

RON BOGGS

Goosebumps

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LIFE'S BOW

A muffled sound from around my feet
as I walk through underbrush pulls
my head down to look, and my eye sees
beside a bowing bluebell a stone,
also, ringing, "Life, I speak to life,"
reverberates into and out of me
until I lose any semblance of where
I am as ripples spread like horizons,
as transparent as dragonflies' wings
and as ancient and as variegated
as the species living in the woods.
The inward spirals of bowing laps
are resonance as wood's voice and echo
the real body of winged life

magnanimous enough to ring back
to life life as variegated and replete,
a chorus of tuning fork hearts.

FALL

A bug

high

on stalk

a creature only life

could love

had a long way

to fall

intrepid traveler

ignorant

of death

though

not of dangers

the climb

made no difference

between

the net we fear we need

and the need that is the fear

to be without the food

to eat the greatest danger—

not in falling.

CENTER

The feet have six fires lit,
the rumba does not dance,
the smell of the musk of oxen
gives you pistils for lovers.

It bends around you like thighs of moon.

Throw water on the ground, fires love water -- squirt
and slurp, keep up the banter.

Bright as Alpha Centauri. Here is where
the heart releases the grinding.

Forget yesterday, forget tomorrow.

We are in a new galapagos. Guess?

Look who's arriving in the limo,

look who hears the griffin,

and is no longer fooled by fire and water.

Center is where the center always is.

PLANT MOSSED IN

plant mossed in
on side of cliff
intrepid traveler
walking still

THE LITTLE GIRL RAN

the little girl ran
with hands out stretched
to fill her dance cup of sunshine
her face a vision of the beauty
shining her soul out of her eyes
I hesitated, stumbled, joined her

PSYCHE'S BEAUTY

Monarch perched on tips of grasses
Sun wings, fans body,
a latticed awe,
two time machines entwined
in one's enchantment of color,
of form of ten trillion ways,
spaces and places,
to not be here, as butterfly,
as both, and the movement,
like stillness.
There is no time.

I SIT ON A HILL

I sit on a hill
that I've returned to
many times to weather
the storm of my life
that has shredded
and maded me into
patchwork

those years I've retreated
to this abode the sky
azured me where did I not
appear to be

I'd appear again to the streets
seats and treks of street crossings
against the traffic challenging steel
and the flesh of steel
and crazy quilts of building climbs
of modern tree dwellers

I would even pick up the crumbs of scatterings
pour them into the bowl of blue
to be whole hell the very body
of any habitable hulk that I had left

drinking of nectar sitting on a hilt
and realize like a tree for the first time
I put a boundary on the sky
saw what I could see no more

eating what I thought was free
was horizons and the bee
I was

Now released to see blue sky has
no horizon no bulldozer horizons
hauls earth
out of you the blue sky
more spacious than all dreams

The azure walks me around the globe
the heart rushes through my being
as the blue globe in a mind of green
gives alchemical hill I sit on
a way to grow into wonder
to encompass all of the azure
into and out of me that allures

LIFE OF A DRILL

When living driven life of a drill
boring through the wood, all day,
every day, as if entering the life
by the relentless drill
that won't let go, won't stop,
a manmade instrument designed
at modern factories of useful arts,
a complete academy of churning
with its need for power, electricity
to drill, even in dreams,
for drilling was life, never
knew thrilling was anything else,
as known defined by the normalcy
defined to exclude any denial
and so a flood of drills drilling
a life. Boring, screwing into wood,
metal, honey, buildings, bricks,
souls, bodies, flying particles of
a life, coating everybody with coats
of film of the insides, heaps
of life lying scattered, inert, a fart.

Soul flew into the void
from the rampart noise of the hydra headed
hyena of hybrid drills, drilling for a living,
the mind ingrained in perpetuity,
in the grooves of psychic complexities

of Hecuba's drill forever, a walking drill
that, of course, wanted to kill
deeper, beyond wood, deeper into the land
the forgotten land where you lived,
forgot you lived, where you never were
and never forgiven and impossible
to get out, not having any way
other than pull or drill out.

Drilled through, split the wood, knots too,
no return what went through,
completely, forever.
The songs of the earth sing me.

DO THREE THINGS

Do three things for me in the interview:

Dress for success

Show how big your kahunas are

Prove the money you made at your last
company will happen again

I took out the day's trash.

PEANUT SHELL

peanut shell

opened

which one?

