

# Everything I Mean Everything

*A Collection of Poems from 2010*

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## **I Could Not Clap**

this year more of the past will make it onto the page  
I'll explore the long form and see what Lux meant  
when he said "you write a fine prose sentence"  
it's time to start winding it down  
I never meant to make it this far  
any time will be when I go away

## In The Hut Leaving the Ukraine in 1910

behind the hut under a rough wood roof  
he found a stack of split and dried firewood  
behind the stove in a can  
some wood matches  
by the stacked wood he found a small hatchet  
he used it to chop small bits of kindling  
and before it became too dull  
he used the hatchet like a knife  
to peel off some small curls of wood shavings  
he carefully built a small teepee  
from a couple of the matches  
placed the curled shavings on top of that  
then built a larger teepee of the kindling over that  
in the iron stove  
a couple of the matches were long enough  
to reach the flame into the structure  
with luck  
the favor of God  
some well-timed breaths and the dampers set right  
he had soon enough a good fire going  
after he had warmed up he started to unroll his bundle  
and the wrapped sandwiches fell out  
the food and fire settled him  
he was tired  
but even still he couldn't sleep well  
it was a long cold night

## Walk Across Country

in the darkness the country looked the same everywhere  
certainly there were different fields around them  
stands of woods and windbreaks  
and probably farms and houses off toward the horizon  
but they could see only the ruts, the road, and the snow  
banked up beside it / sometimes they would see trees  
like skeletons off to the side  
or bushes hanging onto just a few leaves  
and though he was certain the land was flat  
it felt and looked like they were climbing a long low hill  
falling snow made the night seem hushed  
after another hour they saw a light up ahead

## Heartless

making the long journey  
is nothing more than the steps in front of you  
for a while

even the sick man can cross the earth  
if he can step  
then step

sitting here her journey seems short  
years of heavy heavy work  
wasted years

wherever you are  
the reward can't seem the equal  
to the pain

## Near a Green Bridge

surfacing the fish force  
their mouths into the air  
hoping for food not death

the river you'd think  
would supply its own rippling surface  
but it's depending on the fish

today a storm will drop by  
cause the biggest disturbance  
in summers' history

but right now the fish  
are at the surface hugging it kissing it  
later they will dive beneath the rocks of the river's bottom

## **Pit Incredible**

the river's murky  
north Germany in the crux of Winter  
the river's a port  
and soon people eager or anxious will sail away  
to a rest cure for desperation  
not realizing the nature of the fire

## **Smile and Laugh**

one day you must get off the road  
admit everything you've tried has been a failure  
you cannot provide value to anyone  
all you are is big entertainment

## Two Lemmas

noticing is gaining more attention  
hiding is taking a back seat  
loving is getting a cold shoulder  
looking is behind the curtain now  
fun is crestfallen

## Going Pray

I stepped up the stairs  
of the white church branding the scarred  
cornfields near sunset and the sky  
half filled with high light clouds  
froze white blue a cold blue and  
it seemed so very high up so  
far away and I was glad for my coat  
my hat my gloves the heavy boots  
because it was a cold winter late afternoon  
and not many of them are left for me

## Self Unstable

she got up and walked around the bed  
in her panties and all that then pointed  
at me and said liar then grabbed her dress  
and split the room and I heard the door slam  
and then another outside a car door and after  
my shower and a hard drink in a small glass  
I stepped outside into the cold winter air  
and forget everything

## Bitty Ditty

something of value  
in my hands tonight  
one bit of luck  
in an otherwise black night

## **When Will It End?**

what do we expect  
when wrongs become rights  
when air and water interchange  
so much work to do and for so little credit

## On The Road

Human's do not need to be driving cars.  
When humans are removed from behind the wheel  
only then will we be much safer.  
Automakers are working on the systems to make  
this happen.

I've passed my test not long ago  
been driving for the past Month,  
I can tell there is ignorant driver's out there,  
whom they think they are good Drivers which they are not,  
they should take their test again,  
i don't think they will pass their test, DSA Well Done,  
I was taught to be defensive whilst driving,  
and give way,  
these days Give Way ON THE ROAD  
( Non Existence ) Every One Seems to be in a Hurry,  
The Other day i was giving way to an bus,  
There was this Nutter Horning me behind me,  
i let him past let him go kill him self ...  
Its an War out their on the roads

What the \*\*\*\* are you talking about???  
That doesn't even make sense.

I think the most drivers due to experience they might cause accidents  
hence they assume to know each and everything without care for instance  
driving without driving belt.

## Stuff Sucks

as we move the technology  
trays along the slide bars toward the cashier  
it's clear the meal is wilting  
and soon will be inedible

## The Conference

cool and edgy  
don't lose any money  
don't make them print things out too soon  
make it interesting  
provide cool people to hang with  
provide something to learn  
new  
edgy  
all that

## Real Email I Got August 21, 1995

Last fall I moved to Seattle and have been working on a new business here with a few other folks.

As of July, this business is on the air so I just thought I'd mention it here since I haven't done so yet.

The business is called Amazon.com Books, and it is a bookseller that takes orders entirely on the net, in fact entirely on the world wide web, and also ships worldwide.

I just mention it here in case you want to have a look.

The URL is <http://www.amazon.com>.

## A Visibility

in this light  
on her cheek a tear track  
about to dry up  
visible like a snail's shining  
on the sidewalk just past dawn  
tells the tale  
perfectly  
not too much  
more than too little

## Deleted

she is what she is  
and the factors of her desires  
fall out into 7 separate buckets  
which ar

## Uncivilization

cruel deceitful  
liars racists bigots  
closed minded  
hateful what  
do they deserve  
do you think

## When Losers Win

we go back to rule  
by though desiring cruelty  
who determine deserve  
by money / I await their  
downfall

## The Sadness of the Continual Cycle of Birth then Death

after the road is behind me  
after the sun has past its hottest height  
when all there is to look forward to is all  
that has long past  
then the gait slows / the shoes begin to fall apart  
the trees make a cooler shade  
one that swallows what sits within it  
my feet hurt / my back hurts  
I feel hot / that cool shade  
that welcoming backrest of a fine old oak  
I need them now and forever

## Meadows and Such

small pasture  
what was here before  
a small cabin  
an old dump nearby  
wandering  
just looking and pretending  
the old road from pasture to another  
the old trees now down and gone

## Last Rides

I remember driving into the sun  
heading west out of Bakersfield  
driving straight through from Carefree to Redwood  
the sun just above mountains to the west  
flashing through a rising fog and dust from the fields  
being worked by tractors and workers  
the view crisscrossed by wires and lines  
and passenger jets jetting between SJ and LA  
I remember being tired / getting hungry  
I remember the passage of time  
how I wondered what the hell people do here  
on this road on the flat earth  
with wires and poles directing me toward the light  
go to the light / they all say

## Progress

do you remember the apple tree  
in the corner of the big field  
and behind it the elms and maples  
covered in grape vines  
concord grapes / we'd pick to make juice from  
apples from the apple tree  
pear trees in the orchard  
cherry trees near the coops  
all these supplies and all of it coming  
to an end for no reason but progress  
now I sit here typing  
that's all that's left

## Cafeteria Sock Hop

in the corner of the cafeteria  
as the band from Haverhill plays  
their Fender guitars and Fender Rhodes piano  
through their Fender amps and the drummer  
plays his Ludwig drums / at the door at the corner  
some have gathered and at erratic times  
one at a time they start to leave  
long time between at first  
then more often / the band plays  
their twanging songs and they sing  
tentatively and you think that as the night  
wears on they will smooth out  
but only this: their voices get deeper  
and the songs grow more melancholy  
and those who leave  
not matter when they leave  
never come back

## Falling Outside

in one corner of the cafeteria  
as the band from Haverhill plays  
Fender guitars and Fender Rhodes piano  
Fender amps and Ludwig drums  
at the door in another corner  
some have gathered unexpectedly

at erratic times one leaves // long time between

at first then more often / the band plays  
their twanging songs and they sing  
tentatively / rasping / you think as the night  
wears out they will smooth out  
but only this

their voices fall deeper  
the songs grow more  
melancholy and those who leave  
no matter when they leave  
never come back

## On Passing Thoughts Back and Forth

why gloat at the idea  
you might not fall  
as soon as someone else  
why not sit quietly and recall the life  
sit quietly and listen to the stories  
quietly listen  
tell stories quietly  
to yourself  
never use the shift key  
again never again

## Way Road

if only the touches  
made it under the blankets  
not just out of cold air  
on the bench on  
the out of way road  
to the swampy park

## What Happened

I saw him lying on the bed  
his head at an odd angle  
then his brother in law  
shouted for him to spit it out  
while he inserted the vacuum syringe  
dying and doctor  
while wife and sister sat on the foot of the bed  
knitting his final cap  
to keep from thinking  
what's happening

## In Cramped Room

in the other room he is sipping  
from the stilling stream  
he is slipping into the calmest  
breeze / the last to leave are his quips  
as if we were the ones wanting  
comfort and we the ones about  
to depart

## England / Night / Rain / Clapton

the house is solid stone  
under the light rain  
that will hamper their ride  
to dinner / inside the woman  
brushes her hair / stems the tide  
of age with applications and brush strokes  
the lights flicker and their filaments  
add to the age of the countryside  
and the history that pushes against  
future moves / somewhere  
from another house the light  
touches of electric guitar riffs  
mark us in the presence  
of the history of music

## Away In A Car Away

heavy breathing  
quick but shallow  
his head tipped one way  
for days / then the stops  
the breathing stops  
like line breaks making meaning  
clutter into itself  
shallower / softer  
the breaks longer

he was the gentle  
man / I not

the break now  
goes on / the shallow  
cannot grow

## Absolute

overthrow despite their size =

46911118740600197471125938193942854308578999720621435843478595110140830271526

stewardship is known as

a steep edge on one

line station letters used are as follows

weather was an ocean swell

becomes the salinity levels

shows multipolarization modes and follows

thunder. or becoming driven

a large piece of freshwater

tolerates trapped iceberg pop

friends below (used by

him/her) are derived from the remote sensors

characterisations shows no system in place before

they called reflections to track

## Upon A Leaving Time

well there he goes  
she said as the suv carrying  
his body away drove up the driveway  
my daughter looked at her  
these were her first tears at death  
and the words she heard  
chilled her / but many  
things are funny  
life for example

## Acquainted

rain / funny sounds from the car  
in a b&b on the coast  
and trying to calm the trip  
think of what to write  
the manure spreader beckons

## What?

the weird sound  
like chirping  
from my car driving to Pt Reyes  
was frogs  
in February

## I Walked Slowly

a row of ravens  
on power lines  
mile after mile  
above the bay  
vultures drying out  
their wings  
ducks in long rows  
above the oyster beds  
I couldn't think of good things to say  
but I remembered to talk fast

## Alone in the Rain

the upswept trees  
where offshore wind  
pushes them inland  
the downpour just sounded  
a pathetic refrain on the roof  
as I slept I thought  
in the morning  
nothing was solid

## Among the Chosen

in the jury assembly room  
people no one would wish  
judge them sit and wait  
subdued by boredom  
and not a little anger

