls of wood shavings
he carefully built a small teepee
from a couple of the matches
placed the curled shavings on top of that
then built a larger teepee of the kindling over that
in the iron stove
a couple of the matches were long enough
to reach the flame into the structure
with luck
the favor of God
some well-timed breaths and the dampers set right
he had soon enough a good fire going
after he had warmed up he started to unroll his bundle
and the wrapped sandwiches fell out
the food and fire settled him
he was tired
but even still he couldn't sleep well
it was a long cold night

Walk Across Country

in the darkness the country looked the same everywhere
certainly there were different fields around them
stands of woods and windbreaks
and probably farms and houses off toward the horizon
but they could see only the ruts, the road, and the snow
banked up beside it / sometimes they would see trees
like skeletons off to the side
or bushes hanging onto just a few leaves
and though he was certain the land was flat
it felt and looked like they were climbing a long low hill
falling snow made the night seem hushed
after another hour they saw a light up ahead

Heartless

making the long journey
is nothing more than the steps in front of you
for a while

even the sick man can cross the earth
if he can step
then step

sitting here her journey seems short
years of heavy heavy work
wasted years

wherever you are
the reward can't seem the equal
to the pain

Near a Green Bridge

surfacing the fish force
their mouths into the air
hoping for food not death

the river you'd think
would supply its own rippling surface
but it's depending on the fish

today a storm will drop by
cause the biggest disturbance
in summers' history

but right now the fish
are at the surface hugging it kissing it
later they will dive beneath the rocks of the river's bottom

Pit Incredible

the river's murky
north Germany in the crux of Winter
the river's a port
and soon people eager or anxious will sail away
to a rest cure for desperation
not realizing the nature of the fire

Smile and Laugh

one day you must get off the road
admit everything you've tried has been a failure
you cannot provide value to anyone
all you are is big entertainment

Two Lemmas

noticing is gaining more attention
hiding is taking a back seat
loving is getting a cold shoulder
looking is behind the curtain now
fun is crestfallen

Going Pray

I stepped up the stairs
of the white church branding the scarred
cornfields near sunset and the sky
half filled with high light clouds
froze white blue a cold blue and
it seemed so very high up so
far away and I was glad for my coat
my hat my gloves the heavy boots
because it was a cold winter late afternoon
and not many of them are left for me

Self Unstable

she got up and walked around the bed
in her panties and all that then pointed
at me and said liar then grabbed her dress
and split the room and I heard the door slam
and then another outside a car door and after
my shower and a hard drink in a small glass
I stepped outside into the cold winter air
and forget everything

Bitty Ditty

something of value
in my hands tonight
one bit of luck
in an otherwise black night

When Will It End?

what do we expect
when wrongs become rights
when air and water interchange
so much work to do and for so little credit

On The Road

Human's do not need to be driving cars.
When humans are removed from behind the wheel
only then will we be much safer.
Automakers are working on the systems to make
this happen.

I've passed my test not long ago
been driving for the past Month,
I can tell there is ignorant driver's out there,
whom they think they are good Drivers which they are not,
they should take their test again,
i don't think they will pass their test, DSA Well Done,
I was taught to be defensive whilst driving,
and give way,
these days Give Way ON THE ROAD
(Non Existence) Every One Seems to be in a Hurry,
The Other day i was giving way to an bus,
There was this Nutter Horning me behind me,
i let him past let him go kill him self ...
Its an War out their on the roads

What the **** are you talking about???
That doesn't even make sense.

I think the most drivers due to experience they might cause accidents
hence they assume to know each and everything without care for instance
driving without driving belt.

Stuff Sucks

as we move the technology
trays along the slide bars toward the cashier
it's clear the meal is wilting
and soon will be inedible

The Conference

cool and edgy
don't lose any money
don't make them print things out too soon
make it interesting
provide cool people to hang with
provide something to learn
new
edgy
all that

Real Email I Got August 21, 1995

Last fall I moved to Seattle and have been working on a new business here with a few other folks.

As of July, this business is on the air so I just thought I'd mention it here since I haven't done so yet.

The business is called Amazon.com Books, and it is a bookseller that takes orders entirely on the net, in fact entirely on the world wide web, and also ships worldwide.

I just mention it here in case you want to have a look.

The URL is <http://www.amazon.com>.

A Visibility

in this light
on her cheek a tear track
about to dry up
visible like a snail's shining
on the sidewalk just past dawn
tells the tale
perfectly
not too much
more than too little

Deleted

she is what she is
and the factors of her desires
fall out into 7 separate buckets
which ar

Uncivilization

cruel deceitful
liars racists bigots
closed minded
hateful what
do they deserve
do you think

When Losers Win

we go back to rule
by though desiring cruelty
who determine deserve
by money / I await their
downfall

The Sadness of the Continual Cycle of Birth then Death

after the road is behind me
after the sun has past its hottest height
when all there is to look forward to is all
that has long past
then the gait slows / the shoes begin to fall apart
the trees make a cooler shade
one that swallows what sits within it
my feet hurt / my back hurts
I feel hot / that cool shade
that welcoming backrest of a fine old oak
I need them now and forever

Meadows and Such

small pasture
what was here before
a small cabin
an old dump nearby
wandering
just looking and pretending
the old road from pasture to another
the old trees now down and gone

Last Rides

I remember driving into the sun
heading west out of Bakersfield
driving straight through from Carefree to Redwood
the sun just above mountains to the west
flashing through a rising fog and dust from the fields
being worked by tractors and workers
the view crisscrossed by wires and lines
and passenger jets jetting between SJ and LA
I remember being tired / getting hungry
I remember the passage of time
how I wondered what the hell people do here
on this road on the flat earth
with wires and poles directing me toward the light
go to the light / they all say

Progress

do you remember the apple tree
in the corner of the big field
and behind it the elms and maples
covered in grape vines
concord grapes / we'd pick to make juice from
apples from the apple tree
pear trees in the orchard
cherry trees near the coops
all these supplies and all of it coming
to an end for no reason but progress
now I sit here typing
that's all that's left

Cafeteria Sock Hop

in the corner of the cafeteria
as the band from Haverhill plays
their Fender guitars and Fender Rhodes piano
through their Fender amps and the drummer
plays his Ludwig drums / at the door at the corner
some have gathered and at erratic times
one at a time they start to leave
long time between at first
then more often / the band plays
their twanging songs and they sing
tentatively and you think that as the night
wears on they will smooth out
but only this: their voices get deeper
and the songs grow more melancholy
and those who leave
not matter when they leave
never come back

Falling Outside

in one corner of the cafeteria
as the band from Haverhill plays
Fender guitars and Fender Rhodes piano
Fender amps and Ludwig drums
at the door in another corner
some have gathered unexpectedly

at erratic times one leaves // long time between

at first then more often / the band plays
their twanging songs and they sing
tentatively / rasping / you think as the night
wears out they will smooth out
but only this

their voices fall deeper
the songs grow more
melancholy and those who leave
no matter when they leave
never come back

On Passing Thoughts Back and Forth

why gloat at the idea
you might not fall
as soon as someone else
why not sit quietly and recall the life
sit quietly and listen to the stories
quietly listen
tell stories quietly
to yourself
never use the shift key
again never again

Way Road

if only the touches
made it under the blankets
not just out of cold air
on the bench on
the out of way road
to the swampy park

What Happened

I saw him lying on the bed
his head at an odd angle
then his brother in law
shouted for him to spit it out
while he inserted the vacuum syringe
dying and doctor
while wife and sister sat on the foot of the bed
knitting his final cap
to keep from thinking
what's happening

In Cramped Room

in the other room he is sipping
from the stilling stream
he is slipping into the calmest
breeze / the last to leave are his quips
as if we were the ones wanting
comfort and we the ones about
to depart

England / Night / Rain / Clapton

the house is solid stone
under the light rain
that will hamper their ride
to dinner / inside the woman
brushes her hair / stems the tide
of age with applications and brush strokes
the lights flicker and their filaments
add to the age of the countryside
and the history that pushes against
future moves / somewhere
from another house the light
touches of electric guitar riffs
mark us in the presence
of the history of music

Away In A Car Away

heavy breathing
quick but shallow
his head tipped one way
for days / then the stops
the breathing stops
like line breaks making meaning
clutter into itself
shallower / softer
the breaks longer

he was the gentle
man / I not

the break now
goes on / the shallow
cannot grow

Absolute

overthrow despite their size =

46911118740600197471125938193942854308578999720621435843478595110140830271526

stewardship is known as

a steep edge on one

line station letters used are as follows

weather was an ocean swell

becomes the salinity levels

shows multipolarization modes and follows

thunder. or becoming driven

a large piece of freshwater

tolerates trapped iceberg pop

friends below (used by

him/her) are derived from the remote sensors

characterisations shows no system in place before

they called reflections to track

Upon A Leaving Time

well there he goes
she said as the suv carrying
his body away drove up the driveway
my daughter looked at her
these were her first tears at death
and the words she heard
chilled her / but many
things are funny
life for example

Acquainted

rain / funny sounds from the car
in a b&b on the coast
and trying to calm the trip
think of what to write
the manure spreader beckons

What?

the weird sound
like chirping
from my car driving to Pt Reyes
was frogs
in February

I Walked Slowly

a row of ravens
on power lines
mile after mile
above the bay
vultures drying out
their wings
ducks in long rows
above the oyster beds
I couldn't think of good things to say
but I remembered to talk fast

Alone in the Rain

the upswept trees
where offshore wind
pushes them inland
the downpour just sounded
a pathetic refrain on the roof
as I slept I thought
in the morning
nothing was solid

Among the Chosen

in the jury assembly room
people no one would wish
judge them sit and wait
subdued by boredom
and not a little anger

First Answer

in the cold night
in the cafeteria
one time she said yes
we stepped to the side
and danced / my hands
on the top of her hips
I felt then what the point
was of living

On the Eve

when it's over
throw me away
even before it ends
then forget me
soon
you will be happier
read what I've written
instead of the emotions

Google Says So

sign in to like this photo
said the corporation
to the viewer of content

Complaints a Many

day of talking
everything filling up
so tired
so unhinged
how and when
can I stop