THAT NIGHT

that night i lay in bed
looking out the window
into the blackness of cosmic space
i fell into the dark utter
utterlessness --
a star broke the spell i was
I got up and peed

BUOY

buoy

up

bounces

the dip the curve

buoy on a rope

holding steady

other buoys

bob

as far as can see

buoys buoy

hold the rope

let

go

again again

all buoys all ways

the water

from

the

bottom

swirls

up

love and love and love

won't stay down

nothing keeps it down

I relent

I rise as love rises I rise as love arises

amaze

a maze

let love say

GRANDMA'S PINK PEONIES

Grandma's dark glasses
reflect her pink peony bushes
but not the plentitude of ants
that are another flowering
that she planted in our little yard.
Was she listening for the ants
that she knew were there, as us kids
screamed out our presence in her presence?
On this day, the glow waving out
of the eaten pink globes of silent song
are hearing the glows of light as dark,
dark as light presence,
waving in vibration to wake the eyes
and ears behind the dark glasses,
until the end of time
the vibration will be the source
of the luminosity of reflection
that dances as the darkness of light.

CAN'T DO

Can't do

0

0

o

.

Can do

.

o

0

0

10 years

5 years

2 years

Today

WHAT DAY ON THE CALENDAR

What day on the calendar
is not my concern

What night in what galaxy
are others concerns as I care
for other loves

What light makes of the day
we see in eyes
is not my scientific bailiwick

What darkness of the night
and how expansive and deep
the human heart
is the amniotic fluid
birthing me

What world affairs affect me
I do not concern
leave to others
evil grows at home

What bribe was paid for developing tract
I do not watch closely
though see the results

What puff adder is heard

that no one hears
three monkeys three branches
of government with the fur
scraped off

What love, oh what love
will have its say
you will pay is not the way
of the world nor the way of human
the cells of cells
like dna proliferate
the prophecies killed
by own gun died from own disease
fed from own flies shorn
from own shearing
vein opened and flowing
love or what you will
only love now that care
and charity are toothless

What life to live
give, shiver, save
the disgrace for what,
koan, kiss the reed,
sing, let go, be

SPRING FROST

Two day freeze in April
burnt buds to a crisp
budding years of eyes of trees
as every leaf a shriveled tear
drop, long and short, like
corpses on hooks, armies
of ghost hauntings, brown-like turds,
fertilizer of eyes, deformed stars,
floating in the commode of nature

two weeks fly by
green eyes out of the ears
of branches roots
from very edge of soil
to the very edge of leaf --
I have many stars to dig into
to learn how to weather being ice
and weather being fire

LIGHTS OF THE STARS

Lights of the stars, each glow a life,
the night of my mind, a black hollow
heart with far distant jewels, cold
darkness, trying to hold and hold
in place life that will not hold
in place, lived the unmovable image,
living an orbiting life: frozen
to death by night of the mind.

TEETH OF LIFE

In each sleep, teeth of life grabs you,
won't let you alone or go,
perhaps, it can't or doesn't know how,
as you're chewed by dreams
until you digest the unknown unknowables
struggling life to art
to figure how flower and animal you,
how to green you and blue you --
make you up in the dream world of ur light
to not see where you are, to see you
are lost and cannot be anywhere but lost
no matter where you are as you scrabble
for hold what is unholdable and the city
streets change, the hills grow, the people
populate different forms, car goes where it wants to and
tells you, you landscape,
until once more, like each sleep,
you do not have any idea or image
of where you are which is where you are
and where you can only be if the dream,
the teeth of your life, is to live you
and you are to be the unknowable.

--then, deny, say I'll go where I desire to go,
my dreams are visions, utopias of ideas cloud built
solidly on sand, no matter what you say, I will not go
where my dreams urge me to go

--then, death takes hold or soul in one
in transformation from she to it, in one of its most
monstrous forms for we are the monster foretold in the
Myth of Psyche and Eros

--then, we fear to meet and embrace that we are not a
monster though consciousness has twisted us into a bent
pretzel, into one with monster that we deny to prove
death lives life when life refused

--then, our spiritual practices pull the urge backwards
into where you must go deeply into other caves and
wells of unknown

--then, appalled by your own cruelty inflicted in the
crevice that never leaves
that always abounds, throbs down the crevice

Upside down, inside out, wrestle
the dragon's teeth, let love chew you up,
even if all of the human you are vanishes
into the dream dreaming ways for life
to be real, as real as love, as love lives.

ALIVE!

