

Maelstrom of the Muse

I wandered past winter
its warmth lost within me

The virgin valleys vibrated
in echoes of invitation
to chilled virility

But in the sun's reflection
the bed of ivory
blinded me
enough to see
that I was never meant
to tread on snow

So I sailed sunless
Ice ages ago

As time began to thaw
I saw
the sirens of summer

Their song
a sultry storm
seethed the swash surrounding me
and left me raw

Pretending not to see
I kept circling the key

Awash
in a whirlpool of wavers
Wrapt
in the hands of inertia
in the face of gravity

Never to hazard the summertide
Where wild geese have died.

Awakened
by autumn's magnificent skies
Occult clouds concealed
her omnificent eyes

Who watched me in winter
and saw me through storms

I was summoned from summer
Allured to Elysium

I wrestled to rip loose
the ropes that restrained me
So tore at my flesh
and squalled sonnets insanely

Into the sound of spring
I floated
free
The fall
was far too high for me.

So settled in spring
cast my scrolls to the sea

For only life's seamen
could fathom the fear
of snow-blinded purity
or sun-struck maturity
that seasoned this
youthdrawn ulysean year

Yet
two stars
muse on

I wondered last winter
where still warmth was lost
Ahead lies Charybdis
in course to be crossed.

Time Had It

The last time
I almost cried
was on my birthday
when Annie Hall
said goodbye
in a health food café
in southern California

and it's almost funny
that we should have begun
in a health food café
with your wandering bare feet
settling for a time in my lap
yet one already
in southern California
a place I thought
only movies ended

our future passes
before my eyes
it's all we ever had
to write poems about
my anger, my sadness
are lonely and tired
like my love

but we needed a poem
to prove this all happened
we're already too willing to forget
and maybe in time
I can celebrate
your brilliance, your passion, your need

but I've come to need them now
and you're getting dressed
to go.

Your Poem

what do you want from me?
me, your poem
you know what I am
and who I've come for
you know what I want
from you
so what do you see in me?
me, the reflection
of things you ask not to face
me, the reminder
you seek to ignore
me, the redeemer
forever, your poem
but was I made
to be titled and bound
for the refuge of ego
or conscience
or mind?
and must I make
a play, or a fiction
out of myself
using jokes
and heavy breaths
and agreeable distance
as they use me?
as you use me?
me, your poem
in your hands now
do with me as you will.

All and Only

The world has just arrived
Found secrets and lost strangers
take heart in your playchest
each your new special toy.

And I am another
trusty doll in your arms
magic ring around your finger
melted ice cream on your face.

Soon the chest will be heavy
with toys since outgrown
may your world be as wide
as your eyes and your reach.

The world has just arrived
all freckled with playgrounds
as warm as this "woom"
made up by and of you...

and when you're another
our world will still love you.

I Know You're Not the Sun

I know you're not the sun
even though
the world is dark and cold without you.
The sun can't run away
until it dies
and then we go with it.
It's a law
forever after
ask the universe.
So I know
you're not the sun.

And I know you're not my body
Not my skin
although I feel exposed to cold and sight
held together by something coarse and torn
Not my heart
as it's inside me
still
beaten
pieces of empty eggshell in a yellow pool
reflection of the sun
perhaps
but you're not the sun.

So I guess
I don't need you
after all.
That is
except to grow
into the man
I thought I could be
when my world
still had a sun.

I'm in the dark.

Daughter of hope
Sister of mercy
Mother of wisdom.

What happened to the sun?

The Circuit

rehearsed expressions
to hide the strain
mock first impressions
you ride the train

souls warmed by sorrow
absorbed with pain
performed tomorrow
aboard your train

love slaves and cheaters
wrapped in a chain
of graves and theaters
trapped in a train

avoid Seclusion
it comes again
ovoid illusion
becomes a train

Plaster Saint

It's twelve labors time again
Standards of self-crucifixion
Suffered by a shrouded saint
Standing ready
In his solitary cement cellar
To die again

Staring outside
To empty pedestals
And feeling the pain
Of past hernias
Scared by survival
A spirit more alone than alive

The savior of superiority
For all who smirk above
At his sterile flesh
His idiotic ideals
And like them, he sits isolated
From even his own imagination

Refusing rescuous rage
At the realization
That those who pushed toward pinnacles
Expected less of sainthood
Than
Manhood.

A Pinewalk Smile

I saw the sunglasses
before I saw your eyes shine
and I saw your height
before I found your depth and hollow
and I saw the children
before I met the one you hide
and I saw the whistle
before it was even there

and, sure,
I saw the hair, the legs, the lips
and it blew in the wind
and they pumped on the swing
and they spoke to the distance
and, yes,
I saw the sensuality
exposing itself on the see-saw

these were the keys I saw
caught in my throat perhaps
but not around your neck
not down to your heart
no, I saw the whistle
hanging ready
to call for order
or to call for help
after dark.

wreck

symbolic serenities sink in a whirlpool of
punctuated passions finally lost in a spiral of
technique and as the elements die they trickle
into streams too conscious to flow dammed from
the submerged rage that engulfs the tears salt
and semen it jealously never lets surface

Warm Wishes

You let me give you words
You say that I have given
You let me hold your breath
And part of me has felt
I sit and touch your distance
I reach to your resistance
A bobby pin at heaven's gate
A broken match, a torch to fate
I hold a spark of life
and fondle flames of hope

AND ONE MORE RECENT ONE

Coronation

The wind is gusting up outside
A killer lurking in the air
It blows like gasps of those who died
It's unsafe to go anywhere

I Lysol all delivered food
Then go upstairs to binge TV
And still unshowered, often nude
I take naps intermittently

I've always lived at social distance
Chose the path of least resistance
My castle's now in isolation
Welcome to the Coronation

I'm dying for a hand to touch
A place to go besides online
The simple things that mean so much
Like anything that's not just mine

There has to be some lesson learned
Perhaps the Earth's collecting dues
Or how we've been so unconcerned
With gifts it really kills to lose

Paranoia and depression
The days the same and getting old
Who cares about a damned recession?
Just tell me this is just a cold.