

the last of my kind

here in a swamp in the middle of a desert  
surrounded by lofty pines where all the mountains point away  
a satin-sheened lake stretches like a 5 jointed finger  
or yams under duress where so much was bombed three generations ago

hook the cable up to my chair swaddles and inserts me  
i would be soup if i could melt  
but the wood in my bones hungers for insects & their predators.  
i draw the cloud with my inhale  
& exhale full fruit spectrum into the reluctantly multi-tasking earth  
that never wanted to be our pet conscience

if wings could vote.  
if we all didn't end up flying to the same resorts.  
you think credit cards have no say in how theyre used.  
you cant be more direct than selling your blood.

i repeat everything i hear and i'm always hearing things  
wearing too many clothes to focus my cleansing light of benevolent craziness.  
when i get to the top of the tallest building i wont be coming down for a while

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Tonight we're gonna party like its two thousand & nine

when wind & rain wont sleep  
houses ache to dance like the trees not always willingly moved  
when the room is whirling, when the floor scuttles under foot  
like everyone living beneath the beach come out to siren pungence  
here in our valley-car with engine & wiring exposed  
every ignitions a positive surprise.

sometimes one cylinder is all we need  
with so much fuel & momentum, whether trying to catch or avoid the incoming spectrum  
of lubrication & abundance; a still point in a swirling world  
the body its own atmosphere where even the most stubborn front  
erodes expands or shifts when a second body appears in the sideways light of  
a star we havent seen for years or 20 pounds ago  
when the doorway couldn't keep its hands off me,  
when i knew the year couldn't change until i slept,

embodied solstice light exceeds the phantom line on this elliptical track  
where sometimes the scenery moves faster than my feet.  
but its one step, one turn, sit and admire the breath in our hands  
envisioning the continents on my iris, the cosmology of pores  
& how airs discreet questions let us be so close but never surrender or crush  
grazing without bruises, our eyes reflect a color no longer in the catalogues

no matter how many clouds i try on part of me remains exposed & thirsty  
part of me wants to always be dancing, always hit the ball back across the net

the multi-voice chorus of my inner organs backed by the orchestras stored n my brain,  
sometimes just a bass and trap, sometimes everything possible with strings,  
2 lips pressed to an opening accidental or manufactured.  
what seem to be wings are my lungs eager for the next solo  
cant separate the darkness from the smoke so much rain i suspect the rivers not home.  
so much wind entire cities are holding their breaths, eyes kept shut to delay the new year.

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## South of the Moon

how'd i get south of the moon  
as if the suns in retrograde, rising early in november,  
long legs straddling the equator to updraft a quarter-world transposition,  
360 degrees wont bring you back:

to turn aground, to navigate with belly not hands,  
to cross-riff the grid with a scoop-foot bent back for maximum wake and drag,  
parrying light to become invisible:

a gray father, green mother,  
child raised by incoming messages, looking where nothing points,  
jumping out of trains & currents, taking more than needed  
to fuel a greeter distance when thrown away, crossing this hungry galaxy  
with no idea whats considered food here, gluing sticks & shells together  
to see like a satellite trying to stand still in a sea of caffeinated magnets,  
like a mountain that lost its lungs centuries before it deflated  
while i wish my spine had continued to bulge so i became a stegosaurus --  
pterodactyl would take too many lifetimes  
and any flight takes a year to pay for, hoarding & borrowing,  
maps that evaporate when left unread:

i said my pants were in the sky but got arrested anyway,  
learning in one revolve to intimidate darkness with my surging void  
the last discovered part of me

an oozing cornucopia of all i'd made up  
but never had names for

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Today's news (7/3/9)

In the former state of california, the worlds 9<sup>th</sup> largest economy,  
united from humboldt county to orange, a fractionally owned subsidiary,  
bringing billions to the desert, sterilizing the central valley,  
coptering onto half dome to piss on the world below.

Would an A bomb 2 miles below san francisco or LA look just like an earthquake?  
we'd hate to give up san diego just to lose tiajuana  
but phoenix by the sea means big bucks  
and the chance for dallas to be the new hollywood.

If california cant vote then the republicans are a lock,  
making arnie secretary of war.  
as california balkanizes, idaho seizes eastern oregon and washington  
while the state of jefferson drifts into the pacific to join new columbia  
as big oil seizes alberta and the yukon  
& all we can remember about alaska is the song Way Up North

When the polar ice is gone and the earth tilts from redistribution  
who will be on top? an independent greenland with millions of acres & bostons latitude?  
a russia that can feed itself? the middle of america now owned by cargill-archers?

We work in our gardens and hope no one notices. saving rain, seeds & information—  
the data has learned to distribute itself. anyone within a mile of me has wi-fi,  
don't ask where the money comes from, when no account info was given:

Eat for the moment, freeze for tomorrow, inhale the sun as deep as you dare.

