

The Bosks Are Thorny, Grim, and Icky

Richard P. Gabriel

January 8, 2021

Contents

I Snare A Crow	1
Damp Note	2
Southie	3
Stone Wall	4
Gale	5
As Warm As It Gets	6
Oof	7
Hadley Road	8
Cobbler	9
The Talk	10
CA Aghast	11
A Dream	12
Prom: 1967	13
Eshanness	14
Milosz	15
Monticello in the Summer	16
Ice Frogs	17
Death by Hanging	18
Aside	19
Christina's World	20
Messages Outside The Bottle	21
Endings	22
Mainland	23
Solid	24
Urp	25
Quartzite	26
Klinefelter	27
Map of Chisholm Trail	28
Inked Amboy	29
Replaced	30
Angry Or Curious	31
Hate	32
Cry	33
Wait for You	34
Beautiful Red Lights	35

Shetlandly	36
Simply	37
Weesp	38
River Lane	39
Make America	40
Timeless	41
Snooks	42
Coach	43
Cow Come Home	44
Eyes	45
With	46
Loveliness	47
Luring	48
Chicken Pot Pie	49
Carts	50
Shetland	51
Bogus	52
Haverhill v. Newburyport	53
By A Voe	54
Apparition	55
Lunge	56
Sherwood	57
Coop	58
Waiting Their Turns	59
Hard Hit	60
Lazy Kid	61
Left Behind	62
She Told Me	63
Good Time / Bad Time	64
Jesus Struck	65
Merrimack	66
West Side	67
Rare Catch	68
Gift Items	69
Help	70
Baz	71
Fears	72
Jealousy	73
Sunday Pandemic	74
My Father's House	75
On Cape Cod	76
Locking	77
O	78
Bad Ditch	79
Like A Desert	80

Deadly	81
Darkness	82
Weesp Dreaming	83
Shetlandic	84
Wind Whip	85
Stanydale	86
River Day	87
Near Bakota	88
Hammering	89
Not Too Fast	90
She Was Your Stone	91
Not Too Fast	92
Circle	93
Right?	94
Music	95
Singularity	96
Otter	97
The Rump	98
The Only 's	99
Barbara Ryan	100
Church and Chapel	101
L P. D.	102
Ferrying	103
Rivers On Water	104
Hildasay	105
Hacking	106
Hacking More	107
Lerwick Harbor	108
Ringo	109
Gone	110
The Afterthought of Love	111
Lerwick Fog	112
Unst	113
Asia Inspired	114
Stoppage	115
Meredith	116
Inversion	117
West Williams	118
Lie And Wait	119
Looking Afar	120
Espresso Bar	121
Jasmine Knutson	122
Losing Is Not Hard To Do	123
Pie	124
50 in 50 end	125

Notan	126
Murray Cooper from Fetlar	127
Our Private Trash Heap	128
A Colourful Volley of Abuse	129
Scud	130
-Be	131
Pure Convex	132
How	133
Know Her	134
Hellar	135
Great	136
Tic	137
Tac	138
Staging	139
Toe	140
Train All Night	141
Melancholy	142
Baked and Boiled	143
With Kathy	144
Out West	145
In From The Sea	146
Shiloh	147
On A Summer's Day	148
Cucumber	149
Five Lights	150
Limitless	151
TOS	152
Guitars	153
D'John	154
Uki	155
Bit??	156
On Thinking About A Chippy	157
Gitche Gumee	158
Feather Duster	159
Calm Waters	160
HOPL IV	161
Whittier Lies Here	162
Every Bond	163
Veluzat	164
Great Ness	165
Noticed	166
Shetland	167
Waltz To Illinois	168
Peter's Store	169
Ugh	170

Silja	171
Hadley Road	172
Daughter	173
Near Mojave	174
Wrong House	175
Easy Feeling	176
Up Up and Away	177
Hopiikwa 622	178
Hopiikwa 296	179
Hopiikwa 410	180
Hopiikwa 91	181
Simple	182
Hopiikwa 512	183
Reject	184
Reject & Shun	185
Hey Baby	186
Nil	187
Tiny Ideas	188
Hrossey	189
Fear Full	190
Done	191
Street Dust	192
The Light	193
Bad Luck	194
Storm Day	195
Homeless with Clear Air	196
Form Language	197
As If a Priest	198
One or Two	199
Such Colors	200
Autumn Night in Japan	201
Sheltered Harvest	202
Mountain Past	203
Chocorua Mountain Highway	204
Crimson Leaves	205
Stone Dark	206
Skaw	207
Narrowing Road	208
Hey	209
Past Out Skerries	210
Sky Paths	211
Puzzle	212
Herbs	213
Mountainous	214
Light Fall	215

Impossible Gap	216
Grief!	217
Storm and Destruction	218
Moon Viewing	219
Brocade	220
Mount Rendezvous	221
Past Snowfall	222
Meadow Near	223
Worst Ever	224
Whiteness	225
In The Sunrise	226
Light or White	227
Many, Strong, Narrow, Shallow, Red	228
Chaos Scattering	229
Merrimac Town	230
Perfume	231
Moon Rest	232
Autumn Field	233
She Hate Me	234
Bamboo Hidden	235
Give Away	236
Boxed	237
Tear-Soaked Sleeves	238
Afterwards	239
Good Always	240
Expectations	241
Downstream	242
Layered Creeping Vines	243
Slamming A Spire	244
Lively Fire and Lovely	245
A Deal With God	246
Artemisia Vulgaris or Mugwort	247
Dawn Paints	248
Alone Ness	249
After Touch	250
In A Narrow Valley	251
Memories Last	252
On My Street	253
The Farm / A Field	254
Until	255
Obscurity	256
Eight Then Nine	257
Or A Gate	258
Card	259
Fish And Mist	260

Wet and Rotten	261
Don't We	262
Pointless	263
After She Left	264
A Brutal Gust	265
And You?	266
In The Evening	267
You Beach	268
Don't Dare	269
A Place	270
Your Promise	271
Indistinguishable	272
Trust	273
Crow Sounds	274
Darkening Shetland	275
She	276
Daybreak	277
Mortal Life	278
Stags and Others	279
Now As Then	280
Anxious	281
Surrender	282
With Sadness Comes	283
Near a Cold Bay	284
Strands	285
Pearls	286
Past Summer	287
Ever In Repose	288
How It Might End	289
Persistence	290
Wet and White	291
Forked River	292
Long Red Road	293
And Then He Found Me	294
Above a Harbor	295
Near Vidlin	296
When All Is Said / Sad	297
That Only Road	298
Hero	299
Northern Time	300
Di Prima's Gift (1934–2020)	301
Olden Glass	302
Snow / Eyes	303
Eyes / Snow	304
Birthdays Far Away	305

No More	306
Time To Read	307
Too Afraid To Watch	308
Walk	309
Saying No	310
L'Anguish	311
This	312
She Who?	313
Promised Land	314
Sentenced To Love	315
Blinding	316
St Olaf's Kirk	317
Not Real	318
Leaving	319
Underland	320
Lerwick Looking	321
Just Say It	322
Off The Coast	323
Baz	324
Almost Winter	325
Eshaness In November	326
Kolyma Highway	327
What Is A Brain For?	328
Black Water	329
What Can This Mean?	330
My Other	331
1007 South Cottage Grove	332
Long Ago Boat	333
Character	334
Onward! Hacking	335
Needs Fixed	336
Still	337
Standbye Mode	338
Willing or Not	339
Boyhood Fantasy	340
Town Square	341
Givens	342
Time Attacks	343
Strange Mysteries	344
Ferry Crossing	345
Lawsuits	346
Steamed	347
Huxter Whalsay	348
Farm Pond	349
Cold Separation	350

Perfect Day 351
Strokes 352
Wang's Table 353
Ohio 354
Surviving Winter 355
In Winter 356
Not Me 357
Christmas Thinking 358
Toy 359
Night Patrol 360
Reminisce 361
Freezing Problem 362
Leaving 363
Awaiting 364
The Edit 365
Last Couple 366

Wednesday, January 1, 2020

I Snare A Crow

holly drowns in a silent countryside
mournfully / willingly the ice locks twigs
wife / darling though my torch is woeful
I stop gnashing

Thursday, January 2, 2020

Damp Note

a damp note to myself
written on the newest worst day
I pled my case but who was reading
I spoke of birch trees
but not of woods
I spoke of the white bark and white snow
that was not my mood
I wonder how many minutes I will be remembered
I wonder sometimes whether anyone
will show up

Friday, January 3, 2020

Southie

we met in front of a space
available sign suitable
for a restaurant / before
we kissed we decided to have
a go so we rented the space
filled it with cooking stuff
filled the larders with veggies and meats
I cooked / she served
in South Boston / a good place
for a good place / how we cooked
was how we were / we kissed
as her long hair / her warm blond hair
came down like a zephyr after a sharp
sudden storm

Saturday, January 4, 2020

Stone Wall

I sat down by the stone wall
on the far side away from the field
that abutted the road
my mother's house across that road
I sat in the tall hay just beside
nettles growing right against
the wall / a hot summer day
in the 1960s when I was young
I thought for a moment that I
would become remarkable
that moment crept longer
now in 2020 it seems unlikely
seems it never was likely
seems like I never was

Sunday, January 5, 2020

Gale

I made her breakfast
french toast on the rayburn
outside it was a force 10
power lines buried so our lights
are on / windows set deep in the stone walls
she takes hers with tea me with coffee
today we read

Monday, January 6, 2020

As Warm As It Gets

we decided to nap
up on the ness south mainland
a dry day but sea smell and gulls
the salt grass made a harsh mattress
we slept most of the afternoon
for supper fish as usual at a poor place
we didn't talk much
didn't need to

Tuesday, January 7, 2020

Oof

the modern world
the simple don't work
I am stuck on a typesetting mission
pure hacking
evolution through error
foo

Wednesday, January 8, 2020

Hadley Road

the old cartoons
the old ads in black and white
corny and childish
me running from a bedroom to the living room
the old kitchen table along a wide hallway
transistor radio up on a sill
steep steps down to a half cellar
it all felt small when I was small
and now even worse I suppose
a place I could be again

Thursday, January 9, 2020

Cobbler

growing up it wasn't there
but later beavers moved into the shallow valley
of the creek that started on our farm
and built a dam / a dam so good
they built another larger one upstream
making a big pond covered green in scum
and so many beavers several lodges were made
upstream of that even more dams for the young'uns
every trip in Summer I hike to there
watch for martins and mink / check out
the raptor nest / maybe an eagle
I never saw a beaver / might have heard
a slap / but always the quietly flowing stream
exiting the dams and heading to the Merrimack
then heading out to sea

Friday, January 10, 2020

The Talk

the smallest place to stay
in Paris remains the largest
place a heart can pump

Saturday, January 11, 2020

CA Aghast

why is decay beautiful
it's not the decay of the man-made object alone
it's that the context / the environment
has grabbed ahold of the man-made object
integrated it into itself
built thing and world in happy confluence

Sunday, January 12, 2020

A Dream

I tried to stand out
that was stupid
I was a target
they called me one of the browns
as in brown noses
I was named Marullus
people thought I was smart
but more like perseverance
going after details
I suppose I came pretty far
from my roots / my farm background
but nothing compared to dreams

Monday, January 13, 2020

Prom: 1967

the pretty black and white
of young women and their attendant men
at a high school senior prom
how lovely / such youth
I of course never attended
because no such young woman
would permit my approach
now they and I are old
they let me approach at least
to talk / to email / to facebook
they forget the disdain
the comments / now it seems
they looked so sweet

Tuesday, January 14, 2020

Eshanness

we stood at the edge of the cliff
down to the North Sea one hundred feet
two hundred feet down to the ocean
on a stormy day and the waves were
active and splashing about / we
didn't know the sleeper wave was coming
the one that rose up those feet
and in the gale force wind blew salt
back a hundred yards / knocking us
senseless / then later sensible

Wednesday, January 15, 2020

Milosz

I found the Polish poet
was born in Lithuania
hence more on my side of the street
than some other sides
how much he took from his birth country
against his adopted / hard to know
now off to read all about it
in his collection

Thursday, January 16, 2020

Monticello in the Summer

wide streets in the small town
west of Champaign / we'd ride there
on weekends / didn't go fast
but persistently / it was when my future
was just a soiled blot where the sun
should have been / now I know it was simply
disappointment / looking back I'm glad
I couldn't see how it'd be
many ticks in the L column

Friday, January 17, 2020

Ice Frogs

we had our own pond
in Winter it'd freeze over
it would be my rink
a little stream fed it
with maples in the shallow
stream-entering end and I'd avoid
that part / I learned to skate there / alone
hockey skates and some of the other kids'd
skate too / we didn't limit them
50 yards by 50 yards mostly round
not too deep / which other kids
had their own pond
oh and bullfrogs in Summer

