IN A WORD

Lamppost

They are the noiseless, the soundless,

Drifting through the night pulled along by some gossamer string.

These phantom globes silently stretch

Toward an unseen horizon,

Casting a pale shadow, a dead light on hazy ground.

Defying the dark and infinite shroud,

They are the peace, the quiet,

The silently pulsating calm.

*María y la nube*

It floats, slows down, stops, retreats.

Perception staggers with the inconsistent flux of time

As mind wanders, fuzzy and numb,

And body disintegrates into the swirling quicksand

That surrounds and usurps the senses,

Dissipating known and unknown forms.

Evoked by the bliss of vertigo

And oneiric shadows of sound,

Drooping eyelids invite this dream,

Injecting a subtle soporific syringe

Deep into lyrical maelstroms

That know not the stylistic Shades

Nor the thrill of the third paroxysm.

Indeed, as they say, out from a cloudy haze

Emerges a buoyant subconscious,

Laboriously drawn forth by the inexplicable pleasure

Of having loosed the very fabric of being.

Intrigue, infinity, and the metaphysics of Mephistopheles,

Yes, even language and her sweetly disposed nullification

Intrinsically mesh and burn together

To create the microcosm of the blazed,

To unveil the fool and his folly.

Shimmer

There it goes…

Don’t let it disappear amongst the

Whispering boughs, sliding away

In the softly dimming, refracting

Sunset. Grasp it. Hold it. Kiss it.

In a fraction of a moment, it will

Fall through the frivolous gaps

In your half-clenched fist,

And not a word

Will be spoken.

Un

In an unfortunate dissection of light,

Thirteen beams were splintered,

Shattered and shot into oblivion.

‘Twas a most regrettable occurrence

Engendered by the spatial limitations

Of some cluttered mind and a heavy soul.

Disappearing into obsolete Xanadus,

Most rays unsurprisingly remained afar.

After all, their collective was prime,

Their fate unintended, and their skill

Melodically unquestioned.

Yet one odd purveyor of iniquities,

Stricken by the throes of insomnia,

(Chance affliction of madmen and kings)

Finally dreamt in jubilant *ekstasis*

Of the familiar fragrance of jasmine.

In a euphoric, unforgettable silence,

He halted. Sweet memory infused

The spectral creature with unquenchable

Desire, and in a single infinite bound,

Recalling a singular path, the ray returned,

Piercing through the untold darkness.

*Ajedrez*

Careful as you move

Twisting those bare, knotted knuckles.

Slice the diagonal with the precision of a surgeon,

Calm and serene, *como la mariposa*

Landing in the shade of boundless grass.

Your mind doesn’t simply dissect this move.

It ponders and engulfs the move of this move:

The fifth, fifteenth and fiftieth iterations

Cycle like clockwork through your synapses.

No longer just another unfortunate,

burdensome acquaintance,

Time is your friend.

Feel the levity, the sterile clarity

As your index finger and bony thumb

Clench the finely bristled mane.

Know that this has been done before.

Know that this will happen again.

For the variation is no longer

That simple infinity of your father’s father,

Though the symmetry remains the same.

Pause a moment: the positions are set,

The lingering pieces now frozen in place.

A delicate whisper floats upon the board:

*Jaque mate señor*, *jaque mate*.

Waves

Softly now, a melody caresses the languid room:

It wafts in and out, high and low,

Traipsing aural boundaries

With slight, swift staccatos

Silenced by these slender, smooth legatos.

Sometimes, just sometimes, I hear the whirl:

A fluid rush of flesh slicing the air,

Of fingers gliding ‘cross the keys.

They whisper, feel, dance, sing –

Enraptured by the movement,

Drawn precariously into the moment

I watch the world fluctuate,

Rising, falling, rising and falling

With every warm breath,

With each flickering lash.

Bough

To ascend with ease, to slip

Through unnoticed, swaying

With silent precision to the

Hidden rhythms of the breeze;

To glide transcendentally

Along soft, natural spirals,

As summery warmth abounds

And bounces, fading into shade:

Herein lies that tranquil gloss

Of jade inlaid with amethyst.

Yes herein lies that peaceful calm

Of sweetened soothing jasmine wisps.

*Carpe*

Skip the shadowy introductions

Interlaced with a mindless aura

Of necessity, carelessly invoking

A weary ritual of bygone days.

Go headlong into the fiery rush

Of adrenaline burning slender veins

Pumping overpowering sensations

With each tingling passion piercing

Every last little fibrous nerve.

Shake the dust of dying books

And rip past the yellow creases.

Absorb the eternal present,

Savor the infinite moment.

Willow

My eyes unfocused used to peer

Past droning highways’ woven maze,

Past curving roads which disappear

Into a blue forgotten haze.

My mind unbridled used to dream

Of jasmine, jade and amethyst,

Of glass and onyx crystal streams

Imbued with fragrant ambergris.

