

Look at My Accelerator Cabinet

A nice hard have
Peeling through the ears
A blind cabinet, the part
Who says early 30s
And then: hey, meant vowels
Or else cliff face, a could be
Brought them out, something like
Ideas. And all the is
Wasn't Stevens, but a
Notion to see, would be
Else we sky and accept
But it's hard to do this
Vroom spaceship like a giant
Floating around
To be not easy,
Miniature. The room is
Dishonest face,
Mouth upturned, never puts
Shore to sea-floor,
How to make ribs of
It. To sports section and
Darker pockets as night
Crawls. Still those arsoned
Arms gathering sometimes
Furiously resisting
Here and now.

Mind Rib

These compass keys
Hang a wreath of fire on your door

The gyroscope spinning your days
Extra-terrestrial smoke breaks
An animal nuzzling awareness

Shadows unfolding, content to

Explain nothing.

Knitting a poem from
Sea water

The hieroglyphics of the spine
The formula of man, waking

Between languages.

Fold Up Your Ears

The school exhales its students.

From a crowded train, worried me

Hellos his fears, I'll never joke about trees

Herr Blueprint

Builds a house of always

Materials no, irretrievable leaves

I feel autumn's tiny ladder

Rising upward into the night

The ambulance's vivid strokes

Split that afternoon's effete

Cavern

We are left without our presentation

Shame is plumed

II.

Little glass grannies

Windowboxes

Roses gag

Bubble up like apologies

Words, my polar poisons

Silence august guns

I saw a coyote on Western Ave.

Waddling like an escaped convict

Unzipping the pavement

To release its

bees.

Crawlspace Tango

On a bench my newspapered nerves flutter.
Bloom of a dark, wide silence, the human
Tether keeps pulling. Like a snake bisected
Some hypotenuse out of sight, caffeinated.
The rejection of the forest floor, therefore
Is, in its elevator, a wordless lip, while
Originality convalesces in a retirement ward.
Can you see them? Festooned with teenagers
These quixotic gymnasia replete with audits
Move, slender and klutzy, as if incomplete.
But when the revolver of Indianas reloads
Accomplished summers annex talismans.
Every piñata from my childhood owes
Me a climax or a switchblade. What
Thumbnail December powered the twittering
Machine of our darkest months, yet kept me
Sheathed in the comfort of that celestial
Grinding? Do the cement notes of Orpheus still
Drip from the trees where the laundry
Of our lives waits in such rustic quarters?
Neither, say two final gondoliers ad infinitum.