Saturday, January 18, 2020

Death by Hanging

the woods I walk through
to get to the beaver pond
is where a man from town
who'd moved away hung himself

you can't find the story online
the man's name / how his car
was parked in the Sweetsir school
parking lot / as if he didn't matter
hadn't lived / wasn't able to keep on

maybe he was right

Sunday, January 19, 2020

Aside

the things I could have done
come after me now
I regret the caution my life dictated
so I write the stories
I might have lived

Monday, January 20, 2020

Christina's World

the woman in tense repose
gazes at the farmhouse / the farm
outbuildings / around her every
grass stem / hay stem is perfectly clear
yet the cut part of the lawn is a toy
childish / they say she cannot walk
that to move she crawls / the house
is proud of its coast / tire tracks
fade into the cut / the house and buildings
are real / she and her stems are real
they are separated by a childish smudge
that is the foolishly painted lawn
what she wants / what she is

Tuesday, January 21, 2020

Messages Outside The Bottle

when a woman ends her email
with love to your wife
she is saying don't you dare
love me

Wednesday, January 22, 2020

Endings

under a rock
hiding from a life that passes quickly
making coffee the hard way
checking email / night time I worry
sometimes I hope for the slowly falling leaves
drifting to a forest carpet
and the hard to hear slight shifting sound
of rain on top of it all

Thursday, January 23, 2020

Mainland

a nice place to eat
Scalloway Hotel
one time I was so tired and overrevved
I needed just to sit quietly
scallops / hake / monkfish
she didn't get it / the wrong side of the road
the shift on the wrong side
pedals too close
constant questions / 15 hours nonstop
just a little too much
she was there

Friday, January 24, 2020

Solid

sweet halo of the past
sparse memories of trees and fields
future behind a curtain not yet visible
future behind a curtain / not yet visible
different things / future was never in my sights
I've had a life by now but looking back
nothing was ever on the horizon
just a sweet halo / trees and fields
dim dreams never solid

Saturday, January 25, 2020

Urp

a beautiful woman on a street
by a river in a city in Europe
she is well-dressed and of good fragrance
she was educated to be someone special
on top of a that a very woman
I was outside a café with espresso and a tart
when she passed me by / I noticed her
one-sidedly / as she went past
and for minutes after that my future
became a series of uncontrolled hiccups

Sunday, January 26, 2020

Quartzite

for dismal places
try western Arizona
all dry desert
good place for minerals
some places are all trailers
what can possibly happen here
except settings for horror
novels and films / for of all places
on the earth a poorly kept ranch
in Arizona is the most melancholy and uninviting
it reeks of everything unclean
morally and physically

Monday, January 27, 2020

Klinefelter

no recommended places to eat
no recommended places to drink
no recommended places to sightsee
no recommended places to stay
no recommended places to shop
no recommended places to enjoy nightlife
no recommended places to have a coffee
no recommended places to see art or history
no recommended places to do things outdoors
California

I vaguely remember a discussion about Klinefelter
California but I can't remember where or why

Tuesday, January 28, 2020

Map of Chisholm Trail

heading west
a Dollar General on the left
the road's made of concrete
US 50 east of Garden City
stopped at the Santa Fe Grill
about 6pm / met a girl I would
have liked to meet / something
about her said I can make
you a home here / we have
such a lovely cemetery

in the wee hours of June 10 1893
Bill Doolin and four members
of his gang robbed a train
one-half mile east of Cimarron

in 2016 the Southwest Chief owned
by Amtrak derailed / and Amtrak and BNSF filed
a lawsuit against one of the companies
in Cimarron for damaging
the rails by a road vehicle

Wednesday, January 29, 2020

Inked Amboy

#retro #travel #route66
#ipulledoverforthis #tourism
#urbanphotography #art #lost
#seekers #urbanexploration
#abandonedplaces #pitstop
#deserted #lostplaces #urbex
#photoshoot #roadsideamerica
#forgotten #urbexpeople #urbanexploring
#ig #instagood #instadaily #style
#amboy #visitamboy

the former Amboy School is adjacent to Roy's
the school closed in 1999 after the last students moved away
a palo verde tree east of Roy's on Route 66 was formerly used as a shoe tree
but collapsed in 2010

Thursday, January 30, 2020

Replaced

sleeping in a small bed
people all around because
we made it out of the desperate canyon
all we could afford was the single
room in an old old motel
near Flagstaff
I didn't know it then but learned it later
that starting that night
I was the less interesting man

Friday, January 31, 2020

Angry Or Curious

the more I think about it
the less I like what I accomplished
a disappointing life / really
somewhere out there was someone perfect for me
judging my their reactions
I never found that person
too afraid to look

Saturday, February 1, 2020

Hate

I sit by the bank of a river
waiting for cruelty to catch up
why have people fallen into such hatred
the river though stays the same
for now / until the sewage comes back
but for now the water flows as it always has
away from the heights to the most possible depths

Sunday, February 2, 2020

Cry

I'm too sad really
to write a good one today
or even a pretty lousy one
you'll need to research the date
to figure out the silly reason

Monday, February 3, 2020

Wait for You

a dark room
a large dark room
lights sparse on the ceiling
on the back wall
the room filled with strangers
grouped in pockets of friends
on a raised part of the floor
music starts and the sound is a mesmerizing drone
chill / I am the guitar player
I make the melancholy whispering whine of the song
but they all watch the singer
all eyes / all lenses / all ears
if I stopped the song would disappear
would anyone notice

Tuesday, February 4, 2020

Beautiful Red Lights

I've seen red lights blinking
at intersections of yes and no
I count how many stop
it's not good news
I noticed a house in decay
half down / rotted out the rest
moss on the roof
brush pushing out windows
such beauty

Wednesday, February 5, 2020

Shetlandly

what a discussion
beauty and things I don't get
sensuous curves in Shaker
are you sure that's right
all in the service
of peat heated stone huts

Thursday, February 6, 2020

Simply

when there was no future
we were happy / exploring
the harbingers of another day
having a woman with me
for the first time
when I wasn't able to ask them anything
and still can't
I knew I was destined for nothing
even with small dreams
pretending I could be someone
now every sentence I saw
is wrong

Friday, February 7, 2020

Weesp

brick sidewalks
cobble / painted doors
house wall exactly at the street
flower boxes and clunky bikes
every few streets a canal and bridges
right now she's just waking
soon getting ready / her fridge
too small for American shopping
a gas stove looking older than the street
out front / her funny entrance mud room I presume
she must think me the fool

Saturday, February 8, 2020

River Lane

by the river people live
their cellars buckle
in Winter if the temperature
and level conspire
an old place / an old bridge
in Summer birds in the trees
some dive into the river
fish up and down
I like to sit by there
sometimes I doze into the warm breezes
one year the bridge was closed
so one side was far from the other
of the river / some of the people
the rich have a saying
give it to me

Sunday, February 9, 2020

Make America

we live in a world new made from hate
all my life I never imagined we would
go backward like this / good lord
education didn't do it all
smart is the new dumb in my country
my country tears for thee
sweet land of misery
for thee I weep

Monday, February 10, 2020

Timeless

respected / ambitious / well-dressed
this is how I'm remembered
by classmates who roughly speaking
hated me / would I go back
I would but only to ask the questions
I'd bring them with me and the answers back

Tuesday, February 11, 2020

Snooks

my loyal dog Snooks
she roamed our farm
at night she'd hear something
run out barking into the woods
from my open window with night cooled air flowing in
I'd hear her disappear maybe a mile away
still our farm / she knew cars and tractors / horses
she'd walk or trot by my side / me on foot or on bike

she got old / my father got ether / just below me
from my open window with day warmed air flowing in
I heard her last grunts / her last struggles
death / then burial in a field back behind the back field
in a hole dug in sand
Snooks

Wednesday, February 12, 2020

Coach

we were on the cross-country team
me and Kurkjian / lazy runners
coach'd say highland route
we'd head out the driveway to 113
turn left then in hundred yards left again
onto a woodland path above Pentucket
after ten minutes we'd stop to talk
we'd pretend to beat off for a while
then down the shortcut to the football field
coach'd see us / yell hit the showers men

Thursday, February 13, 2020

Cow Come Home

my mother said I returned
from the back field and said
a cow is still out there after
they had all been herded into the barn
she said they were all in but I said no
she said / she said she asked me to take her
there and I took her out to the oldest
apple tree and I walked up to a deer
and petted it on the head / my mother
told me this many times

Friday, February 14, 2020

Eyes

prairie eye / woods eye
sometimes I have one
the other too
usefulness / clarity
complexity / ornament
duende / can we find things in each
I am swept up in the cleavage
I am sometimes unable to state it
around me moths are fluttering
something fluttering
I was jolted tonight

Saturday, February 15, 2020

With

snow and the deep woods
I drag my booted feet one by one through the snow
I head for meadows / places with birch trees
I find a place just below a pine tree
where needles are still warm next to it
this will be a last place

Sunday, February 16, 2020

Loveliness

warm and a summer day
I walk toward the swamp
because near are blueberries
I am playing alone
lonely boy
now on any day
I walk toward a swamp
not for the delicious
but for the thrill of loneliness

Monday, February 17, 2020

Luring

the lure of words
the way they flee
the death of some phrases
prompts suicide stress
I wrote some sentences today
I have forgotten them

Tuesday, February 18, 2020

Chicken Pot Pie

eating a strange meal
with people who are probing
the edges of sanity like a chicken
next to a fence near dusk
cluck she might say
the world answers back
butter

Wednesday, February 19, 2020

Carts

next to the food cart
a woman covered in silk
wrote in a small notebook
while I ordered a po'boy
shrimp wi'd savory mayo
she seemed sad / the notebook
was green and she used a stubby pencil
to write the world around her into a pretty bow
I watched as I waited
she looked up from her scribbling
just as my tray came out

Thursday, February 20, 2020

Shetland

we flew to an island group
far north but not cold
we didn't like to stare
sheep / fish
you'd think passion would rise up
no / not a rabbit was I
anyhow we drove everywhere
ate fish / slept nearby
sheep / fish
rabbits to go

Friday, February 21, 2020

Bogus

I could ride all the way
from the farm to Martin's
with my hand off the handle bars
even the short but sharp uphill parts
I could ride there in snow
I was habitual / I was in love
with friendship

Saturday, February 22, 2020

Haverhill v. Newburyport

at first I preferred Haverhill
I would drive its roads
visit its bad restaurants
many times on each trip home
I say home but I mean the place
that feels like home
the cemetery too / ice cream stands

but now it's Newburyport
a town I never visited back then
the restaurants not great not bad
a good bookstore / too new too made up
Haverhill is still derelict
and therefore I should still love it more
why / why?

Sunday, February 23, 2020

By A Voe

an overcast night by the voe
she wakes up and stands by the window
blasts of wind / later a sideways rain
she returns to bed in a haze
her hair medusa / she rolls away from me

the next afternoon when I see her
by the fire she has a book in her lap
her arms are folded
she stares at me intently
later I will remember this all
in a black and white pencil sketch

Monday, February 24, 2020

Apparition

I watched her come down her spiral stairs
night past 2 maybe almost 3
at first I thought her nightclothes were tight
then I wasn't sure
she turned slowly down the stairs
old / unstable
she slept upstairs / not me
I spent a hour wondering
was she dead / where did she come from

Tuesday, February 25, 2020

Lunge

not a day / we ate after nine
the smoke fell from the sky
I decided to walk to the pond
a dry night / stars lispig behind
the wispy smoke / I wasn't a smiler

Wednesday, February 26, 2020

Sherwood

the fields yielding
to a classic red barn
like classical music
such a cliché
one arm of trees coming in from the right
separating the near field from far
if it were my place I'd make small
shed to work in down in the low field
I'd invite stunning women
make martinis / write crap like this

Thursday, February 27, 2020

Coop

we had a small coop
near the newest house
my father built
an A-frame affair but short and squat
some farm equipment inside
like a hay mower blade and some buckets
I think it was a coop
or maybe just a storage shed
there was a sort of lip at an otherwise
open end / tarpaper all over it
the roof low and pitched to an A
nearly to the ground
what was it / who built it
why did we keep it for such a long time

Friday, February 28, 2020

Waiting Their Turns

on the side of a shallow hill
the men stand in a rough circle
the women stand with them in a rough circle
below / out there the sea pauses its rage
and sends its waves more slowly and more kindly
a voice low carries barely to each pair of ears
in their midst a simple box / a rectangle
carrying what's left behind and then when
it's time every man places a stem of his choosing on it
and each woman in her turn places a stem of her choosing
as close to the one they all miss as she can
because today is the time to turn away
the kiss they've placed is not a kiss of love
but the thing of dissipation