Try This Instead of Love

Is 21 years of age or older
Loves to go shopping
Is fair and objective
Is ON TIME
Is very observant and able to focus on details
Is fairly intelligent
Has patience
Is detail oriented
Is practical
Types well
Is trustworthy
Explains well in writing
Is discreet
Loves to learn
Handles deadlines
Has full internet access (at home or at work)

Romance In The Closeups

if you watched closely
just focused on his hand
his fingers just reaching for hers
as they walked through the valley
of neon and blasting music
you'd see under her dress
her leg moving as she walks
as they walk and the delicacy of their finger movements
is a heavy contrast to her moving legs
carrying a body of substance
against the pull of the earth
the pull of her life

So Long, Sucker

they say the rich are happy again
buying art like crazy
paying enough for a piece
to have made that artist's life a comfort
instead they enrich all the rich along the chain of ownership
minus one / the one
who made it
the artist though will live forever
and the rich will die
just die

Slipknot

slipping away
lovers till the end
words to reckon a life with
trees keep swaying in breezes
hands slips into hands
those who walk walk heavily toward a bright sun
behind the trees / we find small paths
and move along them with buttery intentions
is there water beyond all this
so we may all drink

Passive and More Passive

all pluses
all fullnesses
we are alone in the positives
I can't shake the slowness
that has overtaken me
like in a woods where the sunset
paints an orange light
so unlike the sun
we woke to

Descending Twice

no one knows it better
than those left behind
that every minute you turn away
is a minute you cry when you're alone

Us and It

clouds low / getting lower
as the temperature gets ready
for snow after a week of simple cold
moisture coming in from the coast
off the ocean filled with false memories
as if something that isn't one of us
could tell us about us

On This Day

they will stand
one by one
some will tell tales
others will weep if they do anything
the music will be beautiful
but when it about to end for him
him for whom they all will gather
she faced away
from her fears and sometimes
away from him and now
I'm sure she'll cry over this
when everyone is gone
when the house grows large

UnKharmic

where will I be today
far away in theory
I'll have no words
because fatigue
perhaps an oversnooze
I hate to travel
but I love to be places

Yearning Till the Cows Come Home

here the samples
are tight skirts
over dark high stockings
layers of blues and purples
then living browns and tans
the contrasts of hair and skin
are increased / the labor of tall
boots seizes the heart and force
it up into the throat then into the acid rising
to the mouth and then out in words that either cry
the lament of yearning and desire of the little cuts of tears
and sadness / the claims to beauty than the most hopelessly
scientific artists can bear to utter

As Tinder

after the stinging iced drizzle
after the walk from one poured concrete
building to another we're in the student bar
drinking a sharp tasting beer with the Caribbean
music beating up our ears and then
the pixie with her curled mouth steps up
to the bar and orders 6 shanks
of french bread and 6 bottles of Palm beer
and with her grey skirt over black 'tards
she turns and walks to the beat
to her boy with her bread then her beers
and I'm left with ny feet on the rests of ny bar stool
and 40 years behind me urging my luck
to stay dry

Ask and Receive Quick

geek glasses but
a sleek smile and polished makeup
a laughing interaction with a yummy
guy over a cheap but authentic
italian dinner complete with wood fire
all I wanted to do was walk to her table
take her face in my hands shaped in prayer
and ask her her
advice on fast open DNS servers

In the Spur of Rain

she steps beside the puddles
her layers under her coat
defining her flare
behind her
the eyes of old remembrances
can look only
down

On a Boggy Day

the birds
these birds
fly hopping above puddles
then into brush and
nearby the likes
of a perfect day
goes on in other
bushes

In T' Spinnkopke and the Albanian

in the dark
of the restaurant
she flings her hair
toward one lover then the other
and the path between them
grows rougher
thicker
as the night lingers
then pops off

Memories Still To Come

in the long heart
of the night
while rain paints
streets with houses
the dark street now black
and shiny against the heels
of boots aiming for home
or lovers in warm flats
draws the lines anyone
must obey / where will
she sleep after her layered tops
and clinging pants are off
and piled on yours on the flat floor
and everything that seemed slow
now adopts a greased pace

Everyone Forgets

some of the plans
need to be unmade
some of them need
just adjustments
but most of all
someone needs
to sing while we execute them
but not like killing

People Forget

some of the plans
need to be unmade
some of them need
just adjustments
but most of all
someone needs
to sing while we execute them
but not like killing

Blown Off Course

I admire the flamingo
walking across the ice
legs all a-backwards
on a mission of discovery

Simple Tasks

I started the process three times
it stopped short of true completion three times
other information is not worth mentioning

Clearing Mid Afternoon

becoming trapped
by a strong light pumping into a small clearing
fresh snow cooling and warming
at the same time
a sort of infeasible paradox
here by a rock
sitting on a rock
I've lit a fire even though
my house is only a half mile off
because the warmth of a small
fire in a small clearing lit by a shaft
of post-snowfall sunlight is the warmest warmth
in the world not rivalled by a hot fireplace
a hot stove / a hot furnace pumping
out tens of thousands of btus
my warm cap too

Truth or Simple

of all the pretty songs
the prettiest is the one
playing when your
eyes close

Orchards Teach Us of Life

in the small orchard
toward the end of summer
the pears on the ground
are filled with bees
the air's sweet
the light is getting down
into the beauty zone
the pears are too soft
for me to eat but others
love them / the blueberries
are gone and all the other
vegetables in the garden except
potatoes and carrots
and pumpkins too
I'm reminded it's getting
to be dying time

The Urn

viewed from afar
it's a metal vase on a Steinway
in a large living room
weeks after a damn shame
viewed from the couch
it's what's left and it's
not much / not enough
it's everything

Apostrophe Over Duress

atmospheric leftovers
a cautious glance at the tarts
here cream is unfiltered
unrepentent
the waiter brings a tray
coffee / little spoon / 2 cubes
then the tart
strawberry over a rough cheesecake
outside / the rain
women skirting puddles
european layers
as if the meaning were caught and in the carrybag
instead / I snap a shot
of the orange artifacts
glance at the dark hair
at the spoon stirring
then on to the lambdas and their
functioning parts

Not Too Good

no such nobody
singing in here
people downloading
music / can you
believe it

M. Metaphors

alone in my bed
the shafts of light
don't make it to my eyes
so wakefulness can't thaw

Father of Deserve

they are brownshirts
the haters of fairness
who believe luck is the rightful
father of deserve
I find them undeserving
unrespectable
the door is behind you

Then

you enter active dying
you think back to cool summer nights
lying in bed with a small breeze blowing in
you remember believing it impossible
for a day like this to happen
then you are back in that room
that night
you are standing next to that bed
and that boy
you start to tell him how real
the breeze is
then

Sitting

vigil
sitting by a hospital style bed
sitting vigil
reading stories aloud
poems
reciting names of relatives / friends
telling private stories
holding a hand
serving shards of ice
another dose
vigil / such a calm word
for the most violent moment
of anyone's life

Genius As They Say

little Mozart
his dad made him practice
all day with methods
he'd devised for W's sis
one of his gifts
was to incorporate the styles
and character of other composer's work
yes a gift

In a Dark Office

the tentative kiss
the pause
a more eager one
the retreat
then a return
but the lights are out
everyone has left

Hard to See

lying on the couch
using a tiny hole
between my pressed together fingers
to create a lens
I watched tv when I was 15
thumb middle pointer
it still works
and I remember
how fuzzy was
the color tv
not worth the effort for
the quality of the picture
just for the story

Afflicted Border

the border consumes them
down the middle of town
down the middle of the street
north-south the street goes
step across to NM
step back to TX
over in NM
a farmer is plowing rows
making a circle field
for the round and round watering machine
to water with finesse aplomb and accuracy
he's on the shorter each pass part
me too

Again No

in the end
no progress made
no worth displayed
dismay

Sentimental and Such

in west Texas
where the border is vertical
the fields are big circles
to make watering easy
north of town is dry quiet cemetery
pathways and benches
and a headstone long ready
someone I know is planning
to bury his father
this is how it is every day
all around the world

Short Timing It

the party has flung
I'm filled with dread
at the work ahead
needing to be done by
the end of the week
then what

Irregular Contributor

each leaf lets go
in the breeze it flutters
as it falls
each one on the ground
never to flutter high in the air again
but the ground
what a tapestry all the leaves paint
each one an irregular contributor

Staring In

thin maples on hillocks
a swamplike mess between them
bushes growing up in the wet bottoms
in winter it's a thin screen
hiding nothing
until deep into it
in summer it's a thick lace
a thick web
a wall of green
and I can be standing only
4 feet from you in the meadow
watching you
watching you stare into the woods
and never see me
not even just my eyes

Purdy

every day
I feel some of me leaving
hurry to describe
hurry to remember
write fast
and pretty

Well Being Unleashed

would you find the lovely times
abiding the hidden flavors
let's find the encryption
and break it with our trusted
hard nut crackers

Flying Low

I wish the writing were better
that the thoughts were better
my vigor was better
that I was worthy of what people think of my name
my endurance was up to it
that ardor was part of my game
guess not

False-i-ness

floor littered in peanut shells
the servings still decent but shrunk
the menu cut in half
the salad dry and its dressing hamstrung
the women 1 year older and tired
from not working hard
away from home again
my head is aching and my heart is aching
and I've decided this is the trip
of the big story

Calm Song

down from a great height
looking back
remembering the cool wind
spinning from point to point
sun on the far side and dipping low
against the purpling distant rise
I notice the cooling
the darkness rising
into my descent
it's a moment she
on her bed of birthing
could never conceive

Singled Out

in this light her eyes
single out everyone and separate
background from threat
she is lying in wait
she sparks then ignites
all flesh in her way evaporates
she makes her way like this
she makes herself

Sailing in Straw

walking the wide field
sun applied to trees
which crisscross it
my dreaming was a lazy dreaming
I pretend the gamut in my mind
but none prepares me for the women
who've wandered in and out
the colors their eyes turned
if I only I were able to go back
and tell that boy to look out for the one
with pale grey eyes who never looked down
watch out

Jerk at Large

the rude outburst
the angry rejoinder
how the day turned on it's head
as the clouds and cold gathered

