

Nightmare in a California King

THE BLUES

Today as the Sun reached
His untellable zenith
I lay in love with the blueberries.
Pink Floyd's, "Time" played as I licked
The bruises from my hands
Delicious memoirs of every berry
From the pink and green virgins to the blood Moons.

I shot back a handful and to my surprise
Felt the unfamiliar feeling
Of a spider web on my tongue.

Oh, my!
How quickly I would tether my life
To the blues
Spinning my stories
On sugar and misplaced Earth
A single alveolus suspended in summer
Watching my creations unravel
As her skin peeled at her completion
And drop once
I'd never return.



THE BLUES

FEAR

November 15th, 2018

North Poland Road

Tonight

I drove and remembered another night

Driving on

the turn up ahead

When the riddle of the cosmos

the looming Ursa

Flew out of the branches and

In front of my Outback. I nearly killed her

I thought

I had placed an axel

Into her prickly crown.

But,

Miraculously, she evaded me.

And I wondered would there be another time?

I mean, would she

Ever feel a fear as great as this.

Me

An impossible predator, a tear

in the pious fabric of her universe.

Maybe she would think of this moment

before death

As she settled down on the forest floor.

She'd watch it slink to the exit

Life picking itself up, moving across the room

Letting itself out the door. All the while,

Remembering me

Driving on the turn up ahead

Remembering about it.



FEAR

TO BE BORN IN AMERICA

Today as I sit
I try to move slower than the roots
Ripping
Through these rocks and from here
I ogle the painters.
Curious! this very spot,
A definite microcosm.

For how long have we been marooned here?
This brief second that is
this sea of diatribes,
Depriving us
Of the moment, we'll ponder
a single breath in this goddamn country.

Curious! A birdhouse found a bird.
Soon eggs
Eight of them!
This is definite.
I can tell.

And I will tell you this.
One day soon that place will burst
Into a cloud of honey-
burnt feathers like a thousand sunsets
and the double helices of the phoenixes born
will warp threads and warble dead
the twisted chemistry of this goddamn country.

So always remember,
Our delights stay
Nested in the light chamber we're building
Getting fat with worms and mother's love.



TO BE BORN IN AMERICA

DREAM EATER

I am eating nectarines
In my dreams that my grandmother
Has sent sailing from a baseball bat

On the inside,
A gang of us
Gather at the corners of the cathedral's ceiling
On the beams that
Hold our feet
From sinking into Mimi's underworld.

The walls are lined
With twisted digits
White gloves
Ready to devour us below.

My Eurydice
Waits at the exit
Disintegrating
As unlucky stars' do
Pulled in by an impossible gravity.

Only me now

Introduced to the curator of these dreams
Dry fingers leafing through
Odd collections of ephemera as I watch
Waiting to remember what is happening.
I pick up a green lamp
from the Boston Public Library
And smash it on the ground.

A billion tears of emerald
Verdant catharsis
Escaping
Returning as a grove of nectarine trees
From which my grandmother appears
With a thin yellow bat.



DREAM EATER

THE REDS

Last night, our gods died naked.
You watched them crumble
While I attempted to capture the dust
 In an hourglass
Telling you that we could return it
To the Universe
Riding on a puff of smoke.
Pulling the threads,
 Repossessing our gods,
 Shadow hunting for those we lost.

Instead we lied there riddled
Frogs transfigured, glass gone glitter
Splintered frames, walls grotesque.

It'd be easy to see beauty in an empty
 room right about now
Nothing there
No spoons, no mirrors,
No obsidian reveal.
Floors drenched in rancid moonshine, eyes Oedipus
Until the sphinx was out of reach
Until creation was on the pill.

Now, we wait like two mice
Expecting that the cat will arrive soon
Slipping beneath the altar
 Swan diving
 Into a jar of fat
Feeding
The ceaseless tirade
Of good and evil.

Ha!
Philosophers have always waxed poetic
Of women, they never knew.
Of beauties worshipped by the sun.
They could not imagine the nights we've spent
By the river, drinking reds
Eating flowers to flamenco
Pressing together
Our flamingo gums
Smoothly
Willing our love into existence.



