

Not a Gate of Hell But Its Doorknob

A Collection of Poems

Richard P. Gabriel

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Café Jitters in the Presence of Beauty

the prospect of espresso
makes our day
the girl who is parading her profile
around the café really
owns the place and makes her money
using the thick coffee / its rich flavors
her thick hair / the salt of her cheeks
more have crowded into the café
for the espresso and sweets
for the salt and thick dark hair
tangled in the open weave of her sweater

my friend drinks a macchiato
made by the salted woman
with a drizzle of cream on the top of an espresso
foamed into a brown sludge by a technique
that raises our hopes for sleepy sex
as we walk out she watches the backs of our legs
and our heavy backs / the red at the bases
of our necks / we feel her eyes on us
we believe and head for the strip club
where we feel our way along
like the blind / like the all-knowing

January 2, 2006

Hack Time

no more time
for simple poetry and snacks
the computer is misbehaving
and it hurts my teeth

January 3, 2006

Geometry of Making

across the street
the building is just geometry
a surrendered yellow wall
windows a shy blue
they are not uniform
the windows
it should be beauty
but there is nothing to see
but the beauty

watching this wall
after a morning
with you
it's hard to know
what to look forward to

January 4, 2006

Ceramic Panic

reminds me of the vase
curves / the loneliness
deep within the mouth
shininess that doesn't diminish
over time that consumes us

the last time I looked
the vase blushed but couldn't
turn away / I longed
for a vessel / found
you instead

Circles Everywhere

at the lake
seagulls swarm and circle
they are a cloud
above a promise
with effort I can see
them as separate birds
I'm sure they are acting
all the same way
but I know they
each believe it is special
moving in its own ellipse
in space / the air is rising
so they use their wings
only to tilt

this diversion
holds me until my breathing
turns slow
until I am not parched
until the bike
believes it's special
and asks me
go

January 6, 2006

Another Bad

death has not moved off
I've moved as fast as I can
I've changed everything
death is like glue
death is not faked out
I tire of moving fast
death never

Disappearance

when I look at pictures
of the young in poses
that suggest seduction or allure
it is into the past I gaze
the feelings are unstoppable
but weak and un compelling
with no way to go back
the work seems not worth
what it cost
with physicians hovering
the past plays like a movie
because the future is absent

Two Steps Back

work / hard work and little reward
it moves forward slowly and without
definitive progress / like walking
down a back road / heavy head wind
so strong it's one step forward
two steps back / I've turned my back
on many I realize / now that there are things
to look back on / I've been left behind
everyone takes a turn at being cruel
the road is named cruelty
we all take the same road

Legend Attained

Harry played like no one I'd ever heard
after a blizzard he played with the garage
doors open and knocked loose
icicles up and down
the street / Harry played that day
like Jimi and decided I think
to get a Winter home
in a town with the same name
he lived this way
humorously for 20 years
Groveland in the Summer
Groveland in the Winter
everyone in his band is dead
the riffs / the licks
nothing has held together

Digital Overview

thrill of technical advancement
makes the memory nothing
or not much / + the efforts
of people etc who need to type it all in
no one can understand
no one is brave who does this
a random fool or two
if there were any indication
the past would stop cold
the favorites wouldn't know it
from this machine
I see all

January 11, 2006

The Burmese Ruby

sometimes a painting's
meaning is just its dollar figure
we admire it more because
not one of them is the same

Day Bad

every little
thing goes
wrong and repairs
need to be made
on and on
on and on

Blue Tent / Rubble

as time passes
the impossible becomes
possible and like a tide
edging through the day
the possible becomes implausible
and more once more
by the tracks a pile of rubble
resolves to a blue ruck-made tent
old age / no home
it all seems impossible
but the blue tent looks warm
as he sits and reads

Your Dust

better to crouch
talking in the dirt poking
at rocks with sticks
still using horses / no machines
right and wrong reduced from living color
to old movies / from somewhere
beyond the next rise the sound
of cattle started up and soon
dust kicked up over the rise
and settled onto our coffee mugs
we placed them on the ground
in the dirt / our faces speak
in wrinkles only / our words
are gullies / deep worn ones
shallow wide ones / you job
is to fill in the blanks / hint
you're making the sound
that combines to hooves on rocks
and dirt over the rise and down
in the gully

Visco Fuse

black powder wrapped in cloth
and waterproofed
so it will burn under all conditions
explosions are ends
or is the ringing
and smoke rising and
the debris from nearby things
falling as if tears from the sky
is the end and the explosion near the end
the celebration

Fuse for Consumers

Overheard Thoughts

above Munich once more
this time dead in winter at sundown
snow-covered hills covered with snow fog
though dark enough below for lights
few lights are on as people in their farmhouses
and townhouses admire the late twilight light
small stands of forest darken the snow lightened fields
and from one a belch of smoke rises
/ remind me Celan /
and blends into the fogs scattered about
some cars hug almost miraculously
the darkened roads lined with twiggy trees
I'm almost there again
and thoughts of you and your heels kicking
your hem ahead of me coat my eyes
fill my sleep-filled head
the dead of winter / here once more

On Homeward

so tonight as rain turned to snow turned to...
I found what we stepped on instructive
and the shapes of shoes and pants above them
/ the work heels do to hems and the looks
of eager desperation on faces facing the north wind
or was it that the street faced north
/ dim spectral light of a northern city
during dark when thoughts turn
to a heavy meal and a book too long
to ever finish

under an overhang I wait
or do I watch
the women pass by
give me despair for the ugliness
they call love

In the (Daylight)

now your face
what would I have bought
were it you
as you say
there is not enough daylight
to wake up properly
and even though
you are as happy
as you ever could be
who says love and beauty
are the same thing
it's all the same

Night of Held Hands

I noticed outside
in cold dark in Munich
in front of the restaurant
waiting for Jens
that old wives around here
wear their hair long and colored
liked lionesses in hiding
and they hold the hands
of their husbands like schoolgirls
outdoing their parents
on the coldest of nights

the doors close around me
the night sky is black while
the moon makes it way through
the valleys of streets

along the way
the statues of lions
startle with color
and shapes made like men

above the sky's still / black

Farewell At Last

time to leave
and the sun shines
what once was titillation
is now hung out and dried up
the romance of overcast evenings
and snow like afterthoughts
has framed my mood as I plan
my trip away
the plane will find the sky
a burden and heavy
it will be dark all through the journey
I will arrive in the dark
and will remain there

Dante Said It First

they speak to me now
opening up in torrents
spilling themselves like sunlight
for I am the dark now
the night
the one as dead
because speaking with the dead
leaves only secrets behind

Metaphor Police

feeling our way along
the edge of the lake
where we once found a place
to stop and enjoy each other
we never find time to stop
anymore / and nothing about today
is going to change things

but now we watch the city
from a high point
with time compressed
so that the highways are white streaks
and red streaks like retreats

we scope each other with binocs
sometimes with prisms to turn us
upside down so our love remains fresh
like the edge of the lake
like an enormous error
near the end of a long
and cherished computation

A Tall Cold One

many secrets on the street
which is the main axis
of the old city
and you find your secrets
hidden in the lions
or other marks of antiquity
you are wrapped as always
in the warmest you have
but the cold is hovering
by your boundaries

the train station sneaks up on us
and we check which track
provides the most romance
shall we glide to Berlin
speed to Paris

but the cold gets to the tracks
they turn ice-like and the trains
remain in place all night
while we head for a warm place
a place with fire
a place where we can sit
opposite each other and dream

Shades

which version would you like
the one / let's talk about some other
more important thing first
like the shade of green
on a long suffering bridge
think about that green
—which you could do
if you could guess which
bridge I mean—
and then the sad blue behind
and ruffling green shades in the trees
the intersecting deep ripples
in the direction confused river
do you like the shade / with
the audience in tears
or the one with the barrels of trash
overflowing and a small fire
the hopeless cook over

which version /
do you like them

Diver

almond topped
building and dumpsters
filled and refilled
and emptied by those
whose fortunes are subsumed
by the lesser few
and suspects

what they find in the dumpster
is the hope taken and dumped

Paris Ride

bike off the hook
down the stairs and out
onto the streets
some cobbled still
riding in the cold
the air is damp
almost random icicles
there is the impossible
this river running counter
in the concrete ravine
the buildings stonelike and the people in them
or there is the possible
that might (also)
be true

Morning Times Along

by the tracks
trains like old dreams
repeating their worn up
paths and we toss the last
carrot into the cabbagey soup
with the shank bone
from a butcher we used to buy from
before the / well before
built of whatever
warmth is touchy since / well since
in the mornings we face the sun
as it comes up and pray until
the train comes up the slight
rise and bellows up a storm
and we hug to show love
share heat / well heat

Nowhere

now the roadways
supports are rusted
in bubbles over and through
the green paint / bricks
with their corners chipped off
or worn away / color was once
the bright spot in buildings
the speckled red of bricks
back when my dad was a kid
and the paint was green
roadways and bridges new
in the time it took for him
to grow out of that city
the rust had started
at least one brick had its corner chipped

through all of this decay
he grew to forget
where his dad was buried
/ under the hot sun
among the faithful
with a child of no one
beside him
the forgotten I suppose
the rust away
the green paint unable to hold the memories
together / let us pray
that the roads will never sink
under the earth
as they both now have
and I soon will

Sidewalk Scene Impression

the view down the street
is cluttered / at the end of the street
two trolleys pass as opposites
people wade along the sidewalks
and cross without direction
cars go and stop / reverse to park and gawk
overhead wires and lines dissect
the early twilight sky
last night it snowed and tonight
the slush is black
we could find lovers here
perhaps in the darkened windows
half reflection and half cheap goods

Label & Right

they've saturated the colors
to compensate for the plot
which holds little
streets don't mean much
being conduits of past and time
we have discovered our role
helper / helper / helper
passed on at least twice
simple / but the sense is made

Research / er

clues stay hidden
revelations come in small pieces
my dreams are desperate for lips
and smells / besides this the working
is hard and part of my bold reform agenda
what I learn slows me down
and stop signs grow redder
now I have an address
so I can feel what is felt there

Undertangled

some days the technical
details grow dim and the proofs
seem further off like the Titanic
veering off from shore
such a ship was packed with technology
and good ideas bordering on beautiful
design / but all of it was just scrap
and oily connections
in the end what love may have been on board
became the rust of a memory
or a story or the bottom

Wandering Through Town and Finding My Seat

in a town with nothing
the hand me downs behave
like gold and sink at the first
sign of water

I'm hungry for orphans
of taste / nuggets free
of mistakes
the current is hot to make it down
to the sea

these streets meant
something but everywhere
I walk now they are filled
with punks who know little
know all / I search for clues
and find the breath of stories
like a wind that comes and goes
in indecision and out of a mind

I've sat there all day
waiting for a word
there is no place
for a word to come from

Rambling Through the Farm

faithful to suspense
running like chickens
in search of a warm coop
whitewashed and stripped
of the nesting places
and feeding stations
the abandoned coop
makes a smelly
clubhouse once shovelled out
surrounded by tall and deep green grass
paths from barn to trough to the milkhouse
faithful to suspense I allow
my memories to gather
like a smell that drops
into a streambed
and washes away
is written down

Unbalanced Path

under a log
buried in a hole
sealed in a can
wrapped in plastic
in an envelope
folded 3 times
the story I've written
and read only once
to a handful of people
who dreamt only of sadness
and not this
no not this

Roadsides

these memorials wait
by the side of the road
for the trucks pass by
for the cars to go around the bend
or over the next hill
they look handbuilt
but I read somewhere you can buy
the crosses on the Net
the memorials wait
to become memories
to hold the important facts
while the cars and trucks
and bicycles and walkers
are out of sight
and the facts that bubble up
when the car stops and the women weep
their legs dangling from the passenger sides
of the car depend / depend
on just what you imagine
they depend on

Release 1.1

technology is itching to inch
up the price until consumers cry uncle
but consumers sometimes
think and that's what the ceos
can't abide for the fish are not
to be allowed to swim upstream

the foolish believe that harshness
has been moderated but here are people
to teach a real lesson

Three Crossings

one of two stories
from a village with thatched roofs
and mud streets
smelling of excretions and murky smoke
hot train ride in seatless cars
and a boat ride below deck
bottom bunk
everything roped to a wrist
from a city of marble and slate
cobbled streets but modest nonetheless
smelling of pastries and imported turkish coffee
long ride in second class
and a ride on a sister of Titanic
narrow bed
and a modest stateroom
it's one of these
or both at the same time

Science Limpes to the Finish Line

the theory is unsound
but the applications too important
to ignore so the theory is placed
on life support with the remark
that the way the world is
is the way it must be

Riding the Sunset

what do we face
when the birds fly off
and the clouds cover the sun
on it's way down as cold
settles in / the tvs coming on
and a thunderclap in the next county
rumbles up the street
the covers cause the rash
that soap can't quench
the roof is getting ready to leak
but only the winter knows it
what do we face
when our faces face down

Professionalism in the End

one day they will tell you
in syrupy phrases and with frank
smiles that you have no options
but how much pain you
wish withheld in furtherance
of your life goals
one more thing to check off
in your list of accomplishments
that you are not ready
is ungrammatical to them
because they need their forms
checked off and signed
and their official demeanors
and youthful rush
helps push the pens across the page
and in exchange they promise
to not revive you if you have
a heart dead beat

Inconceivable Reluctance

death is the puzzle of how
things worked
when you pick up after
there are many things missing
that cannot have been
how how how
well there must be paths that resolve
into patterns that make puzzles nothing
death makes it work

No_Op 1

like furrows deep
in the brow ideas can leave
behind harrowing depths
one wonders what relations
exist between this and reverb

February 13, 2006

Birdless Haiku

the world simply
waits to get everything
coming to it

A Dog's Chances

"Look at the Labrador,"
said Buzz—Buzz shorthaired with a strong,
bullish build and a stoic presence,
is the type of dog
that the country will come to know—'s owner.
"It looks like the type of dog
that would be in a children's book
with the word 'dog' under it.
It's your basic dog.
And I think that hurts
its chances.