Benson Arizona

she's standing behind the counter
her waitress clothes black with white
she's holding a wipecloth
looking at the man or boy
walking toward her but looking
at the family passing out tortillas
and she's smiling the way women
can smile an almost smile
and she's wiping her hands on the towel
he's got his red and white wool cap
baggy pants / rubber boots
his skin red paste
small but dark black moustache
I wondered while blowing on hot cheese
whether this is Benson love

Long Day on the Road

a man
a burro
a dog
an audience
a sunny street
some history
a gay short order cook
Tombstone

Clifton Arizona

the swift stream might one
day overflow and so
the town has built a kingkong wall
that closes watertight
across the road and across
the railway with ladders on the other side
like in the movie
so villagers can see just
how safe they are

Burning For You

simply what she wanted
filled the space between them
with a furnace she wished to burn in
and he wished would warm them
for one / two / even four days
and nights and
then be out of fuel

For a Little

all of them in my dreams
so happy I've noticed
shy in the max
all the paths are proving
to brew storms
is there something quiet ahead

Legacy Ideal

my name is richard gabriel
if you're reading this
I'm likely long gone
some would call it a memoir
but there isn't much to remember
this is a story about me trying to find out
trying to figure out / to come to an understanding
enough to calm the anxiety that fuels guessing
I came to be thought of as an accomplished
writer and computer scientist
someone wrote on the web
programmers and writers need to fall in love with language
learn to think logically
and come to terms with classical rhetoric
dick gabriel is a master of all three
judge yourselves
I find it not true

Daughter's Birthday

today is a day I should remember
I remember its broad outline
a significant detail

Chicks Dig Poetry

if she could read her poems aloud
no!
write them loudly
with heavy scritchies
with light scratches
then a wah-wah
a drum beat
like maybe the big clock ticking
down down down
you would know
no?
what music means to a room
filled with air mixed with breaths

Birthday Dinner Tonight / 23

tonight she seemed
different / older
confident / cognizant
like finally
a woman

Special

sometimes something
happens
that deserves to be forgotten
but one day an artist discovers
its memory and makes it

Diametric

the dream she has
is the dream I have
but it's not the same

For and Against

the will to live
what does it count for
how many blows
does it take
to pulverize it

Bugs More

something special
is nothing special
tonight

Love in Line

belt in hand
standing in line
ready to pay and then
I turned and
she was there
I knew the coming arc
then company of the last breath

+25 Years

at the reunion the couples broke
apart and reformed / a reformulation
of the basic laws of physical attraction
as the quarterback and head cheerleader
showed everyone how it's done when
everything is large and half the things are slow

How Which Way

house of joy
glum and somber
children playing and tittling
days in black & white
gay glad slow insufficient
think and decide
look the land and decide
search the stories
decide

Shattered Until

stumbled across a fact
another friend lost
something of me that makes no sense
I can't sense what it is
I am lost in regret
it's regret all the way down now

When Civilizations Clash

the streets
we walked along them
it was cold and getting dark early
we stopped and had a hot drink
in a dark café
you were happy
when we returned to our warm bed
we stayed there many many hours
this is how
this unexpected congruence
is how we can tell we're alive

I Am The Song

long nights squeezing out art
making every detail perfect
worrying about the far away city
and how it would present itself
was it after all all there would be
the last push for perfection
and all the rest pure cleanup
and self indulgence
the sad song knows

Every Home

I will still continue to blame every home
one sure thing is waking up in a dream world when feelings overflow
and not allow someone to wait for the next train coming
weakness is almost unbelievable

if they get away kidnapping every home
it's the sound of trees swaying in the wind
like so small you can not believe even the end of the journey
because it is unreliable

I know what to look for
a home to return to and walk along this road
to talk a little something there
to go take rain flowers
severe views of how much you swallowed by shadows at night
why their wish is without every home
protect yourself for sure
I'll sleep next to someone who has been in force
only to be gently goin' on
every home

Faithfulness

learning is hard
too many nerve paths too worn in
plus things go wrong as always
now to plan

Cover Story

sliding under the covers
meeting the body
the tingling warmth
for fun / for real
what began as the sun set
ended when the sun set
again and again

Memorial on DVD

to hear the memorial
for the man that came before
you and after you
in the life of a woman once loved
to hear the hole that you made
that you were

New Face Very Handsome

the patient received a new beard
from a donor as part of his new face
at some points it felt like we had taken a weekend holiday
everyone was so excited
three days after the operation
the doctors had to tackle the unusual problem
of the patient's growing beard.
we have had to shave him every three or four days
we do not use a Gillette razor in case of infection
so he has a little stubble
he looks very handsome

Cavalier

afraid of the meanings
of the small pains and loss
of feeling / one could say
the fill-ins are falling out
the lingering waking up

Harper

again I face the enemy
of common sense
and I am about to lose for the third time

All Leak a Joyful JJ

rainbow-like shockwaves
belching from the crater
like snakes from a can of nuts

Plenty and Favors

she has something like beauty
in store for someone
undeserving

Inevitable

she came / sat by me at my table
with her drink / she threw her hair back
her very soft bed / down
her warm skin in the hot windowed sunlight
later in the week the slowest kiss

Untrustworthy Parts

in she came
in through the door and she came
up to my belly but she was old
nearly as old as me
and she started shrugging
off her coat / her blouse
from that room I could see
the bed and the bathroom beyond
though I wanted to hold her
nothing I had was able to

A Deep Hole Nearby

after the meal is done
and bed awaits
the intolerable happens
the fragile happiness of ordinary people

North Light

outside the window the sky's
a smudge smeared by the sun's
just rising / red rows of strict houses
line the streets off in the distance
seen from floor 9
inside / in bed she is asleep
facing away / breathing like nonsense
this is the morning of our first night before
the cause of many sweats
several negations
she planned something elaborate
instead it was an every night thing
every morning's a smudge
a smear

Possessed

sadness is
the heart's sludge

Doubtful

lower
sunk lower
recover?

Telling

three mercury tubes
on a field of milk glass

Lost

soon a meaning
declines below
a horizon

Bang

to be pulled
from deep under earth
how cruel for the stone
to be filled with wonder
only to be thrust below
once more once the waters recede

Brussels Rainstorm

why hotels
why the cities
why the postures along the covered malls
in the cafés the old ladies drink their chocolated drinks
on rainy days while men head steadfastly
toward their work
and women too
streets blued and black from wet
the woman who waits for me wears
her jealous black coat and carries a folded umbrella
she seeks warmth
the wet

Lights and Hood Flags

the church is nestled
in a field of headstones
fog enlightens the foreground
all else behind is abstracted
I'm sitting on a bench
just barely able to see the church
the stone wall is right in front of me
across the way I see halos of headlights
a line of cars coming
slowly toward me

In Glum Time

down a sand track
off a secondary road
pretty far from a highway
in a hot deserty place
in early spring
a coyote has died
and is being pulled apart
by ants and birds
who will transport his mischief
by passings on and redistributions
to the populations of passing nations

Sleep Baby

too much
last minute
bugs too

Near Dark

the cemetery takes on its nighttime quiet
all the souls waiting for friends
for relations head back in for the night
even Huldah E. Oikle
whom no one has ever visited

Wind Shipping

irises finally
still alive after a winter
soil still loose and ready to accept
wind able still to flash the river's diamonds
warmth though reclining under shade
waiting for a better story
to tell

Time Works

yes it's wet and falling apart quick
falling down / making a case for forgetting
everything's moved out
awaiting the wrecking ball
the little that's left
grows littler

The Story I Told

the woman with the scar
puts money on her table and mine
says come
with me and walks out to undulating streets
and eeee auhhh sirens 2 over
and that's the last she says for 2 weeks
while I slept in her
bed
in her flat

No Evaluation

fairly minor
less fondly about it
not making it
copy semantics
bring 'em in
are you there
what do you think
low priority accept pile
not perfect
good technical / solid technical content
that's my evaluation

Exposed

the few are believers
the rest laugh
all the work done not worth a thing
the cost is life

Just Saying

chocolate Siobhán
just the thought
or was it chiffon

Irish Undertaking

let's make it clear
the supple way the throat responds
that the soothing notes of a sung goodbye
fill the room with the sound of meadows

Against It

I know you're sick
of the whining
I'm sick of whining
this is the effect
of too much

Odd Light

old truck sitting under southwestern sun
just a chassis and hard rubber tires
a steering stalk and 4 bent fenders
a contraption made crudely that worked crudely
we make better / things shine
we are remade and nothing better

This Poem

in the corner of the room
a woman sits
she has been reading but the night has taken her
she sits by a window looking down over a busy street
busy in the day but now night has taken it
quiet and unalert / humming from unfathomable satisfaction
the day was cloudy / sometimes it rained
rained hard and all the dust and wrappers
all the cups and trash were washed down into the gutters
and drains but now the wind is calm / the clouds
have scuttled away / the night has taken the rage away
a woman sits
she has been looking down over a quiet street
just one lover and another holding themselves upright
and walking toward home
but now the night has taken the night away
and she is reading

Repeatable

I noticed a big headstone
new since last fall
maybe a ton of granite
but white / light / shiny but not smooth
near the big mausoleum
standing watch over the whole cemetery
near where I'm standing
looking at parents / grandparents
behind me the spot I was born
ahead of me
yes / ahead of me

On the Ending of Lost

river running down to the sea
I'm resting on its bank
head on a stone
lying on my side
sleep attacks
river running up from the sea
I'm worrying on its bank

When It Seems Over

the simple piano melody
the violin going off / away
then back / behind are more strings
whispering chords
with the story over
what's to look forward to
mysteries and ambiguity
are all there are

(no subject)

be the next of kin
earn your bs ms or phd in psychology
free trial for 15 days
we give you free samples
I await your response

Sugared

something passed
I felt its wake
now the calm

Sleigh Ride Through the Carpathians

sled coming up the road
a haysled filled up halfway
bales in the front
a man looked down from the driver's seat
and nodded / I caught the pole holding the tailgate shut
swung up onto the hay
and after a minute mostly under it
on my way to America