THE REDS

MERCURY

Eventually
I will lose my imagination
Its remnants deposited
In dreams, the language
Of God

I will grow old.
Shadow hunting for simplicity
The halls lined
With Picassos studying
The God complexes of my children
In the silver fork of the tree
They named Oliver.

Wish I could call you back
Through the knots in Oliver's heart.
Get high and contemplate that circle for hours
At one end
The end
Farther from the beginning
Than the other end
Cosmic stripe on your baby brother's t-shirt

I saw him tonight
Making pizzas
Cutting triangles in circles
And we exchanged a few words

I saw my dad the next night
He'd dreamt
He'd rented an RV
And parked it at a gas station
But remembered that
He'd crashed hours before
And now dreamt of the afterlife

Seems he hasn't lost it yet
Perhaps the vultures circle over
Maybe I look down and realize
I am in the sludge of it all
The sludge of him, the sludge
Of paint on animal skin, the sludge
Of Prana's mercury
I think we all spit up

Silver from time to time

My greatest muse
Was a friend of circles
Maybe her end
Seemed closer to the beginning
At least, I've been hoping so.
I go and read her now
As she reads poems
To my grandchildren
On that ice disk
In Westbrook, Maine
Spinning for the Fates on their lunch breaks
That they take beside the river.

Quite difficult
Removing the burs of stigma
From the dog of your soul
He has been waiting patiently for you
To come home
But some of us
Have been home for a while now
Excited for the next knock on the door



MERCURY

IN LETHARGIA

As I sit by my desk
Ever so slowly the moths accumulate on my wool sweater,
Feasting on the knots of lamb's fur.
I find myself
Thankful for their company
I mean what more can the green poet ask for?
Kernels of life flocking to my side.
One had even reached the skin of my neck
When I swiped it away, casting it off
Into the air, a mere flutter from plummeting to the floor.

Now I reach for my inkwell
(that I will say, I have purchased, not out of grandiosity, but of a pernicious curiosity for those
who will wonder).
Anyways,
In the motion to collect it, the thing
Toppled over
Spilling out it's guts on the floor.

The ink flowed from it's basin
Like the waterfalls of Lethargia,
(A place I now write into existence
For it is frequented by my mind often
And yet lacks a formal name). And in the gluey feces
Of the spill lay
A moth saturated in the rug.
It's slate-black wings holding it down
As I watched it drowning from my chair
Invigorating!
Both of us escaping from Lethargia

PLANS

You and I are sitting on a dusty shelf
Fragile, instruments of time, China blue
Cracked as our smiles that weasel
Through the glass. The future is kept
In teacups
Stored high on dusty shelves
In the kitchen that we like
To call The Now.
Tonight, we draw the wooden spoons and spatulas
From the bowl and clink the sides of teacups until
We can't hear ourselves think.
The room is cacophonic and pregnant with our music.
Our song
Call it something like
"Everything that will be,
once was
And everything that once was,
will be".
We are obsessed with it
As it slides off the porcelain curves of our bodies.
You and I are sitting on a dusty shelf
Fragile, instruments of time, China Blue
Smiles teasing us against the glass.

WATCHING STORMS FROM UNDERWATER

Ashfield Lake

Roly-poly polygons
Upon the sky
Casted planes, ethereal
Birth of bass drum planting in vibrat cores.
The arrhythmic heart beat
Of the cleansing, soluble like a lucid dream on the brink
Of, again, escaping
With Hemingway to wander every night, drunk on their proclivity
and absinthe.

Oh Granada!
How I remembering tasting
your dark séance there
Seeking refuge from the dart frogs of your pools
With their volt flung tongues and ancestral markings. Your rain
Collecting in the gutters
As the trash was lifted far
Enough,
We could pretend
That it had fed the storm.