Recursive

there are certainly questions
one could ask about design
like do you need a person
or could a designed thing
design

Notes After a Found Poem

outside people are running
they are people I guess
because the rain has drenched
my vision and so the day
has halted its progress toward
revelation and longing
clouds have obscured me
from the watchful eyes
and despair of people

Short Take 1

some currents are loaded
and hint at the implications
in the clouds
the relation is the refraction
of the surface
a reflection of the difference
between up and lost

Lasting Manual

see the dead
review their lives
their breathing is not regular
and not really desired
they say their bodies are getting ready
but it is just babbling to make
the left behind ready
by thinking there is a reason
for all this
but it's just the requirement of death
for life that makes
the world go 'round

What's There's What's Not There

the desert waits
we believe it's flat
but it undulates
waves at sunrises / sunsets
heat / flowers / dry dust
roadside memorials
abandoned planes
wind against the car
pushing to the higher plains
crossing streams green
from runoff and accumulated life
the desert waits
for more to leave

Watch / Wait

death is on my mind
what to talk about when the near
to death are nearby
visitors come and the story
of how he's near
death is repeated as he sleeps
we wait while the breathing
grows more coarse
we wet his open mouth
he sometimes half stares
we push the buttons
on the microwave to make tea
because we stay up
waiting

Another Last Day

suddenly awake
nothing but
dark / silence
cries / wake up wake up
it's not fair
wake up just one more time
but the half stare widened
breathing damped
only one breath was left
and that one gone

we pretend to imagine
the store of breaths allocated
at the start and watch them drain
(don't run / don't run them down)
but after a time we don't notice
that the pile grows smaller
and are surprised when it ends

daddy I love you so very very much
handled / transferred
wrapped / strapped
covered & wheeled out

[[he was afraid to die I think since
he talked always of living to 100
even when the realistic possibility
disappeared—his liver was nearly
gone / he was afraid his wife
wouldn't know how to help him if
he could not breathe and asked for
a stranger to come and spend the
night / we had atropine and mor-
phine to reduce the urge to
struggle to breathe / he thought we
were helping him live but we were
doing something else / we knew his
store was running out though he
calculated decades more / we knew
while he hoped / I hope never to
face this again—to know what
someone I love doesn't/cannot/
will not / he will miss forever the
light on newly budded trees / he
will never compliment the person
treating for her good cooking / he
will never again order a cup of mud
/ he will never again see the beauty
of home / we loved him]]

To the *n*

again we designed
a marker that means little
to most but all to some
we did it using our expertise
operating with not much thought
but the result was good
and within bounds
and our expertise did the job

why did it go so fast
some things are exponential

Almost

sitting right where he died
nothing occurs to me what
to write / but in the next room
some effort is being made
to keep living

some suppose we should
mope and cry / maybe that's
the right way / maybe ours
is / the point is
to make it from day n
to $n+1$

something different is bound
to happen / God has told us this
in a book written by men (we all
suppose) but exaggeration
is all around

he wasn't able to spell
all the words he needed to write
and he like to find money
on the ground and at the gambling
table / he routinely did
so don't laugh or doubt
he had luck in all things

As Like

snow falling like traces
of models wiggling
for the cameras
things like this
demonstrate the antistructure
of post rationalism or
that things made the same way
(randomness and hopeful combination)
behave as likes
even painters knew this
though the audience believes in
drawing

back to the snow
it blankets the ground
looking like a warm fluffy blanket
when it's probably freezing to death
whatever is beneath it

Fate Likes Us

water under the bridge
nothing like the million tomorrows
our fate is like his
living requires it
statistics cannot be trumped
his gambles but one
paid off

Design Flame

kids walking solemnly
smiling while looking to the side
at friends / wonder what wonders
our lives tap into / designed for hope
to root / one day fear will take
each of us / we all take part
in the ceremony of extinguishing
the flame

Hijacking

cousin william
hear his tale
dad would beat
his wife near death
william 12 one day
could stand it no more
when one day dad
beat her once more
william snuck to the barn
and grabbed a hoe
caved his head in from the back
after saving his mom
william was put in a cage
in jail in the center of the room
where all could see and laugh

once out he drank
went nuts
hoped for a miracle
will die alone

My Wish

who came up
with the idea
to make health care a business
those people deserve
to become very ill

March 1, 2006

Dark And

rain and its depromise
it appears like water falling
from the sky
such an odd idea and full of mistakes
things unhinge and condensation
piles onto inside windows
hate is like tonight

Right Now Design

what is design but the progress
of mankind

how is it that devices exist
no one has built

like pieces of metal
coiled into spirals
sitting on the ground

who loves the dark blue
of cities photographed at night
from above

what is design but the shame
of mankind or eyes that kill

we wander through spaces
made of minds and things that die

savor design even
when it's not made

Insubstantial Correlative

unlikely conclusion
based on specialized guesses
moderated by unlikely distributions
reasoning this way makes something
special of our ideas instead
of the things themselves

Right Ahead

the latest fad
is the latest
fads figure into the thrill of the night hour
don't be nervous
but be edgy and ready
think about the color of your hair
and make your eyes match by various
squinting

there is no doubt in anyone's mind
that doubt is everywhere
in every mind
such strength of belief
is the latest fad

March 5, 2006

Sound of Poetry

sure it's easy
just type in words
as I write this I hear
clicks whose rhythm
mimics what I see

Silent Ticking

no one wants to weep
when those who doesn't know
how to love die

we don't care who
knows how to love
when we are so beautiful
that we don't need to smile

on the border
things get desperate
when the sun goes out

the ones who cannot love
can weep or look more serious
for a minute
and then what

The Red Stripe

he asks the question
that his heart denies
with the building
with the red stripe up it behind
he needs the answer
to ease the future
into the present
or else the red stripe
will widen like the sun across the horizon
like the bleeding that is the end of the day
like the pathway few feet return from

the craft of his eyes
are to look just off
to every important side
and thereby sweep
the meaning of the world
into his hungering
memory

A Hank of Pork Casings

nothing makes more sense
than the feeling one has
when the last feeling
has stopped
when the sunsets don't matter
when the first thing to happen
is as likely as the extra things that didn't
let's translate our lives
to the language of last doors
and pass it along to a bucket
of punctuation for the best songs
to come out like poetry sausages

Hazing

outside
yellow lights
lined up and shimmering
near ones sing with a slow vibrato
far ones just listen as the wind
winds through them
everything is lonely

Little Flanges

imagine the thunder
arriving from just one direction
imagine the lightning
hitting the ground from every direction
this is the imagination
picking the spaces between
and passing the meeting
places which are the words
on the backs of sent
postcards

When We're Young

she slims on
her jeans
and like they all do
she wags while they
become on
in this case
it's flowers

when I walk in
it's a big rounded
W or should I say
UU

Changing the World

shall we endeavor
to inspire geeks
and change the world
what is comprehensible
what's further ahead
this is our job
meanwhile we are just watching
as people make things up
so we find that
art sparks engineering
and makes science

Above & High Enough

so the lightning drops down
curtains pulled down quick
but snapping back just as

viewed from above it's the homelights
that catch my eye in between what must be
thumps hitting the ground

sometimes the deep shades
piled up about the houses
where fathers surely are reading
to their daughters or else
the dishes are gathering solidified grease

soon we've passed over and among the dots
the river is apparent

we are ready to land
to stick to the earth
yet again

Two Words / Bookends

tired
his melancholy is beyond mine
but he is not real
or only as real as a miracle
he pushes them away
watches what he craves
after he's pushed them
tonight it's about passion
and its sidekick
despair

March 15, 2006

San Antonio Dreamin'

being a little stupid
makes you smarter
just ask someone
who doesn't know

Anger and Burial

update your account
be on top
of things / say your prayers
close the glass door to be safe
no one is willing to wait
even with all the time
the world is willing
to part with

A Loneliness

she bends to kiss
eyelashes tangle
what they look at makes
summer lonely
but one of them pulls away
it's not the one you think
watch as the other
walks away

Gravel Roads Through Trees

many of the days
are tired like this one
rain is typical
longing is typical
more is bound to us
our intersections are just little
stretches of time
when the unbearable
turn their backs
when the hungry for color
step like whores down hallways
and past doorways
the end of times appears
and the glass doorways are screwed shut
and special cards are taped
thereupon

Without the Rest

forge ahead
with paint the glow of pure
intellect / place the gown
on the past eruption
link the leavened
pink-sided walls
to the unfolding designs
and ligaments
we are nowhere if not
unafraid of the tender
pretensions and pretenders
and pretzels of loud
lifting and settling
the narrative of peculiar
time is an anvil

Aleatory I

I find some awful antics
in your unlawful semantics

the candle burns its oil
and forms a smudge
as potent as your rationality

the trip begins today
in heavy rain and hearts

Every 4 Words

on the train the girl answered
in a bedroom voice
in a musical language with spits
every 4 words
she babytalked and chattered like a mocking
bird / behind her castle after castle
run down / hotelish / palatial
hunkered to the cliffside
overseeing the Rhine
with standing waves 7' high
and flatboats urging upriver

but with the clouds sunk
like the girl's lids
and the window caked and streaked
it was all a smudge
even the girl
her dark hair dripping
on the jewelry in her ears
and the cell phone buried
there like the last thing she said

Break Sticks

huge he
is all around her
bent over / she's bent
back / he lunges
her head is driven
back / his leather
coat is black
as night encompassing our street
we pass and she her
hair drawn to the earth

the bus waits
passengers wait
we stop / turn / &
wait / when will he stop
is what we cannot say
kissing goodbye
in this smudged' &
tender mess

Words Mean More Than You

penalty box

unanimously Polaroid

an unjust teakettle

a shotgun of daydream

bridal mutable truckload is disavowal

credibility validity as blueprint geology

airwaves in a (sic) rash

stripped to the handcuffs

an almanac unspecified this

a fragile arisen weightlifter

roulette lava ointment as initiate

predisposed power outage

spearmint gallows

sharply imperceptible

terrified as an inward rubber-stamp

she was a marshy shy well-advised shut-in

Filtered

below the city
is lifting its lights
but from here nothing
looks to be moving
what are these lights
what if there were gone
even in the distance
they don't waver
that is remoteness
creeping up on me
and making me ready
to jump

Goethe Haus

house of a wealthy poet
the room where he wrote
above the street near the edge of town
with a pump they avoided
waiting for water
the floors creak and crack
his talent for drawing
surprises

I find it feels not
like as poet's house
nor could I feel him writing there
one can only imagine
what he couldn't imagine
in this house

Draining

pain is lively
it starts before exhaustion
it ends with breath
for now let's sit
and measure out breaths

Truth or Despair?

all is a lack
it's the talent's missing
look at it this way
it's crumby

Practice

I lay under the blanket
unable to turn her way
from tired and ill
she stroked my shoulder
and said hope
you feel better
soon Dad
later I thought
this was practice
for when she would say
goodbye

Time in This Story

imagine the wings of listlessness
hammering space into timelessness
when the time comes
the songs will all slow down
until they no longer fit
in the imagination

tell me the story
when I ask
when it's my turn

Dream Recurrent

her beauty is like the cherry sunset
hazed over in white clouds
like a cream and honey warmed drink
she is standing at the edge of the field
by the stonewall / standing before it
with the broken clouded sun going down
behind her / here where no one is living
with ambition / but she turns to me
and her look unbrightens and warms
the dream of perfect beauty and wheat fields growing
beyond dormancy with her / in the background
the guitar is strumming and a pretty voice
calls out and shes back again to face the fading
light and leaving me to wonder after her

Dream Recurred

he turns and the sun flares
her hair and in the late day heat
the motes are dense behind her
she would reach out were time
not an issue / she instead drops her head
and returns to the sun and declares it
hers

Life Events

he drove to the hospital
he never drove away

later after it was over
I drove his car home

Profession of Hate

we pray and the links
are unreal / satan has caught
the man of professed faith
he still spouts / we think of the whale
we know his fate
it makes us pray more
for he knows nothing of irony

False Call

looking in the voice
for true to burp out
for the back plots to add up
nothing is all in the way
we heard the familiar ring ring
all night / our worry is like
a voice dropped to a growl
and painted behind by pink

Old Bridges Taunt Fresh Water

in the end the river
is nothing more than a figure
or a metaphor
or the basis of every memory

the river is water
gathered because it feels low
bridges built across play favorites
tease crossers with liquid anguish

where the towns are older
the need to be close to rivers
is rooted deeper
the bridges mean more
but the water is just as young