## First Answer

in the cold night  
in the cafeteria  
one time she said yes  
we stepped to the side  
and danced / my hands  
on the top of her hips  
I felt then what the point  
was of living

## On the Eve

when it's over  
throw me away  
even before it ends  
then forget me  
soon  
you will be happier  
read what I've written  
instead of the emotions

## Google Says So

sign in to like this photo  
said the corporation  
to the viewer of content

## Complaints a Many

day of talking  
everything filling up  
so tired  
so unhinged  
how and when  
can I stop

## Try This Instead of Love

Is 21 years of age or older  
Loves to go shopping  
Is fair and objective  
Is ON TIME  
Is very observant and able to focus on details  
Is fairly intelligent  
Has patience  
Is detail oriented  
Is practical  
Types well  
Is trustworthy  
Explains well in writing  
Is discreet  
Loves to learn  
Handles deadlines  
Has full internet access (at home or at work)

## Romance In The Closeups

if you watched closely  
just focused on his hand  
his fingers just reaching for hers  
as they walked through the valley  
of neon and blasting music  
you'd see under her dress  
her leg moving as she walks  
as they walk and the delicacy of their finger movements  
is a heavy contrast to her moving legs  
carrying a body of substance  
against the pull of the earth  
the pull of her life

## So Long, Sucker

they say the rich are happy again  
buying art like crazy  
paying enough for a piece  
to have made that artist's life a comfort  
instead they enrich all the rich along the chain of ownership  
minus one / the one  
who made it  
the artist though will live forever  
and the rich will die  
just die

## Slipknot

slipping away  
lovers till the end  
words to reckon a life with  
trees keep swaying in breezes  
hands slips into hands  
those who walk walk heavily toward a bright sun  
behind the trees / we find small paths  
and move along them with buttery intentions  
is there water beyond all this  
so we may all drink

## Passive and More Passive

all pluses  
all fullnesses  
we are alone in the positives  
I can't shake the slowness  
that has overtaken me  
like in a woods where the sunset  
paints an orange light  
so unlike the sun  
we woke to

## Descending Twice

no one knows it better  
than those left behind  
that every minute you turn away  
is a minute you cry when you're alone

## Us and It

clouds low / getting lower  
as the temperature gets ready  
for snow after a week of simple cold  
moisture coming in from the coast  
off the ocean filled with false memories  
as if something that isn't one of us  
could tell us about us

## On This Day

they will stand  
one by one  
some will tell tales  
others will weep if they do anything  
the music will be beautiful  
but when it about to end for him  
him for whom they all will gather  
she faced away  
from her fears and sometimes  
away from him and now  
I'm sure she'll cry over this  
when everyone is gone  
when the house grows large

## UnKharmic

where will I be today  
far away in theory  
I'll have no words  
because fatigue  
perhaps an oversnooze  
I hate to travel  
but I love to be places

## Yearning Till the Cows Come Home

here the samples  
are tight skirts  
over dark high stockings  
layers of blues and purples  
then living browns and tans  
the contrasts of hair and skin  
are increased / the labor of tall  
boots seizes the heart and force  
it up into the throat then into the acid rising  
to the mouth and then out in words that either cry  
the lament of yearning and desire of the little cuts of tears  
and sadness / the claims to beauty than the most hopelessly  
scientific artists can bear to utter

## As Tinder

after the stinging iced drizzle  
after the walk from one poured concrete  
building to another we're in the student bar  
drinking a sharp tasting beer with the Caribbean  
music beating up our ears and then  
the pixie with her curled mouth steps up  
to the bar and orders 6 shanks  
of french bread and 6 bottles of Palm beer  
and with her grey skirt over black 'tards  
she turns and walks to the beat  
to her boy with her bread then her beers  
and I'm left with ny feet on the rests of ny bar stool  
and 40 years behind me urging my luck  
to stay dry

## Ask and Receive Quick

geek glasses but  
a sleek smile and polished makeup  
a laughing interaction with a yummy  
guy over a cheap but authentic  
italian dinner complete with wood fire  
all I wanted to do was walk to her table  
take her face in my hands shaped in prayer  
and ask her her  
advice on fast open DNS servers

## In the Spur of Rain

she steps beside the puddles  
her layers under her coat  
defining her flare  
behind her  
the eyes of old remembrances  
can look only  
down

## On a Boggy Day

the birds  
these birds  
fly hopping above puddles  
then into brush and  
nearby the likes  
of a perfect day  
goes on in other  
bushes

## In T' Spinnkopke and the Albanian

in the dark  
of the restaurant  
she flings her hair  
toward one lover then the other  
and the path between them  
grows rougher  
thicker  
as the night lingers  
then pops off

## Memories Still To Come

in the long heart  
of the night  
while rain paints  
streets with houses  
the dark street now black  
and shiny against the heels  
of boots aiming for home  
or lovers in warm flats  
draws the lines anyone  
must obey / where will  
she sleep after her layered tops  
and clinging pants are off  
and piled on yours on the flat floor  
and everything that seemed slow  
now adopts a greased pace

## Everyone Forgets

some of the plans  
need to be unmade  
some of them need  
just adjustments  
but most of all  
someone needs  
to sing while we execute them  
but not like killing

## People Forget

some of the plans  
need to be unmade  
some of them need  
just adjustments  
but most of all  
someone needs  
to sing while we execute them  
but not like killing

## Blown Off Course

I admire the flamingo  
walking across the ice  
legs all a-backwards  
on a mission of discovery

## Simple Tasks

I started the process three times  
it stopped short of true completion three times  
other information is not worth mentioning

## Clearing Mid Afternoon

becoming trapped  
by a strong light pumping into a small clearing  
fresh snow cooling and warming  
at the same time  
a sort of infeasible paradox  
here by a rock  
sitting on a rock  
I've lit a fire even though  
my house is only a half mile off  
because the warmth of a small  
fire in a small clearing lit by a shaft  
of post-snowfall sunlight is the warmest warmth  
in the world not rivalled by a hot fireplace  
a hot stove / a hot furnace pumping  
out tens of thousands of btus  
my warm cap too

## Truth or Simple

of all the pretty songs  
the prettiest is the one  
playing when your  
eyes close

## Orchards Teach Us of Life

in the small orchard  
toward the end of summer  
the pears on the ground  
are filled with bees  
the air's sweet  
the light is getting down  
into the beauty zone  
the pears are too soft  
for me to eat but others  
love them / the blueberries  
are gone and all the other  
vegetables in the garden except  
potatoes and carrots  
and pumpkins too  
I'm reminded it's getting  
to be dying time

## The Urn

viewed from afar  
it's a metal vase on a Steinway  
in a large living room  
weeks after a damn shame  
viewed from the couch  
it's what's left and it's  
not much / not enough  
it's everything

## Apostrophe Over Duress

atmospheric leftovers  
a cautious glance at the tarts  
here cream is unfiltered  
unrepentent  
the waiter brings a tray  
coffee / little spoon / 2 cubes  
then the tart  
strawberry over a rough cheesecake  
outside / the rain  
women skirting puddles  
european layers  
as if the meaning were caught and in the carrybag  
instead / I snap a shot  
of the orange artifacts  
glance at the dark hair  
at the spoon stirring  
then on to the lambdas and their  
functioning parts

## Not Too Good

no such nobody  
singing in here  
people downloading  
music / can you  
believe it

## M. Metaphors

alone in my bed  
the shafts of light  
don't make it to my eyes  
so wakefulness can't thaw

## Father of Deserve

they are brownshirts  
the haters of fairness  
who believe luck is the rightful  
father of deserve  
I find them undeserving  
unrespectable  
the door is behind you

## Then

you enter active dying  
you think back to cool summer nights  
lying in bed with a small breeze blowing in  
you remember believing it impossible  
for a day like this to happen  
then you are back in that room  
that night  
you are standing next to that bed  
and that boy  
you start to tell him how real  
the breeze is  
then

## Sitting

vigil  
sitting by a hospital style bed  
sitting vigil  
reading stories aloud  
poems  
reciting names of relatives / friends  
telling private stories  
holding a hand  
serving shards of ice  
another dose  
vigil / such a calm word  
for the most violent moment  
of anyone's life

## Genius As They Say

little Mozart  
his dad made him practice  
all day with methods  
he'd devised for W's sis  
one of his gifts  
was to incorporate the styles  
and character of other composer's work  
yes a gift

## In a Dark Office

the tentative kiss  
the pause  
a more eager one  
the retreat  
then a return  
but the lights are out  
everyone has left

## Hard to See

lying on the couch  
using a tiny hole  
between my pressed together fingers  
to create a lens  
I watched tv when I was 15  
thumb middle pointer  
it still works  
and I remember  
how fuzzy was  
the color tv  
not worth the effort for  
the quality of the picture  
just for the story

## Afflicted Border

the border consumes them  
down the middle of town  
down the middle of the street  
north-south the street goes  
step across to NM  
step back to TX  
over in NM  
a farmer is plowing rows  
making a circle field  
for the round and round watering machine  
to water with finesse aplomb and accuracy  
he's on the shorter each pass part  
me too

## Again No

in the end  
no progress made  
no worth displayed  
dismay

## Sentimental and Such

in west Texas  
where the border is vertical  
the fields are big circles  
to make watering easy  
north of town is dry quiet cemetery  
pathways and benches  
and a headstone long ready  
someone I know is planning  
to bury his father  
this is how it is every day  
all around the world

## Short Timing It

the party has flung  
I'm filled with dread  
at the work ahead  
needing to be done by  
the end of the week  
then what

## Irregular Contributor

each leaf lets go  
in the breeze it flutters  
as it falls  
each one on the ground  
never to flutter high in the air again  
but the ground  
what a tapestry all the leaves paint  
each one an irregular contributor

## Staring In

thin maples on hillocks  
a swamplike mess between them  
bushes growing up in the wet bottoms  
in winter it's a thin screen  
hiding nothing  
until deep into it  
in summer it's a thick lace  
a thick web  
a wall of green  
and I can be standing only  
4 feet from you in the meadow  
watching you  
watching you stare into the woods  
and never see me  
not even just my eyes

## Purdy

every day  
I feel some of me leaving  
hurry to describe  
hurry to remember  
write fast  
and pretty

## Well Being Unleashed

would you find the lovely times  
abiding the hidden flavors  
let's find the encryption  
and break it with our trusted  
hard nut crackers

## Flying Low

I wish the writing were better  
that the thoughts were better  
my vigor was better  
that I was worthy of what people think of my name  
my endurance was up to it  
that ardor was part of my game  
guess not

## False-i-ness

floor littered in peanut shells  
the servings still decent but shrunk  
the menu cut in half  
the salad dry and its dressing hamstrung  
the women 1 year older and tired  
from not working hard  
away from home again  
my head is aching and my heart is aching  
and I've decided this is the trip  
of the big story

## Calm Song

down from a great height  
looking back  
remembering the cool wind  
spinning from point to point  
sun on the far side and dipping low  
against the purpling distant rise  
I notice the cooling  
the darkness rising  
into my descent  
it's a moment she  
on her bed of birthing  
could never conceive