Saturday, February 29, 2020

Hard Hit

we see beauty then possess it
we write it / we paint it
take for instance a low rock shelf
by the North Sea during a small storm
the waves hit and hit / spray coming up
white from bubbles / then now and then
a wave hits hard and sprays the bitter grass
up a ways / the sound / the vision

Sunday, March 1, 2020

Lazy Kid

we came up on the hut way after dark
we found two open bunk beds saved for us
by my father's friend Roger
we had lost some food to a bear on the trail
a mistake of leaving it behind
finding it gone a few minutes later
next morning Roger asked me to bring back split wood
when I brought a small bundle he told my father
I was lazy / a robust blond woman made me
a bacon and fried egg sandwich / I had never tasted
anything like that before / it had snowed
the rain on the metal roof going soft was not the end of rain
but the start of snow / Roger said my sneakers were stupid
for the trail up Katahdin / we hiked back to our car
we drove home / eight or ten hours

Monday, March 2, 2020

Left Behind

I wonder is she
mommy or intellectual partner
suppose I was left behind
and just her for me
not for that
but for survival
food / shelter / companion / warmth
would she do what she needs
what I need
her place is small so things are tucked
if not enough blankets for two

Tuesday, March 3, 2020

She Told Me

the black shard-like shapes of bare trees
against a dimming sky as viewed with the oil-seeming
surface of a swift wide river behind gives her the creeps
it's where I started and where I'll end
hopelessness / the promise of nothing more
a black shard-like misery

Wednesday, March 4, 2020

Good Time / Bad Time

we sat in the corner booth
in an old bank turned restaurant
had a simple meal but a real one
she said that at least the place
was real / the food was not over
the top good but good / we ate
while talking / she always talks
we had come from the river where
we sat in a car chilling and chilling
nothing about me interested her
still we liked the food / liked the
place / liked the river / she vowed
never to return

Thursday, March 5, 2020

Jesus Struck

my mother was afraid of thunderstorms
when thunder followed lightning by seconds
she would go to the car and sit inside it
her husband / my father / said the rubber tires
would insulate her / she looked scared
our dog Snooks felt the same way
she'd head for the car when thunder came
she liked the back seat / my mother's story
is that once a lightning bolt came through a window
and hit a picture of Jesus on the wall above
the fireplace / when she was little / lessons

Friday, March 6, 2020

Merrimack

I'm alone by the river
ice clogged / up by its banks
even though the salt sea water
flows up here / big flakes
a wet storm / skies the way
you expect / we expect
warmth when it's cold
when the snow is piled on ice
piled on cold North Atlantic
water / where is she

Saturday, March 7, 2020

West Side

whetherering the croft
meaning understanding it
what makes one place wonderful
another almost exactly like it
a pile / it seems convention
doesn't work and myths are too harsh
I can think only of crofts in the infrequent snowstorms
the gales and gripping cold
who will grip next

Sunday, March 8, 2020

Rare Catch

Guilford Rail System westbound train
Waterville Maine to East Deerfield Massachusetts
crossing the Merrimack River
from Haverhill to Bradford
the railroad still rostering
three ex ATSF SD26s
two of which on this train
along with a pair of ex CN GP40-2Ws
we all took these matched consists for granted
and sadly even took the SD26s for granted
although by this time
they were getting to be a rare catch

Monday, March 9, 2020

Gift Items

they turned an old church
into store / first videos
then snacks and gift items
back then people worshipped
there but no it's a place
of over-abstracted nouns

Tuesday, March 10, 2020

Help

she revealed more than she
ever would have before
wondered why the man would allocate
his woman friends in slots
why he would write exquisite letters
satisfy her exquisitely
yet go home after a roll and a nap
how could I know
why ask me / this is not
a worthwhile job

Wednesday, March 11, 2020

Baz

hm / things don't sync up
it's getting worse
how to fix it
how to ameliorate it
baloney

Thursday, March 12, 2020

Fears

when fear hits the rules bend
loneliness / oh and the death thing too
no one's mind flies to the grassy meadow
bee-filled flower bushes / but to one loved
or several / when the fear is based on information
and not bodily fluids the head can hurt
our fears are like brisk waves against the pier

Friday, March 13, 2020

Jealousy

she's old / she says
not looking for anything
love bumped into her
puppy love roughly
you figure the pun
it's been raining all month
she is soaked / he's clueless
his idea of love is her idea
of betrayal / he's maybe
on the spectrum
she tears up now / can't work
waves hit the pier

Saturday, March 14, 2020

Sunday Pandemic

wet morning
boats at rest
taxis winding round
the light's not ready yet
cars at rest
birds though up and at it
people maybe are sick
they are anyhow at home

Sunday, March 15, 2020

My Father's House

a house made poorly
by a self-taught man
he used newspapers
as insulation in parts
we were poor when he made the house
he was not the most talented
but more so than me
the house kept us warm
in the cold cold winters
even when a well failed
we had another

gone now / a developer
decided to burn it down
start something else
what my father built had character
what the developer built had nothing

Monday, March 16, 2020

On Cape Cod

crowded in a house
at the end of a road
woods around / we are locked
in a trailer locked inside a fence
down a road with a locked gate
me / my dog
at night /scared senseless

Tuesday, March 17, 2020

Locking

small sense of a small doom
we don't know who will go down
we're locked down
we read and work / writing and thinking
I find it hard to worry but I take time for it
I note that the day is longer
the warmth stays hidden
I plan to sit

Wednesday, March 18, 2020

O

sometimes I wonder
whether my casual idea
that life goes on
might be in
correct

Thursday, March 19, 2020

Bad Ditch

a little ditch from the barn
through the orchard
under the road into our lawn
into a small swamp then
through the rough woods
past birches and maples
under another road
now a stream then through
a gap where one day beavers
will corral it then under a road
eventually through town past
the firehouse and finally into the river
where it will zigzag to sea
to the ocean to you

Friday, March 20, 2020

Like A Desert

the gap between horizon and sky
is more than twenty buildings
on end / the colors don't match
on the hill nearby a woman is singing
the words are in her language
it belongs nowhere else
if I return tomorrow the sky will meet the horizon
the colors will slip from one to the other
the woman will be laughing
laughing at me

Saturday, March 21, 2020

Deadly

outside my door
a fate waits
perhaps a bug I'll catch
which will do me in
perhaps not
I hunker here with some hope
I need to make it count

Sunday, March 22, 2020

Darkness

the camera pans in fits and starts
across to Bressay then toward the south
we see the theater and finally Northlink's berth
seabird all over / the water is calm today
later the ferry will depart
the darkness will triumph

Monday, March 23, 2020

Weesp Dreaming

I guess it hit her harder than I guessed
a lover who made her not special
she never seemed into romance
not since her age made headlines
she seems to walk to think
of all this and talks to folks for advice
though she's been married time and again
I can't help her / her world
so different so far

Tuesday, March 24, 2020

Shetlandic

I took a walk along a cluttered shore
North Sea by my side
it's probably raining but all I feel
is a hard drizzle into the side of my face
I know there's an island not far off shore
I can't see it for fog and raining mist
back in the little rental a woman waits
she's reading a book from the armful she brought
it never occurs to her we should cook
we eat out / same place every night but Sunday
when she sleeps her hair is jazzy
black under but white near her front
I dream on my walk

Wednesday, March 25, 2020

Wind Whip

the wide line of rain wash
hastens downriver past me
then past the bridge
it's a west wind that tells me
one way to go / I've got my window down
secondary drops splat on the back of my hand
resting just below the open window
it seems cold but I'm more interested
in the wrestling branches above
the last leaves leaving for the coast
I suppose / those that don't leave
plaster the grass by the side of my rental car
tonight'll be soup / across the river
some women sit and read / some of them
with stray thoughts of the good I once did

Thursday, March 26, 2020

Stanydale

excavations of sherds of Beaker pottery
flat-based pots / burnt barley grains
remains of sheep and cattle
one building contained saddle-querns and grain-rubbers
the better to grind barley

we walked across the field
from a wide place in the road
she ahead of me
people like us were once here
people like us made rough things

Friday, March 27, 2020

River Day

I made a day for us to sing
to wade into the river and sing
when the day came I curled under a pine
by the back field where the wind was whipping
my friend's wife went instead
she waded / she sang

Saturday, March 28, 2020

Near Bakota

where he lived is soft
a river with steep slopes
white stone and gentle terrain
watching films of it sadden me
why did he leave
how much did he miss it
I saw some pictures of a cemetery
near where he lived and all I
could think of was why wasn't
I there too

Sunday, March 29, 2020

Hammering

hammering woke me up
from a croft up the slope
hammering in the middle of the night
a hard persistent sound
I wondered about it so I got out of bed
I was surprised to be alone
the other side of the bed cool
I opened the door and the cold wind
pushed past me / above I saw
the celestial Charioteer
and its bright star
walking slowly toward the sight
toward the sound I found her
at the ends of my fingertips
she was warmly waiting

Monday, March 30, 2020

Not Too Fast

did I think it would end
the playing / the music
the marriage-like fighting
the way he would align things
all in his direction
did I think that one day
there would be no hey mans
or play it / that I'd miss
his unspecial playing
and singing / rap-a-billy
did I think I'd ever miss
how what he liked were the things
that must be liked / that were the right
things to like / not I prefer
but it is / Ron said once
not too fast

Tuesday, March 31, 2020

She Was Your Stone

Amber is gone
the strange match
unmade I gather
from evidence tiny
indirect / unlikely
Amber what a monster woman
she stands gleaming
in front of a window
painted a view
of Paris

Wednesday, April 1, 2020

Not Too Fast

today was his birthday
gone now / play it his cry
not too fast / everything I did a little wrong
but a strong support all the time
without him I never would have made it
I still work on ideas I had with him
he's gone of course
today would be his birthday
play it

Thursday, April 2, 2020

Circle

alone as an angel
searching for soft light
crowded as a river
flowing over smoothed stones
eager as night
crawling up background trees
lonely as the sky
way up there alone

Friday, April 3, 2020

Right?

they say now is not the time
to make art / they said that on 9/11
they are so wrong / they are so wrong
they are so wrong / really wrong

Saturday, April 4, 2020

Music

so making music takes
fingers in the right places
at the right times
then the sounds come for free

instead I listen to a song
from the North / quiet
some might say sad
the sky is tattooed aurora green
I am lost there

Sunday, April 5, 2020

Singularity

we try to understand
we drop confused
we worry when death will arrive
we didn't worry when birth would
tonight is the night
of most recent terror
I am alone / I tried to understand
confusion fled

Monday, April 6, 2020

Otter

even though the cams are working
we hesitate to see
blur from mist
shaking for upgusts
I saw a river otter
head to the small bay
they like the salt now
waves abound
a woman with bouncing hair
walked past just as the cam
started to turn away
two lonely people

Tuesday, April 7, 2020

The Rump

what a treat
to live in a time when the world's gone mad
dictators and a very general
red mist of hatred
we elected our dictator
thinking how fun it would be
to snub our noses at those
mud people / never worked for long before
perhaps it will end
before I die

Wednesday, April 8, 2020

The Only ?s

she says
there is life and there is survival
one can have beauty / the other?
beauty though comes from life
and life comes from survival
where did I go wrong?