“Are you alive?” she said.

“Yes.” I
stammered, quizzedly.

“Prove it,” she insisted.

“I’m speaking
to you, damn it.”

“That’s just proves
you’re breathing.”

“Well, of course, I’m breathing,

I’m alive.”

I mean, “Alive!”

“You know what I mean,”

grabbing me by the balls,
tugging down hard.

“No fancy dancing, stampeding

of heavy breathing
through raindrops
with philosophical proofs

to logically cut raindrops.

Do not exist!

Show me alive!

Give me your best shot
of aliveness.

Waste no expense:

don't elaborate.

I want wholeheartedness.

I'll wait but not long."

SMOOTH AUTUMNAL LAKE

smooth autumnal lake
roots

lily pads

NOTES OF PARADISE

notes of paradise
perfume with cardinal's call
have you ever lived here?
Here: this dewdrop
you are inside of
bursting out into
morsel of infinity

OH, YES, I KNOW WHERE THE BOMBS FALL

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs fall,
after all, I'm 60's child, 00's delirium
seen again, twin spawn watching
and clutches as the bombs fell fall
and the photos orbit the death orbit
blown off limbs never connected
to the armies that serially obit them
erroring the event for tv
on the orbit of talking dead

Oh, yes, this time I know the bombs fall
where the corruption of deceptions
and legerdemain of politicians
that orbit their own circle of lies
using the patrols to mace mind blind
the flesh eating war with war
throwing up the skull words
as heart amputations are being
done on the battlefield medivacs
carrying away the evidence of the disease

Oh, yes, the bombs I see fall
as I drive through west side of Chicago,
entering homes of those who treat a white
man well, and the children whose bombs
are ready as I walk by, as I walk
through my bombed out hometown, not a

train running, where you sleep in alleys,
and go to chief of police to play
the numbers, “we were never here,” you’re
first lesson in deception when the
starvation gruel was first laid out.

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs explode
in every prison cell, an abomination im-
possible to heal. Burn the cities; we’ll
never let that happen again; we’ll in-
carcerate a generation before they’ve
the chance. Political primaries incinerate
with ballot stuffings, a long, proud American tradition
while incarcerate the bombed
Americans with police powers,
bombs never tolerated by any founder.
Give up the womb for the tomb.

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs are
in the Halls of Congress, where as I walk
I see Mark Twain and corruption’s worm
and evolution’s haven, brittle bastards
who love the bombs more than their moms,
or so their votes and totes so say,
as a President shocked and awed
a generation out of paradise, forever,
no turning back, not for the seventh
generation, the original natives say,
bombed blight for honor to his horror’s end.

Oh, yes, they know where the bombs fall
as I go into public classrooms
of abandoned rigor mortis and bureaucratic
arteriosclerosis and clams
who refuse ever to open --
rather starvation than marvelaton.

Oh, yes, the bombs knowingly fall
in developing heaven, parceling the earth
to turn grass into money, so money
grasses worthless, as parcel water,
rivers, every inch of desert, soon to parcel
themselves and air, even breath, a dollar
center, every birth, an expense sheet.
As I walk down dollar bill street cheers
cry out loud against the public act of
lovemaking for a bombing
those who dare defy being an ant.

Oh, yes, the bombs have been going off
in me and those I love so often I jerk.
I see the bombs explode, the crimes
for dimes, a crime of life awash
in a heaven of explosion refused
to see, made corporate to cover refuse
with cellophane, out in the streets
as the bombs fall all over and have fallen
for 50 years, so no safety, freedom

is bit by bit blown to bits and amnesia
insures the insurers, passenger pigeons
are walking, no longer eagles worth wings,
frozen in time, bombing itself worthless,
out of existence.

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs keep falling.
We lost the cold war, look around you.
I fear and fear the fear,
frozen iceberg broken off
floating directionless
destroying itself and its most hopeful supporters until
no-
thing of any use is left in useless society
that bombs for being and gives its living
death and ways to better death for killing
is this bomber's way of life, infects
every vein and arm of government, soulless
not worth the country that made the generation.

Oh, yes, I know how bombs are made,
I've been a fly in the oval office,
the wanting to die for freedom,
for the forms of freedom, where are
those banding together to live,
really live for freedom and true
expansion of liberty, where it counts,
as it did for the American colonists,
in the heart, and if you haven't got

freedom in the heart, no matter what
you say is deformed, not the original
freedom imbued and breathed. Where
are you? Freedom bombs, big lies
of democracy are still big lies –
gives sway to power to bomb, at will,
the citizens, voted into numbness,
into submission, wolves of tyranny,
out of the native soil, to bite
the neck of freedom, vampires of freedom
by bombs so loud not even decency stands.