## Singled Out

in this light her eyes  
single out everyone and separate  
background from threat  
she is lying in wait  
she sparks then ignites  
all flesh in her way evaporates  
she makes her way like this  
she makes herself

## Sailing in Straw

walking the wide field  
sun applied to trees  
which crisscross it  
my dreaming was a lazy dreaming  
I pretend the gamut in my mind  
but none prepares me for the women  
who've wandered in and out  
the colors their eyes turned  
if I only I were able to go back  
and tell that boy to look out for the one  
with pale grey eyes who never looked down  
watch out

## Jerk at Large

the rude outburst  
the angry rejoinder  
how the day turned on it's head  
as the clouds and cold gathered

## Benson Arizona

she's standing behind the counter  
her waitress clothes black with white  
she's holding a wipecloth  
looking at the man or boy  
walking toward her but looking  
at the family passing out tortillas  
and she's smiling the way women  
can smile an almost smile  
and she's wiping her hands on the towel  
he's got his red and white wool cap  
baggy pants / rubber boots  
his skin red paste  
small but dark black moustache  
I wondered while blowing on hot cheese  
whether this is Benson love

## Long Day on the Road

a man  
a burro  
a dog  
an audience  
a sunny street  
some history  
a gay short order cook  
Tombstone

## Clifton Arizona

the swift stream might one  
day overflow and so  
the town has built a kingkong wall  
that closes watertight  
across the road and across  
the railway with ladders on the other side  
like in the movie  
so villagers can see just  
how safe they are

## Burning For You

simply what she wanted  
filled the space between them  
with a furnace she wished to burn in  
and he wished would warm them  
for one / two / even four days  
and nights and  
then be out of fuel

## For a Little

all of them in my dreams  
so happy I've noticed  
shy in the max  
all the paths are proving  
to brew storms  
is there something quiet ahead

## Legacy Ideal

my name is richard gabriel  
if you're reading this  
I'm likely long gone  
some would call it a memoir  
but there isn't much to remember  
this is a story about me trying to find out  
trying to figure out / to come to an understanding  
enough to calm the anxiety that fuels guessing  
I came to be thought of as an accomplished  
writer and computer scientist  
someone wrote on the web  
programmers and writers need to fall in love with language  
learn to think logically  
and come to terms with classical rhetoric  
dick gabriel is a master of all three  
judge yourselves  
I find it not true

## **Daughter's Birthday**

today is a day I should remember  
I remember its broad outline  
a significant detail

## Chicks Dig Poetry

if she could read her poems aloud  
no!  
write them loudly  
with heavy scritchies  
with light scratches  
then a wah-wah  
a drum beat  
like maybe the big clock ticking  
down down down  
you would know  
no?  
what music means to a room  
filled with air mixed with breaths

## Birthday Dinner Tonight / 23

tonight she seemed  
different / older  
confident / cognizant  
like finally  
a woman

## **Special**

sometimes something  
happens  
that deserves to be forgotten  
but one day an artist discovers  
its memory and makes it

## **Diametric**

the dream she has  
is the dream I have  
but it's not the same

## **For and Against**

the will to live  
what does it count for  
how many blows  
does it take  
to pulverize it

## **Bugs More**

something special  
is nothing special  
tonight

## Love in Line

belt in hand  
standing in line  
ready to pay and then  
I turned and  
she was there  
I knew the coming arc  
then company of the last breath

## +25 Years

at the reunion the couples broke  
apart and reformed / a reformulation  
of the basic laws of physical attraction  
as the quarterback and head cheerleader  
showed everyone how it's done when  
everything is large and half the things are slow

## How Which Way

house of joy  
glum and somber  
children playing and tittling  
days in black & white  
gay glad slow insufficient  
think and decide  
look the land and decide  
search the stories  
decide

## Shattered Until

stumbled across a fact  
another friend lost  
something of me that makes no sense  
I can't sense what it is  
I am lost in regret  
it's regret all the way down now

## When Civilizations Clash

the streets  
we walked along them  
it was cold and getting dark early  
we stopped and had a hot drink  
in a dark café  
you were happy  
when we returned to our warm bed  
we stayed there many many hours  
this is how  
this unexpected congruence  
is how we can tell we're alive

## I Am The Song

long nights squeezing out art  
making every detail perfect  
worrying about the far away city  
and how it would present itself  
was it after all all there would be  
the last push for perfection  
and all the rest pure cleanup  
and self indulgence  
the sad song knows

## Every Home

I will still continue to blame every home  
one sure thing is waking up in a dream world when feelings overflow  
and not allow someone to wait for the next train coming  
weakness is almost unbelievable

if they get away kidnapping every home  
it's the sound of trees swaying in the wind  
like so small you can not believe even the end of the journey  
because it is unreliable

I know what to look for  
a home to return to and walk along this road  
to talk a little something there  
to go take rain flowers  
severe views of how much you swallowed by shadows at night  
why their wish is without every home  
protect yourself for sure  
I'll sleep next to someone who has been in force  
only to be gently goin' on  
every home

## **Faithfulness**

learning is hard  
too many nerve paths too worn in  
plus things go wrong as always  
now to plan

## Cover Story

sliding under the covers  
meeting the body  
the tingling warmth  
for fun / for real  
what began as the sun set  
ended when the sun set  
again and again

## **Memorial on DVD**

to hear the memorial  
for the man that came before  
you and after you  
in the life of a woman once loved  
to hear the hole that you made  
that you were

## New Face Very Handsome

the patient received a new beard  
from a donor as part of his new face  
at some points it felt like we had taken a weekend holiday  
everyone was so excited  
three days after the operation  
the doctors had to tackle the unusual problem  
of the patient's growing beard.  
we have had to shave him every three or four days  
we do not use a Gillette razor in case of infection  
so he has a little stubble  
he looks very handsome

## Cavalier

afraid of the meanings  
of the small pains and loss  
of feeling / one could say  
the fill-ins are falling out  
the lingering waking up

## **Harper**

again I face the enemy  
of common sense  
and I am about to lose for the third time

## All Leak a Joyful JJ

rainbow-like shockwaves  
belching from the crater  
like snakes from a can of nuts

## **Plenty and Favors**

she has something like beauty  
in store for someone  
undeserving

## Inevitable

she came / sat by me at my table  
with her drink / she threw her hair back  
her very soft bed / down  
her warm skin in the hot windowed sunlight  
later in the week the slowest kiss

## Untrustworthy Parts

in she came  
in through the door and she came  
up to my belly but she was old  
nearly as old as me  
and she started shrugging  
off her coat / her blouse  
from that room I could see  
the bed and the bathroom beyond  
though I wanted to hold her  
nothing I had was able to

## A Deep Hole Nearby

after the meal is done  
and bed awaits  
the intolerable happens  
the fragile happiness of ordinary people

## North Light

outside the window the sky's  
a smudge smeared by the sun's  
just rising / red rows of strict houses  
line the streets off in the distance  
seen from floor 9  
inside / in bed she is asleep  
facing away / breathing like nonsense  
this is the morning of our first night before  
the cause of many sweats  
several negations  
she planned something elaborate  
instead it was an every night thing  
every morning's a smudge  
a smear

## Possessed

sadness is  
the heart's sludge

## Doubtful

lower  
sunk lower  
recover?

# Telling

three mercury tubes  
on a field of milk glass

## Lost

soon a meaning  
declines below  
a horizon

## Bang

to be pulled  
from deep under earth  
how cruel for the stone  
to be filled with wonder  
only to be thrust below  
once more once the waters recede

## Brussels Rainstorm

why hotels  
why the cities  
why the postures along the covered malls  
in the cafés the old ladies drink their chocolated drinks  
on rainy days while men head steadfastly  
toward their work  
and women too  
streets blued and black from wet  
the woman who waits for me wears  
her jealous black coat and carries a folded umbrella  
she seeks warmth  
the wet

## Lights and Hood Flags

the church is nestled  
in a field of headstones  
fog enlightens the foreground  
all else behind is abstracted  
I'm sitting on a bench  
just barely able to see the church  
the stone wall is right in front of me  
across the way I see halos of headlights  
a line of cars coming  
slowly toward me

## In Glum Time

down a sand track  
off a secondary road  
pretty far from a highway  
in a hot deserty place  
in early spring  
a coyote has died  
and is being pulled apart  
by ants and birds  
who will transport his mischief  
by passings on and redistributions  
to the populations of passing nations

## Sleep Baby

too much  
last minute  
bugs too

## Near Dark

the cemetery takes on its nighttime quiet  
all the souls waiting for friends  
for relations head back in for the night  
even Huldah E. Oikle  
whom no one has ever visited

## Wind Shipping

irises finally  
still alive after a winter  
soil still loose and ready to accept  
wind able still to flash the river's diamonds  
warmth though reclining under shade  
waiting for a better story  
to tell

## Time Works

yes it's wet and falling apart quick  
falling down / making a case for forgetting  
everything's moved out  
awaiting the wrecking ball  
the little that's left  
grows littler

## The Story I Told

the woman with the scar  
puts money on her table and mine  
says come  
with me and walks out to undulating streets  
and eeee auhhh sirens 2 over  
and that's the last she says for 2 weeks  
while I slept in her  
bed  
in her flat

## No Evaluation

fairly minor  
less fondly about it  
not making it  
copy semantics  
bring 'em in  
are you there  
what do you think  
low priority accept pile  
not perfect  
good technical / solid technical content  
that's my evaluation

## Exposed

the few are believers  
the rest laugh  
all the work done not worth a thing  
the cost is life

## Just Saying

chocolate Siobhán  
just the thought  
or was it chiffon

## Irish Undertaking

let's make it clear  
the supple way the throat responds  
that the soothing notes of a sung goodbye  
fill the room with the sound of meadows

## Against It

I know you're sick  
of the whining  
I'm sick of whining  
this is the effect  
of too much

## Odd Light

old truck sitting under southwestern sun  
just a chassis and hard rubber tires  
a steering stalk and 4 bent fenders  
a contraption made crudely that worked crudely  
we make better / things shine  
we are remade and nothing better

## This Poem

in the corner of the room  
a woman sits  
she has been reading but the night has taken her  
she sits by a window looking down over a busy street  
busy in the day but now night has taken it  
quiet and unalert / humming from unfathomable satisfaction  
the day was cloudy / sometimes it rained  
rained hard and all the dust and wrappers  
all the cups and trash were washed down into the gutters  
and drains but now the wind is calm / the clouds  
have scuttled away / the night has taken the rage away  
a woman sits  
she has been looking down over a quiet street  
just one lover and another holding themselves upright  
and walking toward home  
but now the night has taken the night away  
and she is reading

## Repeatable

I noticed a big headstone  
new since last fall  
maybe a ton of granite  
but white / light / shiny but not smooth  
near the big mausoleum  
standing watch over the whole cemetery  
near where I'm standing  
looking at parents / grandparents  
behind me the spot I was born  
ahead of me  
yes / ahead of me

## On the Ending of Lost

river running down to the sea  
I'm resting on its bank  
head on a stone  
lying on my side  
sleep attacks  
river running up from the sea  
I'm worrying on its bank

