

## **RIMBAUD IN PARIS (version 2)**

A thousand poems  
burnt through  
his

brains, while one  
night pooled  
wetly

at my feet

*(after HOLY THE FIRM by Annie Dillard, Harper & Row, 1977)*

## **WHERE EVERYTHING IS CLEAR**

*(after Christian Hawkey's "Up Here in the Rafters Everything Is Clear")*

left with a stare  
watching itself  
    a poem in a forest  
        covered deeply by ancient moss

its legacy a stone toe  
    red paint long faded  
    (though it lingers as memory)

somewhere, a woman  
shrouds herself in white linen  
    a poem invisible but transparent

## **THEFTLESS NIGHT**

*(after Christian Hawkey's "Night Without Thieves")*

maddened sunlight  
into the

its thieves  
emptied out

then night came  
then day came

into the night  
like a thief

move on  
there is no emergency

*echo from  
kicked pebble*

*fails to overcome  
the ravine*

of this failed hay(na)ku  
on verdant leaves turned compost

## **TO BEGIN SATIATING THE ENTRAILS**

*(after Christian Hawkey's "Because We Are Starved Our Entrails Spark")*

Then coupling  
beneath one cloud.  
Pull it out—  
ye look of wonder

Seam rips into  
white cotton, leaving  
aftermath of entrails—  
"I almost said flowers."

Color of electrical cords  
another set of entrails  
entering her body  
following a head's swivel.

Toward the sound  
head swiveled.  
Entrails sparked  
when she breathed...

...and that is something  
like pink pearls  
luminescent among  
the gutted goat's remains

## **COPPER RAINDROP**

*(after Christian Hawkey's "A Coppery Rain Slashes Through It")*

and then the kiss

and then the greeting

"swollen underground with rain"

## **ABSENCE OF GREEN**

(after Christian Hawkey's "Whatever It Takes")

a word  
without saying

he passed me  
a clipboard

I offered him  
an apple

See t(h)reat as  
my bandaged wing swung

to break stalactites—  
they lie on ground, *evaporating...*

## **DARK CHOCOLATE VALENTINE**

Roses gettin' rabid  
Violets vomit rue  
Mouth me some chocolate  
Or I'll cannibal you...!

### THREE COYOTES (early version)

peeing over the buttercups  
yellowing the courtyard—

Dogs barking, forelegs  
atop windowsill—

And so the day fades  
as I wrestle a long poem:

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