WHOO...WHOO...

Whoo...whoo...through shadows
(still flies) into the night
(emptiness of shadows)
landing nowhere...nowhere (anywhere,
everywhere) 360 sight, stealth
silence is full of all around

PINE NEDDLES

pine needles wait
not to be walked on

WATER'S AND SKY'S BLUE

From sixty miles in

anger shouts loves eyes seashells

waves ball of heart

down the street

due east fire tuba

tourniquet waterwheels celery
ears

floral arrangements from far corners

of the globe

meeting halls

divination sticks

water out the other side

and it's and sky's blue

RELEASE

Yes, this being dragged by horse
for an eternity of lifetimes
raised familiar welts;
to the mind seen new,
as an ambush;
with chickens in the yard,
pecking, fearful of coops
and being cooped up, easy
disappearances though the sea gull
still circles centuries
after the eruption of Galapagos.

Any pig would understand, I've
been told, the heart is a moth,
as if that's an extenuating circumstance.
Mountains are ears of excitement,
itself. I've never listened.
Wood interned in water asks
to stay to plead restitution
for any doings. I will be amenable.
Stuck, can't get out from under myths
mud that feed me poison
and open the apricot pits.

Vituperative spitting splashes
like window washing with squeegees,
strangling with the noose
any old thing on the loose,
dangling life in battle building,
as sneeze from here to the life
turnstile, getting off, not dying,
running into throttles, chimneys,
skis, and, amazingly, trap releases.

Humming one more and more,
am all, without speaking me,
instead releasing me, as phoenix
I've never been, but flap with wings
in silence of resurrection. Stick
along the picket fence, outside, in,
sensation, imagination, thought,
passion, longer the slower into erotic.
When I fall through, urged to let go,
scream "no" of release police, gives
roots boost and desire lips of world
sucking flavors wafting through
the windows that have profusion
of perfumes and napalmed flesh to
remember in remembering, never forgetting.

Labyrinths of narrow roads with lords
carrying water with nowhere to go,
as I ski down the slide out of the tunnel,
hating medicine because the worm
is unable to get out of the ground.
Knuckle eyes have lived with you
all of your life, not even a notice
of its global nature of roundness,
until from Rangoon to Dallas
without stopping to contain the energy,
so loosened, released a trickle,
so constricted the released heart,
a drop let go, let be, release time
of my grappling hooks, those mountain
spikes to hold self in ice. Until slag
turns blue, green unseeds with scree.

BUZZ

That buzz...
again, zzzzz...
I flick my ears
as if irritant
a language of wings
more I can know
I can be...
am the buzz...
exploring
the ear
I thought I knew
never flew
what wings...
we have...

SADNESS OF OCEANS

The sadness of oceans no man fathoms
heavier than the spout of whale's blowhole,
as heard cries do not carry in the deep.
The eye of evil stares into you,
communicating sheer. Sod pulled out,
stinging you with the avalanche sword.

In the sadness of light, the dirt pulls off
the tentacles that have no roots
of consciousness on the surface
that live deep where the realm
is neither sadness nor joy, nor even roots.
The hunted and haunted fear of uselessness
fires the sadness with the serrated long
deep scars of propellers and shell barnacles
encrusted on the whale, a host of needs.

Let the whale go where it wants
to build a family, be itself being itself.
Blow the surface, I watch from the distant boat, whale
and the sadness surface together,
uncontainable in its inextricable joy.

THE FISH WEREN'T BITING THIS MORNING

The fish weren't biting this morning.
No fish tailed out of the water
that demanded to be looked at,
like an unknowable in a dream
that lived for years evading hooks.
The stream meandered in the valley,
nothing caught. I was not caught,
this time. Everything changed
when I waded out in the stream
wearing hip high boots where soul
of the whole stream displaced me,
appeared as glimmer of sun on waves
in the ripples whose voices echoed into
impenetrable forest dark. The current,
the fish who swam near without fear,
and I dazzled with nothing to catch.