I Read About This Somewhere

the experiment was proposed
injections / observations under peculiar light
shipping people to cities they
don't favor / carefully placed people
behind buses and signs
watching while the shipped
stare and sweat / scan maps
like glow worms / wonder whether
they changed enough
money for a taxi

a team has drums
is banging them as they descend
to the lower tracks
they say chocolate
is good here

the experiment goes on
carefully placed people
watching behind buses and signs
observe the subject regard
the statue of the fat nymph
floating in air on a base
on the walk by the river
flourishing from purposes upstream
engaged in a flowing process

the experiment that was proposed
ended when the expresso
met the chocolate
we considered these injections
for the purpose of the experiment
so that we could fly home
before the fear foreign taxis
could flourish in our throats

Logic in its Place

skeptical / arrogant
authority must be right
authority works only when it is right
therefore it is always right

the stories we love to hear are
the authorities are right
they have made them pay
therefore we are safe

the authorities are wrong
they have been humiliated in their arrogance
therefore we are safe

Unlike the Past

the bend in the river
tearing away at the banks
or the cool green leaves shading
the water / cooling it
across the river girls gathered
once / turned soon to contagion

the bridge we can see from here
isn't an escape route
but is instead emptying
of love from the hearts cooled
off and chaperoned

instead I am alone
where lovers were presumed
to walk hand in hand in red autumn
so much unexpectedly delivered
by the bend in the river

Short Proclamation

too many lights
have switched on
and guard the nights
alone in their conviction
that darkness is the light
of understatement

they flicker
their slight influence
is the singular infatuation

I'll nod off until they fade
into the dawn if there
be one tomorrow

A Few Things

one of the ways
from the desert into the city
is an old river bed
that sometimes still
fills with grass & weeds
walking along it
I find the dry heat
filling me with hope
and understanding
not to mention
the nostalgia

April 10, 2006

Taking It Away

talk to me
tell me to persevere
tell me quitting
is the pleasurable way
undeniably a quitter

End of a Long Storm

pick some colors
they go with your eyes
pick some others
they go with you
birds flap against
the window
their thoughts seem to fly away
the phone rings while the rain
spells a deep chill
instead of love
we have alone

Looking Back & Down

zooming in on the old farm
photos from satellites
when I was growing up there
nothing like this seemed
remotely possible

growing up there
nothing seemed
remotely possible

Figure It This Way

well it's the rain I suppose
that's buried the land
and flattened back the ears
or leaves you might call them

toward evening the sun turns
it all green
but little squirts the light darkens
but grows quirky each notch
the colors are lightened
until dark overtakes them

in the dark the wet returns
a blanket of despair it seems
wrapped in doubt
and the future

Twelve Truths

quit quit quit
work work work
do it do it do it

Meta Time

fast / slow
the days move as they do
uncritical / unaware
of how it affects the future
or past

I'm impressed that time
is not here but up a level
not part of our reality
but the one that dreams
of us

Is Your World Like This?

I knocked on her door
end of the elm lane
moon up and flooding
my mind / she came
to the door and was looking
up while I was looking
to the West where somewhere
the land wasn't flat
where something else
but wheat was growing
where I could be someone
and not no one / where her
love would seem like warmed gloves
on a cold night / a cold night
like that night when I drove her
to the tank where we stopped
under the tree for hours
and the world that was not
flat was her

Dagger as in Footnote

home alone
fear because of the darkness
because of the trees that become a forest
from that darkness
lights are on everywhere
I've carried the knife
into my room and locked
every door between me
and the world

do you think this is metaphorical
do you think this is a memory of childhood
watch out / I have the knife

Arts of Distortion

the strings are bent
tubes are involved in making
more of this than appears
to listening ears
but the sound is not perfect
there is the wavering
scratch of metal strings
on grooved frets
these distortions
are the music / the art

Roadside Station at the Crossroads

places in the desert
a road built for an old
reason / the reason
is to connect one no
place to another no
place / but right here
a careful cross
a heart carved
with love steaming off
with dates and a baby's name
held up by stones around its base
a reliquary where the relics
are twisted chrome and shattered
taillights of the car that killed her
this would be sad except the hot
sun won't let it be / the sun insists
it is only the truth

One

so many songs to hear
which will be the last one
will I hear it standing by the cold
window trading the hot air
above for the cold below
the cold outside seeping
through

where will I be
when the song starts
when it ends
will I be sad
will the song

someone will choose
the music for later
will decide what to read
or say / I hope every
step means something
to each person
that it means something
different to each

BlueGlass

we learn more
from what is found by the sides
of roads than from all the philosophy
texts on the big wall of serious books
in the library you know I'm
talking about

a blueglass bottle
can uncover the origins
of love / we look through
the glass / the world changes
when we lower the glass
and look again / is all
normal or is normal
now blue

in my car
the radio on
there is music on top of the static
heat is rising from the brown
parts of the scene
little things are moving
spastically from bits of green
to others

I'll stay here
study this a while
the blue bottle
spilled of love

Trivial Fences

stones piled up
debris from a year of clearing
why not use them
to mark the boundary
to keep in cows
to keep out neighbors
who feel inclined
called walls
they're neatened
debris fields

A Perfect Day

to find one
to walk in golden air
filled with dust and motes
a perfect day
to find her
to walk with her
the duration of perfection
is limited
at least a day
not much more
somewhere there must be deep
warmth / bright light
dark enough to swallow
doubt and regret

I've found it
more than once
fewer than enough

April 24, 2006

Norway Ahead

another trip
too many stops
too much flying
can I last long
this way

Schiphol Airport

international but dull beyond
meager expression
great writers can't see beyond
the metal cages
red green yellow
white signs
beneath the sign that energetically relates
Gates **D**59-87 / + airplane / + arrow to the right

the delightful female announcer
in Dutch
sounds like she has just swallowed
bad Dutch
pancakes / or perhaps she is part dog

I need to find some food before my flight
north to Norway
and just 2 hours to do it in
it's so international here
perhaps I should find some pancakes

((((it is so tempting to make fun of the name)))

Dinner Near Downs

born with mistakes
they are happy and wide eyed
they walk cautiously because
things are wrong
their dinner is inside the other room
sharing the hall with ours
but we are drinking and talking tech

they dribble out to visit the toilettes
they stare at us
quite expertly
because it's us who're odd
they go past with a confident step

one though has latched onto
a group of us talking
we are so inward
we notice him staring
quite expertly at us
tilting his head at the nonspeech
he hears / the not a stitch of sense
in our voices
the static music of our unuplifted speaking
he cannot smile
because nothing about us is funny
his face lifts up with pity
he hopes the best for us
that our dinner has as many
treats as his

We Wonder

house of magnets
up the street from the salvaged
mine / we wonder
is it explosive
causation pulled back to the sun
which sets warily behind
gendered pink
the statues know
they're low on light
and stony lipped

Blues by the Fjord

blues can be sung only
in one language
slack / slack back
beat / off key at key
points / it needs a sloppy
language / and a drawn out
pattern / sleepy and lazy
under the influence of hot humid
bad luck

they sing it everywhere
like this

Final Move

I expected more
pure beauties / instead
more heaviness
and unlightened features

the day grew warm
then hot under unblocked
skies / the street signs
rang out bad spelling
some men held their women
sexually by the fjord

we got cold drinks
and watched boats and birds
balloons and listened
to the trance band sing
like girls and its echoes
echo the gruff clatter of a basement
band around the corner by the church

we walked the boundaries
of the city and still had enough
time for a nap before dinner

Schiphol of Fools

nothing is worth more
than rest and the anxiety
of boredom

when the plane bounces onto the runway
rest becomes visions of wrecks

above my head the twisted pipe
filled with power laughs
a dozen ha/s
and half that hi/s

this airport was designed
by children for adults
the result is boredom
because quick creation
soon gels

Lament for Gone

nothing is like the lament
of lost questions
sitting in the kitchen drinking soured
coffee / picking up bits
of cake and squishing them
into my mouth
questions float to the top
of the mind before
drifting down into the pool
of dreams

now there is no
one to ask
just a book to write
that cannot be fact
cannot be fiction

James Schiller

we played and sang in '68
and then again in '96
some ways nothing has changed
the singing is fakey falsetto
the guitar overwrought
in others the years paint
a picture of talents grown
fuller but childish
or is it childlike
of maybe chilling
years make nothing
something / even when evening
erases the differences

Last Rights

everything breaks
the code / the head
I've come too close
too many
times and this time feels like
the last time
as in final not most
recent / it starts
with fatigue
then it proceeds to
I've over done it

Custom Hog Revolt

we don't want
to hear our machines
cars have perfect mufflers
motorcycles whisper
with spandex execs on them
noise canceling headgear
to eliminate the world
one sense at a time

Over Tire

that's the problem
with n
sometimes it's small
sometimes large
but it's always some
number like the number
of loves that pass by
on the way away

Coursing Over

in the air
towns sliding by
lights defining the edges to the feast
never have those people
been so involved
in the weather

too many refuse
to live
in the shadows of the mountains
threatening the peace
with their undue temperaments

so the music plays
and goes on to repeat

In The Old Part

train goes by
down by the river
many streets over
but the sound of its horn
follows streets and alleyways
ends up in this room
another hotel I will never remember
except for these words
written without the smallest hint
of the meaning of poetry

Seven Pounds of Science

colors can be altered
in the midst of ideas
in the world their
status is unfettered
you would think
something this objective
would be objective

In a Bogart Movie

he looked in lighted
windows while driving
by I'm sure in the late
evening back from a play
or symphony through the middle
of a congested town
and by those lights women wept
while reading of love
in a town from a movie
starring a male star

such is power of a story
told in small words
in black and white

May 10, 2006

Fool's Rush Over

there were paths
words crossed
tired beyond redemption
all seems important now
the path is right

Par Excellence

my dream
par excellence
was to die of fear
I never envied like you
the dove that had flown
leaving to mark its passage
with a few white feathers

wearing feathers promotes
the beauty of a woman
by magic / arcane /
associated with psychic abilities
weaving and women

there were three thousand other beauties
in the women's palace
his kingfisher-feather covers were cold
for who was to be with him

flutes are sacred and hidden
any woman who approaches deserves death
thus the bat got the white feather of the dove
and the green one got the scene on Dongting Lake
made entirely of kingfisher feathers

after this there are sculptures of characters
a dream of red

Got It

why not three endings
instead of one
stories have one
life has three
apply this to your life
you graduated from high school
having learned everything
and made love once or twice
then you married with a job and kids / a dog—get it
what's the third ending
the obvious guess is wrong
it precedes everything
get it

Tidepools: La Jolla (adapted like silly)

Quickly Mystiker—this is the one that mirrors the profoundest world.
The girl in us leans a little narrower.

You lean too to him this evening, Helen Emily,
my hand hold, to see us two volatile, although träumerisch,

as as your breath which my morning of shaving glass
it tarnishes dries that seaward and the foam of sea, leaves grass of band,

with Furchtsame Unkräuter—also a twisted vein seaspray,
a collar, of which you add your lips, to slip by then far—

naked feet of lichen—of a defective switch, your Schreier
take the color erröten-gebürstete with cloud of package your cheeks balance

then knees still with the moons and Trompeten, the shells of arrival, the dollar
and Nixeventilatoren and purses, Anemonen, and small stars.

Another day of winter, my love, if you are older,
C. - with-D. perhaps that if we are two older (grassement and more coldly),

let us become you go from return to this place here niederwerfen—
if that which does not remove the exact position trafficky years

of the memory of business, since with him the sun
flames a narrow manner each one the wolkenloser day

which has place to see and reality, as me to come once again could admit
this whole world piling up one evening in your eyes filling.

