I want you to know

A child’s ball is only a symbol of what I am

That the shine and buff of it in sunlight is like mine

A place ripe with portent a place to dangle your feet

For cool currents midstream to wash away dirt and sand,

Fish to come mingle near me

The joy of that ball is in the secrets it could tell of

Moist earth, plants surging towards the sun,

Mysteries under the porch, the wind to pull you along.

How the sun is a miniscule bit of happenstance

It lights our mornings, makes that ball glow as if with an inner life

Warm, it pulses and pulls, inviting trees to turn to warmth

Feeling the universe pick it clean

Quantum flux to create

Not Enough

The world is a vampire.

She waits silent, unmoving

small hands whitened by chalk.

Roses’ thorns drip our blood

together into a dank sound

that reminds of water in a tunnel

a cave’s musty warm.

The lamp dims as she adjusts the wick,

sits and turns as if to question

just as the door slams shut.

Light finally leaves

a knife’s edge bleeding

into voices hard bent against silence.

A dull thump again and again

could be doors closing

but is you knocking to be let out.

I did nothing as it claimed you.

She waits silent, unmoving

Her eyes smile as I gather her hand

Inside mine

they gather the handsRoses’ thorns drip our blood

together into a dank sound

that reminds of water in a tunnel

a cave’s musty warm.

The lamp dims as she adjusts the wick,

sits and turns as if to question

just as the door slams shut.

Light finally leaves

a knife’s edge bleeding

into voices hard bent against silence.

A dull thump again and again

could be doors closing

but is you knocking to be let out.

I did nothing as it claimed you.

Or the

Lemons crush beneath our toes

Silhouettes against the window shade

Wanting to pull from the womb unrequited

I sharpe1n the knife with long strokes on its strop

And it finds the home that

I cannot tell how hard to slam the knife

Too scared to mewl, too scared to let the waiting dark

Consume, grow into itself

Not Enough

She waits silent

small hands as if whitened by chalk

the rose from her garden sweet

red as our blood crimson drips, gathering.

pricks our fingers

within a cave’s musty warm.

The lamp dims as she sits

turns to question

and the door slams shut.

Light finally leaves

a knife’s edge bleeding

into voices hard bent against silence.

A dull thump again and again

could be doors closing

but is you knocking to be let out.

It is 4 am on a Tuesday

I awake from my dream where I dreamt

The world was turning ice,

Nothing I could do would change

The world turn to ice .

Its cold edges fell away

I could ask the children to grow

Into life and their God to rise from stone

For the stone to ring like a bell

Its

For the repentant to walk in silence over a cliff

For a handful of salt to burn my eyes

For stars to shine in day

I could ask where love has gone

How your eyes can see only the contemptible

How fires can burn the water

When it is only cold during day

How silence can burn like fire

How fire can salve the tree

s

Write in ashes that ten plus ten is

How death can be nothing more than silence

A little death just a little silence

Ask Could

I could ask the animals to stop

chew only fire, breathe only stone,

climb air and walk on water.

I could ask the mountains to love only cement

clangor for sulfur and pumice

collect the ghosts of their wronged fathers

or wrench from bellies the gnawed on rib.

I could ask the sea to

Blanch cinders to white

Pull molten sky like taffy

Pray granite can empty the sun.

I could ask anyone

How far is yellow

How long is the sky

How deep is light.

Here

The animals chew fire, breathe stone,

climb air and walk on water.

The mountains love only cement

clangor for sulfur and pumice,

collect the ghosts of their wronged fathers,

or wrench from bellies the gnawed on rib.

The sea blanches cinders to white

Pulls molten sky like taffy

Hears how long is the sky

Prays granite can empty the sun

And breathe the deep light.

Within that one song

A voice rises with dawn

And wakes me gasping from dreams

I do not want to leave.

I jump up angry, an atavist with fists

Ready to hurt, smash, rend with hands

But there is nothing but voice

And red, then yellow light growing in the east

As stars fade.

It isn’t paradise.

The teacup rocks slightly in the saucer

And the stairway sighs beneath each step.

On the highway, cars truncate night with their headlights

Bisect darkness until out of sight.

The stars that outshine the streetlights

Are weak, hard to see.

My hand grasps for the nonexistent rail

For descent, is never without peril.

That rises with

To begin again as if just that one song

Could be enough to make us live today

Could be enough to make us die just a little bit

Within the gras

Meets the day as if hope could uplift it more

Grows hoarse

One rhythm to keep time

Cymbals crash, 14 billion feet

The color of night is my darkness.

I could ask the tree to begin again

Wreck the blood

Taste liver

I could believe anything.

Ask why light comes before dark

Ask where the ocean’s waves began

Ask how a tree can find the sky

its leaves always straining.

Ask.

It is a hot day in late September d

The lake is mine.

11:30 at night and the dark is total

The kayak glides

Almost silent but

for the gurgle my paddle makes

as it cuts the water

the distance between black sky

and water’s edge indistinguishable.

Canis major is the mark I follow

High up above the invisible shore

Old friends revealed

Pegasus, Cassiopea, Orion, Ursa Major

Myths spin across the vault of the sky

As I feel the generations’

Eyes look arms paddle

Their wonder is my wonder

paddle with my arms

once more into dark

Admired the vault of the sky.

Far from shore, I imagine monsters

Leaping from the deeps their mouths

Yawning chasms that swallow me

And the kayak whole

But I paddle almost silent into yet more darkness.

A meteor streaks across the sky

Almost so bright it blinds

And my way north into

Inhale the trees,

Know what a heart is for

Today anything could happen.

A child turns as if to ask a question

But sees the answers are there already.

A man,

Holds out his hand

Somewhere I hear an eagle’s cry

As my

Sling the truth

Let the tight

Here

We are here again

The flattened tip rammed hard

Against granite as the seeping twilight

Darkens, shrouds the trees and warm

Replaces light and warm

Shroud my leaves

Let us begin.

Let the

Children’s God

Inheritance

Almost Home

Choose Your Home

Choose

Birthday

Earth Day, April 22, 2018

To ask our children’s god to rise from stone

Is to build its granite visage with hammer and chisel.

Build its granite visage with hammer and chisel.

First, carve the nose to smell the smoke

Then remove enough for the eyes

To see chaos illuminated by fires;

Raised fists

Fingers to point

Thumbs up to ok anything.

Smite our children, lay them low where they steep

In the juice of righteousness, their desire a pulse

on finger tips, a taste on tongue

their blood salt to cleanse the palate.

Who said they shall inherit the Earth?

Wipe the slate, slake our thirst now

Leave nothing, cleave the human tree

As firewood and burn, burn, burn.

We leave smoking garbage,

polluted oceans with no fish,

rotting fruit to feed deer

and intoxicate the bears.

Let them fall and each footprint

In the dust be only yours or mine.

Remember the graveyard by the church,

Its steeple nearby rising above the hill

The village nestled at its feet

Daffodils on the town square

As we walk ever closer

crow bars and hammers ready for work.

A figure by the mailbox

Is your child waving her welcome,

for you,

are almost home.

All creations must fall in its wake

Until it is writ like dust, like pollen from dandelions

it jaundices us to think our livers have risen too

but

The earth is.

We do not know, to know that chaos and death rile the heart

Smite our children, the air we breathe, the ground we walk

The earth is…

The universe is….

The morning waits.