Thursday, April 9, 2020

Barbara Ryan

I need to stay away from argument
anything I say will be an insult
I am angry enough to do something stupid
I need to calm down somehow

Friday, April 10, 2020

Church and Chapel

church on one side
of the top of a hill
a chapel on the other
the most holy of days
no one around
between them three crosses
different heights and weights
I made a mistake
a woman is walking from church
to chapel / shrinking her needs
we thought it would return to normal
instead this will become normal

Saturday, April 11, 2020

L P. D.

though we part
we stay together
the song rings on without its singer
heard then unheard
through memory and imagination
the air / the page
even fleeting electrons
from day to year to century
beyond life and all things mortal
beyond death and echoing realms
we are the voice and the instrument
the song

though we part
we sing together

Sunday, April 12, 2020

Ferrying

ferries less frequent now
cargo ships instead
on shortened schedules
bringing lots / taking back less
with the right sun
the right waves
a good angle the North Sea water
between two islands is as blue
as we imagine a good woman's to be

Monday, April 13, 2020

Rivers On Water

here's something hard to believe
on calm sea water say close in a bay
or near a city with not much wind
there can be rivers on the water
salt water below and say a drain
emptying rainwater into the bay
but instead it's onto the bay
and what light wind there is
or slight tilt of ocean from far off
waves will move that river as if
across a near flat plain
rivers of shiny fresh water
on a sea of salt

Tuesday, April 14, 2020

Hildasay

tonight just the freighter
carrying truck trailers
containers below deck
strong winds will try
to block its way
the 800 miles south
it goes to bring back
food and goods
another day

Wednesday, April 15, 2020

Hacking

sometimes it just doesn't go right
or I can't understand well anymore
then it's a long day or a long night
better ways exist I'm sure

Thursday, April 16, 2020

Hacking More

hacking went better
noticed another failed raid slice
mirrored so not fatal
I'll wait until a new computer
to worry about it
meanwhile the tide

Friday, April 17, 2020

Lerwick Harbor

the cams are set up
so late afternoon
in the right time of year
the sea is blue as Ukrainian Easter eggs
big ships sail out now and then
a few cars up roads to the hills
across the bay sheep and brown grass
even in April / what we long for
is long away

Saturday, April 18, 2020

Ringo

a sadness in the west
the Old West I should say
I found it on a old mule trail
not used much now
near Turkey Creek in Arizona
I suspect it's from an old feud
or a love lost in a gunfight
stories or rumors make hay of it
you sometimes wonder what
roadside gravesites are for

Sunday, April 19, 2020

Gone

the big dump was behind the back field
filled with rusted cans and parts of old cars
bedsteads and milk cans with holes and blood red
near a tree perfect for climbing and near a road
to a farther back field and into some good woods
pine and hemlock / some oak and much maple
the stone walls were all legit not perfect
like a landscaper's / some places the swampy
dips made the woods unappealing or the brush
too thick and I never went into those parts
it seemed then like I had years to explore
gone

Monday, April 20, 2020

The Afterthought of Love

bad news fog rolled in tonight
not the little cats feet sort
every cam was just white blanks
except for the ones close to buildings
the right thing to do is to head
for a donut shop and get some jellies
and a regular coffee / sit down
wait it out / perhaps with her

Tuesday, April 21, 2020

Lerwick Fog

I am managing my loneliness
by hacking my brains out
sometimes it's working
sometimes not
but the foggy days
don't relieve

Wednesday, April 22, 2020

Unst

the town sleeps
the fog finally has blown past
the woman who cooks sporadically
has decided to sleep all day
she is tired of all that reading
she like the warmth wool brings
and the old-fashioned peat fire
in the stove near her bed
which is near where she cooks
not so near me

Thursday, April 23, 2020

Asia Inspired

the word for storm
in some languages
also means destruction
the word for sharing
in some languages
might mean lingering

Friday, April 24, 2020

Stoppage

the loneliness of the writer
is not like yours
you spend it without company
while writers are caught
in small lies / writers are like birds
that push other eggs aside
like the gods who waited
until their tales were told
them vamoosed / like the program
that crashed while printing
the answer

Saturday, April 25, 2020

Meredith

she stayed upstairs usually
I was always there to see her
but left it to chance
I almost never did
in the end she told me
it was my pants
she didn't like them

Sunday, April 26, 2020

Inversion

I explained to her
the emotion / the sadness
on the musician's face
does not precede to sad sounds
but are caused by them
the unexpected / unexplainable

Monday, April 27, 2020

West Williams

I find it hard to remember
parts of the houses I lived in
like the mansion in Champaign
a staircase went up
the living room was sunken
with arches around it
the dining room table was large and heavy
the kitchen old and bulky
upstairs we had the room at the top
the bathroom across the hall
what else / not sure
an old place / Jocko the capuchin
lived here once

Tuesday, April 28, 2020

Lie And Wait

programming concurrency hard
even though we live in a world
of chaos and get by without
thinking / maybe it's because
where we live we can see
hear / otherwise sense

Wednesday, April 29, 2020

Looking Afar

the perspective is too long
the telephoto lens bringing
in the far up too close
so finding places on the map
nearly impossible except
using the heuristic
always look too far away

Thursday, April 30, 2020

Espresso Bar

the surging sea
I wait by the rocks
for either you or the high waves
once wet we'll walk back
to town for a lingering meal
followed by tea for you
something else for me
you decided to become another granny
in a rocker but since have thought
of the surging sea and what it means
to be

Friday, May 1, 2020

Jasmine Knutson

the Jasmine Knutson
sits offshore waiting
for the right time
to make Lerwick
from the Fjarå cam
it's an orange crescent
behind a far peninsula
the digital zoom makes it
close and big as if
life compressed became normal

Saturday, May 2, 2020

Losing Is Not Hard To Do

most of my dreams are about loss
trying to get somewhere
trying to find something
trying to retrieve something
it's about not being exactly
sometimes it's the large house
strange or many rooms
rambling / hard to navigate
and in it I search
loss really

Sunday, May 3, 2020

Pie

the complex bit of writing
not a poem not quite lyrics
loss as everything is
we hope everything that can
have a meaning has a meaning
the fascinating order
we cannot turn for long
away / it's the end of pretty

Monday, May 4, 2020

50 in 50 end

so there you have it
a tandem talk
a random walk
less survey than picaresque
we marvel at the potpourri
the comely / homely / and grotesque
we revel in variety
in purpose / mischief / art / and craft
we hope you've learned / improved your wit
but if naught else / you've laughed
you've cried

Tuesday, May 5, 2020

Notan

balance of light and dark
this is fine art
how we appreciate art derives
from our noses for dark / light
light / dark / I've had lovers
some were wives / light & dark
dark & light / why do they
all come to see me dark

Wednesday, May 6, 2020

Murray Cooper from Fetlar

got the surprise of his life
when his Zwartebles black ewe
became a mother of four
Avalina said Murray can you
give me back those lambs
I lent you / Murray said
give me a chance to wash
the black dye out

Thursday, May 7, 2020

Our Private Trash Heap

I remember our private dump
a little kid but I would go with
my father would take bags and boxes
garbage / trash 50 yards behind
the house just past treeline
just toss it on the pile
let nature take care of it
oil / bones / didn't matter
on the pile it went
the pile never grew much
nature taking care of it
animals too I guess
think local / act local

Friday, May 8, 2020

A Colourful Volley of Abuse

looking at legislation
concerning coronavirus lockdown
in Shetland I am wondering if trout
fishermen in Shetland could be considered
a special case

we belong to a certain sector of society
whose mental health is considered
by many to be in serious doubt

anyone who has seen us
at the start of the trout season
up to our oxters
in the middle of a freezing loch
with hailstones bouncing off our heads
will bear witness to this

Saturday, May 9, 2020

Scud

everyone describes nature
the same / like clouds scudding
makes them seem artistic they think
but it makes them into monkey
see monkey do / too new and it's
like an insult / except the wind
it never stops

Sunday, May 10, 2020

-Be

in May it may snow
in New England and pity
the daffodils when it does
the roads won't catch it
likely / neither the grass greening
nor the trees leafing
but a camera set right might
spot the spots of snow
coming down like down
down in May

Monday, May 11, 2020

Pure Convex

I saw her just once
the same time I heard a song
I never heard again
I cannot quite remember it
but I remember it was smooth
as a pure white convex stone
the notes swimming into me
as I waited in a waiting room
for my eye doctor
the feeling of both like the way
the world ends

Tuesday, May 12, 2020

How

we wonder how it's done
now you paint
now you write
we are told how to prepare the canvas
how to select the right software
what kind of notebook to purchase
then it's mix the paint
dip the brush / stroke
open the file / sharpen the pencil
tap tap tap

Wednesday, May 13, 2020

Know Her

the humble kitchen
in a terrible town
provides a woman
with a place to thrive
a place to be the boss
she will cook bread
using the same ingredients
as every other woman
in town / but all
will know her bread

Thursday, May 14, 2020

Hellar

when the ships head out the north end
of the narrows between Shetland and Bressay
you have to wonder what the wind is up to
or the tides or other boats or swarms of fish
or perhaps the boredom of a captain
who has always gone south

Friday, May 15, 2020

Great

I faced fear today
but it perhaps was dehydration
lots of water / now I feel better
I wondered what it would be like
to not be / no more nice breezes
by the great river / no more nice
naps by the great bridge

Saturday, May 16, 2020

Tic

even if you know everything
you might make the wrong decision
learning a lot from a simple puzzle
an example / I couldn't figure out
what day today was

Sunday, May 17, 2020

Tac

still not winning
getting the data structures
to line up right is not easy
then probably some kind of minimax search
not sure

Monday, May 18, 2020

Staging

the street scene
is it the streets and buildings
a streetscape / just structures
or is it the people and the street
a theater / a stage
for me it's a beautiful woman
walking away

Tuesday, May 19, 2020

Toe

after effort it works
need to apply a simple game-tree logic
need to know when a game is won or is a tie
the concepts of win / tie / lose
need to be there
the notion of a game tree
ending in monte carlo scores
or win / lose / tie for backing up the tree
then a random choice for tied values
to make the machine player interesting

Wednesday, May 20, 2020

Train All Night

in a sleeping car
from Zurich to Florence
Zürich to Firenze
after a meal in the dining car
we crept into our small wall beds
we had our own bathroom
they claimed
tiny
at different times the car would sway
sounds of towns passing
of train crossings
at different times a clunk
as we were disconnected
shuttled to a side track
voices shouting from afar
whispering outside out window
my small wife who planned it
loved it

Thursday, May 21, 2020

Melancholy

after the war
many weak were commodities
to work / to fuck / to be beaten
they said you did things to stay alive
even the beautiful were not immune
the opposite
along the far walls an audience of other people
cheer

Friday, May 22, 2020

Baked and Boiled

one time in Florence
the nights were so hot
no window / no fan
I won't even mention the absent
more extremes / I could not sleep
no one could / the next day
and the one after we'd see art
and palaces / humble churches and strange sights
the heat and Tuscan food unlike
the stateside idea of Italian

Saturday, May 23, 2020

With Kathy

Philo a dream from a greater past
I remember not thinking
what my future could be
I had no ambitions then
the present was fully present
I spent every day spending every day
I was not good at much
but some saw talent / they had it wrong
I was good at looking good

Sunday, May 24, 2020

Out West

lonely as everything
the plight of a friend
I can't help him
smart / educated
esoteric thinker
boring writer / boring speaker
he is on a mountain far
from everyone / lonely as everything

Monday, May 25, 2020

In From The Sea

when the wind stutters by our windows
after she's been sleeping for hours
I sit up and toast the mice
who've made their lives with us
toast in a metaphorical form
because when in bed the only thing to drink
is the glory of pouting winds

Tuesday, May 26, 2020

Shiloh

working slowly from puzzle
to solution which is yet another puzzle
like small typos / fix one
make another / move forward

Wednesday, May 27, 2020

On A Summer's Day

when the girl in the Mustang
with California plates rolled through town
Summer 1966 / or 1965 / we boys were laid low
we were Beach Boys boys and all
the leaves were brown
no gray skies though / we followed her
on bikes mostly but in a car sometimes
we didn't follow as much as head
the direction someone told us the Mustang
had gone / the girl had brown hair
we loved her in an instant
we expected nothing except to see her
how many times is this the ultimate
the dream of men / just to see her
clearly and not far away

Thursday, May 28, 2020

Cucumber

I always think plants are amazing
this is a cucumber
but I'm going to grab a fence
with a vine like the tentacles
that stretched out
and I'm going to go up to the top
and I'm going to take a lot of sun light

Friday, May 29, 2020

Five Lights

do you believe your eyes
or your heroes
there are five lights he says
you say I see four lights
this is the largest crowd ever he says
you say it looks small
with torment and torture and propaganda
over and over
there comes a fifth light

Saturday, May 30, 2020

Limitless

a hard twilight alights
ground up / I will grow alert
when the cold snaps its fingertop branches
the snow is ripped free and down
on the fields stubbled brown
when the road eventually permits sticking
the fat cars will sway like virgins
in brisk winds / I am alone
the perfect setting has a fire behind me
but instead only the dark of empty
bedrooms / I put on the kettle
behind me a bed creaks
soon

Sunday, May 31, 2020

TOS

in the remaster Star Trek TOS
the colors are bonkersville
perhaps oversaturated in the studio
to offset the TV sets of the 60s
remastered to capture the real world
captures the thoughts of proportion
made many decades ago
how we compensate today
will look like shit in 100

Monday, June 1, 2020

Guitars

we rehearsed every week
for decades / we never were good
but people would dance
we were a jam band because
that's all I could do
I was not a good player
but I played my own style
every song played different every time
small differences amplified
I would stare into the garage

Tuesday, June 2, 2020

D'John

what if we don't make it
what if this is the end
of our country
where will we go
what will happen
we have gone mad

Wednesday, June 3, 2020

Uki

I found out
that a small bug
is going to happen
in the bag / I decided
to get the compo out

even so
I'm going to collect raw
garbage / put it in
a con post / it's so much fun
to be close to the feeling
that I'm going to feed
my pet compo
wow

today is so much!
it's like this is delicious
even when it's uki
it's more fun
to be raised
than I thought

Thursday, June 4, 2020

Bit??