Untouchable

listen to yourself
as the wind picks up
the scattered tissues lying
in wait for the start
of the cancellation
of sadness
the old gas pumps
on the road only
the abandoned travel
on their ways from breakdown
homes to excessive stores
still work but seem surrendered
to the passage of progress
past them
listen to yourself
while I stop for gas
choose my place
settle

More Film

it's the nature of color
to be loved by those who aim
to persuade / it's the nature
of looking to feel the taste
of something familiar
heat has the power
to deepen bonds
it's a comfort that closes
in on you
saturated allegiances
and contrasts in colors
in temperatures
it's what link we depend on

Next Time for Sure

today I heard the water
is rising up the rise
I walked them up
to place them in the ground

the 1000-year flood might
get them 100 feet up the rise
but today it falls a few feet short
and now who can wait another 1000
why
we all can can't
we

It's What We Do

favorite places
drenched and forlorn
under the spell
and lying in wait
those with faith are leaving in droves
but even though they are certain
they aren't sure of many things
water as in purification
cleansing / muttered words
of healing / bring on the evaluations
call me if anything changes
and I need to revise this

May 18, 2006

Unpleasantness Again

let's say it this way
the details of life
are discouraging

Single Minded

there is safety in doing it right
making the story play
like a lamp sputtering out
which is the talons the love
teaches us with
when everyone is afraid
dare to be different

Fairy Tale & Flood

little
do they know
the fate of the depth
of the water inching
up the banks and piers
the bridge seems not
to notice that its underside
is fighting for air

just a rain
falling up river
gathering in streams
and side streams
the little bits of tangled trees
and houses floating downstream
signify our world ensnared
in art and the bridge
is our crossing
passage

To Details

analyze a problem statement
typically stated as a word problem
express its essence
abstractly and with examples
formulate statements
and comments in a precise language
evaluate and revise these activities
in light of checks and tests
pay attention

Compiler

think of who has power
how it's used
do they ever let go
even when they are wrong
to them you are a suspect
suspect them
in return

Seeing Under

remember when the lines
were formed and little prayers were spoken
at the tops of stairs
below in basements it was as if
small streams flowed underground
and found their ways in

salvation is no consolation
the passion of tongue to tongue
harms love since the pitfalls of one
are the tiptops of the other

Relent

the long trip comes to an end
afterward there is yet
a longing face looking up with hope
rain from a hard drizzle
by the pier by the bay
when it's late
near midnight
or past
past the need
for sleeping
my long trip is over
nearly over
time to write

May 25, 2006

Since You've Been Gone

explanations
don't ask
seek nothing not apparent
what's given is to be taken
without this
nothing
happens

In Memoriam for My Writer Friend

he could write
perfect lines / all talent
he lived the life
in quotes
and turned his name inside out
to become the Irish poet that lived
in his head

he stood with me once
when he was old
had given up
had stopped writing
he was gray and not much more of him left
he spoke hardly at all
as we moved from table to table
what he saw is gone now
what he saw went into his head
and lies there now
the way everything we know
will one day lie

Language Without Science

tired
untried
tonguetied
words are
more than their meanings
science doesn't know this
science doesn't think
it uses language

When It Doesn't Count

what if it were so cold
snow forming a sky
above it the unimaginable
except in stories
so cold that hell and pain
were relief
frozen mud and suffering climates
a woman's voice telling
instructions / is she speaking
another language

Story of No Memory

in the long past
in the war
a woman walked into the town
and became the great nurse
many devoted themselves to her
she kept her hair up
to keep the men alive
she seemed to love many back

later
I don't know how long
no one else does too
a shell hit her hospital
I found her
under the operating table
her face was red turning purple
smoke filled the room and was rising everywhere
her hair I saw
was down / never having had the chance
to drape the man she loved

When Math Meets Faith

the scribe who cannibalized
the last copy of Archimedes'
Method for its paper
for a prayer book
scraping off the words
cutting it into a
better
size / writing across
its original lines
losing the knowledge
of the first steps toward
modern mathematics
imagine
what he heard
when he didn't quite
make it to heaven

May 31, 2006

Once More

we hate it all
the past is catching up again
every fear is becoming real
where will I go

Advice from the Wrong

the fairy tale
goes on
smart people who believe in the foolish idea
that
well you know
cannot see that the statements are trivially
not right
they see it from the victor's viewpoint
yes
like me / drink your milk
and become rich
<<I did>>

Clear Beauty

beautiful
intense / dreamfilling
special around the eyes
her face is a light
her attention is a release
and a tensing
she is my
imagination
in love

Choose Your Form

who means it
which eyes are on you
what is the effect of her laugh
on how far you can run
on top of that
which direction does she turn
when you turn to walk away

Perfectly Warm

nothing is like it
total strangers
drifting up from the river bank
settling by the lawn
nothing like the green grass growing
for centuries
the romance of tradition
nothing like settling in for the perfect
day / the chance to enact what doesn't
come often / what is the discomfort
that will come when it's plain
no more perfect days
are to be had

Format is King

the default typefaces are not acceptable
they will be converted to non-scaling Type 3 Postscript
a process and the resulting paper will be very difficult
(/prep/bad.pdf for an example) / several
please contact your local system
name of the primary author and titles of documents should be
"The Rendering Equation"

Unkempt Love

it is fancy and unfiltered
the canals are real
even in their metaphors
scrounge and hope for it
image the belt that hold up
these garters

One Side Tired, the Other Brave

tired and sore
filling with fatigue
little is worth all this effort
it makes a man cry
to see what others
will do
for honor only

Head Around

reading
what one has written in the distant
past one is surprised
at the foolishness
the wisdom
both of which (line of pure traffic circle)
have diminished
to a gray

The Climb for All of Us

shining place on a hill
the way up winds
and is sharp with rocks
you depend on your heart
to get up it
you see many up there
while your legs slow
soon they no longer carry
and this is your place
a small view down
into a swampy depression
surrounded by trees starting to fossilize
from above
you hear the sound of laughter
as your heart slows down
but shows no sign
of wishing to go on

Reduction

every long day
makes the remaining
number shrink

Company Numbers

the brand lives on
but identity is dead
to the casual it seems all is well
but despair lines the streets
or is it happiness suffering an infestation
the past is like a friend who's forgotten your name
on a smalltown block
children don't know better
but notice their dads are home more
speak of harvesting down at a neighbor's farm
all this in a town lacking so
in poetry / so full of one company
that all the streets are named
after numbers

Big

many aspects
make it fun
hard pumping
legs not sure what's next
the descent where courage
rarely exceeds hope
it's long and unpleasant
and the heart craves it
like a big finish to something
small

Spatchcock in Response to a Tregetour

she's made her list
(wonderful for her)
and said it's annotated
but she means some poetic thing

like all poets
she refers to random things
as if a list of peculiar nouns
is a poem / ok
here's mine then

aegrotat boustrophedon carfax
delenda enchiridion famulus
growlery haecceity incunabulum
jeremiad kenspeckle liripipe
mumpsimus nepenthe omphaloskepsis
pilgarlick quincunx redivivus
spatchcock tregetour ultracrepidate
vilipend widdershins xenium
yare zetetic

and here's my annotation
she is a tregetour
and this spatchcock
is dedicated to her

Latin After All (Else)

all of it
special and loud
special language holding fourth
position in a field of four
the time is coming
fast and soon
my goal plain language
who hasn't had that as their goal

perhaps though
it's time to back up to the complication
of fragrance and the spine of eludation

It's In The Records

harsh heat ripping the corn
horses hanging their heads
in the trough fed by a hand pump
that encourages up
a harsh metallic water
so cold / hard it doesn't taste
like water but like the past
cut dried hay flecks on the back
of his neck never stop itching
in heat murderous as this
washing them away in the trough
is never enough

they cool the milk using this water
like a French butter keeper
but who would know that farmer
cutting hay by hand in that heat
would die to make his daughter
bitter in her suspicion of those who ask
her (things) and that all goes
for me too

Café Night

she was there in the heat
night under lights at a table
drinking coffee with a straw
her hair is yellow white
her sweater is white
the night doesn't seem to wear on her
she smiles in profile
the night insects rise up
the moon casts its romance on the table
and the coffee wants to cool but can't
I am here for everything

At The Mermen Gig

along the labyrinth lines
she steps and with slightest
moves swings the hula
hoop above her hips
contemplative as step by step
she slowly moves each foot
in minor stops and starts
and the world like a hula
hoop winds around her
we stare and believe
like christian faith
that every party needs this labyrinth
and that hula hoop
and that woman comfortable
in everything I see

Travel Day

looks like another
trip back to the valley
it's bound to be light
unbearable / cautionary
facts took place on every stretch
what's found is lightning
off key / few care to look
back this way / tilting at the edges
of memory / like a savory
fashion tile and unpleasant
encounter

tomorrow is full of it
and bad news to boot

Fog Philosophy

above the bays
and inland ponds
lakes and even heavy mistfog rises
the plane descends in thumps
the air is too hot
too humid
for plane lifting
the passengers grip their clothes
tightly in fists made for clinging
to high branches
it's no wonder we hold our sleeves
as our lives
it seems
drop from beneath us
leaving our bravery to whisk away
like a cloud too near the ground

Doubt

undoubtedly I walked
through Cambridge
after the controversial
dinner about panes
of glass

in this last day of Spring
the women
even from MIT
are brimming with sex
skirts abound
the sidewalks are in their 90th
crumbling and asphalt
usually flowing
is crack and dust

no doubt I pulled away
from the curb merging
into traffic
and out for a maple walnut
at the ice cream stand
which has no panes
of glass

No

The Cause for Grief

he died suddenly
after his puzzling talk
and standing over his grave
I picture his yielded body
just below / glancing up
the hill I see her grave
their last talk poisoning
between like the humidity
of that day about 70 years ago
were they to meet
(have they?)
what would they share
his world would be so old
with Amelia just gone
and all investigations over

Dreamster

U still dreaming
at getting in to shape
Hope u r because
I saw these guys,
<obscure>
versions embrace a
a of moment mandatory
(He)
the knew / universal sooner
play health insurance
(Not I)
only plan he

June 23, 2006

In Lynn

with unexpected detours
I found Auntie
and noted her loudmouth
proud daughter buried beside
her was not listed

Nashua -> Franklin

long ride with spills and rain
hills numerous beyond all imagining
we are sore but have survived
and tomorrow do it again
despite how hard we peddled
or how poor we seemed
it seemed like everyone out
not in a truck or such
would wave as if our endurance
was part of their psyches

Franklin -> Conway

saddle sore
foot sore
legs fine
heart fine
the question is whether butt will heal
toes will survive
partner not doing well
but hanging in there
longest day tomorrow
climb from 500 'to 1700'
over 20 miles
yikes though not steep
unyielding
all alone tomorrow
man and half machine

Conway -> Colebrook

imagine nonstop rain
temp dropping as altitude climbs
no real rain gear
a late start
this equals Allan's sister
stumbling on us and driving us
the rest of the way
failure?
luck?
pleasure??

Colebrook -> Lennoxville

on the wind hill
a family
everyone short
w/4 kids bare feet
in the mud & tractortired
jeeps & 2 dirt scooters
their house of brick
to withstand the ridgebred gale

we ask directions
in oddcadenced French
and are told
correctly
to head indeed
down the gravel
road north

Lennoxville -> Victoriaville

hills hills hills
down the 12%
up the 12%
over over over over again
even after rescue
we insisted on finishing
we left at 9am
got there at 8pm
did I mention the Route Verte
with it's 5 miles of mountain biking trails
advertised as road bike ready
ugh / such fatigue

Victoriaville -> Quebec City

hah you thought yesterday was bad
today was 60 miles including
15 trips up to Skyline
(equivalent)
we walked up some hills
there was a valley through which
we could have ridden
had we chosen to brave traffic
400 years ago Quebec French froze
wrt French French
so there is no word for switchback
the most important tool of the road planner
is the straightedge
sore / a little tired / ready to sleep

Predation of Scenery

against a background
like the orange bright outline
of a complicated branding
iron just heated beyond recognition
this being the sun descending
behind risen rough hills
and asbestos dark clouds
in impossible clear air
to which I've turned my back
ahead is the picture
on the inside side of the pane of a shampoo store
of a woman whose hair is womanly
blonde and curled
her eyes are sunk
from an awful and sexual fear
her nose is unobvious
her mouth and chin are pulling back
as from a fear or as from a malevolence
her look of fear grows to one of predation
or hatred or aggression even in its retention
of fear

I cannot but step back
step back again
almost off the curb onto a street of Quebec
who is she
why is her name written as if of normality on the poster
what would she take if she burst off the flatness
where can I run from such a vision
of distance like her

Above the Fleuve

what is her beauty to me
I find I require an extreme
of size / in places / only / or
some possible extravagance
which shows her extremes
of sexuality among pure & private
matters / like she puts her simple
needs ahead of the complex
to find of her a largeness
is to find the nugget that makes
a dig worth all

today she walked past in an orange glory
and stood posing like a figurehead
on the best boat / favoring the wind
in the way of a sailing favor
/ in this find no
1-1 correspondence of fact
to statement /

Back

packing in the rain
the ride over
taking hours what took days
this time is about to be over
the transition a long ride
passing partly past
where we had gone by our own power
when I got back I nearly cried
because the world was as it was

July 3, 2006

Late Afternoon Car Trip

road straight
to the desert like a painted line
Joshua trees and poppies
aligned with sunlight
a rattler buys it under the car in front of me's
tires

arrived at last the wear has torn
my ability to metaphorize
or at least not in the way
that leads to good work

You Tell Me

he is unaware
of people and emotions
life ends suddenly
for him and there are no repercussions
we ask if he wants to visit his mother
and he says what for
it is the mother he saved
by killing his father
and he does not wish to visit
her grave
we are sick
he asks us to take him to the store
where he buys an apricot pie
and asks if we want to share

You Tell Me [2]

god's voice is everywhere
and therefore
nowhere
here
the wind is everywhere
but not nowhere
it is here now
it is making itself known
right now
hearts beat faster in high wind
slower in
god's presence

Mistakes Forever

when I found Aunt Ina's marker
(in the graveyard in the hotdry desert)
her name was not quite what I was told
(she spelled it twice)
the C starting her last name was a G
(did anyone notice / was it too expensive to fix)
misspelling is proper for a family like this
(I think)
because: bad choices / poor education / bad luck
(there is no shame)
I suppose typos are as common as people

En Passant

we said goodbye
in the sun running
above 100° after sitting
in the shade till he returned
we spoke of the silk flowers
and his mother and
he thanked us
first time for anything
he laughed when we said he might outlive us
when we got home the phone told us
he was picked up last week
news travels slowly sometimes
even though we already knew it

July 8, 2006

The Faithful Don't Grow Back

when I read the poetry
of published poets
today in 2006
I find their fawning over nature
myths and religious icons
boring as all hell
saints and seabirds
angelic psalms
foobar
foo on you
I say
a little sparrow whittling on a tune
sitting on a maple branch
back over my left shoulder
and the river still flows