Real vs Dream

imagine the dream
imagine its clouds and flying
imagine the puzzle and problem
imagine the water rising
the flame at your heels
the lightning striking
imagine the task you do
over and over and over over over over
now imagine today
or yesterday or any day
but don't go so far back
your memory is again a dream
which is which?
the one that sucks
is your life
the real one

Wasps

in the upstairs bedroom
the windows are open
a big fan in the next room
pushes out air which draws
air in here

the room is hot
dripping
I am still stunned
by the idea of life

the air coming in is cool
cut grass vapor comes in
so domestic and groomed

a buzz thrills the screen
a wasp outside
even at night
now I must check
the pillows / the blankets
wasps sometimes lie there
and sting

so stunned
I'm inclined to lie
wait for an answer
to come my way

Lost

a place with no now
a time with no place
something with nothing
nothing at all

Galaxies

tonight a wind takes over
leaves blow off and are trapped in fences
the window is beaten by branches and rain
birds in trees face into the wind to shuck it
their eyes are closed and their feet locked
inside under warm blankets we huddle
as far away as you can get the land is ice shards
and thick layers of strange metals

Nuts

the nuts are out
fresh on this year's trees
so much like last year's nuts
so hard to crack
but cracked nevertheless

Caressing

the invisible hand
caresses the head
we lie face down and weep
these are packets from lovers
and mothers
the circle from years ago
is small and is immediately surrounded
by dark

Adobe Sucks

anniversary
ruined by software
foo on Adobe

Not Too Far from Holcomb

on the plane
she looks at the ground
the ground seems to move beneath
and some of the designs for planting
strike her as whimsical
there are many colors
straight and curved edges
some things all the same
others natural
she's downcast / somber and unwelcoming
perhaps her someone is out there
or down there

Write I

no one is as factual as the best stories
they tell themselves stealing your words
right from the tips your teachers slip you
the night before you graduate
and become the greatest writer
stories have ever known

Blue Themed Restaurant

eating peanuts whole
no shells on the floor
no dust on the table
the guys are eyeing the lobsters
whose antennae are wavering
in a tank of cold water
the hostess is dressed in shorts and T shirt
her hair is the color of Polynesia
as her patrons situate
she stares at the heavy rain outside
her eyes wavering

Up and Down

too many birds
on a branch
they snap off
the branch bounces
the light shines
down

Deadly Fumble

right here the grass
is cut short and odors the air
showers tinge it all with every sense's
idea of green / heavy clouds
dark clouds and heavy storms
piles of white snow might seem cold
but these all are the threads
of poetry and all the best to you

Always Always

something is broken
a piece of equipment
as down and out as a heart
burned up

As Much as It Can Do

the river knows
its wisdom is simple
it simple flows

I Slept Away My Life

one by one I abandon
dreams that once compelled me
I once dreamt to be the youngest
novelist and last year at age 60
I finally wrote my first
my dreams were squashed by laziness
in this my mother was right
I got what I deserved
a long rest on the couch
and no achievements but bitterness

Bad House

one day I'll stand in a room
in a house far off any well worn roads
and stare at a wall made of black walnut
veneer and the carpet will be old and cranberry red
the kitchen will be out of date compared to
out of date and I'll hear her say we'll take it
and this will be the last place for me
and after me who knows what of her
but that was our deal

Snippets of Farmage

the heat has been blended
with grass and hay
smells rising up into the air
the hay tomorrow
will be in windrows
then later silage in the barn
the barn's beams are older
than anything

Pump Snippet

we had a pump on a small rise
next to the place a part of the barn used to be
a handpump that took a prime
and would spill the water down a wooden race
into an old iron bathtub covered in porcelain
chipped and rusted where the cows could get to it
water from the pump was cold and tasted of metal
or heavy minerals / it was the tastiest water
in the world / it was the coldest unfrozen water
in the world / it was the water I drank after long rides
just imagine / back from a long bike ride drinking from a metal
cup hung by the pump and through the orchard
seeing your house down the road and across it
this is what rooted to a place means

Bar and Cycle Mower

the mower used a bar
with triangular teeth
sharpened on two sides
and attached with bolts on the third
hooked up to a train-like piston
it jaunted back and forth cutting
everything in its path
we pulled it with an old jitney
it was called that was an old truck
with two transmissions
it even cut snakes in half

Snippets of Farm Smell

under the barn
is a stall for equipment
and a deep pool for pee
above it flows down a slope
into a wooden drain
just a sloped spillway with a smoothed over
dam running behind the cows
holes spaced out
the pee peefalls down
it smells really bad down there
even open to the air as it is
this is a barn

Snippets of Milk Shack

the milk house is just a shack
its walls inside are whitewashed
a pump pulls water from the ground
fills an iron tub with a lid
milk jugs sit in the water cooling the milk
the floor's cement

As If On the Same Street, Different Sides, Different Directions

the streets have been wept on and lie checkered by streetlights
behind me she walks confidently through the door leading to my flat
as she walks she doubts the decision and keeps an eye open for strangers
in my flat she folds off her coat and scarf and turns away so I can watch her
she's chosen a skirt that used to fit but she senses a sensuality in it
the scarf has left her hair creased and flat / it hangs to one shoulder
she watches out the window at the shiny black street
I watch out the window at the shiny black street
she asks can I use your toilet and her foreign question tingles
(in it she locks the door and tinkles / she removes everything and leans on the sill)
in my bedroom I work quickly to delete every drop of longing
the knob turns / footsteps light but quick / urge and relief

Curtains For Me

the knob turns
I hear it down the hall
what she expects is scented in the air
in front of me the big red panic button
unpushed for weeks
is under the curtains that frame my
perfect they say
view of the Seine
flowing under bateau oil slicks
snaking lights into my eyes
door creak
her shoes are off
everything seemed natural
what is that panic button
hooked up to?

Reject the Work, Reject Me

with so many
telling me no
now I start
to tell it to myself

The Purpose of Food

you are in every cell in my body
what happened?
what do I do now?
any suggestions?
what was your purpose?
why did you want it / me?
I've found an Ukrainian restaurant that I'm thinking of trying
I miss your hands touching my face.

Nothing At All

still wrapped up
more reason for despair
more arguments
more rejections
too tired to really write

One Day

I'm sitting in the den
on a sofa facing the window
that looks over the yard
and across the street to the fields
then to the west
in another room I hear her humming
a song from far away
a melody that romps ahead of itself
it fades and returns depending on her tasks
something will make a difference

Never Were

they will carry her away
they will stumble with her weight
she will seem too old to be a woman
they can't imagine her a girl
running with dandelions in each fist
nervous ripples for a few years
maybe some sentences that don't matter
then as if she never were
they call this part life

Moved

I wrote her letters
with no return address
she never looked my way
she's dead as they come

Night // Love

they hide
they rest
they cram between rocks
they scatter and float motionless
in crevices
under logs
in vegetation
even so inhuman
it's possible to love them

Goodbye-Ku

things I've said and written
touch me vulnerability
feel loneliness
precise search for the untouchable
humor words

Warm Summer Day

watching the fish
chew algae off rocks
I am ready
to sleep myself

Muddy Road

the sullen ride
the mud and sand
a swampy patch that grandfather patched over with logs and a cement pipe
it's the way they took him
to the hospital
and from how it hurt he knew
never again

Rose at 2

he had more than a Lisp-term relationship, almost intimate
their offspring and the total is—lambda papers;)

here the diagnosis on the person:

either the Rev from the nekudyshny, mind you
or Down Syndrome.

well, in general, yes—if we had six limbs,
we would hardly rose at 2, as well-handled was not enough,

here we go. A quoted—just your words,

you're just too lazy to make conclusions

I obviously need a power amplifier of thinking

Fair Fight

the writers all have talent
I'll put my sadness up against them

Eating Out: One's Heart

sharp burn on the finger
a reminder of failure
the scene wasn't long enough
to account for ordering bagel sandwiches
from the busiest deli in town at noon

The Meaning of More

around me fireworks
push into the night
into the sky
explosions / screaming / big pops
the city has no fireworks this year
this means the city
has more fireworks this year than ever

Belovéd TV

before I end
though
there's one last scene I know you want to read
like the end of a belovéd tv series or long novel
you want an emotional close
you want to see all the characters you love in a chapel holding each other
smiling
kissing each other
not that far
though
not that dramatic
here's the secret to this
the story you remember is the one that gets the closest to sentimentality
but still goes unnoticed by the critics.

Imagine Writing This; Imagine It's About You

wherever you are and whatever you are feeling.....I
AM SORRY FOR SAYING THOSE BAD THINGS
ABOUT YOU AND TELLING
YOU YOUR WORTHLESS AND TO GO DIE, ...
WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE
ME FOR SAYING THOSE THINGS.....?
I HOPE SO, I REALLY DO:o)
you are the first real person who understands me and listens
to me, I thank-you for that :O) I hope you come around
and give me a second chance at being your friend and maybe more
possibly ? ... give me that second chance if you want too

Or This

... I didn't mean to dump you ok, ...
3xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

... I am still here and YES, my feelings are the same for
you, ...

R, ... I haven't dumped you, ok :)
3xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx, YES, I did all of that too you,
...

... he has never laid a hand on me ...

... you don't, DON'T need to end your life, ...