Yet once beneath the shade I lay,

Alone and spent, in filthy sweat,

No will to stir, to sleep, to pray;

Hushed by fear, by crushing regret.

With fevered thoughts, my mind did brood,

Thru stifled air and reckless heat:

No pain, no sting could I elude,

A victim of my own deceit.

Still, clear above, I grew aware,

A faceless wind, a smooth embrace,

A peaceful bliss was gifted there,

With floating, mellow, silent grace.

Suspended by some drifting daze,

Dipping slightly with the breeze,

Dipping toward my vacant gaze:

A willow’s vaguely rhythmic ease.

Vagrant

Disappearing into neglected woods,

Past a dirt path toward a tangle of trees,

I scraped and I struggled

Through spiraling thorns embedded

In bark, in shade, in flesh.

For some troubled time, I shuffled and turned,

I twisted and ducked, contortedly

Forging the wooded trail.

With sweat on my lips and dust on my tongue,

I wiped my brow, as fingers unfurled.

Over thinning twigs and fallen trees,

With a final ascent, I reached for plains,

Open in air, searching the sky

Its simple blue drifting through

My ever-wandering, hazy eye.

Catharsis

Silver and fire dripped in syrupy orbs

Down the sky’s wide chest

Into a wrinkled plain yearning

For a departure from spent cartridges,

Spilt by steel barrels

Exploding anger toward the clouds.

As if in a hazy dreamscape

Defined by the synaptic blue,

Trees more surreal than Dali’s

Began to softly dance and absorb

Each gleaming globule floating

Through the viscous canvas.

Over the smiling face of sunny waters,

Defined within the mind of Hiawatha,

This bewildering array rained forth

From the firmament in laborious

Repetition and silent premonition

Of morphing moths into dragonflies.

Like fog thinning in a waking jungle,

The dimming numbness slid away

As drip, drop, drip, drop *agápe*

Bathed the earth in susurrus tones.

Dreamscape

I sometimes take a wayward glance,

A careless tilt toward depths of the night,

Where infinities reach out from within,

And gossamer clouds crafted from cotton

Thin out in delicate strands.

Swimming with fluctuating breath,

The stars begin to wax, to wane, to wax, to wane,

As a lonesome train bellows and races

To the deeply dreaming sky.

I find a peace, a careful solemnity

In this unspoken, strolling ritual,

Where a gleaming river passes by,

And a coin’s quick arc disappears.

For the night is filled with hazy things:

A half-caught glimpse and startled insight.

For better or worse, recollected or not,

I see the sleepless mare and sweetened soul

As they stir and dance beneath this moon.

Cosmos

Observe how a sphere,

Wrapped in a diaphanous skin,

Mirrors the world in its truer form:

Distortions abound in broken matrices

As the eye of the beholder finds itself

Perpetually frozen in the center,

Eternally locked in the pivot,

Of his myopic globe.

Journey

Mesmerizing: fractals of leaves were forgotten,

Dropped in the past by a passing wind

While prayers drifted, ceaseless,

And empty spaces began to drown.

I suppose there was not a great deal of time

Without boulders slowly breaking,

Grinding down to dust and sand.

Although the sacred mud of certain rivers

Seems to preserve a fluidity

Of the fine and heraclitic form,

Our instinct has doubly softened:

Now, man forgets his shifting faces,

And with unseen toes,

Dips cool feet into foggy waters.

Whether dawn or dusk,

His half-dreamt dark does not betray,

And whether past or prologue

Remains untold until the day.

Origin

Tripling worlds stretch back toward deep time

With careful rippling leaves, splayed

Into bold and quiet branches.

Orbic earth pulls in each direction,

Death-defying, yet barren,

Precarious in its watchful slumber;

Trees and sand creep upward,

Looming with a shaded hush,

Waiting for the noise to come.

Clouds in a softened glow

Prepare for the watchmen,

The observant and fleeting.

In the quiet of final moments,

A peaceful expectation grows;

A clean, abundant clarity:

The elegant, natural pose.

*Aviso*

Beware lest your hearts become drowsy,

Nodding away in silent apathy,

Drowning without complaint.

Beware lest your souls become weary,

Floating away in bilious forms,

Wand’ring without restraint.

Animal

A silence engendered by the tipsy fall of leaves,

A silence buoyed by the tingling wind.

Such vertigo, such precariously primal focus

Peers just too far past the thinning edge…

*Broken! Crack! Sun-sapped sticks*

With a rush, now, with a snap.

*Quick scuttle of quicker feet.*

Look,

Relax,

Remember –

Slowly and smoothly.

Let mind, let time recall that simpler sanity,

That sound awareness which fills the void

Of hollow fear.

God

I ask with a whisper,

Through a veil in the shadows.