## When It Seems Over

the simple piano melody  
the violin going off / away  
then back / behind are more strings  
whispering chords  
with the story over  
what's to look forward to  
mysteries and ambiguity  
are all there are

**(no subject)**

be the next of kin  
earn your bs ms or phd in psychology  
free trial for 15 days  
we give you free samples  
I await your response

## Sugared

something passed  
I felt its wake  
now the calm

## Sleigh Ride Through the Carpathians

sled coming up the road  
a haysled filled up halfway  
bales in the front  
a man looked down from the driver's seat  
and nodded / I caught the pole holding the tailgate shut  
swung up onto the hay  
and after a minute mostly under it  
on my way to America

## Real vs Dream

imagine the dream  
imagine its clouds and flying  
imagine the puzzle and problem  
imagine the water rising  
the flame at your heels  
the lightning striking  
imagine the task you do  
over and over and over over over over  
now imagine today  
or yesterday or any day  
but don't go so far back  
your memory is again a dream  
which is which?  
the one that sucks  
is your life  
the real one

## Wasps

in the upstairs bedroom  
the windows are open  
a big fan in the next room  
pushes out air which draws  
air in here

the room is hot  
dripping  
I am still stunned  
by the idea of life

the air coming in is cool  
cut grass vapor comes in  
so domestic and groomed

a buzz thrills the screen  
a wasp outside  
even at night  
now I must check  
the pillows / the blankets  
wasps sometimes lie there  
and sting

so stunned  
I'm inclined to lie  
wait for an answer  
to come my way

## Lost

a place with no now  
a time with no place  
something with nothing  
nothing at all

## **Galaxies**

tonight a wind takes over  
leaves blow off and are trapped in fences  
the window is beaten by branches and rain  
birds in trees face into the wind to shuck it  
their eyes are closed and their feet locked  
inside under warm blankets we huddle  
as far away as you can get the land is ice shards  
and thick layers of strange metals

## **Nuts**

the nuts are out  
fresh on this year's trees  
so much like last year's nuts  
so hard to crack  
but cracked nevertheless

## Caressing

the invisible hand  
caresses the head  
we lie face down and weep  
these are packets from lovers  
and mothers  
the circle from years ago  
is small and is immediately surrounded  
by dark

# Adobe Sucks

anniversary  
ruined by software  
foo on Adobe

## Not Too Far from Holcomb

on the plane  
she looks at the ground  
the ground seems to move beneath  
and some of the designs for planting  
strike her as whimsical  
there are many colors  
straight and curved edges  
some things all the same  
others natural  
she's downcast / somber and unwelcoming  
perhaps her someone is out there  
or down there

## **Write I**

no one is as factual as the best stories  
they tell themselves stealing your words  
right from the tips your teachers slip you  
the night before you graduate  
and become the greatest writer  
stories have ever known

## Blue Themed Restaurant

eating peanuts whole  
no shells on the floor  
no dust on the table  
the guys are eyeing the lobsters  
whose antennae are wavering  
in a tank of cold water  
the hostess is dressed in shorts and T shirt  
her hair is the color of Polynesia  
as her patrons situate  
she stares at the heavy rain outside  
her eyes wavering

## **Up and Down**

too many birds  
on a branch  
they snap off  
the branch bounces  
the light shines  
down

## **Deadly Fumble**

right here the grass  
is cut short and odors the air  
showers tinge it all with every sense's  
idea of green / heavy clouds  
dark clouds and heavy storms  
piles of white snow might seem cold  
but these all are the threads  
of poetry and all the best to you

## **Always Always**

something is broken  
a piece of equipment  
as down and out as a heart  
burned up

## **As Much as It Can Do**

the river knows  
its wisdom is simple  
it simple flows

## I Slept Away My Life

one by one I abandon  
dreams that once compelled me  
I once dreamt to be the youngest  
novelist and last year at age 60  
I finally wrote my first  
my dreams were squashed by laziness  
in this my mother was right  
I got what I deserved  
a long rest on the couch  
and no achievements but bitterness

## Bad House

one day I'll stand in a room  
in a house far off any well worn roads  
and stare at a wall made of black walnut  
veneer and the carpet will be old and cranberry red  
the kitchen will be out of date compared to  
out of date and I'll hear her say we'll take it  
and this will be the last place for me  
and after me who knows what of her  
but that was our deal

## Snippets of Farmage

the heat has been blended  
with grass and hay  
smells rising up into the air  
the hay tomorrow  
will be in windrows  
then later silage in the barn  
the barn's beams are older  
than anything

## Pump Snippet

we had a pump on a small rise  
next to the place a part of the barn used to be  
a handpump that took a prime  
and would spill the water down a wooden race  
into an old iron bathtub covered in porcelain  
chipped and rusted where the cows could get to it  
water from the pump was cold and tasted of metal  
or heavy minerals / it was the tastiest water  
in the world / it was the coldest unfrozen water  
in the world / it was the water I drank after long rides  
just imagine / back from a long bike ride drinking from a metal  
cup hung by the pump and through the orchard  
seeing your house down the road and across it  
this is what rooted to a place means

## Bar and Cycle Mower

the mower used a bar  
with triangular teeth  
sharpened on two sides  
and attached with bolts on the third  
hooked up to a train-like piston  
it jaunted back and forth cutting  
everything in its path  
we pulled it with an old jitney  
it was called that was an old truck  
with two transmissions  
it even cut snakes in half

## Snippets of Farm Smell

under the barn  
is a stall for equipment  
and a deep pool for pee  
above it flows down a slope  
into a wooden drain  
just a sloped spillway with a smoothed over  
dam running behind the cows  
holes spaced out  
the pee peefalls down  
it smells really bad down there  
even open to the air as it is  
this is a barn

## **Snippets of Milk Shack**

the milk house is just a shack  
its walls inside are whitewashed  
a pump pulls water from the ground  
fills an iron tub with a lid  
milk jugs sit in the water cooling the milk  
the floor's cement

## As If On the Same Street, Different Sides, Different Directions

the streets have been wept on and lie checkered by streetlights  
behind me she walks confidently through the door leading to my flat  
as she walks she doubts the decision and keeps an eye open for strangers  
in my flat she folds off her coat and scarf and turns away so I can watch her  
she's chosen a skirt that used to fit but she senses a sensuality in it  
the scarf has left her hair creased and flat / it hangs to one shoulder  
she watches out the window at the shiny black street  
I watch out the window at the shiny black street  
she asks can I use your toilet and her foreign question tingles  
(in it she locks the door and tinkles / she removes everything and leans on the sill)  
in my bedroom I work quickly to delete every drop of longing  
the knob turns / footsteps light but quick / urge and relief

## Curtains For Me

the knob turns  
I hear it down the hall  
what she expects is scented in the air  
in front of me the big red panic button  
unpushed for weeks  
is under the curtains that frame my  
perfect they say  
view of the Seine  
flowing under bateau oil slicks  
snaking lights into my eyes  
door creak  
her shoes are off  
everything seemed natural  
what is that panic button  
hooked up to?

## **Reject the Work, Reject Me**

with so many  
telling me no  
now I start  
to tell it to myself

## The Purpose of Food

you are in every cell in my body  
what happened?  
what do I do now?  
any suggestions?  
what was your purpose?  
why did you want it / me?  
I've found an Ukrainian restaurant that I'm thinking of trying  
I miss your hands touching my face.

## Nothing At All

still wrapped up  
more reason for despair  
more arguments  
more rejections  
too tired to really write

## One Day

I'm sitting in the den  
on a sofa facing the window  
that looks over the yard  
and across the street to the fields  
then to the west  
in another room I hear her humming  
a song from far away  
a melody that romps ahead of itself  
it fades and returns depending on her tasks  
something will make a difference

## Never Were

they will carry her away  
they will stumble with her weight  
she will seem too old to be a woman  
they can't imagine her a girl  
running with dandelions in each fist  
nervous ripples for a few years  
maybe some sentences that don't matter  
then as if she never were  
they call this part life

## Moved

I wrote her letters  
with no return address  
she never looked my way  
she's dead as they come

## Night // Love

they hide  
they rest  
they cram between rocks  
they scatter and float motionless  
in crevices  
under logs  
in vegetation  
even so inhuman  
it's possible to love them

## Goodbye-Ku

things I've said and written  
touch me vulnerability  
feel loneliness  
precise search for the untouchable  
humor words

## **Warm Summer Day**

watching the fish  
chew algae off rocks  
I am ready  
to sleep myself

## Muddy Road

the sullen ride  
the mud and sand  
a swampy patch that grandfather patched over with logs and a cement pipe  
it's the way they took him  
to the hospital  
and from how it hurt he knew  
never again

## Rose at 2

he had more than a Lisp-term relationship, almost intimate  
their offspring and the total is—lambda papers;)

here the diagnosis on the person:

either the Rev from the nekudyshny, mind you  
or Down Syndrome.

well, in general, yes—if we had six limbs,  
we would hardly rose at 2, as well-handled was not enough,

here we go. A quoted—just your words,

you're just too lazy to make conclusions

I obviously need a power amplifier of thinking

## Fair Fight

the writers all have talent  
I'll put my sadness up against them

## Eating Out: One's Heart

sharp burn on the finger  
a reminder of failure  
the scene wasn't long enough  
to account for ordering bagel sandwiches  
from the busiest deli in town at noon

## The Meaning of More

around me fireworks  
push into the night  
into the sky  
explosions / screaming / big pops  
the city has no fireworks this year  
this means the city  
has more fireworks this year than ever

## Belovéd TV

before I end  
though  
there's one last scene I know you want to read  
like the end of a belovéd tv series or long novel  
you want an emotional close  
you want to see all the characters you love in a chapel holding each other  
smiling  
kissing each other  
not that far  
though  
not that dramatic  
here's the secret to this  
the story you remember is the one that gets the closest to sentimentality  
but still goes unnoticed by the critics.

## Imagine Writing This; Imagine It's About You

wherever you are and whatever you are feeling.....I  
AM SORRY FOR SAYING THOSE BAD THINGS  
ABOUT YOU AND TELLING  
YOU YOUR WORTHLESS AND TO GO DIE, ...  
WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE  
ME FOR SAYING THOSE THINGS.....?  
I HOPE SO, I REALLY DO:o)  
you are the first real person who understands me and listens  
to me, I thank-you for that :O) I hope you come around  
and give me a second chance at being your friend and maybe more  
possibly ? ... give me that second chance if you want too

## Or This

... I didn't mean to dump you ok, ...  
3xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

... I am still here and YES, my feelings are the same for  
you, ...

R, ... I haven't dumped you, ok :)  
3xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx, YES, I did all of that too you,  
...

... he has never laid a hand on me ...

... you don't, DON'T need to end your life, ...