FISH SUDDEN SPLASH

fish sudden splash

turns mountain

the double delight rose

SHAKE SUNSHINE

shake sunshine off of me
I whistle my merry way
in love with the never lost

THE COMPASS POINT

The compass point
never off one inch
sweeps clear to north
sweeps around to south
bends east and west
all the earth celebrates
the never sleeping eye

LEAVES LAUGH AT ME

leaves laugh at me
smiles the breeze
delirious swaying
never ends
never ends now sways me

NO ROADS

frozen tundra

filled with mosquitoes
that eat caribou to death

which way do you choose to die

give me whiskey for sky

I won't care

trade coins

for life, yes, there's

no road out

never was

you hijack cars and sheriff

on your trail

no law

can save you

POOL OF WATER

pool of water

rocks above it

birds fly

every day to perch

for drink

hop around

search ways to

different angles

fly off, thirsty.

Chipmunk

leans over

the ledge

extends

tongue for relief.

WALKING SKY

I lived my life
believing the blue sky.

Life lived this watching
through the blue into black.

I, now, live my life
being blue and black.

As the walking sky,
where else to be

but where it is.
The surface reflects

the sun ocean, limitless
night and floor lives life.

HEART MEDICINES

I take my heart medicines.
Medicine balls bounce me
against the wall: nothing sticks.

I turn on TV, see gun globs
and tankers torpedo with limbs mashed
in death simulations as death,
as excitement. I turn off.

With after images of Hiroshima,
and Holocaust and humans running...
tsunamis and the metaphors
that create ourselves and limit
and kill ourselves toward.

I walk toward the woods --
cut down, building sub-
division on empty sand,
as crab crawls out of water,
and I am one of those turtles,
scrambling for heart medicine of ocean.

Bend, not bent, the monsters
of horror diseases what should be
land of medicine. What
manufactures pus of the heart
a hard pill to swallow
and no cure can heal.

I take my second heart medicines
of the day. Horse needs no saddle,
ore has gold for the surface valves,
crude oil for heart pumping.
Those who lay in wait are mummies.

Those who game it, maim it,
Scatter what's left over the land,
let the embattled forest be
intricate and pressure to you.

It is your ears the eyes, where
you walk around, left to right,
and around, spiral drink of the world.

CURVES

The lake curves in toward me,
like a mouth desiring to tell me
it is welcoming me as it welcomes
birds, frogs, the boring insects,
each soft wave, curves of infinity
to give the shore of words presence,
to give the blue reflection the beauty
that did not exist until this instant
and now exists, forever, as curves.

BATH OF GRASS

bath of grass
gives warmth
as if never bent

WHAT HAPPENS

What Happens?

What happens?

Scrambled eggs

fish smell, end of dock

Oh, those honeysuckles

days stretch the days

like dough for months

Tulip cups pour it in

what begins as attention

dances the songs, whisk out of

drum rolls

marble shoes

plants evenings

tonsils out

Walk to the back of the moon

the search for love

Confounds, it is all

what's happens

is not what's happening
and the love is the is
happening not happening

Pulse pulse pulse beat beat
rhythm rhythm rhyme chime chant
sing sing poem

DOG BONE

I tugged on the bone
dog wouldn't let go
growling between teeth
for his pleasure and meal
pulling me along
as I bit down harder
the more he resisted
until I was in the state
he was in -- my bone
free to be the dog, be the bone,
free the bone and myself
the marrow, however, chews
into sinews and arteries
as the encounter entered my bones
until the bones tugged me

GARDENS, GARDENS

“What happens when you die?” She said.

“What happens when we’re alive?” I asked.

I’ve enough impossibilities and avalanches,
spells, dragging bodies through homesteads,
heads on poles outside of car dealers,
frightened tow truck’s disabled by the fill
of emergency rooms. She’s young enough
to want free and frightened enough to try.

She smiled, brushed with her right forefinger
her hair from her forehead, and exclaimed,
“I guess either way we are amazement balls
bouncing and then not bouncing, impossibility
hats and magic shoes.”

I’ve been playing, my friend tells me
these things. “I don’t tell others.
Better to be declared insane than live
with your version of life and death.
I tell you because we are in the presence
(knocks on wood) of this coffin.
The ring man says reveal the radiance
that shines out of you as everything
that lives inside of you. Do you hear?”

“You are a fortunate young girl.” “No,”
she said, “I soon will have a boyfriend
and my pleasers tell me a new life.”
I smile, never saw her but once in my life
yet she lives forever in my life.”
Gardens, gardens, and we didn’t plant them.