... he's just very affectionate and friendly like that and
also as a friend when your day is going bad and you NEED
someone to talk to, he's your man, you know, he's the reason
why I haven't killed myself yet

Storying It Up

don't let him be just one story
don't let them all be just one story
if the stories are not accessible
make them
then make more

Where Did It Go?

summer passing quickly
only 1 trip to the river
the careful planning doesn't
match hoping

Berlin Long Time Ago

the street they were on was wide wide enough
not only for wagons and carts pulled by horses to pass
through but also for horse-pulled streetcars
filled with people / men and women crossed
in front of any moving contraption
that happened down the street perhaps
because they saw something on the other side
that drew them or just as likely
that what was on the side they were
on displeased them

Results

keeping it all straight
requires lots of links and notes
in your head or in a computer
the result is a smooth result

Afraid of Dying

I became exhausted today
on my ride
and called for help
the first time ever
it was only a little worse
than when I start to ride
after a long lapse
but I went up the hill
the steep way
I ate only lightly before
it was in the middle of the day
and I went a little too far

Left Ahead

there is no way home
story only is left
make it
make it
make it

Rest In Peace Awhile

in an unbelievably
hermetically sealed
spherical inalienable
maze of light and sound
seeing imagery expand
in every direction

Loud Loud CC

the being beat
the terse emotions
how time needs a companion
where the cloud could
meet the leaves
yes roads mean where they lay
flying off the ramp onto a bridge
then landing all four wheels on the other side
time to go

As I Had

something is not making the heart feel smooth tonight
I watched the sun like a hole in red paint
stick up the day and put it in its bootsack
I saw it all go porcelain reminding me
of old windows / I put my bare toes
in a cool stream until the finger fish
started nibbling the dry skin
still / I felt alone / the sky had purpled
then it clouded / it felt like winter
had backed up into itself

No Time

if you are reading this
way in the future when
2010 seems like a long time ago
the way 1910 seems like a long time ago to me
I want to tell you that my age
is filled with evil idiots
who believe for example
that no consideration or sympathy is due
to those who fall into misfortune
aside from what churches and jails
can provide / someone should help
these souls / I think God has other priorities

Kalyna Truss

the gray day darkened into night
that evening the chef prepared her a French meal
not long after that her face relaxed
she breathed heavily
when she had laid down her hair was swept back
her scar long and ragged and a pink lighter than her skin
remained exposed for quite a while longer
than her self-conscious self would have preferred
but the world kept on
if she had dreams
no one could say what they were

Ethel Tarbox

Ethel arrived and stroked my hair
while I cried sitting on the back porch
watching cows pushing toward the water tub
I must have said something to her
then she went into the kitchen
and started to cook / we would
eat her meal for days

Curses Her Work

she bends at the knees
places a sprig of fresh lilac
just bloomed from the bush
beside his barn
she saw two women
in the field plowing
the young one driving a tractor
the other behind on the plow seat but
they were at work
and never saw her
she could hear the shouts and curses

Augur

his intellect was small
his creativity nonexistent
his chances for getting ahead limited
to pure luck
dumb luck
the universe's unexpected little joke
on everyone else

Ill Certain

he removed her hands from his sleeves
rotated himself toward her
then reached out and pulled her close to him
he pushed her hands in close to her chest
then wrapped his arms around her back
he had her enclosed in his chest
this pulled her face close to his but lower down
he could feel her nose
on the bottom of his jaw and it was cold
this confirmed—to him—that she had not planned
a seduction scene and that it was ok
for him to be holding her like this
yes it was ok
it didn't mean anything

Ill Certain (Sort Flarfed)

his jaw removed her hands from his arms
his sleeves rotated him toward her
then reached out and anyone's hands pulled her close to him
he pushed her in it close to his chest
then wrapped around back of her
he was close her cold enclosed chest
in that his chest pulled her face to his
but lower down he could feel her nose
on the bottom of his confirmed—to him—
planned seduction scene and ok
for him to be holding her like this yes ok
didn't mean anything

Barn Unders

equipment under the barn is stalled
for a deep pool flows above pee
until it drains down a slope into just a wooden spillway
sloped smooth over a dam
running out behind the cows' holes spaced uniformly
the pee peefalls down
bad smells really are down there
even open to the air as it is
is this is a barn?

Upward Disturbance

the reading flew up
into the goof whose picture
on the wall signifies a great man
instead his smile reminded the most serious
person in the room
of a watermelon peeler

Listen and Lapse

who talked the lilacs
into posing for her poem
she has to sight read the packaged cream corn
to get the stream right of consciousness
that marks the canvas border
who could possibly be more alive
than the man on the aisle sleep
the living bobble head

Street Show

wicked clean and full of loitering
the streets' grime is pleasing
the skateboarders who
jump and skip across the bumps and bulks
before them / my eyes are trumped
by my ears

I Will Never Go to School

Ki-ai!
I will never go to school,
'Cause it's not so nice,
And it's just so bizarre place.
I just wanna eat pizza.

Bruce likes a trophy.
(Italian accent)I feel so bad for you.
I'm so good for me.
For me.

But I was paid to fly with you, Batman.
Why, you are bad, Phil.
And I can't stand the smell 'cause you make me
Ewwwww.

Where's the camera?
Oh my!
Fit you pants!
That's something
Eh, family boy.

Nobody's got shampoo,
So life is pain for me;
Now life is pain for you.

Wo, wo, wo, now wait now
I'd like to thank my mom;
She bought me this guitar and...
Jazz, jazz, jazz guitar for few,
Batman jazz.

Ahh, wow. Oh, Bobby!

Hi, wuss-man, we love you, batman.
Fat man philanthropy.
Well, I can't say philathro...Papa.
Pikachu! It's grossing me.

We might be the jungle group.
Jazz, jazz guitar for few, blah, blah.
Thank you, I love to be.
Ooooh, I once bathed.

You're the man.

Chaka Khan.

No one cares about us.

Look at my leg, look at my hand.

Look at my head, look at my guitar,

Look at my band, look at my head,

Look at my, um...

I'm Not Going to School

Kill You!
I'm not going to school
Because it is not nice
And it's a really weird place.
I just want to eat pizza.

Bruce likes the trophy.
(Italian accent) I feel bad for you.
I like me.
For me.

But with you, Batman has to pay to fly.
Why the bad, I smoke.
You make me so I can not stand the smell
Ewwwww.

Where is the camera?
Oh!
Customize your pants!
This is something
Well, the man of the family.

No need to shampoo
So for me life is pain;
Now life is pain for you.

Wow, advice, opinion, now, now wait a minute
I would like to thank my mom;
She bought me a guitar, I was...
While jazz, jazz, jazz guitar
Batman's jazz.

Oh, wow. Bobby!

Hi, this coward—human, we know you, I love Batman.
Fat Man fraternity.
Well, I can tell philathro...Dad.
Pikachu! He has loved me.

We are a group of jungle.
Blah, blah, various jazz, jazz guitar.
I love doe legs, thanks.
Wow, one bath.

You're the man.

Chose music.
Nobody cares about us.
At my feet, my hand Let me see.
View my head, look at my other
View image in my head of my group
My, speech sound, I...

Last Intro

ladies and gentlemen
poets and prozers
draw close and pay heed
hold on to your earlobes
fit your pants
I am proud to present
I am delighted to John-the-Baptistize
the ones we stop by the woods for
the ones the center holds for
the ones the fire-fangled feathers dangle down for
Michael and...
ooh can I say it?
Michael and...
ooh can you stand it?
Michael and...
ooh just write it
Michael and the Bustiers

Regarding Writers

behind me stands
a great writer and yet the storyteller
is ashamed to say it too
people flow through the story
then reject its structure
thinking that the second look
is better
I am ashamed to be called
anything

Self Infusion

the startling woman from flyover country
turns away from her reflection
stares in disbelief at the scale
because her imagined number is not there
she instead sweats out her brainpower
her talent her voice her swanky demeanor

turns away and sheds
her tears into a recycling pump

Summer Unfounded

will I remember the slanting early evening
sun rendering grass a dark shade of yellow
which looks like a light shade of green
at the top of Summer with a cool breeze
draining the midday heat
or will it seem like my youth and too far away
for any direct effect

Walking Alone in My Field Which is Long Gone

this is a year
I never dreamt I'd make it to
either devious age or self-infliction
seemed my fate

as I sit and write this
my thoughts are on how to find
more time to write
so when I leave it will be with notes
to those who stay behind

another year?
will a project complete?
progress?

Unlikely Bar

trying hard
the paths seem narrower
my balance fading
nerves not responding well
closing time coming up
last call coming soon

For Clouds

sometimes the lesson
is written and other times
the sky drips it into your eyes
the way you return the favor
when the walkaway happens

Field With Cow

alone in the field
the cow's neck is permanently
stretched to the ground
teeth grab pull grind
it's just a cow you say
I say it's only a cow
but a lone cow in a big field
eating her way from one end
to the other

This Very Cold and Vaporous Night

clouds of vapor
squirting from manhole covers
steam from vents down alleys
windows fogged over
in a northern city in Winter
the shapes are wadded against the cold
it's night and morning's afraid to open its eyes
I'm heading down a wide street still unplowed
lights cutting an orange path through the scattering flakes
still falling in the too cold for snow air
when the wind calms I look up to the only
lit window and see a woman's shadow
moving away / this summing up
of a life the next thing on the agenda

Dialectic

up at the window
a woman's shadow moving past
her silhouette on the curtain
down in the street
a man in the shadows past moving
his shape etched into the pavement

Riches

the beautiful woman looks
her eyes slide away

Airport Tensioning

the airport houses
temporarily
the unattended waitlisted
who wait and wait
listless and distracted
while their planes grow later and later
until the destination becomes a nightlight
a small yellowed window
a narrow street with debris / poor luck
an undefined sense ones hopes resolves
to welcome / but no time
I must get back to waiting

Too Tired Tonight

tonight my eyes are watering
from too little sleep and too many miles
the photos I needed I found them
now my knuckles hurt and it's time for bed

Around and Around / Last

I strode around the house
the cabin / the shack
where I first found love
a place I helped build 45 years ago
I touched it
I cried
I photographed it every way I could think of
all that was missing was the companion woman
to trail behind
to drop her eyes
to raise her hands to the sky
the gray sky knew what to think
but it can come back
I can't

Falling Behind

certain of failing
I've fallen into the habit
of trying too hard
then collapsing in horror
at the wrenching tweaks to self-sanity

Without Apparent Danger

the woman in the swaying skirt
approaches the dangerous man like an ATM
her hand out / asking her question
he points / she looks
it's just past sunset in urbancity
he steps back in the doorway waiting for his move
but when he steps out to follow she's gone already
from our car as we accelerate past we see her down the sidestreet
her skirt swaying / she like a normal woman
he looks down the sidewalk / into the street / behind
he stands hunched over / defeated / deflated / detained

Please Understand

two men
fishing on a river
late afternoon
using thick white fish meat for bait
heavy bait
when their hooks hit the water and sink
the splash is deep and reverberates off
the houses across
the speak Russian and rusty
all I can make out is
here / please / understand
don't understand
when I left they were sitting on the bank
below ground level
only the tops of their seed caps visible
green / red
bills facing each other
moving up and down