Silly Putting it to You

let's consider the pinch
makes for fast / expeditious decisions
makes for improvisation and creation of the unexpected
it follows the normal course and is followed by it
makes us realize planning is a guess
happening suddenly
requiring expenditure of great effort
a pinch is best when it's a hit
silly as it is
this is all true

Display of Great Hair and Tits

in this eating place
dark paneled and catering to the wealthy male
the blonde woman across the room
in anomalous if not exaggerated
long hair
a true blonde
(trouble ordering
trouble walking out)
(to judge by the comments her date
makes to the waiter
/
to judge by the way he guides her
by hand past our table to their
valeted car)
we eat too much
dreading the bed
waiting to put it on
the cool sea air
is no antidote to envy
despite that
I sit here recollecting
he is somewhere else
(and with her)
I'm not even up a good meal

Religious Inexperience

San Diego again
no sign of perfection
nor any chances for walks along the docks
or bay

in the harbor lie cruise ships
and cruise missiles on carriers
and carrier groups
waiting for the great decider
to decide who is next
I am not next
elders are for giving advice
telling stories

the story I want to tell
is not known to me
it's about people I know
mostly by inferred coincidences
I have some pictures
and small leavings

one thing
is to write my name on the tombstone
leave it at that
let someone else put it all together
only there is no one else
no someone

but now they're paging
Marie Seabreeze
and it makes me think of Greece
and the Mediterranean so salty
I could float upright
blue
turquoise
ruins by construction
stone by concrete
I hear the donkey braying
and see the fatman's orange vest
stretched tight to breaking
and know what's in it for me

Tone, Tone, Tone

the beauty is unfolded
this street leads farther away than that
we might as well be in a foreign country
for all the understanding on display
in my case
the pains grow
and the rewards diminish
but today I was paid in tubes
for an essay on tubes
the only justice
is poetic

Tonality of Civilization

miniaturized tubes
height of civilization
now analog is a dead dog
designed to take 5 blows from a hammer
in 4 distinct places
in 16,000 hours of operation
60 tubes showed no slumping
can I say the same?

Give What You Want

I don't dance well
I can't sing
I know 8 chords
on the guitar
but put it all together
and no one can touch me
the epitome of success
in the absence of talent

Translating to Words

no matter where you are reading
influx this article from
you most likely have suspension
a printer nearby

there's a very good chance
that it is an inkjet printer
since their introduction
inkjet printers have puncture grown
in popularity and performance

an inkjet printer is any printer
that places extremely expectation
small droplets of ink onto paper
to create an image
the dots are extremely small
(usually between 50 dyeing and 60 microns in diameter)

the dots can have different colors
combined peacock together
to create photo-quality images

Painter's Vision Back

nothing here surprises me
but you
the sun rising is creamy
like apricot skin
the moisture in the cup
of your back
is the greeting of a blanket
in the morning that needs one

how many mornings
can a scene like this play
out / this morning
the dew rises easily
it will be a day of no
moisture

Business 101

the goal of each business
is to make the purchase of its products
necessary

when this happens
people are screwed
because they have no choice
and must pay whatever is required

for businesses to provide
happiness for people
they must
in general
be failing

regulation
is built-in
failure

qed

July 18, 2006

Slyku

parking lot
behind the hotel
cars waiting
for lovers
to finish

16mm Of Course

across the street
they dance and reach
out to touch
they stop at times
between songs to take a drink
otherwise they are reaching
out to the other's waist
over here I'm taking a drink too
and watching them
it's like a movie
I don't see
but star in

July 20, 2006

Tenderness of Two

two things are worth
remembering
the time she leaned forward
to prolong the kiss
/ and /
the weight of the urn
as it was placed in the vault
by his

Not a Gate of Hell But Its Doorknob

we're not alone
we—I mean she is at the corner
and I'm here in the shadow of a tree

it's night
/ this is usual /
I think she's waiting for someone
I can hear her listening
she turns whenever
the wind shifts—

are like unIntroduced lovers
in the timeless world
of imperial postmodernism

where the wind is more of a character
than the man two blocks over
who is the center of this picture
because the gutter trash responds
more than any living thing

All Night Long

tonight the heat
is winning
the lights are going
off / on / off / on(ff)
off seems to be winning
what is sustained is what
is saved up
when the lights go off
the sweat beads up
though there is no AC
in this house
I imagine the last days
for grandpa were like this
but lights were less certain
or at least made of less uncertain
materials / such as his daughter
who thought of him every last
breath she thought she
was taking

Stop Last Night

last night
the heat was what
she experienced
on the farm every summer night
after he left her
what must it have been like
to leave him there in the hospital room
then in the front room in the casket
and then in the ground
treeless / low markers
she never expected me
to do the work of putting her
(and her husband)
where she wanted them to be
she trusted me that little
and now the writing must start
(or stop)

The Heat is On

between here
and home there
is plain land
people who are nuanced
via global culture
still
driving through
stopping even
makes it plain
the world can slow down
without dropping out

Up River

what if we went upriver
paddling where we can
poling when paddling can't work
wading and lining after that
walking when all else fails
up past the shallows
up through fast water
up over rapids and falls

they said the best land
was downriver
that even pleasure
would be met there

but the lure of the source
is eventually overpowering
and we would go up as high
as needed with as much energy
as it takes or until there was no
more left

Unremarkable Differences

she never travelled
never asked to or
wanted to
she drove to Florida
in the '60s
took the bus once to California
flew there once too
she was afraid
I think
of strangeness
and strangers
of the kinds of shenanigans
that could cost her
better to walk the three
paths she knew
over and over
until she fell over
one night

Was It A Club?

she was ready
for me to acquiesce
she was ready
to give
she took me to all her favorite spots
she wanted the hot air
to be the conduit for us
she wanted the fireworks
to be metaphors
I liked her and no more
wasn't that enough

down by the river
we watched the power boats
just barely make it upriver
into the lock
the going was slow there
then out the other side
hard upriver once more
I drove her home

July 28, 2006

Riding

on the ride
there is pain
the smells of trees and weeds
the wind is hot
the tires are overpressured
and roll easily
the gears mesh smoothly
even after riding this route
hundreds of time
it still hurts

July 29, 2006

Nothing More

well it's true
small things can wring enthusiasm
out like a vendetta
years after
but the arc is the arc
for some of us the dream
doesn't exist
only this minute passing
into that

Jesus Early Sensitive

available

Richard

doubt tool glad Politic cautious Full high sentence

design, but All designers what people like hate want. Some may from process

lens. Hopsons players RPG

level. often Who wants every five seconds quottoo oftenquot quotnot player. Designers

Hell: flame

lantern threw nerves patterns screen: throwing turning Prince Hamlet attendant

used

think using aids about certainly useful much

feather flock Both merit true ways people. given clearly unclear act

copies U.S. residents Solutions

bars used soak spilled beeretc. Italian artist. Cookies cream. Baptist Matthew

plate Time hundred visions revisions taking toast

wept fasted prayed Though seen

perfume dress digress wrap shawl. Shall

snicker

Metabiking

today the world is super real
and slightly gothic
people are writing in a prison workshop
and the high winds
the sweet weed smells
and my slow ride
are what they've made
but now the criticism has started
(in the form of constructive suggestions of course)
and tomorrow I ride again
oh my

Balcony Living

below
the city is painted orange
up here
the dark is the cold face of questions
traffic and waves from nearby beaches
horns direct our attention
to the sidewalks
where every woman is walking
straight to her lover
making us doubt
the importance of the sky
and its mirror the pavement

August 2, 2006

Hurry Hurry

there is new information
important details
complete coverage
all this must be known soon
it is vital to you
perhaps your death depends on it
at 11

August 3, 2006

Today

it's a job
it pays for habits

Tamworth / Summer

remembering the days
waking late after the heat's up
a heavy breakfast and then back
to bed to read and doze
watching tv when it's time to watch tv
then reading deep
into the night
when it's finally cool
parents in the other room
sleeping elsewhere

after days of this
the fatigue grows
until the only relief is to leave
leave them behind
again after again

Along the Way

today the finishing touches
have been touched up
touched on / tuned out
tonight the shadows
are on vacation
the roads are not fully made
are unmade
the story is fading out
not made of words like bricks
but sound like sand or wind
soon sound becomes noise
and noise blends into the randomness
that is the world coincidentally solid
today but tomorrow
the touches are finished

Off To Football / 1965

they pulled up and opened
the front passenger door
the air was on the edge of warm
and shellacked with the smell
of burning leaves
the '60s and I
was 15
he was teaching me to film games
the older english teacher was driving
she was his date was the latin teacher
younger and wearing tight everything
including perfume / she was the first
woman I ever sat that close
ever smelled
ever felt
I don't remember the rest of the day

August 7, 2006

At the Library

there are things to find
but they are small
don't reveal much
without exploration
and imagination
the last stories she told me
about her last days at school
were true
what to make of that

Arrangements and Brightness

the sun
low
sheers through the light
green canopy to the west
of the road
wherever I look to the west
green tingles my eyes
but when I look at the road
its sand border
the colors are true
not green
what things seem
is not what they appear

August 9, 2006

Does It Run in the Family

the old library
now the museum
and the pictures of mother
as a student looking like
me and my son
at the same age
little did she know that in 3 or 4
years everything would change
and the father she loved so
would be killed by her
mother

Lawn Duty

the hot days
drinking cheap booze
fourth of July just passed by
what was the argument about
were they both over the edge
how could she kick like that
why was he permitted to lie there
did he stay outside between the house and garage all night
who took him to the hospital
why did no one speak up
is this the why I've been looking for

Dying Love

when they married
they had to live somewhere
not with Nana though
not that
they chose the 1-room shack
that later became the slaughterhouse
at George Hoyt's place
figure that

August 12, 2006

Fall Of The House

the house is falling down
every one of their's is or has
until the writing is finished
the house is all I have

August 13, 2006

At Billy's

every day
something new
not much but new
a picture is coming
into focus
not enough for the truth
but enough for beauty
you know what I mean

Scratch?

a professor at MIT's
Advanced Vision Lab
is blind
the perfect match
natch

August 15, 2006

Light Ending

time's up
what was learned is unexpected
not welcome
the light that's thrown
is too harsh
does that make
what it reveals too real

Goodbye Under Different Circumstances

today was a day
like the day he was buried
I think and as I stooped
to scrape the dried grass from his name
I thought I could smell the still lingering
scent of the standing wreaths
and pillows carried so slowly
from the farm to this spot
in wagons pulled by old horses
even though many machines
were to be had / that day

someone said today was perfect
high sparse clouds in the sky
and a tad too high a dew point
made it less to me / but what
do I know of perfect

I guess it wasn't fair
she had to cry so much that day
the money was spent the day before
and his slight but useful back
and good wages were in the box
on another wagon

what I want to know
was whether Nana got what she wanted
is this what she wanted to kick
away so hard

Reflecting on a Day Unexperienced

certainly the day
was beautiful but who
would remember it that way
just a day when burying
happened / certainly
the shape of the land
the way it lay like a blanket
over the dead was the same
that day as today
this hole was on the new flats
certainly it was cheap
because what other choice
was there / and on the hill up and behind
there was nothing but welcoming space
I read that the day was warm
and a bit humid / I read about the arrangements
even though the paper was wrong
I don't know what I think about that day
I'll try writing it again one day soon
and find out

August 18, 2006

River Ways

the days were all clear
the stories varied
in that respect
the river water seemed
clear in one of its directions
they say you can never step
into the same river twice
but here / maybe you can

August 19, 2006

Bad Day / Bad

today was a bad day
as my failures of carelessness
—losing 2 important pictures—
finally were fully felt

Drive Off

everywhere the total
is less than the sum
the little ways are the former
broad ones / the color
of the light filtered through leaves
at the height of summer
is bright white and not the green
or red or copper they seem
when gazed through

the time always comes
when I need turn
my back / get in the car
parked under the beech
drive away my bad eye
toward you / go around the lot
over to the bridge to park
watch the sun recline
then to the airport where with luck
the plane turns west over you
and I can say goodbye
again

Before A Day Away

the place is familiar
the beech tree
the warm grass mowed a week before
the rise behind me
the mausoleum couched in bushes
and rhododendron
from up on the rise I can see the stones
that matter / down by the river
cars flow past like parts
of a river / the sound of rubber on asphalt
is like a hard hush
despite that / the day is quiet
the light clouds hang as if sadly remembering
this place is the same as it ever was
the place where goodbyes are forever
forgotten

July 7, 1937

think about it
the day like hell but smelling
of mowed hay and cows lounging
under useful trees
the road a sandy dirt but with pools of mud
in either direction
the man down in the shade
unable to stand
unable to talk
down in the shade and through the dark night
that never cooled down
why did no one take him to the hospital
did they think he was drunk
ashamed
faking it
was he unloved
what hell were they all
and I
in

Frenzy Time

the beauty of the place
sometimes fakes me out
the meanings that have piled up here
render the heat into odor
and light into fragrance
by writing a story a hurt
as large as the wide place in the river
by the bridge no one
but me
finds remarkable
might swallow up the sudden
downfall of doubts about
who is who
and who did exactly
well forget it
time is swallowing up these pieces
as fast as we spit them out
the ink and bits
can't back up the regrets and hushing
that an image can exist
drives the mind into frenzy

He Died

Old man Sanuk
was the father of Helen
who married John Gabriel.