... he's just very affectionate and friendly like that and  
also as a friend when your day is going bad and you NEED  
someone to talk to, he's your man, you know, he's the reason  
why I haven't killed myself yet

## Storying It Up

don't let him be just one story  
don't let them all be just one story  
if the stories are not accessible  
make them  
then make more

## Where Did It Go?

summer passing quickly  
only 1 trip to the river  
the careful planning doesn't  
match hoping

## Berlin Long Time Ago

the street they were on was wide wide enough  
not only for wagons and carts pulled by horses to pass  
through but also for horse-pulled streetcars  
filled with people / men and women crossed  
in front of any moving contraption  
that happened down the street perhaps  
because they saw something on the other side  
that drew them or just as likely  
that what was on the side they were  
on displeased them

## Results

keeping it all straight  
requires lots of links and notes  
in your head or in a computer  
the result is a smooth result

## Afraid of Dying

I became exhausted today  
on my ride  
and called for help  
the first time ever  
it was only a little worse  
than when I start to ride  
after a long lapse  
but I went up the hill  
the steep way  
I ate only lightly before  
it was in the middle of the day  
and I went a little too far

## Left Ahead

there is no way home  
story only is left  
make it  
make it  
make it

## Rest In Peace Awhile

in an unbelievably  
hermetically sealed  
spherical inalienable  
maze of light and sound  
seeing imagery expand  
in every direction

## Loud Loud CC

the being beat  
the terse emotions  
how time needs a companion  
where the cloud could  
meet the leaves  
yes roads mean where they lay  
flying off the ramp onto a bridge  
then landing all four wheels on the other side  
time to go

## As I Had

something is not making the heart feel smooth tonight  
I watched the sun like a hole in red paint  
stick up the day and put it in its bootsack  
I saw it all go porcelain reminding me  
of old windows / I put my bare toes  
in a cool stream until the finger fish  
started nibbling the dry skin  
still / I felt alone / the sky had purpled  
then it clouded / it felt like winter  
had backed up into itself

## No Time

if you are reading this  
way in the future when  
2010 seems like a long time ago  
the way 1910 seems like a long time ago to me  
I want to tell you that my age  
is filled with evil idiots  
who believe for example  
that no consideration or sympathy is due  
to those who fall into misfortune  
aside from what churches and jails  
can provide / someone should help  
these souls / I think God has other priorities

## Kalyna Truss

the gray day darkened into night  
that evening the chef prepared her a French meal  
not long after that her face relaxed  
she breathed heavily  
when she had laid down her hair was swept back  
her scar long and ragged and a pink lighter than her skin  
remained exposed for quite a while longer  
than her self-conscious self would have preferred  
but the world kept on  
if she had dreams  
no one could say what they were

## Ethel Tarbox

Ethel arrived and stroked my hair  
while I cried sitting on the back porch  
watching cows pushing toward the water tub  
I must have said something to her  
then she went into the kitchen  
and started to cook / we would  
eat her meal for days

## Curses Her Work

she bends at the knees  
places a sprig of fresh lilac  
just bloomed from the bush  
beside his barn  
she saw two women  
in the field plowing  
the young one driving a tractor  
the other behind on the plow seat but  
they were at work  
and never saw her  
she could hear the shouts and curses

## Augur

his intellect was small  
his creativity nonexistent  
his chances for getting ahead limited  
to pure luck  
dumb luck  
the universe's unexpected little joke  
on everyone else

## Ill Certain

he removed her hands from his sleeves  
rotated himself toward her  
then reached out and pulled her close to him  
he pushed her hands in close to her chest  
then wrapped his arms around her back  
he had her enclosed in his chest  
this pulled her face close to his but lower down  
he could feel her nose  
on the bottom of his jaw and it was cold  
this confirmed—to him—that she had not planned  
a seduction scene and that it was ok  
for him to be holding her like this  
yes it was ok  
it didn't mean anything

## Ill Certain (Sort Flarfed)

his jaw removed her hands from his arms  
his sleeves rotated him toward her  
then reached out and anyone's hands pulled her close to him  
he pushed her in it close to his chest  
then wrapped around back of her  
he was close her cold enclosed chest  
in that his chest pulled her face to his  
but lower down he could feel her nose  
on the bottom of his confirmed—to him—  
planned seduction scene and ok  
for him to be holding her like this yes ok  
didn't mean anything

## Barn Unders

equipment under the barn is stalled  
for a deep pool flows above pee  
until it drains down a slope into just a wooden spillway  
sloped smooth over a dam  
running out behind the cows' holes spaced uniformly  
the pee peefalls down  
bad smells really are down there  
even open to the air as it is  
is this is a barn?

## Upward Disturbance

the reading flew up  
into the goof whose picture  
on the wall signifies a great man  
instead his smile reminded the most serious  
person in the room  
of a watermelon peeler

## Listen and Lapse

who talked the lilacs  
into posing for her poem  
she has to sight read the packaged cream corn  
to get the stream right of consciousness  
that marks the canvas border  
who could possibly be more alive  
than the man on the aisle sleep  
the living bobble head

## Street Show

wicked clean and full of loitering  
the streets' grime is pleasing  
the skateboarders who  
jump and skip across the bumps and bulks  
before them / my eyes are trumped  
by my ears

## I Will Never Go to School

Ki-ai!  
I will never go to school,  
'Cause it's not so nice,  
And it's just so bizarre place.  
I just wanna eat pizza.

Bruce likes a trophy.  
(Italian accent)I feel so bad for you.  
I'm so good for me.  
For me.

But I was paid to fly with you, Batman.  
Why, you are bad, Phil.  
And I can't stand the smell 'cause you make me  
Ewwwww.

Where's the camera?  
Oh my!  
Fit you pants!  
That's something  
Eh, family boy.

Nobody's got shampoo,  
So life is pain for me;  
Now life is pain for you.

Wo, wo, wo, now wait now  
I'd like to thank my mom;  
She bought me this guitar and...  
Jazz, jazz, jazz guitar for few,  
Batman jazz.

Ahh, wow. Oh, Bobby!

Hi, wuss-man, we love you, batman.  
Fat man philanthropy.  
Well, I can't say philathro...Papa.  
Pikachu! It's grossing me.

We might be the jungle group.  
Jazz, jazz guitar for few, blah, blah.  
Thank you, I love to be.  
Ooooh, I once bathed.

You're the man.

Chaka Khan.

No one cares about us.

Look at my leg, look at my hand.

Look at my head, look at my guitar,

Look at my band, look at my head,

Look at my, um...

## I'm Not Going to School

Kill You!  
I'm not going to school  
Because it is not nice  
And it's a really weird place.  
I just want to eat pizza.

Bruce likes the trophy.  
(Italian accent) I feel bad for you.  
I like me.  
For me.

But with you, Batman has to pay to fly.  
Why the bad, I smoke.  
You make me so I can not stand the smell  
Ewwwww.

Where is the camera?  
Oh!  
Customize your pants!  
This is something  
Well, the man of the family.

No need to shampoo  
So for me life is pain;  
Now life is pain for you.

Wow, advice, opinion, now, now wait a minute  
I would like to thank my mom;  
She bought me a guitar, I was...  
While jazz, jazz, jazz guitar  
Batman's jazz.

Oh, wow. Bobby!

Hi, this coward—human, we know you, I love Batman.  
Fat Man fraternity.  
Well, I can tell philathro...Dad.  
Pikachu! He has loved me.

We are a group of jungle.  
Blah, blah, various jazz, jazz guitar.  
I love doe legs, thanks.  
Wow, one bath.

You're the man.

Chose music.  
Nobody cares about us.  
At my feet, my hand Let me see.  
View my head, look at my other  
View image in my head of my group  
My, speech sound, I...

## Last Intro

ladies and gentlemen  
poets and prozers  
draw close and pay heed  
hold on to your earlobes  
fit your pants  
I am proud to present  
I am delighted to John-the-Baptistize  
the ones we stop by the woods for  
the ones the center holds for  
the ones the fire-fangled feathers dangle down for  
Michael and...  
ooh can I say it?  
Michael and...  
ooh can you stand it?  
Michael and...  
ooh just write it  
Michael and the Bustiers

## Regarding Writers

behind me stands  
a great writer and yet the storyteller  
is ashamed to say it too  
people flow through the story  
then reject its structure  
thinking that the second look  
is better  
I am ashamed to be called  
anything

## Self Infusion

the startling woman from flyover country  
turns away from her reflection  
stares in disbelief at the scale  
because her imagined number is not there  
she instead sweats out her brainpower  
her talent her voice her swanky demeanor

turns away and sheds  
her tears into a recycling pump

## Summer Unfounded

will I remember the slanting early evening  
sun rendering grass a dark shade of yellow  
which looks like a light shade of green  
at the top of Summer with a cool breeze  
draining the midday heat  
or will it seem like my youth and too far away  
for any direct effect

## Walking Alone in My Field Which is Long Gone

this is a year  
I never dreamt I'd make it to  
either devious age or self-infliction  
seemed my fate

as I sit and write this  
my thoughts are on how to find  
more time to write  
so when I leave it will be with notes  
to those who stay behind

another year?  
will a project complete?  
progress?

## Unlikely Bar

trying hard  
the paths seem narrower  
my balance fading  
nerves not responding well  
closing time coming up  
last call coming soon

## **For Clouds**

sometimes the lesson  
is written and other times  
the sky drips it into your eyes  
the way you return the favor  
when the walkaway happens

## Field With Cow

alone in the field  
the cow's neck is permanently  
stretched to the ground  
teeth grab pull grind  
it's just a cow you say  
I say it's only a cow  
but a lone cow in a big field  
eating her way from one end  
to the other

## This Very Cold and Vaporous Night

clouds of vapor  
squirting from manhole covers  
steam from vents down alleys  
windows fogged over  
in a northern city in Winter  
the shapes are wadded against the cold  
it's night and morning's afraid to open its eyes  
I'm heading down a wide street still unplowed  
lights cutting an orange path through the scattering flakes  
still falling in the too cold for snow air  
when the wind calms I look up to the only  
lit window and see a woman's shadow  
moving away / this summing up  
of a life the next thing on the agenda

## Dialectic

up at the window  
a woman's shadow moving past  
her silhouette on the curtain  
down in the street  
a man in the shadows past moving  
his shape etched into the pavement

## **Riches**

the beautiful woman looks  
her eyes slide away

## Airport Tensioning

the airport houses  
temporarily  
the unattended waitlisted  
who wait and wait  
listless and distracted  
while their planes grow later and later  
until the destination becomes a nightlight  
a small yellowed window  
a narrow street with debris / poor luck  
an undefined sense ones hopes resolves  
to welcome / but no time  
I must get back to waiting

## **Too Tired Tonight**

tonight my eyes are watering  
from too little sleep and too many miles  
the photos I needed I found them  
now my knuckles hurt and it's time for bed

## Around and Around / Last

I strode around the house  
the cabin / the shack  
where I first found love  
a place I helped build 45 years ago  
I touched it  
I cried  
I photographed it every way I could think of  
all that was missing was the companion woman  
to trail behind  
to drop her eyes  
to raise her hands to the sky  
the gray sky knew what to think  
but it can come back  
I can't

## Falling Behind

certain of failing  
I've fallen into the habit  
of trying too hard  
then collapsing in horror  
at the wrenching tweaks to self-sanity