TRACK LIVES LIVED

first elephant

clouds

slippers scissor

paper rain

days each rib

spinal knobs turned on

receiving heart putter

leaving the bamboo

the rainy car

all me, I we

me glues who to what

water flow uphill

Near Death Experience

wait and wait

not saying

second giraffe

keeps returning jungle

and out of the room

listening silence un-
til waves become
leopard

we go out into the night

to track lives lived

LARGE BLACK WALNUT

large black walnut
falls on head... making the dark
... rolls... waking the dark...
this day my first on earth

EVERYDAY NEW CLOUDS

every day new cobwebs
suspended
on chairs in juniper bushes

vibrations and glimpses
stunned spun
empty too

CLOUD OF INSECTS

cloud of insects
hovers over grass
spinning never again
always in each one

HELP! HELP! HELP!

Help! Help! Help!

Pain ran out the hospital room,
down the corridor, its visceral presence
opened the automatic doors to
the corridor of the Emergency Room
as congealed pain by pain seeking escape
from the American building,
the trucks, the brick dollars,
and charities and political finagling
and payoffs: pain playmate of corruption,
any way for money, no matter whether need
to make a living or not, these days.

Pain ran and ran down the same street
where he was slugged and mugged,
for no good reason, one more confetti
scattering of pain, pain needs no reason,
though pain knows that it is not welcome,
this pain running down the street, you
know it like a brother, you've known
and lived with the sister,
there is no debating the celebration
of what you cannot understand, itching
with pain wakes only so far, you must
join the pain the rest of the way
as it creates the loudspeaker,
you are pained into the voice of,

and bring it back for its mercies
that gifts you what mercies
never knew existed and how the pain
is of honey.

The patient walked out of the hospital,
caught the scream, and walked into woods
that have the pain as true veined bone
chilling for no reasons other than
that is what it is; if it were different,
we would be not the humans we think we know.
So contagiously we build our buildings
against pain that are the pain we seek
to escape from, so hating of life, of
this earth that we absolve the worm.

Help! Help! Help!

MOONLIGHT BARES ALL

“hmmmm” is night
unaware in night
barely moves night

as unknowns barter with life
blackness firewalks the heart
no little candle
burns as you walk
you feel the stones
on the bottom of your mind
as each anger, rage, jealousy,
envy, lust, etc., etc., etc.,
that makes it difficult to talk
straight crooked to know the difference
as a friction that flints the knocks
are you gas or are you real

is there a difference
is this the right question
is getting rid of the questions living
stop being the play
the questions put on stage
in characters you are
to portray a fiction. Why fiction
on fiction? No easy way out, no dive
into the heart for advice,

she stays with her arms around night
until a double takes night's arms
around my heart -- I, out of fear,
hope love: night replies: give up
all hope of love when night lights
your sight or you burn, as you did,
as you are ash with no light. The sound
of mystery without hysteria,
moonlight bares all.

You don't know where you are, forest
or down the hole, down
which Alice went and up came, that links
the silent shouts that fuels
you through the night as nothing else,
waving on the hmmm's,
emptying out, letting the fire do
its doing, knowing if you burn, you die,
which frightens you and delights your enemies:

unknownables hmmm me through night.
I am the night; my return, firewalker can
not be found though the fire stays lit
as soul has told in fondling ways
that the fire will never go out of you
though once your evil was to extinguish it
and with the staff of soul, with knobs
of moons and hmmms feeding the sky
making of your life a feast of eyes.

HAULING BUCKETS

They hauled buckets up from the river.
They worked diligently, with measured cadence and
grasp of the insights their work carried them through.
They did not feel the need
to elaborate or be the spinner of tales,
that was left to the gunrunner, who entered
like a shoemaker at night
and created their lives out of the covers
and nails and buckets left on the work stand.

No one of the haulers called themselves
“haulers” nor spared their expense
in showing those who needed their services
that their arduous endeavors paid off
most handsomely for the beauty plea
that any there kin wanted to make.

So, to this day, the hauling of water
into the human stream has been con-
ceded to be their task, one they attributed
by rights to themselves, for the honor
and word of their task. They never
let up on their equations and displacement,
yet knew what they had to convey
that the buckets contain the water jar
that they knew never were buckets
even when they were buckets. How measure

the worth of water that no humans
had been ever able to measure?

THE POWER OF

caps of mountains
are not tops

floor
the seas hold up
no props

desert wide
earth fold
in its grasp
billowing chameleons

sky round
our closest form
whose spell of creation
changes tunes
to the power of