Old man Sanuk was kicked
in the bladder by his wife (during a fight)
and it was ruptured.

Sam Scherbon reported seeing
him lying on the lawn
trying to recover.

Whenever he tried to urinate,
there was nothing passed.

By the time they took him
to medical attention
(many hours, I gather)
it was too late to help.

The story told to the neighborhood
was that he had been bruised
by the tongue of a hay wagon
while getting it out of the barn.

He died.

Bad July Day

they say the fight
started early
the heat had become dew the night before
but grew as the dew became the heat
some said they drank
but well but
they say he lay
on the ground for a long time
maybe overnight
then it was too late
yes too late
or I might have
known him
instead of the lies

Red Heart(h)

the hearth was a seat
red brick finely placed
mortar white like a fresh snow
I'd sit there by the window
that seemed large
the view to the west
every night the sky
it seemed
skinned over in grey
but out that way
out in that direction
there seemed a dropping
bit of hope

Rooftop Baloney

I used to climb up on the roof
first onto the oil tank
and onto the low side of the addition
then up the garage roof
and onto the steep slope over the living room
finally onto the flatter part of the roof

to get down
down over the living room
up and over the garage peak
down onto the addition
but the other side
and either onto the tree whose top
was gone and most of the branches
or a jump of 12 feet that made
by bones ring like electricity

I remember these steps all perfectly
but not the reason for any of them
why go on the roof
I did it dozens of times
—never a reason

oh, except when Ray Boucher
John Kurkjian and I climbed up
near sunset one fall and named
our acappella group
Red Sunset Bologna Sandwich

Self-Hagiography (Def 2)

once gossip was held
in secrets / behind the barn
down the street
you could hear it trailing off
as you approached
this meant it was of
you or of
someone near you
this gave you the chance
to sit by the river
wonder about what it was
this way examine yourself
without the harm of others' words

now you can read it everywhere
if there are stories of you
they are spread as graffiti
there is no need to construct
the words of critics yourself
they are right there
like
"Yes, I know that not everyone
is a Dick Gabriel fan, but...."

Misheard in the Air

you watch on over
in the troubled time
you can't stop turning
with the one-armed man
picture yourself in a magazine
get control of your life
picture yourself in a magazine
don't forget this life
and you hurt yourself
and you hurt yourself

If / If

if tonight you hear
a stranger call out
from the rain and the awning
shading her from the rain
and moonlight washing over
the tops of cloud layer
think before you call back
because what if
what if

At Tin Angel

above the rivers
in the warm air out on the restaurant porch
outside our private room
we lean on the rail
and watch the boats going up and downriver
pushing coal barges or ferrying spectators
listen to trains braking and going around curves
down and up river
see the lighted football stadium
where the Steelers are playing their last
preseason game
behind all this the city
divided up by the rivers
glows yellow and orange
tall buildings block their shapes
out of the lights
the sheets of wind on the river
small waves in expanding forms
slow it all down
make it a night when a friend
standing closer would have sheened
the scene

Like Authority

authority likes
to tell it to you
tell you to do
really just tell
no such thing
as listening
rules = tell power
bad rules = fun
via (accidental noncompliance)
when authority is in doubt
it relies on repetition
either tell again
or tell to do again
authority does not
embrace dialog

Prayers, Goodbyes, Unknowns

quux said the prayer
under the tree and over the urns
on the perfect day
in the high warmth
near the place of high drama
65 years earlier
or maybe 39 years earlier
there were many things
I didn't know about this
place / this place and many others

Story Story

the stories are being recompiled
based on new meanings for all the sentences
the words / where paragraphs end
what deserves to be a secret
then when
it's over to have only gossip
and writers at newspapers
talking to authorities
who have decided what should be
true as the truth
shall I make my own
or just record my
story of the story

No Don't Say It

someplace someone
is writing something
words are peppering pages
ink is drying
bits cleaving to disks
when this writing is read
someone's cerebellum perks
up if they like it
and if it sounds like music
in other words
if it's poe...

1937

the story is leaking
out into the world
I am practicing telling it
but not writing it
I must start that soon
or lose the details that make it
so strange / so compelling
imagine the hot day
the fight / the long pain on the lawn
the 8 years of intense work
just to live

nothing justifies this
but the story will live

Researching

into the night
I search for information
about who they were
and how they lived
trying to figure out
from the few pictures
what it could mean
software and talking
microfilm and old newspapers
are it

Need It

what would it mean
to find the facts
would it make a difference
to who I am
is it really my business to know
or worse to tell
but in this way truth
is like beer
truth is like truth—you need it

I Woke Into a Sheet of Gold Unspooled

words unspooled like thread to repair
burn into a single sheet of fire
slur of gold that turns the center
of this city to a burnished valley
he woke the man and beat him
neglected his prayers that night
burned into a single sheet of fire
slur of gold that turns

one night I woke up thirsty
and reached for a glass of water on the bedside table
the sun rose over an unseen Atlantic
the highways unspooled

microfilm was unspooled and festooned
like the remains of a ticker-tape
were the sewer outlets into the Tigris
major Bob woke me up the next morning

and I was thinking that among the things
America didn't bomb in Baghdad
were the sewer outlets into the Tigris
major Bob woke me up the next morning

her red-gold hair was twisted
into a thick French braid which swung
printer tape unspooled in a wild flood
two of the generators went dead

she took a leak
unspooled a few squares of Charmin
then jumped into the shower
1st April 2005—Eva's love for stripping?
idol's rap sheet?

the other foot woke with a start
was it Lydia somewhere just
he showered millions
with their gold as he flew overhead
disappearing

entering the search terms
Carthage, Tanit and child sacrifice
she watched the data-stream turn into a torrent

all posts tagged with Film | Metafilter
but once they were in the Gold Rush State
her husband left her
when the executives
woke up with a hangover
I assume

Sometimes Nature Subbing for God

I think it is part of human nature
for many to want to believe in a God
Subbing for InstaPundit
somehow I find myself heartily approving

dash subbing were the words
if you can't intercede on anyone's behalf
and if God has infinite mercy
then surely...

pomomusings: God not politics
yes being a christian a follower of christ
is by its very nature today
I think you'd see republicans & democrats
subbing in for pharisees & sadducees....

football fantasy fails, minerals in detergent?
the nature of claims, novel DNA!
I must thank Hal Bidlack for subbing for me last week

in defending his town
his arm is cursed
by a raging god possessed by a demon
nature and growing technology
affected the people of the land....

ebooks: neither e nor books
emerging ebooks need to embrace their nature
anyone with a press could run off
subbing in any apocryphal text he needs

Scanning Pictures

every day there's a reason to cry
it happens at odd times
but always some time
I see their pictures
and from the scenes
how they look
what they seem to be looking at
I try to figure who they are
attach a story to them
try to make the starts and ends
of their lives connect with a line
that hold the melody
all the way and longer

September 11, 2006

Worrying Night

tonight I worry
the sudden illness on the ride
reminded me of one thing
too many

Hot / Too

well I survived the night
rode today and felt bad but not dead
hot / too much work
did a flash movie for the conference
horrendous tool
work work work

Visage Jaune

along the way
most is out of sight
along the wall
that forms the street
the neon purple paint
glows in the streetlight
and when I stop it's part of the yellow world
even in the rain
which is fundamentally blue
later I return to step back and see
it in the light
and I see her lips
her green eyes
all from the sprayed vapor
from a can captured by an artist
and used mercilessly
on this innocent brick
wall being paid to form
a street at night

Short(ly)

simple things
hard to put together
but reminiscent of minds working hard and heating up
the scalp and head
but the spirit doesn't care about this
the wanderings of the unsimple
are more typical
abstraction creeps
in where it must

Collection

what difference did the river make
3 miles away
did she visit it
sit by it as it flowed one way
and then the other
she never talked about the river to me
we never went there
we never went anywhere except to Haverhill
shopping and Amesbury shopping
we rarely went to the beach
we went nowhere really
picture her working hard
all day / hauling food and waste
in the wheelbarrow
what difference the river made
was to methodically not care
about her or about anything that happened
nearby / the river is just there to collect
the weeping

Songliness

the song just goes on
words written over it
wring out what can be
there is always minute
when the songs bores
and seems wrong
but I take this to mean
the humanity of the other
wait
here comes the sweet
verse again

Walk Away

like the end of time
the time now is ending
this way we get to practice

for example
I've seen the turned body
of the delicious woman
and thought of what's left
of her 50 years later

practice more

Requisite Variety

what I've found is that the dust
and old books in the special reading
room celebrate the need to find
the missing parts of the story
which are the disturbances
that throw off the narrative
its details / which must be brought back
under control for the sake
of the story / thus saith
W. Ross Ashby trying to explain life
with control theory

Brought Back

that day just won't go away
sitting by the window all day
she must have brought it back
into her thoughts each time
nothing else pressed
those last years
that must have been every day
many times a day
she must have
brought it back

Me vs Me

scripting a debate
with yourself
it's hard to put yourself
in jeopardy
it's hard to lose

Another

she probably still walks
curved streets at night in the rain
the old flat is in the part of town
that doesn't matter
to her and therefore
to me / she hates
the rain
the cold
the dark
she cannot warm herself
she needs another for that
I've stood behind the streetlamps
shine and watched her going past
I've been unable to be another

Breakage

another day
when things go wrong
criticism
breakage
a too late night
across the street
a man moves across the window
seems to retrieve something
returns
it's like that

Nowhere Now

I remember my first kiss
it was about 5 feet
from where they found my mother
dead for 2 weeks
I cannot walk into that room
any more
it is an important room for me
I helped design it
I helped build it
I remember many cold nights
made warm there
the sounds of loons
above in the morning
you can tell what I wish for
but right now all I can think of now
is the picture of her wheeling
three bushel baskets
past the kitchen window
when she was young
and I was nowhere
like I am now

Over

the questions just keep coming
the answers get harder to make
the words are starting to become noise
some sentences are clipped as if edited
to remove the essence leaving the scaffolding
which is just a structure of noise
I've had a wild dream
and the cusp made my mind
repeat it repeat it repeat it
made my brain ill and angry
no question about it

Facts As Action

the fact is
that facts are
and theory without at least one fact input
is just gyroscoics
pushing in a direction facts aren't
well everyone would rather
this were about bluebirds
and they could argue
oh bluebirds are facts
maybe the birds
but the blue?

How's It Scan

out and about
finding out which ways
make more sense
I need to spend more time
writing about details
like the computer I seduced
by flipping polarity
many things are of predictable length
this one is short

Losers (1)

my father was
he really was
a loser / many saw little value in him
his father was a helper
and buried anonymously
after he died
he was a loser too
this has been passed down
without alteration
to me

Safety in Density

safety is sometimes not an option
it can come close
but it's umbra is close in

Day 3

even with good news
there is no oblivion to the bad
there are still people who deserve
no respect

September 30, 2006

Say It

why write
when you don't see
what the point of living is
where your worth is next to nothing
who will say the final words that mean less

October 1, 2006

Feel Lost

it is impossible
the sadness I feel
how much more did my mother
feel when her father died
from a kick
of a pair of them
the truth is determined
by the most story-like story
I feel lost

October 2, 2006

Lost Aftereffects

hard to move
hard to pay attention
hard to play on
when you believe you've
lost and everyone
has left the stands

October 3, 2006

Pass Time

why bother with the falsehood
of writing every day
when I do little to create
art and much to fulfil the requirement
as if this would mean something

October 4, 2006

Not Getting Better

I am not confident
in my ability
to land on my feet
and so every day
is a torment
and all this while
family members of friends
are dying and my problems
are nothing

Night Of

I was at a farm, sitting by a table
with an umbrella over it, facing the farm
buildings with my back to a field
with a white fence in front of it.
You came over wearing a dark sweater
and a white, wide skirt
that was blowing in the wind.
You bent over to look at the table,
and it was some kind of machine
with some of it a computer.
You said you knew why I was so sad.

Then you sat on a stool and something funny
happened with how your skirt looked.
We both looked down at it while it blew peculiarly,
and then it blew toward your back (onto the fronts of your legs)
until you could sit down.
(yes, this is backwards.)
You said you had a student
who fixed the same problem (for you)
I was having with being sad.
You said he put in a "night of"
on your machine.
I asked what that was and you said
it made the software less reliable,
and that made space for the sadness to go away.
Then somehow you installed it, and then
we turned and looked at the field,
which was suddenly full of cows.
We kept on talking about the "night of,"
but I can't remember what we said.