## Without Apparent Danger

the woman in the swaying skirt  
approaches the dangerous man like an ATM  
her hand out / asking her question  
he points / she looks  
it's just past sunset in urbancity  
he steps back in the doorway waiting for his move  
but when he steps out to follow she's gone already  
from our car as we accelerate past we see her down the sidestreet  
her skirt swaying / she like a normal woman  
he looks down the sidewalk / into the street / behind  
he stands hunched over / defeated / deflated / detained

## Please Understand

two men  
fishing on a river  
late afternoon  
using thick white fish meat for bait  
heavy bait  
when their hooks hit the water and sink  
the splash is deep and reverberates off  
the houses across  
the speak Russian and rusty  
all I can make out is  
here / please / understand  
don't understand  
when I left they were sitting on the bank  
below ground level  
only the tops of their seed caps visible  
green / red  
bills facing each other  
moving up and down

## **Cheap Wombats**

darkness hides in the dark  
under beds / above them too  
it's worse with squirrels  
they're nuts

## Future Pilferage

the future looks like a bad version of the past  
I am sick of trying to be something I don't like being  
if only I could do what I want before the clock strikes 12  
and moondrops burst

## Traditional Salvation

after the sunset  
writing this  
auburn and orange clouds  
over a porcelain blue sky  
above pewter gray low flat clouds  
hot / humid / green grass just mown  
I am writing this  
wondering why I can't be the sky  
and finish what I need to  
to say goodbye as many times as time  
allows / just one day left  
I need to return soon  
I will postpone my goodbyes  
till then / then I will speak them  
until enough time has passed

## Laughing While Driving: Guilty

she strolls from her house  
(across from Sowicks')  
to town square every day  
from afar or if  
you're a woman she walks tall and straight  
but if  
you're a closeby man  
everything she has of note  
swings to best effect  
alas she's old now  
and her best effect  
is comedy

## Flimsy

flying away again  
leaving it all behind and the small things  
falling apart / memory is there to serve  
but lies / my time to write it is limited  
by the need to live but to not write it  
is the equivalent of the worst

## Inconveniently Conventional

tonight there is no night to remember  
the sawdust tastes the sampler and waffles  
I've seen the skies bebuggered with spindrifft  
the best words are the ones erased  
over and over I find the twin rhymes  
everyone ditches their covers when it resembles fluff  
my age is inappropriate for my age

## Chas Palmer

they smile  
they seem ready for a long life  
we could look back on nearly all of them  
and the rest perhaps remember nothing any more  
but they were eager kids then  
after lunch on a cool day  
sitting in the grass  
standing in front of the school  
the gradient from sweet to bitter

## Servants All

when all the talk is of air fresheners  
and the suffering of many makes wails through the land  
the leaders of creativity summon their wits  
to the side of the grave where many wait their turns to speak and lament  
but when they alight the pedestal the light fails  
their thoughts flee  
the smell of the air freshens and the laughing begins once more

## Finishing

sounds / dogs / light breeze / traffic  
cooling finally  
sweating all day  
I wish I were more alive

## To Me

so you think you're a Camaro  
playing a part in a snowstorm  
take the wrong way home  
see if you get there  
oh yeah day  
girl by my side  
I lie high

## Intangible Writing

we are like a forest  
blending together like legs  
behind a chicken  
I'm writing my life out  
but sentences are limited  
and I have no sense of structure  
I'm pleased with the descriptions  
and I hope just one after another will work  
I want to make something happen  
I stop writing  
get up  
get ready for bed  
sleep

## Slab

I remember laying  
that slab / smoothing out the concrete  
with a long 2 by 4 riding on the rails of the form  
we poured into / long ago / 45 years ago  
gone now / everything but that slab  
additions to it / the fireplace  
made from stones we took from the Swift River  
the house above is gone / where I was first found  
where some things ended  
gone by my hand

## Progress Uneasiness

Kalya easy

Powell easy

my mother / how to make her not like a mother

but like a young girl in the tale she tells

and like a mother in how she tells it

## Sharp Dressed Pain

pain in the back  
hard to sit / stand  
can't stand it  
hard to think through all of it  
it came on slow  
like a strain getting worse  
I hope it doesn't lead to the leg thing

## Underneath a Layer of Clouds

heavy clouds overhead  
below them but far away  
someone looks out her bedroom  
window hoping for the call  
the knock the whisper  
and it comes

it's wrong though  
but she makes do  
she has prepared otherwise  
but places it all out  
warms up the warm places

later she caresses the cool window  
drips of rain have splattered onto it  
the clouds have delivered their judgment  
I was only 100 miles away by then

## Everywhere

now there is a memorial  
not more than a mile from their farm  
what can be remembered  
is only on the pages now  
and even they need to resist the sweeping erasures  
the trains each day make between the two

## All of It and What About that Rope?

wanted hoecakes  
went to Cracker Barrel  
where I scratched the surface  
what I hoped for were quiet dirt roads  
a homemade rope swing hanging  
from an oak in the yard  
dusty tobacco fields  
unnoticed bullet holes in floorboards  
and lots of food cooked on a wood-burning stove  
grown on the family farm  
all of it burned at the edges and inward

## Impossible Story to Write

one day driving  
a gravel road way off  
the interstate in the SW  
I picked up a hitchhiker  
it was the last thing I ever did

## Hate Begets

the stunning hatred  
by the enriched of the impoverished  
paints the picture of hatred  
I will use on the haters

## Not a Strain Not a Pain

walking beneath a canopy  
of oaks no moon to sight by  
I'll struck by how few steps  
are left to my legs

## Laboring Today

dope smokers next door celebrate  
the victory of labor over business  
years ago by lighting up from the fruit  
of illegal gardens / there must be a truth  
in here somewhere

## A Team

once upon a time there was a bridge  
over a river where many mysterious things  
were left unfathomed and the meanings  
of pieces here and pieces there seem to hang  
from a rope from the roadbed over the toiling water  
really which is laughing and really it's just water  
anyway coming down from the hills  
salt water coming in from the ocean  
hidden just miles away but deeper than real thinking  
not that you'd know it from the papers  
which are disappearing anyway into the cyber  
where words are free and only the idle  
can grab onto the ideal of patronic living and making  
I pity the fools who believe only in the pursuit  
of happiness money

## Parental Disavowal

as far as happiness is concerned  
upstairs is smaller than down  
we had our fun but then everyone came  
home and the bottles were hardly hidden  
this is what the weak get

## Everything I Mean Everything

...looks at him each time her line ends  
and his guitar answers back  
she ends  
and as his guitar ascends  
she turns her back and away  
nodding with the back beat  
this I tell you is the secret to everything

## Music Commons

everything worthwhile is made  
the way good improvised is made  
support in the commons defined by the song  
with good individual talent and performance  
so much better than a fist fight

## Waiting or Guarding

I found her in the woods  
lying beneath a tree  
her head open from a stone  
lodged in the ground and unmoving for thousands of years  
I called help on my cell / described where she was  
I waited by her  
standing by her / guarding the spot  
picking each leaf that fell from the birches above  
off her clothes  
off her hair

## PLoP

small flies gnats really  
bombing mosquitoes  
the curving striding  
path by the Sagamon  
coming out after a bit  
by the sunsinger  
the readers expand their books  
and papa del's delivers

## Focus on Ideas or Focus on Food?

I'm too old now  
to worry about arguing politics  
especially in lilliput  
where nothing matters

## Technique As Discovery

I seem to work so slowly now  
or my looking ahead head  
is faster than my doing head  
my technique can't approach my discovery  
I am at the singularity that we exercise for  
we exercise in anticipation

## Black Pearl Sings

we had to leave  
the play early  
it wasn't so great  
we spoke all the way home  
of how to end it  
and thus made it better  
than any critic admits

## A Sudden

the storm worsens but no one puts their scarf on  
the wind picks up and trees tip their hats  
the hail that otherwise would be swallowed like wrong thoughts  
beats the green bridge toward an early repainting  
the river as usual notices only the scratchings on its belly  
its wide curves swell like youths getting ready for sex  
I grow annoyed then weary from the many things that are too long

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## Does It Represent Sadness?

he stood there bleeding  
blood from holes in his clothes  
from his coat pockets as he held his hands under them  
catching the flow but instead all was wrong  
blue the blood blue flowing blue  
staining his catching hands blue  
the puddle deepening around him blue

## From The Dark

sometimes the night's so black  
so dark the city is the only thing  
lights / windows / sweet hushed conversations  
behind curtains and under cover

## See Or Make

two years horrid  
in their back to back trance  
their seizures of joy and spitting spiritlessness  
I wish I could see it  
understand it / instead I must make those two years

## So This Is What Autumn Is Like

fries too burnt like their acronym  
burgers greasy too  
summer's almost over and the prime help's gone  
near swamps maples are turning  
women are wearing layers and jeans  
what I found was my reactions to it slowing  
wishing for rain and a warm chair to read in  
thinking of what it will feel like for caregivers  
to roll me on my side to tend to my sores

## Autumn for Fools

moon up wind low  
cool / cold  
rain soon I am waiting for everything  
to collapse and nothing clever  
matters once more

## Corner Cafe

many choose early twilight  
to move from hard to soft  
and it matters that the wrinkles fade out  
by dark / that the colors in the skirt  
grow vibrant as the moon rises  
told it's better to watch with care  
they choose instead to walk in delight

## For Science

ashes flying down a night street  
dust alongside it and motes of sand  
from the bowels of a grinding under trucks  
it all clings to the upwind sides of rocks and stones  
could they be the ideas left behind  
the loves / obligations unmet  
some residue that proves interesting theories

## At Our Dinner

say what you will  
but wait your turn  
and that should happen any time now  
any time now  
any time  
any

## One Observation

some of the best trees  
are rooted in wet land  
with dry winds above  
and axes far far away

## Another Observation

the fireplace sits on its slab  
an Easter Island freak  
the slab opens out like an unfolded box  
everything I've loved is gone

## Memory Like A Camera

strangely the camera remembers it  
more yellow than I do  
the water calmer / the sky more sudden  
I am inclined to believe neither  
because both are me

## Unfinished Nightmare

the worst storm was late for hail  
it blew a sullen note without respite  
for an afternoon and a night  
surfaces took the worst at first  
later the limbs then trunks  
I remember the warmth of the bed

## Under the Lens

one of the lenses  
grabbed the light as it flowed from the flowing water  
passing under the bridge split from its upriver  
alternative / I snapped and here it is  
undergoing a strange sharpening  
at the hands of imagining

## October 27

how many took their radios to the cemetery  
on my mother's birthday in 2004  
so their fathers / their grandfathers  
or mothers or grandmothers could listen  
as the Red Sox finally won the Series  
was it everyone who cared

## Self Made

self-made man  
a backwoods savant  
grew up alone  
imagined his own language  
discovered and created his own science  
with no one to help  
built a culture of his own design  
created his own city  
his own civilization  
filled it with people he raised and taught  
and they made him rich  
he is the self-made man  
the backwoods savant  
we are here by his hand  
we are imaginary beings in his mind  
this is the word he invented

## Fabulous Montréal

many stories are fashioned from bitterness  
the ones that happen in Montréal  
siphon their excess from overcold air  
slip beneath the river's current like chlorox jugs  
the woman in the window weeps after I've passed  
she hopes one day to visit my grave