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Universal Curvature

universal curvature hands cant help imitate in airborne calligraphy  
slicing the earliest preconception of endurance & spontaneity  
a taste for something i cant describe, as if someone elses tongue had switched into my mouth  
if my eyes were suddenly brown & i viewed the world from a foot shorter  
waves of arms of young trees, heat waves from summer asphalt & cars inhaling their own fumes  
i bend over, kick up my legs & swim three feet above the ground

summer in february: a sky so grey i want to turn it inside out  
& concentrate the light of intention, the combustible friction of suppressed eloquence  
pressing my ear to a granite building till something softens, letting water in  
through open fingertips

i climb so i can fall  
i glide against traffic

i want multiple basements, buildings so deep theres a reason to open windows  
air bubbles in the planets mile wide veins breathing what escaped millennia ago  
when the sky wasn't rock yet  
a menagerie of fish, of body hugging narratives  
when my selfs in several parts: 1 in the shop, 2 on vacation in a classified environment  
where water bonds with skin, where sunlight is always a danceable beat  
bones that hold me sinuously riverbones seasoned green bones  
muscles with their own skeletons, appetites and aesthetics  
room to intertwine time for stillness food that must be deciphered

i will keep evaporating til i'm stone.  
hard as january, fluent as march,  
as much hidden energy as 3 augusts in a row

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Lost in January

some long held beliefs did not fare well in the recent windstorm.  
i thought one had better roots, that another could trust its neighbors.  
the previous storm planted new ideas. next weeks menu features rain in a neo-fusion format  
with a nod to the lunar new year---found out yesterday i'm a metal rabbit.  
my polish calendar features potatoes, root vegetables and cabbage.  
when you have salad you have color. we brush shadow on our cheeks when the sun is full  
or when the moon is back after a week of therapy.

all this time I thought i was inside. i mistook growth for structure..  
i miss so many messages by sleeping 8 hours a night.  
when the curtains are sealed i'll stay in bed til my legs ache with boredom.  
why cant I sink through the floor and be in the kitchen quicker. coffee is constant.

when I turn the faucet and nothing comes out my world is thick as gravy.  
the pizza slice gets larger and softer in my hand as i'm suddenly in the middle of an old playground  
festive with bags butts condoms and stains.  
the wind is offended by the one basketball net remaining.  
i take a deep breath. the top of my head assures me the sun is out there somewhere.

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[no title]

So cut and remains nice

Drops down here

A shirt of sweat, a fly become fishing line in passing more than i can press  
against the surrendered artery of wheat and sugar collapsed as i climb;  
when the horizon is under water, when a ridge of captured lava blinks in welcome  
to take me through a doorway long before a house arrives

I am simmering in memory without wallet cards pictures  
as a belt can be boiled to release a 19 cent hamburger—ground goat, feral pig,  
hundreds of mice fueled the wolves tundra marathon

I have oranges and peanuts that don't grow here,  
i have waterproof containers from the planet inside our industrial mind

Dust will judge me,  
dust will weigh me,  
dust will value my salt for a week or so

I hold my cupped hands together til i feel the egg there, warmed by the lighthouse born inside me  
spinning its eye as if the sea moves around, as if the rocks will rumble like grains of moist salt  
with nothing to claim me from this used paper warehouse

I was days from the road, i was nights from myself, mountains ahead of me,  
a steep drop to where i didnt want to return, d  
stars littering the dried lake or tympanum of an extinct planetary ear

I open an imaginary door with no idea whats inside:  
no floor no walls food i cant reach

A breeze is my prayer

A bird flying overhead means i have a couple hours

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## Pulling myself together

take these lips part chocolate part worm part wire neon string in zero gravity mud sump  
these eyes as frozen as marbles as bottomless as greed as explosive as the galaxy's core  
simple as a dart hungry as an ostrich waking in snow  
i cannot catch the shape of what you say i cant hear i smell scents i cant define

how can a window without a building still be closed  
i hear a phone ringing but not the one in front of me  
i see no door and dont remember how i got here

when my body is pressed against another i must know  
have we met before where are we why can you move and i cant

gravity turns sideways, making it difficult to fall or move away siren gravity  
crazy glue with 11 herbs and spices with an agenda

the difficulty of getting from my chair to what appears out my window warmer brighter  
rippling with strangers a howl with distant dogs  
its like I swallowed part of a bicep a claustrophobic otter  
a spirit determined to ascend directly through my skull

which of these moths are my hands  
i see as through a colander as if one eye rolling in a track across my head and face  
one eye passing through another like raindrops in slow-motion.,  
my transparent topographical skin is pockmarked  
as if several civilizations have been attempted here & failed:  
eroded paper demagnetized cds animals i cannot catch or seduce  
glowing musical animals I know I can learn from

i don't know how to tell time in a world with multiple suns a domed world  
a world where a third of everything is hidden from my dimension;  
if i can hold a majority of me still and let that light and voice grow like first smoke in tinder,  
crystal so pure when its tapped the tones resonate into the marrow  
tuned its tones resonate into the marrow

not what i looked like but what i said not how i smelled but that i always returned,  
bringing back at least a new word, a new gesture  
a mouthful of water pure as the sky like swallowing a medicinal comet evangelical  
down-flowing river making clothes unnecessary:  
i can swim in any direction i can walk above or below the surface  
everything we cover ourselves in sleep an attempt to get back to that river,  
to convince us we've never left