Out But Resting

nothing is like it
the cold sometimes
driving drizzle
the fog like heavy cat feet
reaching over the hills
from a lonely beach
or a curtain behind which
a love might crouch
but I am able only
to stand by the largest tree
within view
and watch all this stuff
everything I see and have described
and all the thought and scenes
those things make you think and see
blow by on a cold
wind that comes from the same
place as loneliness

Change Avoided

we sometimes remain
ashamed for not changing
when change appeared imminent
but the opportunity passed
even though the change itself
was the definition of shame

Sleeping When It's Cold

looking selfward
the facts are revealing
I recall the mornings
when we slept in the sheer cold
with only the remains of the fireplace
fire to keep us warm until we fell
asleep / then the next morning
would be unbearable for its cold
engulfing our heads / but then someone
would build it up again
the fire from the past
and the reality that is a cold morning
would recede while I placed my head
in the sleeping bag
falling back to sleep for a bit
or the warmth would will itself my way
and the dreams would come back
think about it later
don't face it now
with facts like these
the mornings would need
to be colder to keep us alive

Over Color

there are numerous colors
in the shot
the events and people no longer
count / it's all about the lighting
and the connections beams of light
make / underexposure to emphasize
depth / you'd think a quick glance
would do opposite / this is one
of the surprises of shallow thinking

October 10, 2006

sad sad so sad

can I turn down my
own volume control
or rig up the Audacity
of realism and punch
myself into a fade out

Turn Off Rationality

sometimes the dumbest
approach is the best
don't belabor the thinking apparatus
walk a straight line
while the smarts do the thinking

Storm Back

storms pass overhead
lying in the field
bugs wondering
everything they can wonder about
clouds at a glance solid as bad news
but seen through intensity
looking up / back of the head bedded
down with bugs / they vary
like good news told by different people

all over the world this scene is played out
but you never hear of it
because each one sees the faces of God
and the faces of truth and no two
are alike

Wonder Land

such sense in less ness
you've probably noticed
that traitors are valued
only by the other side
the printer was once king
now it's the digital
lots of music makes for a story
all you need is pictures

Webcam Around Here

from here the view is smeared
the cars on the causeway
are moving from the sound
but they are not distinct
through the mist and fog
nearby she is sitting and writing
even though I don't know where
I believe that without the fog the mist
I would see her and my breathing
would slow and grow deep

Disquiet Always

the road will be long
as it always is
with lots of time to worry
about inadequacies
about the miles ahead
I always knew
the end would involve a new place
new places are uneasy

At the Lake One Cold Day

the old road
is still passable
on foot
by horse
with certain bikes
the old road passes
over a low shoulder
that looms over windwhipped water
flowing slowly as a smallstream
enters one end and another drain
the other

the cold wind tells the story
as the end of the day
the end of the month
the end of the year
grow near
ends do

October 17, 2006

That Man

ready to ride
to drive
I don't accept
their contention
that I am worthless

October 18, 2006

Warm Rain After a Long Drive

the drive
long
fear of falling asleep only for a few minutes
surprised how much I recall
of the details of the road
now the rain that is not cold
is not adding to the laid low
of my reveries on the drive
the hotel is though
the hotel

Party for 0

rejection bites
any hand that tries
to feed it

By The River On A Night With No Rain

in the hotel
tired and waiting for the loneliness
to kick me in the head
the streets here
as all streets are where rain is prevalent
ring with a low thrill
as I head down the hill
behind the girl fresh from Goodwill
clutching her bag but clearly
by the way her hips move
in her heels
and her hair shines
in the gaslamps
that it's a costume
in her hand
and not me in her heart
and no rain in the forecast
that could make being alone
something important

Can't Do It

I can't talk to them
can't face them really
even while sitting at a great meal
I watched outside the restaurant
as the women eager with youth
rush past
they are eager with the passing
warm wind strangely natural
for late October
even with the skies darkening
early / even with the rain never far
the river carrying its dark reflections
past steel bridges
when a kind word is said
I turn away

Last Known Photo

they had pictures
like the one of my mother
gloves / skirt over pants
(because women)
wheeling bushel baskets
in a ~~handmade~~ homemade barrow
November (Thanksgiving + post-wedding [?] pix)
I saw a camera in one photo
and it took me minutes to conclude there were 2
so where are they
burned
tossed
where I have not looked / not where I can't
if only
but I can write to know

One Times Repelling

when I repel the piano to disturb—
you look at my one
if it is
it is good with anything
is

when it starts repelling
with 1 people
you stopped directly

don't you think?
decorative diacritic
more clearly

so saying
the teacher repelling
with his own violin
after that
while you stopping finely
the time also the teacher
becoming simultaneous
repelling
the time while the pawn sounding the piano
it passed to end

don't you think?
as for the next time tempo raising
already 1 times repelling

At The

lots of bouncing
loud /as per usual... /
what they show
what they touch

News Item of This Day

with a shank!

game of the small school
which is on the reverse side of the house
is the production immediate
and it is tremendous "sound" is

especially
it is large
to be in the densely enormous thing where
you think that it is support battle

but as for this
opening the cover of the piano
whether the chance which it can repel is
(plus thought)

tune of everyone combination playing (the musical score)
which transfers?

it received

the rear many times
it encounters this situation
the shank

also new skill is appearance

with rise bow of one bow
phrase of first half + latter half
(below "new skill" you write)
this
very serious

adjusting to the melody of the piano of the teacher
when it has repelled
with 5 small turning points
the piano and the violin slipped semitone

it asked concerning new skill
"however the place where it repels with one bow is here
as for this
as for method of kind of repelling
which resets the bow doing
is not good?"
that
understanding it may not be harsh

with
you showed model

so so
the time where still
it begins compared to
although it became [mashi]
it does not reach to ahead the bow
in order to reach
it should have become.

you understood very well it
designates what as the word cup

practicing the place of one bow preponderantly
don't you think?
because next week you go to bed

me
the musical score is not visible well
the place where it is visible is visible
but it is

it probably means that the one which after all
it expanded copied is good?

I run
it is

it is the metronome
don't you think?
now heart it does not occur
can carry

it was good
it was good

She Is / Was

she is no longer
serious / she pledges
the dimensions that set her
apart / she is neat
of her refinement
she demands us
not go gentle

Hit It

somewhere along
the way the truth
slipped out the door
of our moving
fast moving
getaway car
and hit the embankment rolling
down toward the black water
you know what it is

Speech in the Paper

her words
on the page
I've photographed them
and I can read them now
I know how fleeting the experience is
of writing / how the darkness
spilling into the room and onto the page
cuts off the spirit dwelling in us
and in our writing
words are like springs
coiled and lightly pulsing
with this in mind
the small errors in her speech
the words chosen awkwardly
hint at her limits
none that mattered to him
or maybe me

No One's Club

the room is small
couples sit sipping
& watching the woman
eye them nude and spread
the music's not loud
just a jukebox up a tad
she is ordinary but
wears an expression
that breaks the bank
the place where valuables
are stored / we get it
a couple leaves
the mist up from the river
engulfs them
probably
as they walk to their car
for me the line of sight is improved
and now I am the one
stared at

After Club

talking about the mist
who else has disappeared
into it that night
which buildings took
the opportunity to drift
off while no one could
watch / and become landmarks
the mist cares little
for my opinions
it's too busy hiding
just hiding

Nothing Special

years ago tonight
Pruneface was born
I know her last name
but don't have it at hand
her first name is lost
though it's likely I could find it
it was cold that day
with a misty rain
they must have driven
from the farm
when the pain started
and when that was over
the question was whether
it would be me
crosseyed and not a good bet
or her her face scrunched
gender was the only proof
I wonder what would
have been different

Half-Day Old

the day after
whew / she
told me it was a 24-hour
labor / on top of the 8-year
stint as man of the house
you'd think WWII / it was about
the war but no
it was murder
(well that's too harsh
too false)
but a killing
that made her work 2 jobs
1 for money 1 for food
no prospects until death
provided my father
to her / and ever since
she's expected to be the queen
and who
not him not me
would stand in her way

On Fire

finding my way
looking like lots of work
not exactly what I know
but something I can do
this means not
doing what needs to be done
but only the lucrative

As I Expected

I require an argument
he is a no-brainer

In Another Dream

bad part of town
hair light but still it tangles
she disappears behind a door
and I don't want to accept
she doesn't pretend to be hidden
this is what hurts the most
don't confuse coincidence for fate

Takeout Girl

the takeout girl arrived
carrying white plastic bags
of styro boxes closed by tabbed slots
filled with greasy meat and veggie
chinese takeout / but the girl
was unexpected and handily
seductive / multitone skin and hair
a frothy skip at the tops of steps
a skirt not fit for her
and I had to choose
pay or praise her / choose
my level of lust for her
or tip her 20 percent
here's what I decided
follow the bulge in your pants

She Wrote

over a city again
I never feel at ease
looking down on black water
flashing orange from the streetlights
along its banks and bridges
the office lights / who's in there
house lights / what are they watching
my plane is bumping along
& soon will bump onto the runway
someone will be waiting for me
my name misspelled
with luck I will be snowed in here
even though no forecast forecasts it
my mother wrote of transportation
"and now we are riding through clouds,
an airplane, of which men hardly dreamed of
years ago, and at which wise men even scoffed at"
her extra prepositions remind me of the streetlights
there being always one too many
given the blackness of the water

Listening Over Easy

too many days
the story is endless and staggering
the place is full of chill air
and heartless laments
ask me about the cover intentions
the declaratives they don't shout
black river is just where is always should be
the running dog is my boss
shame on him for his me stupid

Hacking, Maybe

nights and ducks
donating difficulties
the page has been uploaded
and all / except the details / is/are well

How To Improve

of course as mentioned
he never really bothers
with the results
that those studies have yielded

which seems to be the thing
to do these days anyway

the best part is that
absolutely anyone can enter

Rosenbach and his brother Philip

in other words
only individuals can determine
their own sources of happiness

she was famous for the passionate intensity

read about how to improve
read about how to improve

what are you doing this month

do you know the author of this novel
but in the meantime
we have these debased statistical notions
of happiness to amuse us
in an idle hour

or what about the multitude
of other cases of plagiarism

however the author does not
make the slightest effort
to apply these wonders of modern
science to actually determining
what the alleged sources
of human happiness a

read about how to improve

in other words
only individuals can determine
their own sources of happiness

Though I Normally Wouldn't

meeting a random lunatic
I recited a million random digits
I had memorized from a book called
A Million Random Digits with 100,000 Normal Deviates
it went like this

10097 32533 76520 13586 34673 54876 80959 09117 39292 74945
37542 04805 64894 74296 24805 24037 20636 10402 00822 91665
08422 68953 19645 09403 23209 02560 15953 34764 35080 33606

the random lunatic spotted
the digit one off
a 4 where should be 3
who's the normal deviate
now / I ask you
randomly enough

Where No Man

story from my youth
retold with digital fidelity
but something this perfect
breaks the more readily
she is out of practice
though her sheer robe
won't permit it
the times felt cold
the roads were narrower
the cars more vocal and choppy
instead of the story it's the road
tagging along is regret
beside us the galloping horse
and dreams of sitting on the roof at sunset
looking West
I am here / with decades to spare

The Dying that Ends Tonight

do go gentle into that good night
to rage against the blaze of ending
is to learn too late that the message
of self is the paling of self

wise good wild or grave
all embrace the rest
of cramp and seizure
eyes enfolding the past

unfolding outside
the hard bright light
and its backward future
the last frail deeds
wrap up the mind going

by the name dying for a blessed curse
unpacking this and writing our own
is the meteor that's passed by and down
a gentle rage / a dancing bay

the grief cured is the curled
lip of a happy laugh
whistling a passing fancy go
into the night be it wise or wild
grave or good

Dying that Ends Tonight

do go gentle into that good night
rage against the blaze of ending
learn too late that the message
of self is the paling of self

embrace the rest
of cramp and seizure
wise good wild or grave
enfold the past

unfolding outside
the hard bright light
and its backward future
have left the last frail deeds going

by the name dying for a blessed curse
unpack this and write your own
that meteor's passed by and down
a gentle rage / a dancing bay

the grief cured is the curled
lip of a happy laugh
whistle a passing fancy go
into the night be it wise or wild
grave or good

Dying that Ends Tonight

do go gentle into that good night
rage against the blaze of ending
learn too late that the message
of self is the paling of self

embrace rest
seize cramp and seizure
wise good wild or grave
enfold the past

unfolding outside
the hard bright light
and its backward future
have abandoned the last frail deeds going

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unfolding outside
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and its backward future
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by the name dying for a blessed curse
unpack this to write your own
the meteor's passed by and down
a gentle rage / a dancing bay

the grief cured is the curled
lip of a happy laugh
whistle a passing fancy go
into the night / wise or wild
grave or good

Surprise of Thinking

pressure fills
the head forcing thoughts
to explode / but from the ears
these thoughts burst
as listening

Purposeless and Heady

programming all day
the process is not simple
because rarely is there planning
but eventually the machine
skins its piece and throws down
but up on the ridge the horses
have stopped and the computation
and in this part of the world
the grass is unexpected
in its color and cool odor
the sun is unexpected
in its color and no odor
the process becomes less simple
because the machine is heeled
and unlike it am not

Intensively Farther

O hydrogen bonds to form
a three-dimensional network.

O hydrogen bonds to form
a three-dimensional network.

O interactions generate
a two-dimensional zigzag sheet.

The coordination geometry is based on
a trigonal bipyramid. The metal atom lies on
a twofold rotation axis.

O hydrogen bonds link molecules into
a three-dimensional network.

The coordination geometry is based on
a trigonal bipyramid.