## Long Attitude

if you were to kick any pebble  
it will have been dry land forever  
red dirt will stain you  
many looming arms await  
as you move away toward the wet  
along with this comes the season of sleep

## Finer Details

heaviness the fatigue  
lack of vision slow reactions  
time is passing quickly  
and the gap ahead is approaching now

## On The Fall Road

two things are excitable  
on a lonely road  
we walk hand in hand and everyone we know knows  
we are in love forever  
the changing leaves prove it  
the camera has caught it perfectly  
now we are as separate  
as x and anti  
so far away no forces mingle  
and what we are certain of  
fails every test

## A Great Philosopher Once

on the logic of drawing  
history from ancient documents  
especially from testimonies  
a work that leads the dilapidated  
mind to conclude that drawing  
and logic are unconnected  
and I will testify to that

## It Has Come To This

The director of research at DARPA  
Wanted his scientists smarter.  
So he forced them confused  
By their brains made infused  
With the abductive thickets of Kafka

## In The End

who is able to get it done  
the explainer who writes his dissertation  
or the jotter who code just the smallest thing  
but it is the right thing

## Along the Strand

sad about it  
all the pitfalls  
broken / disappointed  
too much this time

## Imagine and Imagine Again

when she was lying  
on her mother's chest  
day and night  
I wasn't able to imagine  
sending her email  
like anybody else

## Maybe The Most Disappointing

as each day goes by and I don't keep myself alert  
I grow closer to the day when there will be no point  
tired and weak  
thought slowing and enthusiasm dripping away  
I still remember when I believed I could be the youngest novelist

## Me

who is willing to admit  
that the common belief is usually wrong  
that scholars and artists work hard  
that scientists need art to produce  
true science / that guessing and being skilled  
at it are the heart of the matter

## Furnace Heat

too many times and without many doubts  
you wonder how the news can turn into insights  
you wonder how politicians can lie without noticing  
it's all just theater I suppose  
and the hatred that goes with it  
the lying I mean

## Why Everyone Should Hate Them

one day a CEO pretended  
to be a leader  
he put his pants on differently that day  
he tried buying a latté from Duncan Donuts  
he wondered whether that was the right spelling  
but he couldn't tell if it mattered since he  
remembers distinctly inventing English  
while his mother flipped the pages  
each night but he remembered thinking  
he didn't really need her and all those  
germ-like chromosomes  
he was self made

## 29<sup>th</sup> Floor

the lights are blinking  
a little on a little off  
I am certain civilization is out there  
somewhere I think in the dark  
but spiked by the colored lights  
that make up how people watch tv  
and all that stuff like that  
in the darkness that makes  
night cities torn from land

## In Sparks I Say

at the pizza shop not a peep  
not a look in the casino  
or over the shoulder out the door  
even the end is over  
now the little caresses  
are scratching from grown nails

## Follow Through

when the night isn't  
happy to see you  
the dark will always open its door  
and swallow you like a grave

## Above The Fold

we talked and the news  
was my going pro leaving  
passion behind  
all the ones craving  
a leader weeping  
for loss

## What She Told Me In Totally Different Words

ready to quit  
ready for the end to bloom  
I want to just sit now and remember  
sit remember and write it all down  
not with one ounce of art  
just the plainest words  
poorly put together and sailing  
my story into my childrens' disbelieving eyes

## Among the First Things

the first thing is to worry  
what all the women think  
then fill the tub with bubbles  
and step back

## Unscrupulous

you said my writing  
made the dirt circle around you  
and the sky's rain  
dry before hitting your face  
how many of these are possible  
and what of the stains  
history made

## Abduction

how does it happen  
bowl of shit  
no paper  
women's room

## Alongside the Short Ride

short night  
tired to the limits of endurance  
who dreams these things up

## Aura of Smoke

saturated then filtered  
final like flies fleeing  
I wish the first way was wondered  
first like big origins  
and then wakefulness

## At the Photo Trough

some pictures conventionally pretty  
others abstract and conceptual  
we fought for position  
but only our large bodies were in the way  
our attentions drawn divergently  
the results could not be more  
different

## Days Ahead and Behind

in a day or so the day will be marked  
as sometimes days are  
important to not many  
the birthday of a mother  
long gone  
but protruding into the mind  
like a memory knife

## Simpleton

easy to travel with  
the simple notebook filled with flattery  
never without it we are never without words  
just remember / don't fall asleep

## Maybe I Should Follow Her

she doesn't remember it either  
but the day was important  
94 years ago today  
she became / though actually it was earlier  
I recall my time in the womb  
as a pressure punctuated  
by a feeling just like stone should be  
but if she looked like me as a girl  
I should think like her now  
all there is is her sadness  
what an interruption

## Definition: The Romance Is Over

first we see it your way  
then we talk about dessert  
finally we see it your way

## Dreary Night

fixing things just ruins them  
cut fingers / stuff not working  
too much work to do  
always and it's raining too

## FrOst Apophysis Oxidizer Wine or Qosmic

don't get it this thing isn't working right  
i just want electric sheep not Frost  
will somebody please tell me what I'm doing wrong  
I just want to download electric sheep

## On A Day in the Gray Past

born when / a drizzly sky  
dark at night / my parents  
were scared but they went dutifully  
to the hospital in the morning  
a short short distance to her father's resting place  
and later theirs too  
she told me it was many hours  
then the forceps  
I bear the scars still  
I feel the sharpness  
fading day by day

## Forging The Truth One Word At A Time

skipping along  
dreaming of the long story  
worried on words  
shifting from finger to finger  
and putting it all down  
paper is what it's all about baby

## Stupido

tonight in our land  
the stupid took one of the reins  
and soon the horse of our country  
will circle and buck  
as the dumb pull in all directions  
and the smart pull in one  
the Red Sox have won  
so there is more luck to share

## One Night Out on the Town

when you stumble ahead  
what you need is for someone ahead of you  
to be the pole you grab on to  
today  
is it you

## Joyous Green

at the bridge many promises were made  
joy whipped through the low branches  
and overly green leaves determined  
in late spring to break a record  
when the photographer asked us to smile  
all but one did / and that one would  
except for the pain

## At The Bridge

the photos don't show it  
but the water isn't blue  
it's a figment of some application's  
imagination / and you  
didn't think they  
had them

## DIA My Pretty

the regional terminal  
is randomly filled  
there are only sweets here to eat  
people look as worn as the windbruised plains  
hunched striated lurchlike lowstepping  
or maybe  
this is the waiting room  
for casting a slow-move-zombie film  
errr uhhh

## Speaking of Drinks

at dinner recipes for infusions  
blueberries / sugar in layers piled  
to the top of a bottle  
fill with vodka  
set in the sun for a month  
or this  
3 gallons of whisky  
1 gallon benedictine  
1 gallon of lemon juice  
or maybe  
the absolute amounts were less

## No One in Front

abundance under stress  
versus scarcity  
does scale fade engineering out  
long-lived  
long-running systems  
can they help

## Back Walking

the cold which was the air  
pressed against her new coat  
and she laughed while telling us  
she was a 2

## Furious Smirking

along the river  
yellow trees blow out  
their colors  
but the river remains green  
and a little blue

## Is It Truth?

the town resists itself  
fills its gaps with knives  
but the cafe's food transcends  
the bitter road and opposing sidewalks  
that lie outside

## Art of Fun

some of the images are colored  
artificially by artists who hate  
the world as it is and try to make  
it over but there are some artists  
who work only with color  
on it with it over it  
they are funny

## Near Holcomb

sky's striated today  
high plains / light cold wind  
we've all heard what happens around here  
where the cold and wind combine in November  
hide when you hear the train  
hide when the wind stops

## For A Minute I Thought

will people gather and greet  
will the food be fresh and made with love  
when they all arrive  
and walk to her reach and greet her  
their hands held out and trembling  
will I seem like someone to deserve all this  
my pictures remind them  
the work endure and strengthen determination  
or will I end as I begun  
on a drizzly dark day with no one around  
nothing rising on the horizon

## Is That a Piano

in the street  
a narrow legged woman  
walks and her coat  
slaps her ass as  
she walks past  
my eye composes the scene  
for a poem  
for a photo  
her gesture / the walk away  
her target is any other  
her scarf wrapped tight  
her herring coat trimmed in black  
fur and her hair in a euro bun  
the light sky is limited to the hours  
I can't imagine  
and without the words  
without the pictures  
what hope is there but  
the bench of wanting

## Chappelle Restaurant

she rambles to her table  
where she places her napkin  
on her lap and forks rice  
into her mouth before speaking  
in low hair hanging ripples  
to the man waiting for paradise

## She In Her Private

now I've watched her pacing her living  
room hour by hour  
the alley reflects many lights  
from bedrooms / from bathrooms  
and from my point by the far building wall  
beneath leaking pipes her image  
dries my tears and wrings out the energy from the night  
you'd think she'd look down  
one day science will prove using the theory of reflection  
that that and everything like it  
are impossible

## Steve Orlen One Night

one night this week while I toiled at things like this  
a great man moseyed on with the muse on his arm  
he wrote circles around everyone but none of us knew  
because the music was kept soft the implications  
imprecise and limited until the moment she took  
him by the arm and the alarm  
of great mystery and buoyancy gripped our pens

## Put The Weight On Me

in Brussels tonight the windows wept  
the inversion of heat and cold  
dry and moist drew beads on every glass  
men in bars paused / thinking they heard their lovers call  
women at their toilets dropped their combs  
and knelt as in prayer to find them  
only those with pens and notebooks in hand  
didn't heed the gentle ripple but instead  
felt their burdens grow heavy / their share of the load

## Offensive

someplace a kind word is being said now  
about the name remembered most  
the words spoken most  
we get what we deserve and more  
because we get it all  
as it should be

## Clear Lack of Meaning

I suppose back there it's still raining  
that the drops from roof edges  
remain constant in their attention  
to their own details  
what of the woman who fries her dinner  
moves it to the table  
eats it while watching the news near midnight  
then washes her plate and pan / knife and fork  
all the while stark naked  
with no one thinking of sex  
not even you

## November 22, 1963

the day / in a pep rally for the Sachems  
all wearing green / it was Friday  
learning of the death we were sent home early  
my mother and I watched the repetitive coverage  
in b&w in '63 / I shot a magic marker picture  
of the assassin in the window in the living room  
with bbs / how crazy / then a weekend of funerary events  
then everything went downward

## Design Paradigm

lots of things break  
some over and over  
it's part of technology  
which is designed to spec  
rather than to purpose

## Tripsic Durchens

A smart bird never dies in flight,  
A semi-fish with whales never fights.  
Don't peanut your coffee in the midst of blue,  
Don't carry a gun that is filled with glue.  
Pine trees and shellfish doubly refrained,  
And the hobster that chortles will never crummel again.  
Blonde glasses reflect orange snow,  
No, Noel, you can't go twice in a row.  
Myxomycetes with vigor anew,  
Tremmled and throbbled all over the stew.  
Ergo, Tripsic Durchens.