“unfinished”
the powerful word of “unfinished”
in this context is a blend
into a song
and it’s a bit
of a bit of a bit
of a bit of a bit
of a bit of a bit
of a bit of a bit
of a bit
of a bit

Friday, June 5, 2020

On Thinking About A Chippy

on the shore of a lake
or a river the panicked
find a place to sleep
listen to the water
lap or slide past
various sorts of across can work
the other shore
a bridge / I once saw a woman
lose her pants over there
the book on my lap half
folded shut over my hand
asks to be read or
its writer asks / I wonder
look it's just water
I'm words / which of us
is more like you

Saturday, June 6, 2020

Gitche Gumee

sometimes simplicity
don't work
don't cut it
don't fascinate
the simple is for the simple
something clean and pretty
is only pretty clean
not cleanly pretty
Longfellow wept

Sunday, June 7, 2020

Feather Duster

covered in dust
years of working without stop
books and papers piled
how to clean it
shelves / cables and me in the middle
the dull sadness that surrounds debris

Monday, June 8, 2020

Calm Waters

calm day / sun rising
the islands are slabs of stone
not a tree in sight
peaty grass for unhappy sheep
brambles and the occasional
winter snow / my lady friend
is from nearby islands
her ancestors I mean
this is what I tell her
when there's nothing to write
practice more or less
seriously she says
though the day is calm

Tuesday, June 9, 2020

HOPL IV

with luck I'm done
with that conference
that journal at least
a few years of very hard work
my friend though
will get all the credit
so I plan to make sure
he is the only one who can
how to do it though
is a question
he will resist
I have to sneak it past him

Wednesday, June 10, 2020

Whittier Lies Here

Whittier was local
buried to the east
born to the west
talking a couple miles each way
he wrote when poetry was governed
by silliness / when ordinary talking
was ordinary / poems were remarkable
Whittier thought / but he liked
the place he lived and I do too
something green and creepy about it
not like anywhere else
it is like me / like him

Thursday, June 11, 2020

Every Bond

she came to our house
with a small bag
dressed plain and prim
a place to change she asked
my mother pointed to a bedroom
when enough time passed
she came out in a short tight skirt
and sweater blouse in the same direction
well we had our date in Boston
Cat Stevens on the Common
then the cemetery for nuzzling
home and the reverse
like the stacks I would learn
about in computer science classes
it sounds so romantic

she went on to marry someone else
had a beautiful daughter
died thirty years later of cancer
I could have been the one
to stand by her bed as she moved
away forever

Friday, June 12, 2020

Veluzat

a small room
cliché paintings of red barns
and horses approaching a home
at Christmas / a mission
at the end of the street
a flop bed / a small desk and chair
a kerosene lamp and a bowl for washing
I landed in a western town
in Santa Clarita / I think
it's a movie set

Saturday, June 13, 2020

Great Ness

I plan my words with
great carelessness
my time like sand
in the same box
I imagine the rutted road
leading now to nowhere
once leading to the great
city / its time
like sand in a different box
whom I've loved is not
a matter of fact
I am wrapped in harmless
harnesses / I linger
for her

Sunday, June 14, 2020

Noticed

many of the colors
when the sun is low down
are not the usuals
not so blue / not even
so red / yellows / green
Van Gogh was right when
he said the colors that are there
in our thoughts are not the ones
there / I'm thinking that we write
by gathering a pile of noticeds
the more of them we have the richer
our sentences and paragraphs
the less the harder to write
and the worse the writing
the less the writer

Monday, June 15, 2020

Shetland

light all night
puffins out at midnight
a place to go to be
with old women
the fish / the bad lamb
the steep round hills
stone houses / but livable
a peaty love story

Tuesday, June 16, 2020

Waltz To Illinois

I was his first phd student
and I was left out of his memorial
the ones who claimed him later
claimed themselves ahead of me
of all his students my risk
was the greatest / we moved
to a strange far away place
with little hope of winning
and we worked like hell
to make it work / the later
students did not care
I tried hard to honor him
they tried ok
Dave Waltz / we moved to
Central Illinois like
heroes in a long-ago epic.

Wednesday, June 17, 2020

Peter's Store

when the bird needed more spice
they went to Peter Walls store over in Newton
in their fancy car / Connie was home
when they returned the house
was burning / I can't remember the details
I was not alive

Thursday, June 18, 2020

Ugh

misery / not a fool
but like one
sad from talking
voice uncertain
maybe a fool after all
I cannot move

Friday, June 19, 2020

Silja

the world's aviation industry
is more kibishi than I imagined
selling blankets with unused brands
and various ingenuity / I wonder
if silja other than the so-called
developed country will return
to the state / it's not easy
to be a demand revival

Saturday, June 20, 2020

Hadley Road

the house was smaller inside
than I remember
it was insulated in places
with newspapers / fiberglass cloth
small rooms and a steep staircase
kitchen hard to move around in
a bar that separates kitchen
from living room still with tile
my father set / mold and decay
the basement with a low ceiling
stairs down to there hard to manage
were we smaller then
am I too large now
the past seems to have a delicate
sense of humor

Sunday, June 21, 2020

Daughter

when they think to look for me
they will never think of the right places to look
even though I made no secret of them
but they will not think or not
want to look in every writing window
even if they guess the right street
the right time of year
they might ask who has the best headphones
who listens to the most music

Monday, June 22, 2020

Near Mojave

a dog trots across an empty street
this town is now no town
on the other side he finds discarded wrappers
finds a half burger and a pint of fries
flies scatter / the dog is lean and worried
no one has touched his fur in weeks
the town is abandoned of people
critters and predators are still here
or are returning / the town is on the edge
of a desert / the houses abandoned
for political reasons

Tuesday, June 23, 2020

Wrong House

the house is new and fresh
just finished and every part
is square and perfect
the stucco lends a constancy
to the outside walls
the windows shine black in the noon sun
the lines are crackling
those who love perfection love this house
I told the real estate agent
to shove it

Wednesday, June 24, 2020

Easy Feeling

the guitar chicken pickin'
sends my feet swaying back
to a time in the desert
when the wife of a friend
took me on a geology expedition

I had the jeep and trailer
good for hauling equipment
and what she found / a tent
and cookware / we spent days
looking / nights cooking
what we found we either
published or kept

Thursday, June 25, 2020

Up Up and Away

I've walked close to rivers and bays
docks nearby and a hard rock plate under the earth
around me women wrapped in warm coats cruise by
the hands locked in another's
to call it loneliness is to make it too common
emptiness is closer but still too human
I am light the fog that rolling in
tonight and that'll lift lifelessly away
at dawn

Friday, June 26, 2020

Hopìikwa 622

it looks like it's frozen to only a thin ice
stone is quite thin
a potter sometimes uses a hardened rind of squash to rub on her pottery piece
some of the people who live on the other side of the Colorado are narrow-eyed
the potsherds are scattered around here
here's an antelope that's trapped
the wind drifted trash over here alone
clean up that trash pile over there
the cornhusks have formed a drift
the girl and her family go to the boy's home
if he accepts the qömi this begins the process of marriage
the deadfall trap rock should be heavy in order to be right
you placed that on a slant
she spat the chewed ingredient about two times into a bowl of batter
oh my / our poor dishrack seems to have cracked
the broken pottery was in piles all around

Saturday, June 27, 2020

Hopiikwa 296

this morning the caller went around
from kiva to kiva to call for preparations
for the stone-kicking race
make the mud outside into ridges
so the runoff water can't come in here
you and your wife eat somewhat alike
since I'm not comfortable living
with my wife we are tending to go separate ways
two women grabbed me from each side
when he didn't paint his bullroarers
the same he made their patterns
different from each other

Sunday, June 28, 2020

Hopìikwa 410

when you go to feed your chickens
you make sounds that way to them
piipi pi pi
then he slapped the coyote's fat
onto the ants
the children are being bad
they're going around splattering
the girls' behinds with ripe peaches
when they were having the wedding mudfight
the mud landed on the face of one of the old women
they say if you want to be a fast short distance sprinter
you practice it by running down a slight incline
you're going around with something stuck to your bottom

Monday, June 29, 2020

Hopìikwa 91

he provided his corn cob dart
with a chicken wing feather
I thought I ground a lot
of ceremonial cornmeal
it seems my shirt shrank
I never eat dried sliced pears
anywhere nowadays
I'm singeing its wool because
I'm going to roast the sheep's head
when Old Spider Woman shrinks
the land for the boy
he'll get home right away

Tuesday, June 30, 2020

Simple

as my life winds down
I am living in a decaying country
brought on by someone of my generation
more or less
he paints the world in lies
there is no reality but only the fantasy
of loss / in his world the losers
of the past are the winners of today
and all those losers voted for him
to make themselves winners

Wednesday, July 1, 2020

Hopìikwa 512

when it was the day for the hunt
I was in jail
it seems our mother is always looking
for her seed jar
this corn smut is used for black body paint
save the seeds from the yellow-meat watermelon
last night many of them were jailed
he's going around from town to town
serving jail sentences

Thursday, July 2, 2020

Reject

you know how I write all these poems
I really stink at it

Friday, July 3, 2020

Reject & Shun

not better today
cannot produce

Saturday, July 4, 2020

Hey Baby

the hot days in Summer 1965
late sunsets through trees to the west
across the road / our land on both sides of it
for quite a stretch / smell of cut grass
mosquitos at dusk / bats at dusk
what is hard to recall is the loneliness
the random direction my life seemed destined for
the unknown future / I was unafraid

Sunday, July 5, 2020

Nil

mediocre in every way
not special / not memorable
after an inkling of greatness
it all tapered off and I am
left nobody

Monday, July 6, 2020

Tiny Ideas

can you see the lonely lights
on the horizon
like tiny ideas that go nowhere
the ones that remain
we watch them
turn away then watch them again
we never finish watching them

Tuesday, July 7, 2020

Hrossey

sometimes the ferry to Aberdeen
goes north and then around Bressay
sometimes you can see it from the Fjarå cam
past the lighthouse
when I watch the ferry head south
I wonder about it coming
north again

Wednesday, July 8, 2020

Fear Full

everything a little mess today
worried / things might go wrong
unfair I say / what is wrong
with me

Thursday, July 9, 2020

Done

when things get interesting
they never finish

Friday, July 10, 2020

Street Dust

the streets are dusty
the sidewalks barren
a hot wind blowing in from the West
I'm standing on a sheltered corner
wishing someone would drive by
the desert doesn't like us
doesn't like much of anything
when the thermometer hits 117
thinking is out the window
even the lizards shelter under cover
the lizards are dusty

Saturday, July 11, 2020

The Light

one day I'll walk from the old farm
across the Merrimack to Meredith's and Kurkjian's old places
maybe to Pentucket
then I'll walk back stopping near the bridge
not long after that someone nice to me for no good reason
will bury me somewhere
Linwood / Locust Street / tossed off Rocks Village
I think I won't care
the signalman swinging his lantern
and the old farm brought back to new
will keep those thoughts away

Sunday, July 12, 2020

Bad Luck

wow
things go wrong
I find it hard to cope
help

Monday, July 13, 2020

Storm Day

hard rain / slow cars
the streets empty / rain falls
heavy rain / emotionally crippling rain
a man walks down an alley toward a bigger street
a woman walks down the bigger street toward the river
the river drains fields and hills
animals shelter in hidey-holes and nests
hollow logs and engineered tunnels
the slow cars worry her
the hard rain slows him

Tuesday, July 14, 2020

Homeless with Clear Air

the world slowed to a stop
the air cleared and people could breathe
but everyone was fired to save the companies
the companies disappeared
to make people feel better
the worse off were hired by the city
to be homeless

Wednesday, July 15, 2020

Form Language

houses built alike
every detail different
all dimensions different
different materials / colors
nothing the same among them
nevertheless all alike
mysterious / like flowing clouds
before an angled sun

Thursday, July 16, 2020

As If a Priest

you said you'd visit
come in the night when the moon
was full / come in that October
night when the frost refused
to yield / I waited by the tree
and then by the pond / awake
I watched for you / then
the moon dipped and the sun rose

Friday, July 17, 2020

One or Two

we crouch by the brook
oak leaves rustle above
it's the breeze that summons
evening / the light breeze
of Summer / we squat
by the sacred stream and wash
our hands / our feet / our faces
our selves and each other
two as like one

fall approaches

Saturday, July 18, 2020

Such Colors

late afternoon on a cool
trending cold day
the high bridge over the gorge
reaches out
a long-tailed magpie white and black
trending blue drifts over the bridge
away from me / the frost coats
the bridge and ground
as the evening turns old
everything grows white

Sunday, July 19, 2020

Autumn Night in Japan

walking behind her
clouds abound this Autumn night
she is invisible at the edge of the field
but a wind pulls rifts / opens gaps
in the clouds / moonlight seeps
through and suddenly
she is a bright-edged silhouette

Monday, July 20, 2020

Sheltered Harvest

Autumn / I live simply
my hut is crude
its thatched roof leaks
but at least the harvest
is sheltered in the end of the hut
closer to the sea / a sea
that leaks into the inlets
that wrinkle my mind
my sleeve¹ is wet from dew
or tears / my heart

¹See Poem 90.