Quickie

falling apart
the thanks life gives
nothing makes me
happier than well-
deserved misery

Do You

too much of the touching
treatments are following
me down through the glades
that make the rest restful
I won't make any more payments
in support of those treatments
therefore I expect...

when I think of the lights
going out I think of the warming
fire and the piles of cheap
sleeping bags / too many memories
add up to the black night
and no hope of going back
to that cold night or any others
like it

Other Nights

but the night takes so long
that sleep is out of the question
piles of blankets and the fire dying
down / the snow falling outside
stopping leaving room for the black
sky and northern wind to make it
all colder outside and soon
inside / next morning or afternoon
we'll go outside noticing the crunchiness
of the blue snow and after shoveling
out way out find some steaks and beer
then find our way back to the pile
after lighting the fire that is destined
to go out drawing the cold in
and our bodies together

Other Roads

the road out front
never was more than dirt
holes came and went
the road remained straight
meeting others at right
angles / springs and falls
mud summers pools winters
the snow could rise
to the banks from earlier snow
we would head there Fridays
and the two nights would mean
very hot air under the blankets
and a fire and more to make
it that way / that road
meant little until now
now that I can't ride or walk
down it

Past Right Here

one day she sat
in a chair feeding me
while I suppose
my father worked
on our first house
she was worried about me
I think because I was not
perfect and there was little
she could do / that they could do
someone snapped us
and all the debris that made
up that time / that place /
us

It's XML

in the case of XML
you "internationalize" XML
by providing the ITS
markup to people
who create a document or to localizers
people can voice their disagreement
pushing their issues
whether you're juggling with Java
or rolling on Rails
we are waiting to be wooed away
by your implementation
and we would love to list
your libraries on the validator's site
html sent back
giving the hint to the editing software
that the PUT has to be done
at this specific URI
to avoid any ambiguity

Gathering for Wet

sometimes the river flows past
even while we sit on the bank
and worship the ambiguity
of sky versus wave
the water that feeds on the sky
the leftover emotions
the depths of the ocean
that has gathered all that
for millennia

all this as latent entertainment
for bank sitters and other fretters
basking in stupor and wonder
and just imagining the heat
all this could dispel brings
fear to the brink of the bank
and all who sit
there

Point Remnants

no days are like these
the remnants are grappling
together again into wholes
like quilts of indistinct
possibilities / throbbing
with desire / watching
Captain Kangaroo
tv is the bringer of truth
and facts not stories
ny loneliness is of a car
a ride / a protest against
here / not here as usual
but here as in the idea
of a fixed point
that—really—is
the point

Fun Left in Creativity

one with rolled up ankles
and scissor wielding hands
facets of wonder to hold on to
there should be fun left in creativity
ones that swing and move in paths of destruction
the verb endings are placed at the end of the infinitive so there are
there should be fun left in creativity
the executive council was to discuss the agreement Tuesday
check out the all-new Yahoo!
one with rolled up ankles and scissor wielding hands
I've reviewed earlier versions of this program and was favorably
could the Best Actress award be awarded for a Spanish-speaking role?
it might be going to work
there should be fun left in creativity
could the Best Actress award be awarded for a Spanish-speaking role?
hell even think about it in the first place
while HP has decided to focus on proprietary architectures
HP OpenView and Mercury Interactive clients
are making the switch to the "freedom of choice" advantages from IBM software
a federal judge in Los Angeles, who previously struck down sections of the Patriot Act
has ruled that whatever is desirable is just out of grasp
these things keep me conscious just long enough
to curse their intrusive existence and slowly let my focus drift back
the distance between our palms and the wall is finite
and we know every seam and crevice
the verb endings are placed at the end of the infinitive so there are
approaching with skepticism you speculate and ask yourself
whether the truth of the matter
fortunately the concept is more straightforward than it sounds.

Untired

the river never tires
even now it is still the same
river it was when my mother
first saw it crossing from Groveland
to Haverhill or maybe times she crossed
at Rocks Village just to fish
for bass at the nice fishing
place / even then it wasn't
tired / how many times did she
visit the river / I cannot distinctly
remember her looking at it
the times we drove over a bridge
she must have / she never commented
on it / the river never tires
of being neglected

Peom

the nature of poetry
is the distended brain
the oblique angle
if it does from here to there
no poem it is
in a poem there is no
such thing as a typo

Lingualism

one of the first things to learn
is that words one after the other
aren't the center of spirit
or tree leaves or river waves
made by boats going upstream
whichever direction that happens
to be right then

words strung together
like boats tied together
heading downstream
waves pushing up against them
water slapping

too hard
face falling
dignity in our hearts

we face words
instead of facing downstream

Trip Plan

look forward to the cold
to the lowered clouded sky
to looking up and upon the wrinkled
underside of the clouds
which must be passing by but
looks like a ceiling put up
for grieving put up
for keeping a higher rain
off but it's filled with holes
too small to see but big
enough for all the rain
in the world all of it that ever
fell and ever will to fall
on me

One More Small Scene

the small scenes
hurt the most
the rusted ragweed
the browned tallgrass
the black trunk slithering
up in the background
snow falling slowly
not hard but intermittently
steady all afternoon long
my place is at ground level
having laid down before it started
and now I'm as covered as anything
by snow but the scene
won't let go won't bargain
with me and I expect I'll lie
here till the light's gone
till the scene's gone

Landing in Boston

out the window the full moon
up 12° / near the galley
the flight attendant sitting backwards
her legs crossed / her black nylons
under a blue dress / lights at
seduction level / night vision preserved
just a foot or two
away / her scent nearby / invisible
to all observed senses
the lights below the plane / deep cold
cars probing ahead with their headlights
smoking along / slow / cautious
the ride down smooth / the bay glassy
moon drawing lines to itself
her legs thick from desire and response
landing with shuddering thumps
the writer is awakened and ready to compose
she has yawned and the night is counterthrust
down to a standstill / a standoff

Cold Intersection at Night

in cold air
across the street
about to cross the street
after an early dinner but still it's dark
she is all in black
but even from the back
of a line of left-turning cars
her hip flair is apparent
even her brushed hair under her dainty hat

hurrying across makes
no difference
she is flared
perfectly while the steam from her breath
rises in puffs straight up

December 6, 2006

After The Day

they are speaking all at once
measure my mind first
send me into space
measure it again

When I Repel the Piano to Disturb

you look at my one
if it is
it is good with anything
is

when it starts repelling with 1 people
you stopped directly

don't you think
decorative diacritic
more clearly

so saying
the teacher repelling with his own violin
after that
while you stopping finely
the time also the teacher becoming simultaneous
repelling
the time while the pawn sounding the piano
it passed to end

On the Call

so I called customer support
and got a sys admin
a good one
really
the best part was she was a chick
a french chick
speaking at ease of hackerstuff like codes
a french chick chewing gum
liquid splits and snaps
chewing and french joie de wifi
picture her walking away
while the connection starts up

Cold Dinner

at dinner
in the paneled restaurant
couples involved with their food
the snow not shy under cars' wheels
I make many mistakes
and tell many stories

Idea Up

near misses at scale
triumph of the shallow
he agrees to speak for one dollar
paid in Swedish kroner at the exchange
rate in place on his last birthday
at the time of his birth

please fax the rate you are using
so we may check it

Short Walk Away

things are done
differently here

once outside the influence of the religions
the regions revert to their humanity

I can only imagine
what it could be given

the projected silhouette on the grey screen
pointing out 45° to the corner—definitely not normal

of course my plan
is to return another time

right now I'm tooling with real women
and don't dare express interest no matter how bio it is

being here is
like being here

or Nearby

Insides

the hospital is encased
in its future
or the past
is all around it
one death in that place
makes it important
just like everything
the past swallows

Cold Cold

one day the cold grabs
your clothes and cuts
into your skin
in Montréal the wind
blew into my eyes
like a headache
we went almost
the wrong way
we would have not escaped
though we were in the middle
of everything with everyone
cold so right there
it was not possible
to sense

Facts Ahoy

never can the facts
inform facts
linger but thought
pushes ahead
the creation of ideas
comes not from facts
facts just are but don't deserve
much facts are just one stone
sitting on an unpuzzled hand
at the end of a worry

The Fictional Account

when I think
to write a poem of them
I picture a sight
that doesn't exist
of the river from the hill
that is above all hills
looking down on the river
that drains all rivers
I picture too the heat and damp
of the summers I've spent with them
the smell of wet cut grass
that spews whiffs of life
drifting off
the river too wants to join in
but soon the storm will rip
down the valley and all will end
with that

Slow Down

cold night
too cold for snow
what snow's already fallen
crunches under our soles
instead I sit by the window
the heat from my stove
separated from the cold dark outside
by 2 panes of glass
cold night
it isn't hard to see why
we use fire at times like this
nearby the river keeps flowing
though it's considering
slowing down

Working Lies

watching them gamble
seeing the hope stacked as chips
rolling ball / differentiating dice
cards sliding machine like
all in all they sit slumping
except for the times
what happens is exactly
what they need

In Casino

dressed like
a woman out for it
she really is just a farmgirl
in over
her head
which aches for the shade of her apple tree
before the apples fall
and rot

Turning in the Lights of Vegas

in the lights by the slots
women are waiting their turns
they all have a look of power
but well but
the harsh lights don't help
their eyes show it all
the heavy liner with the darting pupils
they wait their turns

Even in the Bellagio

More Vegas Than That

I saw her on the mall
not a mall actually more like a museum
she was manning a booth
selling body jewelry
she was looking back behind me
her eyes were dark shadows
her lips were dark
her hair her cap
she looked behind me intently
some would say darkly
the museum though

remember Vegas in its heyday
Fremont Street
the lanky cowboy
the cowgirl who crossed her legs
they built a roof over it
and now it's a museum
can anything be more Vegas
than that

Over the Horizon

think desert think
heat / but these days
it's the dry & cold
high up & dry
high up & cold
it's a gamble here
for those unprepared
they mucous up
then shiver to the ground
where breathing
ends and becomes the gentle wind
that builds to the storm
that runs down the arroyo

Fight Why Not

the palooka steps in the ring
lights / crowd / ref / thumping noises
will there be a fight
or lovemaking
if the doors open to the elevators
the one who steps out will say
goodbye / or the leaves will blow
down the lane / perhaps the wind will
blow down the arroyo
all is the fight
we are the palookas

Giving the Community More Votes

the main point is that the size
of the XML is reduced
resulting in more optimal communication
after all who knows better than they what is needed?
2" likewise for other Java versions
provide the model's size
as part of the ListModel interface
copy the image file grapefruit
the code example shows
the old code commented out
above the new code
SortedListModel uses a java
figure 3 shows this application

When Dust is Honored

an old yoke
a carriage tongue
an iron seat the shape of an ass
these are the totems of the past
but without the stories
they are abstract
even though they are here
they rest on the grass
and bend its leaves
they are abstract
and that past is abstract
what kind of dust gathers
on the abstract

At Box No. 3286

things I won't do for love
include replacing corroding soil pipes
and trepanning at home
everything else is A-OK
eager-to-please woman (36)
seeks domineering man
to take advantage of her flagging
confidence. / tell me I'm pretty
then watch me cling

Come Out and Play

tonight the cars
are finding their ways to dry garages
and warmth from the rest of the world
the bridge is laced in ice
no one will cross over on it
the river still flows
but the bridge is all iced over
the road down to the bridge
is too slippery to travel
so children have taken it
no such thing as a moon
clouds hang low over the bridge
so tonight the cars
are all in
everyone is
but the children

Siting / Wondering

been found
the road
trees beside it
the hills define the path
shrubs beside the stones
this is just an outline
they've been found
my job
sit in the car
windows down
music from the past
playing over and over
in the past
I didn't know
there were things I would need to know
that needed to be learned
then and impossible to learn now

Unlike Other Things

urban decay
every city is dying
from the second it's started
a city like this is really
a dream that doesn't understand
that it's dying while it's being created
being torn down while being built up
down with up
creation with decreation
architects understand this
urban planners
but not dreams
they have only one emotion
fear
oh and dread

Fear Revealed

fear is interesting
curling smoky around the head
other appendages of sensing
like the heart
the extremities
fear come from the heat of danger
or despair
as the fire continues
the fear is produced
the surprise is that the fire
is in us and that it
blows away
with only a small breeze

Filling Up Books

all summer the required reading
is filling up books
plot or literature is the apparent choice
which means for now
new books or used
we are beaches
places to lie
our goal is to be out of focus
imagine a small
(I mean size)
girl's face (her
face is small not
she is young)
with a faint red
lipstick on her lips
sticking to her lips
now forget you are imagining her
and tell me
does she love you
this exercise is like a book
you read it and it's
as if the world we like what
the words make in your head
people take things in their heads
use them to fill up books
that are read on the beach
in summer and those books
make things in people's heads
which they use to make more books
this is the only part of the equation that changes
through feedback
the rest of the world in nature changing slowly
and people reacting to the stories
they read
and poems too
sometimes

What Happens on the Edge Stays on the Edge

some things are too good to pass up

when an ocean behind a tape recorder is fashionable,
a reactor learns a hard lesson from a muddy stovepipe

a briar patch over a short order cook
wisely steals pencils from a frightened anomaly

for example a foreign pickup truck indicates
that a light bulb of a cargo bay cooks cheese grits for the sheriff

the point is to see
and not insist on sanity
or rationalism to embalm
what you see
to permit the pre-brain eyes
to see only and the for the post-thought write brain
to write what is seen
nothing in between
end to end
a kind of
poetic neutrality