

## **aqua**

money is no longer tender  
men over there go wild  
give me goose bumps

the sepia print of my grandmother  
her expression is thoughtful  
but I got lost rain changed  
my identity

I am just a prairie flower  
its patron saint the dust  
is quick as the mind

evolving the caloric intake  
of rats  
could sink a ship

thus synthetic love  
surprises the greenest lawns

drinking pitchers of gin  
your color is aqua expiration date  
& a speeding ticket fringe nomads

set your thermostat like they hold  
the words from a new direction  
on page 5

**francis bacon**

this is only one cheap consciousness  
choosing excuses  
or poor construction

of fact  
the door                      slams

& I eat a plum  
what I was thinking  
of                      a nocturnal cat

always thought's solitude

I extend my hand  
in this room I am most  
myself

vacant

the wind originated with a bat

what is on my mind feels forgiveness  
at birth  
& then learned manners  
questions stay unmasked  
of algebraic  
religion

I did not understand it  
dogs never ask god for a purpose

purposeful  
a stitch in time  
the aphorisms suggest observation

the land has a mind of its own  
digging to the lowest level  
the worm  
folded                      in dirt  
feeds on its many lips

**canvas fire**

his plumbed heart  
coordinates depth  
the eventual  
feast so much milky way  
solace & feared endings  
the island lies within ragged  
edges that frighten  
outsiders  
Gauguin's sources are birth  
& fruit besides fire

**by the river**

the virgin is a folk hero  
& the wealthy stockholders

hold their words  
as peaches

organic homeboys  
order hope here I hope

Dante loved the words in his hell  
thinking what is compatible is

not difficult  
with net profits

when the mexicans sing better  
than Shakespeare

in hallmark cards  
we shall gather

## **afterwards**

not all the time  
but I heard  
it twice  
after you lost your hair you looked  
beautiful  
when I dreamt about  
you someone is always dying  
the room is filled with pigeons  
then the motivational speaker  
who ignored me he was wearing clip  
on wings  
I was wearing my best body  
when the house burned down  
the ambulance a hysterical ride  
we clapped at your death  
defying performance with  
mountain lions  
they ate the bears  
you ate the blueberries  
after that they drowned  
in the rain  
you looked beautiful  
& recovered

**brave fingers**

a parade of bombs

killing gets easier

numb

the fingers

leading to the brain

brave flags chase words down

brave flags are your safest choice

song fests

count the killings

safety

here

in my territory they've crossed

the line

changed

the laws

chained me to the wall no

body knows

lost in the police

station loud music all the time I

breathe

the freezing

fire means something

I need a hero a section of thought

an alter identity

thoughts are arrows of carrots deceiving

the enemy

I cook the soup

slowly

tomatoes

tell my mother

for the bones

of

existence

love me

**red dye #5**

you knew me            you said

on a corner

you said

          you wrestled

with pundits            you killed with red dye #5

a self made communist

                  entrepreneur

containing our errors

                  we survived as

email            comrades            rats as ideas

bacteria in a cage            execution was quick

but painful

                  & scabbed history of self

defined

                  selfish in another century

this would be alchemy            thinking for

ourselves shaped by exile            &

starvation

          just ideas inside

                  your skin we have you

analyzed & numbered

coded according to

          weight measured            & abstracted from fact

an anomaly            I am            in the garden

                  of myself



another pyramid of eyes

& you were

buried in the bustling street of new advances

in pixel            the magnetic smile the air

brushed

faces    practice the past chase us

away the ever sharp knives    carve us out

there we fit in

our clothes    our teeth

y    our numbers

## **free trade**

hunker over the stars & slip in  
a hallucinogenic high on dirt

I sat by & fed midnight  
pulled in the x of eternity

speeding time inside an empty  
building I swear by the last forest

raised on steel mud resists  
free trade on main street

the sweetest divinity in the thrall  
of hop scotch

an invisible game reinstated state  
issued torture at the demarcation

line I thread music in the northerly  
direction the compass trailed into

geometry a fixation of time changed  
to dreary tuesday the news is thinking

cheap & imported they ask why the wheels  
square by the jaw of the machinery

they ask why it never works & they  
ask why no one ever answers

#5

I troll the domestic ode  
the ladies without their teacups

lost & howling bone china  
winds petite tragedies in smiling

cellophane flowers smell of  
civilization we have a chance to run

through the desert with sand  
through our skin

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we're all paranoid  
poised for obsolescence

I am obsessed with the consciousness  
of wasps on mars

I grow my own distractions  
within a short time we left

earth with shadows  
I'm your life & it's harvesting

a science fiction birth  
through the grasshoppers' eyes

I have eaten every word  
of my skin