Tuesday, July 21, 2020

Mountain Past

like the bird
with a long tail feather
dragging behind it
at the edge of a field
I drag my feet
on this mountain pass
ahead is my long night
I wonder who will come
no one? / sleep?

Wednesday, July 22, 2020

Chocorua Mountain Highway

near Mt Chocorua
at the sad end of
Chocorua Lake alone
I was taken by the white cloak
covering the summit above
taken by the still-falling snow

Thursday, July 23, 2020

Crimson Leaves

from this hilltop
I watch a higher ridge
the leaves there gold and crimson
a coyote howls
I hear his pain / his desire
the sound pushes through the leaves
makes all clear
Autumn is the time of sadness

Friday, July 24, 2020

Stone Dark

night is a dark field
darkened before me
I stare into it and imagine
a decaying stone croft
the old woman who lived there I once knew
I imagine also
the croft and her standing next to it
lit by this same rising moon

Saturday, July 25, 2020

Skaw

I write in Unst
atop a hill in a croft
I remade overlooking
a part of the North Sea

he's abandoned us
I hear some people have said
for that desolation
for that hilltop
for those words

Sunday, July 26, 2020

Narrowing Road

along the narrow road
these blossoms' colors
have faded / their vanity evaporated
their glory a past pleasure
my worn body too
now faces the longing
the long long rains

Monday, July 27, 2020

Hey

this pier is the place
of leaving / returning
parting from people
some we know / some not
how we know comes and goes
with the tides

Tuesday, July 28, 2020

Past Out Skerries

the sea beyond Bressay
is an uncertain wavering meadow
in my yoaI I ventured out
now I wish I had begged
someone left behind
to tell those I left behind
how a boat took me away

Wednesday, July 29, 2020

Sky Paths

between me and the dancing girls
a light fog has risen above
the dip that separates me from them
I cannot see them mostly
I've called on a divine wind
to come up from the west
and close the paths the fog takes
that I might watch them longer
more intently

Thursday, July 30, 2020

Puzzle

she gave me her headscarf
a printed pattern of tangled ferns
green on bone
a mixed feeling affair
a love still secret

Friday, July 31, 2020

Herbs

into the herb garden
green in the Spring
I go to get grandmother's herbs
when I return to her kitchen
her gray hair shining white
I point to my sleeve
the white flakes there
I say it's the snow

Saturday, August 1, 2020

Mountainous

she came to stand beside me
from this ridge we looked
to another / here just
a meadow but there
maples and pines
she held her place
I must go I told her
but if you grieve
and this I learn
I will hasten to return
with this the wind freshened

Sunday, August 2, 2020

Light Fall

we walk
she and I
carefully along the shore
in yellow sunlight
all can see but who does
we walk
she and I
carefully along the shore
in crimson dreams
we cannot hide our love
either place
waves approaching the shore
carry nightfall
yellow turns crimson

Monday, August 3, 2020

Impossible Gap

I said goodbye to her
along the rock shores
south of the bay
Autumn turning colder
those stones so small
the spaces between so small
after that and other farewells
we cannot share
even that much time
together / it is too close between

Tuesday, August 4, 2020

Grief!

once upon a time
the pieces of our love affair
came like waves just before
a great and furious storm
instead now that drama has passed
grief like a morning calm
separates us as never before
we can now never meet

Wednesday, August 5, 2020

Storm and Destruction

storm
mountain wind in late Autumn
grass knocked flat
trees whipped
a deep-seated argument
destruction
branches broken
windows shattered
a love ended

Thursday, August 6, 2020

Moon Viewing

the blue-tinged sky and moon within
every one of those thousand things
that make a thousand thoughts
can bring tears
alone I view all this

you / still

I'm not the only one
whom Autumn affects this way

Friday, August 7, 2020

Brocade

nothing in my pockets
nothing in my sack
above I fear the gods
await my offering
hoping for their usual pleasure
all I have is what I see above me
on this grave mountainside
brocade of red and yellow leaves

Saturday, August 8, 2020

Mount Rendezvous

I texted her
please join me
we call the tall hill
Mount Rendezvous
I needed her
I needed to be wrapped
around her like a voracious vine
the name is perfect
wool blanket on the peat
both words / Mount Rendezvous

Sunday, August 9, 2020

Past Snowfall

I asked Mt Chocorua
to save my love
she will arrive after the first
snowfall / she will relent
I know if the maples
remain Autumn color
even under a Winter tinge
she is that poetic

Monday, August 10, 2020

Meadow Near

you wouldn't think
that rain here
even rain that obstinate
would froth the river so
bright after rain
I saw her walking on the far bank
walk then stop
let the river enter her memory
then resume
when will I see her again?

Tuesday, August 11, 2020

Worst Ever

Winter desolation
the day you left
our high place on a mighty mountain
you left down the mountain path
I watched the grass wither
as you went away

Wednesday, August 12, 2020

Whiteness

tonight I want to bring
her freshcut blossoms from the meadow
by the quick river
the colors to soften her

but the season's first frost
has disguised the colored blooms
as pure white chrysanthemums

it is now up to my heart
to guess / yes to guess

Thursday, August 13, 2020

In The Sunrise

moon setting at dawn
throwing its light
somewhere else
a cold cold parting
moon-drop took it all
alone I watch them both
daybreak brought nothing
but your absent affection

Friday, August 14, 2020

Light or White

we woke / light of dawn
opposite the lingering moon
outside our pearl-lit door
Winter cold / we looked down on a vision
of a white town by the harbor

no / wait

it is from the snow

Saturday, August 15, 2020

Many, Strong, Narrow, Shallow, Red

many maples
strong wind
narrow mountain stream
shallow stream
now a small dam
between the two banks
the water blocked
held captive
by red maple leaves

Sunday, August 16, 2020

Chaos Scattering

there is order
in the eternal sky
its light though fading
still fills the day
a Spring day
are there degrees of perfect?
still blooms scatter
in what wind there is
after they have added their
distinctiveness to the perfection
we cannot help
fearing that chaos

Monday, August 17, 2020

Merrimac Town

how many have I loved
many and even more loved
me I think
death took them all
Merrimac has pines
as old as me
but none of them
are my friends

Tuesday, August 18, 2020

Perfume

I believed she loved me
those times in the back room
in the Winter
we stayed over by the shore
her heart drifted
since then mine has too
still I return to find
the old plum blooming
the air full of its perfume

Wednesday, August 19, 2020

Moon Rest

toward the red horizon
sun arriving
toward another red horizon
moon departing
a mid-Summer night
it feels like early evening
behind which cloud
is the moon resting?

Thursday, August 20, 2020

Autumn Field

in the field of timothy
the flowerheads are glittering
with dewdrops and shining white
in the wind whipped field
the sun sits them down in a line
and to the two of us at the edge
of the field they seem like
scattered pearls snapped from a string
trembling with surprise and delight

Friday, August 21, 2020

She Hate Me

after years together
you cast me aside
you vowed to hate and despise
in place of love and respect
this doesn't bother me much
I worry after you
sacred vows people make
sometimes eat away and haunt

Saturday, August 22, 2020

Bamboo Hidden

my calm self
is the tall coarse meadow grass
my fiery love is bamboo
I hide the one in the other
to keep from you
and everyone else
my feelings / my desire
how long can I continue
in this mask?

Sunday, August 23, 2020

Give Away

who are you thinking about?
my face a new color
as passion rises and falls
I try to hide my feelings
but exposed as they are
everyone presumes to ask

Monday, August 24, 2020

Boxed

I fell for the wrong woman
that's what people tell me
I wanted to keep it secret
so my reputation's at risk
what gave my feelings away?

Tuesday, August 25, 2020

Tear-Soaked Sleeves

I promised her
she promised back
a ritual of tears wiped dry
by sleeves / imagine it
our love will endure
despite this after all
even if the last mountain
is washed over by the sea

Wednesday, August 26, 2020

Afterwards

they made me recall
the feelings after
the time together
what I was like
before we ever met

Thursday, August 27, 2020

Good Always

enough sweetness
has passed between us
that an unhappy end
would have no room
for resentment or anger
neither from her
nor from me
such were our meetings

Friday, August 28, 2020

Expectations

as I ready for death
I plan a solitude
I notice pity from all around
but they say it's kindness
I've heard I'm stupid / a fool
you have never shown me pity

Saturday, August 29, 2020

Downstream

a small boat
crossing an angry river
near the straits / near the rocks
the boatman can lose his rudder
lose control / drift downstream

so with true love's path

Sunday, August 30, 2020

Layered Creeping Vines

staying here so long
a small hut not far
from a layered forest
creeping vines cover it
and me / lost in loneliness
I cannot see the world
can hardly see myself
cannot see what love
that may have been
is it Autumn yet?

Monday, August 31, 2020

Slamming A Spire

one night my grief
hit you like a windstorm
seething into a stony crag
you laughed it off
for you it dissipated
not for me
now it's shattered / no parts still whole
the passion I had
once for you

Tuesday, September 1, 2020

Lively Fire and Lovely

we placed good peat
against the burnstone
in our hearth / the one
we've shared around
for all our time together
it burns slowly burns
through the night
as daybreak comes
the flames have died down
just as it is between us

Wednesday, September 2, 2020

A Deal With God

before
if you had needed it
I would have given up
my pitiful existence
for your sake
since
our long life together
is what I fully desire

Thursday, September 3, 2020

Artemisia Vulgaris or Mugwort

even writing this
could drive me to moxibustion
to bring some relief
to ward off evil spirits
to stop my heart bleeding
to purge my stomach of impurities
to lure you in

but you remain unaffected
by this fire in my feelings

Friday, September 4, 2020

Dawn Paints

all night we did it
every way anyone could think of
dawn's pomegranate orange
enshrines our love scene
sure / sunset will return
night will return
I resent however
the day's approach

Saturday, September 5, 2020

Alone Ness

nights I sleep alone
days there are empty rooms
always I am sighing
the last time you stayed here
another season
or one before that
but what do you care

Sunday, September 6, 2020

After Touch

sometimes we promise
such as *I'll never leave you*
when it's said now
that's the moment I live in
the future is just an idea
prediction is just a guess
I choose not to live beyond today

Monday, September 7, 2020

In A Narrow Valley

up an old path
up the side of an old mountain
there was once a waterfall
long long ago its source dried
it's sound long long ago died
but its name survives
in stories / in stories still
told today

Tuesday, September 8, 2020

Memories Last

someone said
each world seeps into the next
a fade-out coupled with a fade-in
in a too-short time I will so seep / so fade
visit me once more
one more meeting / my friend
give me one more memory to take

Wednesday, September 9, 2020

On My Street

from my stone-lined window
on the cobbled street by the harbor
on one of Winter's coldest evenings
I thought I saw an old friend
coming to visit but instead
she disappeared into
midnight's moonlight

Thursday, September 10, 2020

The Farm / A Field

on a farm I once loved
in field of full-grown timothy
a wind is blowing
the rustle of a woman listing past
how could I forget you

Friday, September 11, 2020

Until

were you supposed
to arrive / I waited up
I should have slept
that would have been better
the evening collapsed around me
sitting up / lying down
at last the moon set

Saturday, September 12, 2020

Obscurity

from one far place
to another far place
the trip is long and requires
a note from Mother
I didn't take the trip
I didn't even go to Heaven's Bridge²

²*Ama-no-Hashidate* ("Bridge to Heaven") is a wooded sandbar crossing Miyazu Bay in northern Kyoto Prefecture—considered one of the three finest views in Japan.