Cheap Wombats

darkness hides in the dark
under beds / above them too
it's worse with squirrels
they're nuts

Future Pilferage

the future looks like a bad version of the past
I am sick of trying to be something I don't like being
if only I could do what I want before the clock strikes 12
and moondrops burst

Traditional Salvation

after the sunset
writing this
auburn and orange clouds
over a porcelain blue sky
above pewter gray low flat clouds
hot / humid / green grass just mown
I am writing this
wondering why I can't be the sky
and finish what I need to
to say goodbye as many times as time
allows / just one day left
I need to return soon
I will postpone my goodbyes
till then / then I will speak them
until enough time has passed

Laughing While Driving: Guilty

she strolls from her house
(across from Sowicks')
to town square every day
from afar or if
you're a woman she walks tall and straight
but if
you're a closeby man
everything she has of note
swings to best effect
alas she's old now
and her best effect
is comedy

Flimsy

flying away again
leaving it all behind and the small things
falling apart / memory is there to serve
but lies / my time to write it is limited
by the need to live but to not write it
is the equivalent of the worst

Inconveniently Conventional

tonight there is no night to remember
the sawdust tastes the sampler and waffles
I've seen the skies bebuggered with spindrifft
the best words are the ones erased
over and over I find the twin rhymes
everyone ditches their covers when it resembles fluff
my age is inappropriate for my age

Chas Palmer

they smile
they seem ready for a long life
we could look back on nearly all of them
and the rest perhaps remember nothing any more
but they were eager kids then
after lunch on a cool day
sitting in the grass
standing in front of the school
the gradient from sweet to bitter

Servants All

when all the talk is of air fresheners
and the suffering of many makes wails through the land
the leaders of creativity summon their wits
to the side of the grave where many wait their turns to speak and lament
but when they alight the pedestal the light fails
their thoughts flee
the smell of the air freshens and the laughing begins once more

Finishing

sounds / dogs / light breeze / traffic
cooling finally
sweating all day
I wish I were more alive

To Me

so you think you're a Camaro
playing a part in a snowstorm
take the wrong way home
see if you get there
oh yeah day
girl by my side
I lie high

Intangible Writing

we are like a forest
blending together like legs
behind a chicken
I'm writing my life out
but sentences are limited
and I have no sense of structure
I'm pleased with the descriptions
and I hope just one after another will work
I want to make something happen
I stop writing
get up
get ready for bed
sleep

Slab

I remember laying
that slab / smoothing out the concrete
with a long 2 by 4 riding on the rails of the form
we poured into / long ago / 45 years ago
gone now / everything but that slab
additions to it / the fireplace
made from stones we took from the Swift River
the house above is gone / where I was first found
where some things ended
gone by my hand

Progress Uneasiness

Kalya easy

Powell easy

my mother / how to make her not like a mother

but like a young girl in the tale she tells

and like a mother in how she tells it

Sharp Dressed Pain

pain in the back
hard to sit / stand
can't stand it
hard to think through all of it
it came on slow
like a strain getting worse
I hope it doesn't lead to the leg thing

Underneath a Layer of Clouds

heavy clouds overhead
below them but far away
someone looks out her bedroom
window hoping for the call
the knock the whisper
and it comes

it's wrong though
but she makes do
she has prepared otherwise
but places it all out
warms up the warm places

later she caresses the cool window
drips of rain have splattered onto it
the clouds have delivered their judgment
I was only 100 miles away by then

Everywhere

now there is a memorial
not more than a mile from their farm
what can be remembered
is only on the pages now
and even they need to resist the sweeping erasures
the trains each day make between the two

All of It and What About that Rope?

wanted hoecakes
went to Cracker Barrel
where I scratched the surface
what I hoped for were quiet dirt roads
a homemade rope swing hanging
from an oak in the yard
dusty tobacco fields
unnoticed bullet holes in floorboards
and lots of food cooked on a wood-burning stove
grown on the family farm
all of it burned at the edges and inward

Impossible Story to Write

one day driving
a gravel road way off
the interstate in the SW
I picked up a hitchhiker
it was the last thing I ever did

Hate Begets

the stunning hatred
by the enriched of the impoverished
paints the picture of hatred
I will use on the haters

Not a Strain Not a Pain

walking beneath a canopy
of oaks no moon to sight by
I'll struck by how few steps
are left to my legs

Laboring Today

dope smokers next door celebrate
the victory of labor over business
years ago by lighting up from the fruit
of illegal gardens / there must be a truth
in here somewhere

A Team

once upon a time there was a bridge
over a river where many mysterious things
were left unfathomed and the meanings
of pieces here and pieces there seem to hang
from a rope from the roadbed over the toiling water
really which is laughing and really it's just water
anyway coming down from the hills
salt water coming in from the ocean
hidden just miles away but deeper than real thinking
not that you'd know it from the papers
which are disappearing anyway into the cyber
where words are free and only the idle
can grab onto the ideal of patronic living and making
I pity the fools who believe only in the pursuit
of happiness money

Parental Disavowal

as far as happiness is concerned
upstairs is smaller than down
we had our fun but then everyone came
home and the bottles were hardly hidden
this is what the weak get

Everything I Mean Everything

...looks at him each time her line ends
and his guitar answers back
she ends
and as his guitar ascends
she turns her back and away
nodding with the back beat
this I tell you is the secret to everything

Music Commons

everything worthwhile is made
the way good improvised is made
support in the commons defined by the song
with good individual talent and performance
so much better than a fist fight

Waiting or Guarding

I found her in the woods
lying beneath a tree
her head open from a stone
lodged in the ground and unmoving for thousands of years
I called help on my cell / described where she was
I waited by her
standing by her / guarding the spot
picking each leaf that fell from the birches above
off her clothes
off her hair

PLoP

small flies gnats really
bombing mosquitoes
the curving striding
path by the Sagamon
coming out after a bit
by the sunsinger
the readers expand their books
and papa del's delivers

Focus on Ideas or Focus on Food?

I'm too old now
to worry about arguing politics
especially in lilliput
where nothing matters

Technique As Discovery

I seem to work so slowly now
or my looking ahead head
is faster than my doing head
my technique can't approach my discovery
I am at the singularity that we exercise for
we exercise in anticipation

Black Pearl Sings

we had to leave
the play early
it wasn't so great
we spoke all the way home
of how to end it
and thus made it better
than any critic admits

A Sudden

the storm worsens but no one puts their scarf on
the wind picks up and trees tip their hats
the hail that otherwise would be swallowed like wrong thoughts
beats the green bridge toward an early repainting
the river as usual notices only the scratchings on its belly
its wide curves swell like youths getting ready for sex
I grow annoyed then weary from the many things that are too long

A Sudden

the storm worsens but no one puts their scarf on
the wind picks up and trees tip their hats
the hail that otherwise would be swallowed like wrong thoughts
beats the green bridge toward an early repainting
the river as usual notices only the scratchings on its belly
its wide curves swell like youths getting ready for sex
I grow annoyed then weary from the many things that are too long

Does It Represent Sadness?

he stood there bleeding
blood from holes in his clothes
from his coat pockets as he held his hands under them
catching the flow but instead all was wrong
blue the blood blue flowing blue
staining his catching hands blue
the puddle deepening around him blue

From The Dark

sometimes the night's so black
so dark the city is the only thing
lights / windows / sweet hushed conversations
behind curtains and under cover

See Or Make

two years horrid
in their back to back trance
their seizures of joy and spitting spiritlessness
I wish I could see it
understand it / instead I must make those two years

So This Is What Autumn Is Like

fries too burnt like their acronym
burgers greasy too
summer's almost over and the prime help's gone
near swamps maples are turning
women are wearing layers and jeans
what I found was my reactions to it slowing
wishing for rain and a warm chair to read in
thinking of what it will feel like for caregivers
to roll me on my side to tend to my sores

Autumn for Fools

moon up wind low
cool / cold
rain soon I am waiting for everything
to collapse and nothing clever
matters once more

Corner Cafe

many choose early twilight
to move from hard to soft
and it matters that the wrinkles fade out
by dark / that the colors in the skirt
grow vibrant as the moon rises
told it's better to watch with care
they choose instead to walk in delight

For Science

ashes flying down a night street
dust alongside it and motes of sand
from the bowels of a grinding under trucks
it all clings to the upwind sides of rocks and stones
could they be the ideas left behind
the loves / obligations unmet
some residue that proves interesting theories

At Our Dinner

say what you will
but wait your turn
and that should happen any time now
any time now
any time
any

One Observation

some of the best trees
are rooted in wet land
with dry winds above
and axes far far away

Another Observation

the fireplace sits on its slab
an Easter Island freak
the slab opens out like an unfolded box
everything I've loved is gone

Memory Like A Camera

strangely the camera remembers it
more yellow than I do
the water calmer / the sky more sudden
I am inclined to believe neither
because both are me

Unfinished Nightmare

the worst storm was late for hail
it blew a sullen note without respite
for an afternoon and a night
surfaces took the worst at first
later the limbs then trunks
I remember the warmth of the bed

Under the Lens

one of the lenses
grabbed the light as it flowed from the flowing water
passing under the bridge split from its upriver
alternative / I snapped and here it is
undergoing a strange sharpening
at the hands of imagining

October 27

how many took their radios to the cemetery
on my mother's birthday in 2004
so their fathers / their grandfathers
or mothers or grandmothers could listen
as the Red Sox finally won the Series
was it everyone who cared

Self Made

self-made man
a backwoods savant
grew up alone
imagined his own language
discovered and created his own science
with no one to help
built a culture of his own design
created his own city
his own civilization
filled it with people he raised and taught
and they made him rich
he is the self-made man
the backwoods savant
we are here by his hand
we are imaginary beings in his mind
this is the word he invented

Fabulous Montréal

many stories are fashioned from bitterness
the ones that happen in Montréal
siphon their excess from overcold air
slip beneath the river's current like chlorox jugs
the woman in the window weeps after I've passed
she hopes one day to visit my grave

Long Attitude

if you were to kick any pebble
it will have been dry land forever
red dirt will stain you
many looming arms await
as you move away toward the wet
along with this comes the season of sleep