*There is wind – it feels cool.*

Motions become slow,

Meandering as each bemused

Syllable waltzes with the moon.

*There is light – it looks soft.*

Long whistles, strung in tune

Sculpt this dream with memory.

Calm whimsy soothes the mind,

With a gentle, lulling sleep.

*There is peace – it is true.*

Porch

Music slid by,

Softened in the rain,

Each drop suffused

With the levity of space

And the graying echoes of time -

They chisel slowly away, slowly away,

At the infinite blades of grass

Bowed in silent symphony.

Dusk

Hanging loosely, my arms hover, sway,

Veins vining toward each fingertip,

Splaying a circular warmth

To soothe the quickened beat.

I remember the flickering yellow,

Fireflies swift in the humid dark,

Fated to be caught or lost by day.

I remember the sleeping sky,

Each moonrise warmer than the last,

Each dawn far off and heavy.

I remember your flaring nostrils

Open with each inhalation,

Blooming with the night.

Whitman

Enter the bustling world, the trodden streets:

You say into the rush, the whirl, the maze!

Dare to defy the careening multitude

Overwhelmed by some quickening pace.

Let your shoes sidle to a standstill:

Out of step, out of time.

Nothing but breath.

But silence.

Peace.

Remembrance

Amidst the crush and hurry,

I give you a scene.

Bare back slumped

Against an oaken door,

Eyes half shut, mouth agape,

Mind awash on distant shores.

Within the boundary,

I give you a snap.

Pupils constrict, react,

With a focus upward peering:

Nothing but the Book, a cross,

Caught in the faded light.

To stir the choking air,

I leave you a breeze.

Skin bristles with that sudden chill,

Muscles tense, head tilted,

Locked for a look

Long and long at the lonely moon.

Extract

Allow me to recollect for you a piece of your imagination:

Between the sinewy matters, darkened and gray,

Through willowy foresights lightly betrayed.

You see: your dormant mariner, your flightless bird

Rose darkly from the deepening sea.

Cold ridges cracked, split by the seams,

And finally spilt into various dreams.

Twilight encircled, vulturing down

Shrouding the hint, the rhythm above,

Though feathery stalks and mossy stones

Lingered to play with time.

Before the frail descent of words unheard,

A final stream slipped into view,

Soft light swimming in its ripples.

Here, your mirror slowed beyond motion,

Subdued in the stuff of perception,

Steeped in memory’s silence.

Dual

There is a chiseled hope

I see in the canyon:

Pink granite,

Hewn by the wind

And the rain.

There is a silent pain

I see now finely thinned:

A soul split,

Lone companion

Of a trope.

Lune

Imagine the beauty:

The skipping of strings

Bounding to convey truth

From your deep abstraction.

Find the slow crescendo,

Tickling its sinuous way

Past your quiet fingers

Into wide-eyed wonder.

Softly bemused, now

Let the longer rhythms

Smooth your twining sleep

With a distant, distant hush.

We ask you to help us work for that day when black will not be asked to get back, when brown can stick around, when yellow will be mellow, when the red man can get ahead, man, and when white will embrace what is right.

Ambler

I could have begun with a purple hue,

Dipped in the nighttime luster –

Though you may not have cared

To see the color through.

I could have shown some darkened leaves

Strangely lit beneath the dusk,

Falling as silent droplets drop

To smooth the jagged earth.

I could have sung a midnight thrush

*Tut, tut, oh-lay-oh-leeeee!*

It’s liquid trill precise and clean

It’s flutelike song so quickly hushed.

But I began with the bone-white path,

With steps of dust and shadow

Past sleeping limbs, now darkly green,

In the dappled moonlit glow.

Ash

I swept my past into a pan.

Too long, I thought,

I’d shuffled about on graying floors,

Stirring silent clouds

That hover and steal the sun.

And now as I brushed

Past clicks of the clock,

I saw my story plain:

*For man*

I swept.

*you are dust*

I swept.

*And to dust you shall return*.

*Viginti*

Nineteen times had the bell struck three

Before I muttered quietly,

And for one tick more

Of the cyclic score

I clenched my hands and waited.

Yet as I knew

To be too true,

This ring I was not fated.

*Cuatro*

Strum, pluck, strumming

Smoothly as cool water

Pools and pours forth

From a rounded gourd.

Pluck, strum, plucking

Quickly as warm droplets

Strike and swarm down

From a sudden cloud.

*Toca, canta, tocando*

*Suavemente soñando hoy*

*El ritmo borinqueño,*

*El jíbaro del alma.*

Wonder

Mimic the flames’ flickering,

Carefully licking embers

Dipped in a fiery honey.

Count as the shifting splinters

Fracture brilliance from the sky.

Pretend to grasp the light.

Fragment

Imagine, dream, where you began,

When seven cliffs of salted stone

Were all the secret ridges known,

As lavish tomes had rightly shown,

To you, the clueless thee.