Sunday, September 13, 2020

Eight Then Nine

imagine the most fragrant
flowers perhaps jasmine
or cherry blossoms eightfold
more fragrant than you can recall
then imagine those blossoms
blessing your marriage bed
with their fine perfume
imagine the woman who deserves this

Monday, September 14, 2020

Or A Gate

sunrise is hours away
your side of the bed is cooling
you said you heard a rooster
outside the window
you got up and opened
the back door / a ploy
to leave me / the first
ferry off the island
leaves at dawn

Tuesday, September 15, 2020

Card

I sent her a card
picked out from a forlorn storefront
telling her my passion's
been ordered dropped
by the other
it was a card of grief
sending my sympathy
better that than
face to face

Wednesday, September 16, 2020

Fish And Mist

I woke before dawn
dawn's light held
over the river mist
little by little
I could see the tops
of wooden stakes
come into view
fishing weirs

I thought of you

Thursday, September 17, 2020

Wet and Rotten

a bad idea / was
me and you
I cry into my sleeves
tear-soaked sleeves
our love is rotten too
grief and resentment
equals my life today
my good name
who cares any more

Friday, September 18, 2020

Don't We

we shared our mourning space
by the rock shelf by the sea
we shared our dissolved friend
in a pool melancholy
not far away a lady slipper
under a short pine
her pink petal like a pouch
more dear to me now
than any person
living or not

Saturday, September 19, 2020

Pointless

some things should not be loved
you dear are one of those
my reputation would be out the window
had I realized the dream I had
last early Spring when the nights
were still short / to lay
my head on your arm

Sunday, September 20, 2020

After She Left

what I want and how I feel
don't fit well
in our crude flawed fleeting world
I want more / for example
lonely moonlight at midnight

Monday, September 21, 2020

A Brutal Gust

after a long love
things remained unsettled
Autumn / maples red to yellow
a storm came running up
blew those leaves into our river
my river / a long beautiful brocade

Tuesday, September 22, 2020

And You?

as twilight deepens
a mist rises from the just-cut field
in my small hut my loneliness
likewise deepens / I rise
to go outside / all around
all is the same in a washed out
gray way / bleak Autumn twilight

Wednesday, September 23, 2020

In The Evening

from across the fields
from roads radiating away from me
tumbleweeds come calling
knocking against my windows
my doors / the winds of Autumn blow

Thursday, September 24, 2020

You Beach

the coast has tough waves
capricious / they approach strangely
without warning / I don't play
with them / I won't play
with you / I'll avoid wet
salty sleeves

Friday, September 25, 2020

Don't Dare

this Autumn the leaves
are full colored and hanging
on branches on mountains
the morning draws mists
from the fields and from hillsides
I plead with them
do not block my view

Saturday, September 26, 2020

A Place

there's a rise near the sea
where lovers love and storms
empty their careless thoughtless
mean tempests / my long gone
love was like that rise
a hoarse withering blast
after or before a still
repose / this is not
what I prayed for

Sunday, September 27, 2020

Your Promise

what you told me means nothing
just sweat to keep evil away
I swear grief has overtaken me
this Autumn / but the season
will soon pass

Monday, September 28, 2020

Indistinguishable

have you noticed
that the distant sky
its clouds / the white-capped
far sea-plain cannot be seen
apart / may we travel like this

Tuesday, September 29, 2020

Trust

the river / our canoe trip
rapids / the rock
blocking / dividing
steep cascades / falls
we separated / we will
be united

Wednesday, September 30, 2020

Crow Sounds

ravens make their calls
in many voices
constantly / through the years
gatekeepers and watchers
awaken at the sound

Thursday, October 1, 2020

Darkening Shetland

over Lerwick harbor
fall winds pull apart
clouds forming rifts
and slits / gaps
through them the moonlight
gets skinny / slips thought
forming bright-edged silhouettes

Friday, October 2, 2020

She

my black hair's undone
unraveling in disarray
how long will it last
my heart has no ideas
especially not this one
the morning is wondering
as am I / as are my emotions

Saturday, October 3, 2020

Daybreak

a mockingbird sings
from the firethorn bush
I look for him / his
song a collage / but
the only thing left to find
is the shining daybreak moon

Sunday, October 4, 2020

Mortal Life

what you did / such grief
my life continues / this one at least
I'd leave all behind
I resist the melancholy you prescribed
even so tears arrive

Monday, October 5, 2020

Stags and Others

every path is wide with pain
I've retreated to a high meadow
far from the sea / from you
even the beasts cry with pain
I endure them all with my stillness

Tuesday, October 6, 2020

Now As Then

troubles abound now
as in the past
back then mean
hard / fear-filled days
filled every void
but now are recalled in nostalgia
today's trouble will be also
given enough time

Wednesday, October 7, 2020

Anxious

I lie in bed
eyes open / waiting
for night to end
sunrise never comes
a curtain blocks the light
such a heartless companion

Thursday, October 8, 2020

Surrender

sometimes I listen to the moon
it tells me to grieve
sometimes I listen to the rest of nature
it tells me to grieve
sometimes it seems like an obsession

but in the end
my grumbling troubled face
surrenders / the tears

Friday, October 9, 2020

With Sadness Comes

not dry yet
drops from the rain
receding to the east
rest on needles
a fog starts to rise
up into the Autumn twilight

Saturday, October 10, 2020

Near a Cold Bay

when we traveled
those islands and we stopped
one night for a quick rest
a short candle was enough for getting ready
in the end we were together
a quick passionate act
how did that cement us?

Sunday, October 11, 2020

Strands

she said her necklace of jewels
has weakened / is fragile
dropping stones at any jiggle
she says she's lived a long time
kept her emotions hidden
and I know she has
she says she can feel
herself grow frail
and I know she can

Monday, October 12, 2020

Pearls

in Japan
tears on one's sleeves
means hard emotions
in Japan
some hard women
have difficult work
pearl diving
their sleeves are always wet
when hard emotions come
the colors don't ever change

Tuesday, October 13, 2020

Past Summer

I laid out my robe
on our sometimes bed
outside cracked windows
a cricket makes his clatter
the night frosty
as is his song
I wonder / perhaps I should ask
do I sleep alone tonight?

Wednesday, October 14, 2020

Ever In Repose

in the metaphor of our love
even when the tide is low
my sleeves are wet
my eyes fill with tears so full
they seem only large eyes not wet eyes
low tide and no sandbar to the stone island
you are unable to grasp
my sleeves will never dry

Thursday, October 15, 2020

How It Might End

offshore boats pass
fishing crews have been pulling
in their lines / their nets
the bay is a dream / the world
is part of the dream
in all a lovely scene
and sad

Friday, October 16, 2020

Persistence

Autumn keeps on into the evening
pulled down from the mountain back there
by the shore people from town
pound their clothes with rocks and sticks
making what they wear gather full
into a sheen

Saturday, October 17, 2020

Wet and White

Spring has gone by
Summer has sprung up
on a line as if between the two
our clothes are draped for drying
everything is blinding white and mysterious
near a sacred mountain
whose name has been forgotten

Sunday, October 18, 2020

Forked River

I have two minds
from a doubled peak
ideas tumble and flow
one is about love
the others are about you
my desire for you
is trapped in a deep pool
is it a passionate pool?

Monday, October 19, 2020

Long Red Road

one day a big wind
came down our valley
maples red and yellow
leaning out over a slow
part of the river
dropped their reds
the yellows hung on
like lovers reluctant
about the logic of love
the river flowed crimson
a thousand year thing

Tuesday, October 20, 2020

And Then He Found Me

I visited a monk
I once knew as a kid
he turned away from the promise
of shallow living
a sensual life
he had read all the books
as that kid / books I could not approach
he said he learned the life
found there would be peaceless
when I last saw him
he was black robed
I turned away

Wednesday, October 21, 2020

Above a Harbor

a figure passed by
in a garden nearby
white flowers and all sorts
a storm just passed
and my thought was snow
passing / a storm
my life / you
maybe / maybe not

Thursday, October 22, 2020

Near Vidlin

boiling down North Sea water
to rescue salt / but the heat
rises too and that suffering
joins the wasted wait
in the twilight calm
for her to arrive

Friday, October 23, 2020

When All Is Said / Sad

life is an emotion
made from experiences
here are two
I've loved some
I've hated some
now life has little
appeal for me

Saturday, October 24, 2020

That Only Road

now I'm left in this small hut
in woods far from the sea of my days
the day I first looked out our bedroom
window I saw through the maples and pines
a road / the road that came from the sea
alone / the hut is hidden by countless
ferns but if I could count
them they'd number fewer
than the memories I carry

Sunday, October 25, 2020

Hero

it's been a long time
since I've been in the middle
of a long time since I've been
in the middle of a long time
since I've been in the middle
of a long time since I've been
in the middle of a awesome

the tires are thick
and the air pressure is low
but it's fast and comfortable

Monday, October 26, 2020

Northern Time

mirrie dancers alight above
our croft / she as usual asleep
outside alone I walk along
the edge of an achadh³
watch them twitter and mutter
a reminder of my past
a green glow against a dark
star-dotted landscape

³field

Tuesday, October 27, 2020

Di Prima's Gift (1934–2020)

I bedded down near
a simple house where
a famous poet died recently
I knew her work but didn't favor it
a simple way of speaking
a well-known plainness many aspire to
I will take my cue from her
a sort of quote
a cure

overnight the snow came cupped
in the hollows above and below
my simple house
my long white candles lit
to show wanderers the way to me
cups / hollows / candle lines
white silence filled all her
and my contours

Wednesday, October 28, 2020

Olden Glass

my window's old
not washed in years
except for the hard spray
of slanted rain or stray
waves blown by a too-hard wind
and it's made crudely
filled with imperfections
that render outdoor scenes
childish poems

I spotted you
one day wandering toward
my place along the ridge
that separates here from there
my window had an opinion

Thursday, October 29, 2020

Snow / Eyes

I won't make the first snow
New England / still October
instead doctors will look at my eyes
you all know how afraid of that I am
with no sight I have little reason
to / well / you know
the snow tomorrow will cover
my old world / make what's indoors
a strong warmth / I will be shivering
all day

Friday, October 30, 2020

Eyes / Snow

today I proved my pessimism
correct / a problem with my eyes
but repaired / sort of
the procedure hurt like
when I was a kid / I am now
worried about the future
as always / pessimistic

btw it snowed back home

Saturday, October 31, 2020

Birthdays Far Away

after a year away
I hardly can remember
the warmth by the river
sitting with windows open
dozing and the breeze
filled with river smell
and grass and tree smells
the people fishing downstream
the green bridge waiting to carry
everything ever from one side
to the other / the place I imagine
dying

Sunday, November 1, 2020

No More

a few years back we sat in my car
a cold November late afternoon
by the river I always sit by
and we talked for hours
shivering at times but chaste
not a touch / not a hint
across the river cars drove
down the dead-end road and parked
a party or dinner or a family thing
the wind blew decently hard
and still we shivered without touch
finally we had a good meal
at a local place / once a bank
and though it was plain and a little sterile
she said it was real / I wondered
still wonder / what is real?

Monday, November 2, 2020

Time To Read

I sat by the river one late Summer day
downstream a family was fishing
a warm day / calm
aside from cars crossing the bridge
it was quiet / not even
many birds / a fish jumping sometimes
I must have fallen asleep
it had grown dark

even with no love
I still miss her

Tuesday, November 3, 2020

Too Afraid To Watch

tonight the moon rose orange
behind the black limbs of trees
the earth spinning made its climb visible
outside it was cool / maybe cold
I worried about life and love
as I emptied the trash and such
into bins by the road
an everyday thing
complicated by history

Wednesday, November 4, 2020

Walk

this road will lead
along the river to a wash-out
Cobbler Brook ends near here
I've never walked it but
I will / a last thing
a lasting thing
a start of sorts at the headwaters
such a funny way to put it
an end of sorts where it meets
the Merrimack which flows to the Atlantic
then on the back of the Gulf Stream
toward Eshaness / maybe good poetry
lies in this

Thursday, November 5, 2020

Saying No

I had to turn down
a request to review
of a lost friend's paper
like the Terminator's eyes
at the sad ends of his movies
I fade to black

Friday, November 6, 2020

L'Anguish

with the darkness comes a memory
love of twilight and the arrival
of Winter / it connotes an attraction
to endings / beginnings it seems
are forgotten as if a lifting fog
I spent a lot of time doing nothing
as a child / reading but only in snippets
attention hard to contain
with darkness comes defeat / driving
back roads / hoping for a dream
to appear

Saturday, November 7, 2020

This

after a long day she left
me alone in our distant house
above a bay lined with rock cliffs
northern lights tell me I'm near home
night fell early as it does in Winter
I lit a candle / it wavered in stray drafts
but she had left and all's left are books
I never got to

after some time passed
the candle burned to a stump
a final puff and it was out

Sunday, November 8, 2020

She Who?

they found a picture in an old attic
in a wooden box that should have been burned
after a detailed investigation they determined
it was my mother at an age when men would stop
some disagreed and others pointed out
the houses blurred behind her and the notions
of cars nearly off the frame made that impossible
that it was instead my wife / one of them
the first some said / others the third
I couldn't say because all had left
and when the doors bang-banged shut
for them all was forgiven / for me
all forgotten

Monday, November 9, 2020

Promised Land

we bought snacks for our hike's
destination rest / chips but
the British kind / we came upon
a Bronze age settlement / oval houses
with thick stone walls well settled
into the earth from the pressure of time
we had our snack while the sky
remained a similar blue
to Bronze age blue

Tuesday, November 10, 2020

Sentenced To Love

I fell in love this evening
with a lovely sentence
it started in a metaphorical
direction then was galvanized
with side thoughts and brute
interruptions / like a snake
it slithered up the trunk
of my ego and lodged
itself in my dream state
after a page of turns
its period stopped it
and me in our tracks

Wednesday, November 11, 2020

Blinding

some good looking women kissed
me in the past / some did more
my inside insight was so bad
I couldn't connect any dots
and still is / I married some
of them / almost all eventually
walked away / some are getting
ready for that / it's because
the forests I approach have dark
understories I cannot observe
am too farfetched even to guess
about them / and such things
are also women

Thursday, November 12, 2020

St Olaf's Kirk

Lund Kirk in Unst
has the saddest juxtaposition
old and new headstones
by the ruins of St Olaf's
nearby Burn of Vigga
and a sandy arc of beach
church of stone so old
headstones are inside

Friday, November 13, 2020

Not Real

you have seen her in these poems
a secret other whom I love
but she is wistfully not lovable
at least not by me / she is sometimes
one real woman / sometimes another
sometimes several rolled into one
sometimes a photo I found on the Net
I have always had such an other
several times I made them real
usually I don't because I'm not real
enough

Saturday, November 14, 2020

Leaving

she's put on her light
makeup / reddend her lips
with lipstick / now she waters
the plants by the wall in her yard
after she's waited and he's
not come she packs her purse
puts on a coat / she wanders
then walks with intent to the other
who waits

Sunday, November 15, 2020

Underland

now that everything is knowable
on the Net I can check all the facts
like *"Close by, fresher petals spilled
across a newer mound—the grave of
Bonnie Jean Ashida, the Ashidas'
elder daughter, who while visiting
Garden City had been killed
in a car collision."*

nearby in a different cemetery
Sunset Memorial Gardens not
Valley View / and Coleen Whitehurst
not Colleen / the search for facts
goes on because mystery has a deep
underland

Monday, November 16, 2020

Lerwick Looking

for years I've watched webcams
in Lerwick / night time there
I've looked for people in windows
standing / walking / sitting / watching
never saw anyone / some buildings
are homes / some businesses
no one / is there no sadness there?