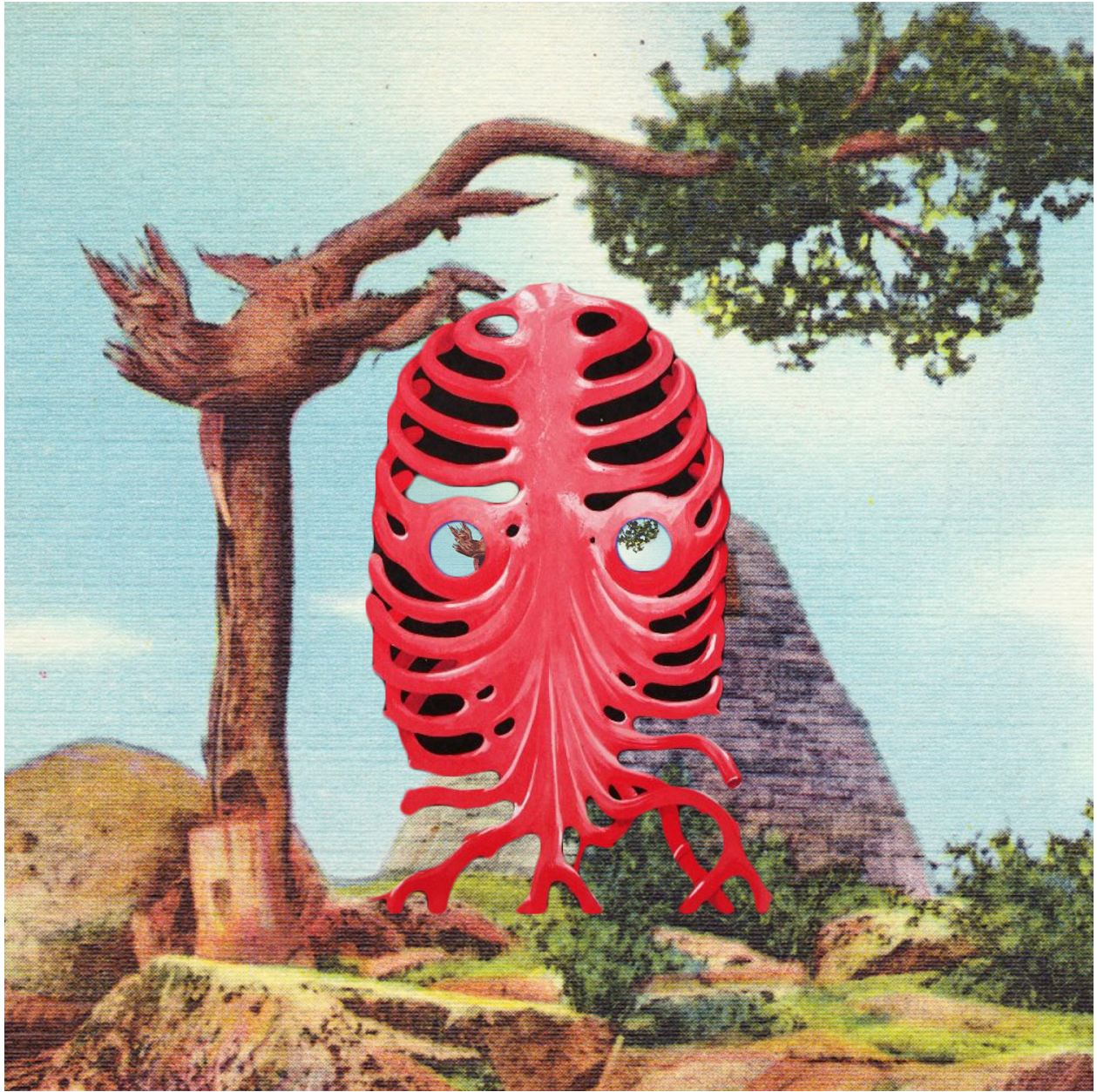
Yet I discovered you truly
When once I sequestered myself aquatic
Where the bass drum travelled
Like a flyinsyrup
And from below the lake, the sky
Split silent
Stone-like
Labradorite swelling in my stoic picture. Until, brutal geodic
Shock blossoms writhed in this underworld as I lay
Separated, holding my breath
Lungs stretching into the drum skins
To receive your song.



WATCHING STORMS FROM UNDERWATER

UNTITLED

The walls know all
And you are one
Of my nicest thoughts
Among the chiseled wooden saints
Above the poet's altar
Plucked from clouds
You emerge from the land
Like dreams
Like deer skulls on blue sky
Like languid hearts
Above the body.



UNTITLED