Finer Details

heaviness the fatigue
lack of vision slow reactions
time is passing quickly
and the gap ahead is approaching now

On The Fall Road

two things are excitable
on a lonely road
we walk hand in hand and everyone we know knows
we are in love forever
the changing leaves prove it
the camera has caught it perfectly
now we are as separate
as x and anti
so far away no forces mingle
and what we are certain of
fails every test

A Great Philosopher Once

on the logic of drawing
history from ancient documents
especially from testimonies
a work that leads the dilapidated
mind to conclude that drawing
and logic are unconnected
and I will testify to that

It Has Come To This

The director of research at DARPA
Wanted his scientists smarter.
So he forced them confused
By their brains made infused
With the abductive thickets of Kafka

In The End

who is able to get it done
the explainer who writes his dissertation
or the jotter who code just the smallest thing
but it is the right thing

Along the Strand

sad about it
all the pitfalls
broken / disappointed
too much this time

Imagine and Imagine Again

when she was lying
on her mother's chest
day and night
I wasn't able to imagine
sending her email
like anybody else

Maybe The Most Disappointing

as each day goes by and I don't keep myself alert
I grow closer to the day when there will be no point
tired and weak
thought slowing and enthusiasm dripping away
I still remember when I believed I could be the youngest novelist

Me

who is willing to admit
that the common belief is usually wrong
that scholars and artists work hard
that scientists need art to produce
true science / that guessing and being skilled
at it are the heart of the matter

Furnace Heat

too many times and without many doubts
you wonder how the news can turn into insights
you wonder how politicians can lie without noticing
it's all just theater I suppose
and the hatred that goes with it
the lying I mean

Why Everyone Should Hate Them

one day a CEO pretended
to be a leader
he put his pants on differently that day
he tried buying a latté from Duncan Donuts
he wondered whether that was the right spelling
but he couldn't tell if it mattered since he
remembers distinctly inventing English
while his mother flipped the pages
each night but he remembered thinking
he didn't really need her and all those
germ-like chromosomes
he was self made

29th Floor

the lights are blinking
a little on a little off
I am certain civilization is out there
somewhere I think in the dark
but spiked by the colored lights
that make up how people watch tv
and all that stuff like that
in the darkness that makes
night cities torn from land

In Sparks I Say

at the pizza shop not a peep
not a look in the casino
or over the shoulder out the door
even the end is over
now the little caresses
are scratching from grown nails

Follow Through

when the night isn't
happy to see you
the dark will always open its door
and swallow you like a grave

Above The Fold

we talked and the news
was my going pro leaving
passion behind
all the ones craving
a leader weeping
for loss

What She Told Me In Totally Different Words

ready to quit
ready for the end to bloom
I want to just sit now and remember
sit remember and write it all down
not with one ounce of art
just the plainest words
poorly put together and sailing
my story into my childrens' disbelieving eyes

Among the First Things

the first thing is to worry
what all the women think
then fill the tub with bubbles
and step back

Unscrupulous

you said my writing
made the dirt circle around you
and the sky's rain
dry before hitting your face
how many of these are possible
and what of the stains
history made

Abduction

how does it happen
bowl of shit
no paper
women's room

Alongside the Short Ride

short night
tired to the limits of endurance
who dreams these things up

Aura of Smoke

saturated then filtered
final like flies fleeing
I wish the first way was wondered
first like big origins
and then wakefulness

At the Photo Trough

some pictures conventionally pretty
others abstract and conceptual
we fought for position
but only our large bodies were in the way
our attentions drawn divergently
the results could not be more
different

Days Ahead and Behind

in a day or so the day will be marked
as sometimes days are
important to not many
the birthday of a mother
long gone
but protruding into the mind
like a memory knife

Simpleton

easy to travel with
the simple notebook filled with flattery
never without it we are never without words
just remember / don't fall asleep

Maybe I Should Follow Her

she doesn't remember it either
but the day was important
94 years ago today
she became / though actually it was earlier
I recall my time in the womb
as a pressure punctuated
by a feeling just like stone should be
but if she looked like me as a girl
I should think like her now
all there is is her sadness
what an interruption

Definition: The Romance Is Over

first we see it your way
then we talk about dessert
finally we see it your way

Dreary Night

fixing things just ruins them
cut fingers / stuff not working
too much work to do
always and it's raining too

FrOst Apophysis Oxidizer Wine or Qosmic

don't get it this thing isn't working right
i just want electric sheep not Frost
will somebody please tell me what I'm doing wrong
I just want to download electric sheep

On A Day in the Gray Past

born when / a drizzly sky
dark at night / my parents
were scared but they went dutifully
to the hospital in the morning
a short short distance to her father's resting place
and later theirs too
she told me it was many hours
then the forceps
I bear the scars still
I feel the sharpness
fading day by day

Forging The Truth One Word At A Time

skipping along
dreaming of the long story
worried on words
shifting from finger to finger
and putting it all down
paper is what it's all about baby

Stupido

tonight in our land
the stupid took one of the reins
and soon the horse of our country
will circle and buck
as the dumb pull in all directions
and the smart pull in one
the Red Sox have won
so there is more luck to share

One Night Out on the Town

when you stumble ahead
what you need is for someone ahead of you
to be the pole you grab on to
today
is it you

Joyous Green

at the bridge many promises were made
joy whipped through the low branches
and overly green leaves determined
in late spring to break a record
when the photographer asked us to smile
all but one did / and that one would
except for the pain

At The Bridge

the photos don't show it
but the water isn't blue
it's a figment of some application's
imagination / and you
didn't think they
had them

DIA My Pretty

the regional terminal
is randomly filled
there are only sweets here to eat
people look as worn as the windbruised plains
hunched striated lurchlike lowstepping
or maybe
this is the waiting room
for casting a slow-move-zombie film
errr uhhh

Speaking of Drinks

at dinner recipes for infusions
blueberries / sugar in layers piled
to the top of a bottle
fill with vodka
set in the sun for a month
or this
3 gallons of whisky
1 gallon benedictine
1 gallon of lemon juice
or maybe
the absolute amounts were less

No One in Front

abundance under stress
versus scarcity
does scale fade engineering out
long-lived
long-running systems
can they help

Back Walking

the cold which was the air
pressed against her new coat
and she laughed while telling us
she was a 2

Furious Smirking

along the river
yellow trees blow out
their colors
but the river remains green
and a little blue

Is It Truth?

the town resists itself
fills its gaps with knives
but the cafe's food transcends
the bitter road and opposing sidewalks
that lie outside

Art of Fun

some of the images are colored
artificially by artists who hate
the world as it is and try to make
it over but there are some artists
who work only with color
on it with it over it
they are funny

Near Holcomb

sky's striated today
high plains / light cold wind
we've all heard what happens around here
where the cold and wind combine in November
hide when you hear the train
hide when the wind stops

For A Minute I Thought

will people gather and greet
will the food be fresh and made with love
when they all arrive
and walk to her reach and greet her
their hands held out and trembling
will I seem like someone to deserve all this
my pictures remind them
the work endure and strengthen determination
or will I end as I begun
on a drizzly dark day with no one around
nothing rising on the horizon

Is That a Piano

in the street
a narrow legged woman
walks and her coat
slaps her ass as
she walks past
my eye composes the scene
for a poem
for a photo
her gesture / the walk away
her target is any other
her scarf wrapped tight
her herring coat trimmed in black
fur and her hair in a euro bun
the light sky is limited to the hours
I can't imagine
and without the words
without the pictures
what hope is there but
the bench of wanting

Chappelle Restaurant

she rambles to her table
where she places her napkin
on her lap and forks rice
into her mouth before speaking
in low hair hanging ripples
to the man waiting for paradise

She In Her Private

now I've watched her pacing her living
room hour by hour
the alley reflects many lights
from bedrooms / from bathrooms
and from my point by the far building wall
beneath leaking pipes her image
dries my tears and wrings out the energy from the night
you'd think she'd look down
one day science will prove using the theory of reflection
that that and everything like it
are impossible

Steve Orlen One Night

one night this week while I toiled at things like this
a great man moseyed on with the muse on his arm
he wrote circles around everyone but none of us knew
because the music was kept soft the implications
imprecise and limited until the moment she took
him by the arm and the alarm
of great mystery and buoyancy gripped our pens

Put The Weight On Me

in Brussels tonight the windows wept
the inversion of heat and cold
dry and moist drew beads on every glass
men in bars paused / thinking they heard their lovers call
women at their toilets dropped their combs
and knelt as in prayer to find them
only those with pens and notebooks in hand
didn't heed the gentle ripple but instead
felt their burdens grow heavy / their share of the load

Offensive

someplace a kind word is being said now
about the name remembered most
the words spoken most
we get what we deserve and more
because we get it all
as it should be

Clear Lack of Meaning

I suppose back there it's still raining
that the drops from roof edges
remain constant in their attention
to their own details
what of the woman who fries her dinner
moves it to the table
eats it while watching the news near midnight
then washes her plate and pan / knife and fork
all the while stark naked
with no one thinking of sex
not even you

November 22, 1963

the day / in a pep rally for the Sachems
all wearing green / it was Friday
learning of the death we were sent home early
my mother and I watched the repetitive coverage
in b&w in '63 / I shot a magic marker picture
of the assassin in the window in the living room
with bbs / how crazy / then a weekend of funerary events
then everything went downward

Design Paradigm

lots of things break
some over and over
it's part of technology
which is designed to spec
rather than to purpose

Tripsic Durchens

A smart bird never dies in flight,
A semi-fish with whales never fights.
Don't peanut your coffee in the midst of blue,
Don't carry a gun that is filled with glue.
Pine trees and shellfish doubly refrained,
And the hobster that chortles will never crummel again.
Blonde glasses reflect orange snow,
No, Noel, you can't go twice in a row.
Myxomycetes with vigor anew,
Tremmled and throbbled all over the stew.
Ergo, Tripsic Durchens.