Literal

I once had a shaman show me

The mechanics that loose the mind.

She said to begin with symmetric

Variance of a slanted, peculiar kind.

Her final steps were simple rules

Forgotten now to verse and time.

I once had a showman awe me

With linguistics that nearly rhymed.

He said to begin with poetic

Variants of enchanted, shrewder lines.

His final words were wistful tools

For getting past a versed design.

“But I don’t want comfort,” the Savage says. “I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness. I want sin.”

Ego

I took lessons from Jesus Christ

Lizards learning to leap on the water.

I fought against tectonic plates

Fracturing quicker with vertebrate zeal.

I smoked heaven from paper pipes

Curling wayward on your fickle secrets.

I crossed rivers in sudden bounds

Stopping still at lonesome views.

Impression

To think, to swoon

In softer folds

Of the musical fabric

Is to invoke Mozart,

To string quartets together

With a lifted loom

And listen.

Bullet

Aloof. Alone. Aloud.

Your soul will wonder

Whether you’ll make this choice

As irrevocable as the past,

As necessary as the rain

And the sleep that follows…

But fuck this overworked

Introspection –

It has hounded

The centuries.

It has given no pause

To those who would linger,

And will give no pause

To those who will stray.

Conscience

Careful with your devil deeds of daring.

Something lingers on the fringe –

Head tilted, scanning the scene, shadowing

Your false moves and sudden leaps

With a knowing apathy,

A resigned smile half as clear

As a curve of air.

Secrets

Picture the orb in its animal form

Raw and foaming, fighting to breathe.

With noxious clarity, that spark ignites,

Wakens the clouds to heavens above,

Ripples the seas to livelier motion.

Feel the quick moments burst

From the past in unimaginable

Scales. If you can feel the whisper,

If you can touch the silvery waves,

Then gather your senses, convert

Knowledge into comprehension,

Silence into conversation.

Each relic of the pumice pummeled past

Already sought its undisputed space

And waits, timeworn and timid,

For you, oh sweet discovery.

Metamorphoses

I’ve noticed thin lines,

Lines that mesh into poems,

Wrinkle into time

And break.

I’ve noticed thin lines,

Lines that curve into smiles,

Spiral into stairs

And fade.

I’ve noticed thin lines,

Lines that splay into forests,

Widen into plains

And grow.

Pi

Lay the towel low –

Kiss your forehead

To the cooled cloth

And draw a slow,

Deepening breath –

Let the delicacies of

Subtle asphyxiation

Ease your surrealism.

Move toward edges

Of hexagonal dreams,

Infinitely collapsible,

Wholly centric and

Spherically shared.

Rapture

Without a single thought of Kubla

Khan or the sound, illustrious Buddha,

I’ve sat at the edge of many rivers.

Some, I cannot recall without the

Buzz of a fly, the sting of an ant.

Some, I cannot recall without

A vision of sudden peace.

Most, I cannot recall without

A longing that blurs

With the ease of eyes

Falling blind.

In others still, I cannot recall myself –

I grow wild in observation

Struck by the spirit,

Soul soaked in

Kerosene,

And lit.

Dissipate

I’ve watched my feet follow dirt

That snaked thru tall grasses and

Strolled into streams of shade.

Soothed by the current and

Cooled by the wind,

I was a fervent immortal

Whispering to leopards

Lost in discussions

Of this infinite parody.

A gambler’s duplicate die,

A lone hourglassed dune,

A saint’s faded halo:

These were my visions in youth.

Each world could halt.

In my heart, each breath

Could vaporize as waters

Crash for the sake of the moon.

Return

Remember the rising dawn,

Each hazily slumber filled blink

Waking you to dreams of another dreamer,

To a warm and slow embrace.

Remember the wand’ring day,

The paths meandering, the ocean drifting,

As you smiled with summer’s sun

And laughed with peaceful eyes.

Remember the fading night,

So smooth and softly hushed,

As your lips momently hovered,

Whispering love with a kiss.

When thoughts are strung

From floorboard to rafter,

When songs are sung

Of here and hereafter,

I lift my eyes,

Search the hidden hope

a line’s disguise

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I lack the conviction of a priest or a beggar

When I lost my phrases to the dandelioned fields,

I felt a certain ease.

I followed honeycombed trovecutters dashed

With derivative bluesy greys,

And never failed to slice linens that

Follow the rippling shell.

Mirrored rocks with recursive fades

Shine as fabled canyons shine

In a scarlet streaking sky.

Electric timbers in the morning

Are simply attenuated antennae

Twitching with the pulse of the sun.

Bridges lost to time or the day

Find solace in an eye’s embrace.

Alpine Data Labs

American Conservation Experience

American Express

Cisco

Intel

IXL Learning

J.P. Morgan

Pandora

Qadium

Quantiacs.com

Spire

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