Tuesday, November 17, 2020

Just Say It

yesterday I wrote
that I'd never seen anyone
in a window in Lerwick
via webcam at night
right after writing that poem
I saw someone in a window
in Lerwick via webcam
at night

Wednesday, November 18, 2020

Off The Coast

the heavy rains flooded
some shops and roads were closed
the tide came up high
it made me want to read while warm
want to be unfindable
to unweave and withstand
high wind speeds

Thursday, November 19, 2020

Baz

I'm fragile when
it comes to bad news
I will not sleep for nights
I will mope for days
I will simply
do nothing

Friday, November 20, 2020

Almost Winter

some have decided to hurry home
the rain has prompted thoughts
of a hard wet on the world
others have decided to slow down
keep the rain on their heads
away from the faces / their chests
no matter / whoever wants me
has stayed home / stayed dry
the wind / the wet / the wishes

Saturday, November 21, 2020

Eshanness In November

the waves on sharped rocks
near and at the bases
of tall gritty cliffs
fly up over the tops
of those cliffs
and soak small ponds of salt water
on the downward away-from-cliff meadows

scattered are large rocks
same kind as the rocks below
some say they got here the
same way the salt water did
as puzzling as first-sight love

Sunday, November 22, 2020

Kolyma Highway

fitting today
for the shop owner
to stand in the snow and stubble
of a prisoner graveyard
in a former forced-labor camp
he gazes in sadness
the ground before and beneath
him / he has built an orthodox
cross of rough wood he's cut himself

when the snow melts or mining work
disturbs the frozen earth
the buried past sometimes still
surges to the surface along the road
the sky is almost blue

Monday, November 23, 2020

What Is A Brain For?

when I try to teach them
they try to forget
they store up a stash
of forgotten things
and exchange them
for my new ideas
I was going to say
a lot more / I've
forgotten what

Tuesday, November 24, 2020

Black Water

outside my car the river
sweeps past / late November
dark unto midnight
just a little swish
or a bubble rising
across lights are on but
shutting off a bit at a time
I've been alone here for hours
dozing then attending
above points over black
the days seems butter

Wednesday, November 25, 2020

What Can This Mean?

out behind the back fields
a woods sloping down toward NH
the stonewall there I thought
was the border likely wasn't
when I could drive back then
I could drive big distances
without concern for time
I invented a way to get from
the road to that stonewall
in the middle of darkness
twice within one night
from far away

Thursday, November 26, 2020

My Other

my other has moved on
or I've moved on from her
she is part real but
mostly fiction / when
you read my poems
especially the Shetland ones
you will see her haunting
and looming / she is
the other who pushes against
my melancholy to make
a joyful noise

Friday, November 27, 2020

1007 South Cottage Grove

in our small house
middle of a prairie state
we lived like trolls for a year
some would say it was an emblem
of my fate / a stillness
a sadness

Saturday, November 28, 2020

Long Ago Boat

obsession cannot fatigue
the longest day is the one of fear
when old photos are shown
we see the sepia never the tears
the cute trolley has the tow car
behind it / the snow is always
too deep / the trolley always
too close to the river when off
its tracks / the Titanic is heroically
flattened and dispersed / those who
lived to tell the tale are heroically
flattened in our obsessed memories

Sunday, November 29, 2020

Character

the past can't remember us
it's filled with off-color ideas
the characters we invent
are as real as we are
we should choose our words more carefully
they say who we are even as we say them

Monday, November 30, 2020

Onward! Hacking

the slow work of coding
slowly dawning and all that
more testing to do but first
how to test / I'd rather
be writing poems
right?

Tuesday, December 1, 2020

Needs Fixed

everything has its WTF moments
when an explanation cannot take hold
when incremental improvements bring
catastrophic errors / you wind your way
around them / they are like sudden
monoliths in the canyons / reflective
steel in red rock and dirt
I can always wind around the thing
but does anything ever fixed?

Wednesday, December 2, 2020

Still

Winter light has it right
slanted and dim
the green is not winning
peat is building up
it looks cold but it's a mild cold
dirt tracks are mud tracks
what snow comes comes in chunks
today is a strange day
still

Thursday, December 3, 2020

Standby Mode

as I sit here and type this in
I feel my circle closing
I feel the effects of years
my curiosity remains
I will proceed

Friday, December 4, 2020

Willing or Not

I was willing to believe
that sitting cold in a car
by the river would make things work
that being warm would overtake the resentment
instead we watched the water flow
downstream as the cars heading
to the party drove up
a good meal later was all
we could manage

Saturday, December 5, 2020

Boyhood Fantasy

under the pine branches
only stray flakes fall
I've made a small fire
in the woods / New England
wintertime of course
the fire's made of dried
pine branches snapped short and soon
I'll find no more / a sad scene
you think / I am less than
a hundred yards from my warm house
and warm bed

Sunday, December 6, 2020

Town Square

not many times have I
stood in Merrimac Square
and watched Merrimac go by
I lived on the western edge
of that town / the enclave
I knew no one / no one knew me
a symmetry to it by all accounts
these days when there I simply
drive through / hardly notice
anything / anyone

Monday, December 7, 2020

Givens

some say giving is the hardest thing
to give up / give away / give to
the result is a lessness / some say
some are given to despair / to anger
who gives them in this bargain
who gives a damn

Tuesday, December 8, 2020

Time Attacks

I walked toward the restaurant
from the Square / she came up the street
from the other side / we didn't see
each other / I stopped on the Square side
looked in to see her / I was late / very
late / she stopped on the other street side
looked in to see me / she was late / very
late / driving back to my friends' place
in the dark in December in New England
I regretted what time had done to us

Wednesday, December 9, 2020

Strange Mysteries

let's talk about the strange mysteries
that launch questions about how to
I often pause to eat at the wrong times
then I am unable to delve the mysteries
once I bought too much beach pizza
and drove from promising spot
to promising spot to eat alone
but always the crowd gathered
strange

Thursday, December 10, 2020

Ferry Crossing

I waited on the dock for her
ferry to arrive / she of sea sickness
and reluctance / the wind was up
the tide too and waves sprayed
me over and over / Winter night
when I thought the last person off
the boat I waited some more
later dawn come over me

Friday, December 11, 2020

Lawsuits

the goal is to build pressure
keep pressure up as long as possible
then use it to make a change
establish order after chaos
after turbulence

Saturday, December 12, 2020

Steamed

we sat at a corner table
deep in November up north
the kitchen was just a bar away
the windows were steamed
to opalescence / the meal was heavy
we sat for hours by the river
then this / the next day
she'd depart and I never
saw her again / oh
we talked and skyped / all that
but never within breathing distance
the windows we looked out
became our definition

Sunday, December 13, 2020

Huxter Whalsay

the house and yard
a lined by lights
Christmas on Whalsay
shot to blackness all around
it's like a line drawing
floating on a carpet
you can't see Shetland
in this photo but
you can see the tears of hope
Christmas after a year of hell
a year of waiting

Monday, December 14, 2020

Farm Pond

I used to skate on a pond
on our farm / I used to catch
frogs there in Summer / what
does it mean for a boy to have
a world all his own

later like wet sleeves
in a Japanese poem
the love that implied
would be lost

Tuesday, December 15, 2020

Cold Separation

did it all appear
when you were looking
for the little restaurant
or were things too creepy
or underlandish / you
never said the positive words
and your demeanor was always
centered on jokes / I felt
like the little spider
afraid to approach

Wednesday, December 16, 2020

Perfect Day

we listened to the water
ease past where we sat
on the bank of my river
we never spoke
later we walked up the hill
then over the to cemetery
where we placed rocks
on the black headstone
of Andre Dubus
we never spoke

Thursday, December 17, 2020

Strokes

the beauty of the harsh and vague
paintings that capture the starch
that holds meaning together define
colors and strokes that keep us
as close to being people as people
can be

Friday, December 18, 2020

Wang's Table

the restaurant claimed Chinese
it seemed in an old bank building
on Merrimack Street Haverhill
most people were at the bar
when the waitress approached
my friend asked for oolong
though the waitress looked Asian
she said what's that / the beginning
of the worst meal

Saturday, December 19, 2020

Ohio

she followed I guess
her heart / married
into some wealth but
maybe she wasn't all
up to it / all I know
is later she married a picker
I didn't know what that meant
perhaps the word is not
quite right / dump picker
is what I heard but
it could have been more
like an antique finder
after all that she decided
to go Jehovah's W
now she's just a woman
an old one / in Ohio

Sunday, December 20, 2020

Surviving Winter

it doesn't take much
powder snow on a roof
to make for a swirling curtain off a roof
when the wind's right
a light on a pole
in the space between
house and barn makes
it seem like warmth
returning / that blown snow
I wonder what warmth
will find me tonight

Monday, December 21, 2020

In Winter

I took comfort in snow
the inverse blanket
over the fields
the paths made with stealth
but plain as scripture
sometimes we cut deep
trails from house to barn
from garage to shed
trenches / the war
though was our hesitations

Tuesday, December 22, 2020

Not Me

all the writers at my school
loved each other then
love each other now
back then they didn't much
like me / and it's the same now
I suppose this means something
I wonder whether it's important

Wednesday, December 23, 2020

Christmas Thinking

princess pines in a bushel basket
then tying them onto rounded coat
hangers / some pine cones and a sprig
of holly / nothing fancy for Christmas
we were poor / our hopes were modest
and we shied away from them
the snow packed blue in our memories
we were always alone

Thursday, December 24, 2020

Toy

I could hardly sleep
15 and still expecting Santa
it was the year I got the most toys
our tree from the town forest
don't tell anyone / and my best
toy was a bulldog tank with a small motor
how much older did I ever get

Friday, December 25, 2020

Night Patrol

in Lerwick a rough tree stands
in Market Cross / covered in mostly
blue and green lights / as usual
it's raining and windy / as I
write this it's 2:22am / not
many boats are sailing
if all's well someone is waiting
for someone important

Saturday, December 26, 2020

Reminisce

eating at Skip's
a hamburger and suzi-q fries
large lemonade no ice
in the grove outside
with grey tables / builtin
bench seats / tear one side
of the bag open / two tears
to get to the fries
eat them all then the burger
or two / watch the clouds
the trees sway at the border
of the cruise night fieldI traveled across the country
and rented a car to do this

Sunday, December 27, 2020

Freezing Problem

as I age problems
bother me more
I was raised to hope
for safety / a problem
sometimes freezes me
perhaps if I simplified
somehow

Monday, December 28, 2020

Leaving

I stood on the dock
she stood by the rail
I waved to her
she looked away

Tuesday, December 29, 2020

Awaiting

the moon gets it wrong
every month / the moon
believes it is the source
of light for people on earth
a strange idea posing as fiction
when liars depart truth
sneaks back

Wednesday, December 30, 2020

The Edit

I live in a word world
the l in world come from life
and is stuck in word

Thursday, December 31, 2020

Last Couple

midnight arrived at Market Cross
Lerwick / the tree blown by small
breezes waves / its lights swing
no one celebrates

12:01 a millennial couple arrives
the pavers are wet / they look about
to celebrate / no one
they pull out their phones and gaze
at them / after a minute
they walk away toward
the yellow lit dock