Just a Memory

the apartment living room was packed
bed at one end / table in the middle
old chairs all around / a bow window third floor
in the kitchen an oil stove still worked
and a small table / from there I can see into back yards
off the kitchen a bedroom with a high bed and dresser
off the living room a large closet
toilet off the landing outside the kitchen
always cold Thanksgiving / everyone talking but me
nothing to watch on tv
dozing / back and forth to each room
the photo of my father by the piano (gone)
the stuffed hawk / the cactus
why did I never think to bring a camera

Abducting the Past

not far from here someone else's past
is drifting around the bend
it doesn't seem so long ago
but the shades of colors have brightened
and the clarity of the water has made its differences
such as in the early evening just when it gets dark
the black water flows with a creaminess
that belies the rocks below
there is only one way to watch what happened to them
take the small facts and the short stories
and ride like a horseman over behind them
beside them and spin the past out any way
that makes it all fit fine with them and with you

Beginning the Drive

and so she drove back to the farm
—so many chores to do now
and tomorrow back to the factory
to sew overlooking the Merrimack
spewed in filth and what no one wants
—her only consolation in the ground
and he will only grow colder by little bits
as the cold presses slowly through the vault
and then the coffin / she was last to see him
both alive and dead and she vows to neither forget
nor tell what she's seen or what it means

On The Drive

after the stop sign she sped up quickly
and the cop behind the sign quickly caught up
told her she was going to fast and she said
“I was just getting going” and he said
“I wouldn’t want to see you once you got going”
and that’s when he noticed her dress fancy but
smelling of mothballs and the streaks down her cheeks
and asked and she said she was returning from her father’s
burial to milk the cows feed the chickens and bed down the rest
before cooking supper for her drunken mother
and he looked at her in the cool air and still twitching light
for a minute before stepping back folding his ticket pad
and saying thank you miss

Almost Home

she stopped by the pond less than a quarter mile
from the house / got out and found a rock to sit on
and from there she listened by didn't look as the pond
came alive with frogs and similar things jumping in
and the frogs making their sonorous low fragmented laments
she could hear the bats making their quick turns by her ears
and up the hill mostly orchard and chicken patch
she could hear the threats and screams in Russian
that would form the matrix of her every evening
for the next eight years and who knows how that
would go because like a frog hiding under a log
in the pond she would rather hold her breath
than let the world know where her bubbles
would rise

Finally Home But Never At Home

little did she know this would be the easiest night
her mother locked in her room and drinking
crying and singing songs from a different place
the food from the funeral was still out and she
placed most of it in the ice box and the rest
she piled on a pair of plates thinking one would be for her mother
she ate slowly ate and sipped from the glass of raw milk
she poured from the ice box and listened
to the cows complaining the chickens fussing
the leaves tossing in the light breeze and watched
the light turn perfect of photographs but she never
took any never wrote down what she saw or thought
and thus she sentenced all who came after but especially me
to create it again

What Happened Today?

today it was hot
we sweated
we walked
we saw the cassowaries
we grew very tired then slept
ask a better question next

On a Back Walk

walking behind her tonight
the air hanging sultry and languid
her black shorts highlighted her white
white skin on the backs of her legs
I was proud to walk there
even in the heat and soak
she will one day be proud of this herself

Dock Pissed

one 1/2 mile from here
Etihad Stadium
Docklands Melbourne
sometimes a voice is clear
but usually just a low rumble
and flash bulbs
and even over the dark harbor
it all sounds so Irish

Unable

not pissed but mental exhaustion
not able to take on 2 things at once
it happened before and took months to clear
I felt it coming and couldn't stop it
I am far from home and unable

Near the City Gardens

the crow spoke
loud sick caw
then a sweet quiet lament
from a tree whose type is unknown to me
on a street I never was on before today
in a hot muggy city I'll never visit again
but that crow made me feel welcome
even though his head was hung low
and he seemed to sneer
I found it an honor and a comfort
more than many would give a stranger
to their land

Dreary & Asleep

sometimes the rain is a blessing
other times it hurts like a quick cut
in the end all that matters is the color
of the sky and the direction of the clouds

Perilous Journey

the poem was read and the making began
from the light that made it into the room
a small portion was dedicated to clarity and positive vibes
from now on the end of speech is like a light that focuses too close
who will vouch for the sadness when it rambles past
and disappears into melancholy and then bliss

Syndrome

at the next table a young man
suffering from down
he would turn when the nonstoptalker at my table spoke
he looked intently then twisted his mouth
into a pretzel to signal the craziness he heard
they served him a food he had never eaten
he forked the food up to his nose then sniffed and put it down
did it again / again / again
then he'd turn to stare at the others at his table eating the same thing
and he'd fork it into his mouth but touch it only with his tongue
then fork it down onto the plate
again / again / again
then our man would talk
then the food would be smelled
then tasted
for an hour maybe more
why hide our thoughts when we could be like this

Is life Just the Universe?

yesterday Steve Orlen
today Dean Young
all the poets are dead or dying
it's the thing to do no
all the greats have
and so it must be de rigueur
but wait they all do
good and bad so this must reduce
as it always does to life

Deserving

the diners barked loudly
I suppose it was laughter
but I felt it was more an animal call
I started to yell like Fat Albert
hey hey hey
and they roared louder
everyone in the restaurant believed
the diners were crazy
for laughing the way
Fat Albert yelled

That's It Hanging on the Shed

hard trip from a warm land
to this / the dry plane air
made sleeping a raw chore
then the whole Dean Young thing
many problems with VMware and Ubuntu too
a bird sang a pretty song last week

About My Mother

she walked away from the farm
toward the pond they used to try to save her house
by summer the new house was nearly done
the builder ignored her instructions
and her mother's / on the day she died
she realized no one ever had and that on that
other day she knew no one ever would
for years she never cried
no matter when you think of her this
will be true / will have been true
in my novel that featured her
I couldn't get a grasp on her
I will need to try again
trying is so trying

Gotcha

is it my right to know
the lives my parents lived
or is there a right to secrecy
they have and have exercised
little do they know that my alternative
plan is to invent then for myself

Undeserving

there is a sickness in the land
I've seen it before when some claim
others don't deserve
but the some do
when even the undeserving agree
it's plain we've fallen off a cliff we never saw
but will regret until we collectively are nobodies
and all of us are undeserving

Somewhere I Wish I Could Imagine

down a long rained on street
sitting narrowly like a low row between two high rows
of displeased apartments
we could for example
imagine through picturing the women who live there
ignore the men / all they want is down by the water
or maybe we could find books filled with stories
that already capture them
instead I propose
we watch their shadows on the curtains
venetian blinds / on the drapes
maybe we'll recognize the woman who
madly walks nude all evening in her parlor
imagining she's entertaining the only
man we would find interesting
who dips his head in appreciation
after each sip and each swaying turn
while holding himself dearly in his
other hand

Portland Taught Me

science is laughing at us
we believe science is perfect knowledge
but it's our knowledge
and we have things like republicans
so we really can't talk about reliability
now can we

Furthest

if there were a casual way
to put it all aside and just
do what's really needed
light would complain
it all happened so fast

Closed

behind me years ago
I heard the complicated clicks
I didn't recognize
as time passed they grew louder
into slams
possibilities disappearing

Confused Night

I imagined a heavy rain
outside while inside
in bed I dreamed of luscious pastimes
but the rain grew colder and more insistent
each minute
above a plane slowed on its way to land
it seemed low and I pictured it
slicing through the rain
dreams like planes like rain

Don't Worry

a poem seems strange
only when you stop reading it

Give More

it's just a bridge
but the water under it doesn't think so
it's a destination
a place to return to
the pretty green color
the sullen piers piercing downstream flow
blunting the tide's upstream
while sitting on the bank
I've vowed never to stop
writing of it

Work and More Work

the wheelbarrow they've always had
is filled with bushel baskets
of pears and apples
now that it's October it's
time to move them from the barn cellar
to the new house cellar
handy for cooking & snacks
in the background a sadness rises

Together

we vowed to grow old together
we grew up
instead of learning to love each other
more we learned to seek our pleasures elsewhere
we had this in common
you would have thought it a strength
we cracked
we broke
now we've simply grown old

Art In Braidwood

birds 4 sale

\$666

apply within

trailer trash design

Disneyland Dream

something about the past
about the '50s
makes the mouth water
reckoning the best is past
the present stagnates
the thirst for being best
forces the throat to grasp
I remember when the prevailing
feeling was hope not fear

Framed

just think of the differences
between youth and old age
how little you can do about it
how much it hurts

Shamed

late / the hotel room is small but robust
I'm standing by the window
the cold outside has chilled the glass
from it a harsh sensation forms in my nose
below two people walk
their breath whisps upward toward
me and perhaps their thoughts too
a foreign city far north of anywhere
after a while watching the two walk
across the courtyard expanse into an alley
I turn and take two steps toward the bed
before remembering the strange body
warming it / lifting the edge of the feather duvet
I brace for a night of devotion

make sound and movements

hello

I am China dinosaur factory

hope that you know our product more

also hope that we can establish long-term cooperative relation

examine all the interfaces

connected to the 220V AC power when all interfaces ready

turn the power switch and then products start to work

there is an infrared sensors in the control box

it will going to standby when nobody come by after a regular working

when someone approach the infrared sensor

products will start to work—

Uncomfortable Little Hops

I watched her walking down a street
in the north of Europe / an alley really
made of stones for people to stroll
and she was holding the arm of a man
who walked steadily on the cobbles
but she I noticed this walked in little hops
even though it was raining
too the wind was rushing down the alley into their faces
her hair which was curled was twirling
but she continued to stare like pup love
into the bottom of his chin
he soldiered on knowing
one must suppose and I suppose
everyone on the street and looking down or into it
did too
he was in for one comfortable ride
later

Firefox All Wet

just wedged
sometimes a system
just isn't so systematic

Time and Madness

listening at the door
for one down the corridor to close
just as another opens
some other time I was sitting on the floor
in front of an open fire in an strangely
constructed fireplace in the far north
in a cabin on a frozen lake covered as was the cabin
in a deep layer of fresh snow and behind me
lying on the bed her head pressed against my cheek
from behind / her hair obscuring my face and shoulders
a woman is face down and naked even though the blue
is so cold it's ice and snow outside

this is about time passing
doing what we don't want
fear drives us using
a mechanism that makes no sense
and drived mathematics into the mad corner