

FROM THE BEGINNING

leaf flailed
on one silk thread

The great game of X's and O's
I know how to win, prevent loss
why does the stinger sting
the game ends and continues

Scythe through the grasses
to cut the dew drops
as if fear denned in
and would burst, end cutting.
Denying the cut.

Chainsaw buzzed all the night:
Cutting wood, cutting up bodies,
coffee all night with vivid livids
telling stories. She walked out.
Inside the maniacal eye building
a fodder machine at the other end,

I glued a birdhouse of ingenuity.

They borneoed through the mysterious graft
that kept being paid like the Manhattan
as if their jewels shone only in their eyes,
ate the jewels, shit makes rivers rich,
an old west town, Dry Gulch, flew up for rafters.

The awls of anxiety broke open bushes
with crackles of fire when threatened
or was it this song, a music of poetry
without words, dancing images that notes
love is what's to be played, a footprint
that wants to be a footprint, yet from in-
side knows you are the forest ocean,
not the tree, the pod and not the pea,
opening with the awl of seeing.

Carousel of Orinoco River carrying horses
to thrill the first time married,
didn't hear the music playing the second,
third circling when the child road up down.
I threw the child off as orinocos are best

seen when not seen as beauty. I got off
the carousel, the music dances (do you hear?).
The star of veins couldn't be brighter
for the walkers and foragers.

Honeysuckle clarifies the night
that scenes every human with aroma
of startle ribbons turning every night
light in this world powered out
of the floral generator whose power equals
from the beginning Niagara Falls.
The quarryman sought to uproot
the flights so they blasted the desired
even if their destruction cost millions
and the times, too, from the beginning.