## Just a Memory

the apartment living room was packed  
bed at one end / table in the middle  
old chairs all around / a bow window third floor  
in the kitchen an oil stove still worked  
and a small table / from there I can see into back yards  
off the kitchen a bedroom with a high bed and dresser  
off the living room a large closet  
toilet off the landing outside the kitchen  
always cold Thanksgiving / everyone talking but me  
nothing to watch on tv  
dozing / back and forth to each room  
the photo of my father by the piano (gone)  
the stuffed hawk / the cactus  
why did I never think to bring a camera

## Abducting the Past

not far from here someone else's past  
is drifting around the bend  
it doesn't seem so long ago  
but the shades of colors have brightened  
and the clarity of the water has made its differences  
such as in the early evening just when it gets dark  
the black water flows with a creaminess  
that belies the rocks below  
there is only one way to watch what happened to them  
take the small facts and the short stories  
and ride like a horseman over behind them  
beside them and spin the past out any way  
that makes it all fit fine with them and with you

## Beginning the Drive

and so she drove back to the farm  
—so many chores to do now  
and tomorrow back to the factory  
to sew overlooking the Merrimack  
spewed in filth and what no one wants  
—her only consolation in the ground  
and he will only grow colder by little bits  
as the cold presses slowly through the vault  
and then the coffin / she was last to see him  
both alive and dead and she vows to neither forget  
nor tell what she's seen or what it means

## On The Drive

after the stop sign she sped up quickly  
and the cop behind the sign quickly caught up  
told her she was going to fast and she said  
“I was just getting going” and he said  
“I wouldn’t want to see you once you got going”  
and that’s when he noticed her dress fancy but  
smelling of mothballs and the streaks down her cheeks  
and asked and she said she was returning from her father’s  
burial to milk the cows feed the chickens and bed down the rest  
before cooking supper for her drunken mother  
and he looked at her in the cool air and still twitching light  
for a minute before stepping back folding his ticket pad  
and saying thank you miss

## Almost Home

she stopped by the pond less than a quarter mile  
from the house / got out and found a rock to sit on  
and from there she listened by didn't look as the pond  
came alive with frogs and similar things jumping in  
and the frogs making their sonorous low fragmented laments  
she could hear the bats making their quick turns by her ears  
and up the hill mostly orchard and chicken patch  
she could hear the threats and screams in Russian  
that would form the matrix of her every evening  
for the next eight years and who knows how that  
would go because like a frog hiding under a log  
in the pond she would rather hold her breath  
than let the world know where her bubbles  
would rise

## Finally Home But Never At Home

little did she know this would be the easiest night  
her mother locked in her room and drinking  
crying and singing songs from a different place  
the food from the funeral was still out and she  
placed most of it in the ice box and the rest  
she piled on a pair of plates thinking one would be for her mother  
she ate slowly ate and sipped from the glass of raw milk  
she poured from the ice box and listened  
to the cows complaining the chickens fussing  
the leaves tossing in the light breeze and watched  
the light turn perfect of photographs but she never  
took any never wrote down what she saw or thought  
and thus she sentenced all who came after but especially me  
to create it again

## What Happened Today?

today it was hot  
we sweated  
we walked  
we saw the cassowaries  
we grew very tired then slept  
ask a better question next

## On a Back Walk

walking behind her tonight  
the air hanging sultry and languid  
her black shorts highlighted her white  
white skin on the backs of her legs  
I was proud to walk there  
even in the heat and soak  
she will one day be proud of this herself

## Dock Pissed

one 1/2 mile from here  
Etihad Stadium  
Docklands Melbourne  
sometimes a voice is clear  
but usually just a low rumble  
and flash bulbs  
and even over the dark harbor  
it all sounds so Irish

## Unable

not pissed but mental exhaustion  
not able to take on 2 things at once  
it happened before and took months to clear  
I felt it coming and couldn't stop it  
I am far from home and unable

## Near the City Gardens

the crow spoke  
loud sick caw  
then a sweet quiet lament  
from a tree whose type is unknown to me  
on a street I never was on before today  
in a hot muggy city I'll never visit again  
but that crow made me feel welcome  
even though his head was hung low  
and he seemed to sneer  
I found it an honor and a comfort  
more than many would give a stranger  
to their land

## **Dreary & Asleep**

sometimes the rain is a blessing  
other times it hurts like a quick cut  
in the end all that matters is the color  
of the sky and the direction of the clouds

## Perilous Journey

the poem was read and the making began  
from the light that made it into the room  
a small portion was dedicated to clarity and positive vibes  
from now on the end of speech is like a light that focuses too close  
who will vouch for the sadness when it rambles past  
and disappears into melancholy and then bliss

## Syndrome

at the next table a young man  
suffering from down  
he would turn when the nonstoptalker at my table spoke  
he looked intently then twisted his mouth  
into a pretzel to signal the craziness he heard  
they served him a food he had never eaten  
he forked the food up to his nose then sniffed and put it down  
did it again / again / again  
then he'd turn to stare at the others at his table eating the same thing  
and he'd fork it into his mouth but touch it only with his tongue  
then fork it down onto the plate  
again / again / again  
then our man would talk  
then the food would be smelled  
then tasted  
for an hour maybe more  
why hide our thoughts when we could be like this

## Is life Just the Universe?

yesterday Steve Orlen  
today Dean Young  
all the poets are dead or dying  
it's the thing to do no  
all the greats have  
and so it must be de rigueur  
but wait they all do  
good and bad so this must reduce  
as it always does to life

## Deserving

the diners barked loudly  
I suppose it was laughter  
but I felt it was more an animal call  
I started to yell like Fat Albert  
hey hey hey  
and they roared louder  
everyone in the restaurant believed  
the diners were crazy  
for laughing the way  
Fat Albert yelled

## That's It Hanging on the Shed

hard trip from a warm land  
to this / the dry plane air  
made sleeping a raw chore  
then the whole Dean Young thing  
many problems with VMware and Ubuntu too  
a bird sang a pretty song last week

## About My Mother

she walked away from the farm  
toward the pond they used to try to save her house  
by summer the new house was nearly done  
the builder ignored her instructions  
and her mother's / on the day she died  
she realized no one ever had and that on that  
other day she knew no one ever would  
for years she never cried  
no matter when you think of her this  
will be true / will have been true  
in my novel that featured her  
I couldn't get a grasp on her  
I will need to try again  
trying is so trying

## Gotcha

is it my right to know  
the lives my parents lived  
or is there a right to secrecy  
they have and have exercised  
little do they know that my alternative  
plan is to invent then for myself

## Undeserving

there is a sickness in the land  
I've seen it before when some claim  
others don't deserve  
but the some do  
when even the undeserving agree  
it's plain we've fallen off a cliff we never saw  
but will regret until we collectively are nobodies  
and all of us are undeserving

## Somewhere I Wish I Could Imagine

down a long rained on street  
sitting narrowly like a low row between two high rows  
of displeased apartments  
we could for example  
imagine through picturing the women who live there  
ignore the men / all they want is down by the water  
or maybe we could find books filled with stories  
that already capture them  
instead I propose  
we watch their shadows on the curtains  
venetian blinds / on the drapes  
maybe we'll recognize the woman who  
madly walks nude all evening in her parlor  
imagining she's entertaining the only  
man we would find interesting  
who dips his head in appreciation  
after each sip and each swaying turn  
while holding himself dearly in his  
other hand

## Portland Taught Me

science is laughing at us  
we believe science is perfect knowledge  
but it's our knowledge  
and we have things like republicans  
so we really can't talk about reliability  
now can we

## Furthest

if there were a casual way  
to put it all aside and just  
do what's really needed  
light would complain  
it all happened so fast

## Closed

behind me years ago  
I heard the complicated clicks  
I didn't recognize  
as time passed they grew louder  
into slams  
possibilities disappearing

## Confused Night

I imagined a heavy rain  
outside while inside  
in bed I dreamed of luscious pastimes  
but the rain grew colder and more insistent  
each minute  
above a plane slowed on its way to land  
it seemed low and I pictured it  
slicing through the rain  
dreams like planes like rain

## **Don't Worry**

a poem seems strange  
only when you stop reading it

## Give More

it's just a bridge  
but the water under it doesn't think so  
it's a destination  
a place to return to  
the pretty green color  
the sullen piers piercing downstream flow  
blunting the tide's upstream  
while sitting on the bank  
I've vowed never to stop  
writing of it

## Work and More Work

the wheelbarrow they've always had  
is filled with bushel baskets  
of pears and apples  
now that it's October it's  
time to move them from the barn cellar  
to the new house cellar  
handy for cooking & snacks  
in the background a sadness rises

## Together

we vowed to grow old together  
we grew up  
instead of learning to love each other  
more we learned to seek our pleasures elsewhere  
we had this in common  
you would have thought it a strength  
we cracked  
we broke  
now we've simply grown old

## Art In Braidwood

birds 4 sale

\$666

apply within

trailer trash design

## Disneyland Dream

something about the past  
about the '50s  
makes the mouth water  
reckoning the best is past  
the present stagnates  
the thirst for being best  
forces the throat to grasp  
I remember when the prevailing  
feeling was hope not fear

## Framed

just think of the differences  
between youth and old age  
how little you can do about it  
how much it hurts

## Shamed

late / the hotel room is small but robust  
I'm standing by the window  
the cold outside has chilled the glass  
from it a harsh sensation forms in my nose  
below two people walk  
their breath whisps upward toward  
me and perhaps their thoughts too  
a foreign city far north of anywhere  
after a while watching the two walk  
across the courtyard expanse into an alley  
I turn and take two steps toward the bed  
before remembering the strange body  
warming it / lifting the edge of the feather duvet  
I brace for a night of devotion

## make sound and movements

hello

I am China dinosaur factory

hope that you know our product more

also hope that we can establish long-term cooperative relation

examine all the interfaces

connected to the 220V AC power when all interfaces ready

turn the power switch and then products start to work

there is an infrared sensors in the control box

it will going to standby when nobody come by after a regular working

when someone approach the infrared sensor

products will start to work—

## Uncomfortable Little Hops

I watched her walking down a street  
in the north of Europe / an alley really  
made of stones for people to stroll  
and she was holding the arm of a man  
who walked steadily on the cobbles  
but she I noticed this walked in little hops  
even though it was raining  
too the wind was rushing down the alley into their faces  
her hair which was curled was twirling  
but she continued to stare like pup love  
into the bottom of his chin  
he soldiered on knowing  
one must suppose and I suppose  
everyone on the street and looking down or into it  
did too  
he was in for one comfortable ride  
later

## Firefox All Wet

just wedged  
sometimes a system  
just isn't so systematic

## Time and Madness

listening at the door  
for one down the corridor to close  
just as another opens  
some other time I was sitting on the floor  
in front of an open fire in an strangely  
constructed fireplace in the far north  
in a cabin on a frozen lake covered as was the cabin  
in a deep layer of fresh snow and behind me  
lying on the bed her head pressed against my cheek  
from behind / her hair obscuring my face and shoulders  
a woman is face down and naked even though the blue  
is so cold it's ice and snow outside

this is about time passing  
doing what we don't want  
fear drives us using  
a mechanism that makes no sense  
and drived mathematics into the mad corner