

Black Son, Black Heart

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**RON BOGGS**

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## 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.

## ALL THOSE FACES

All those faces  
in the moonless night  
were as many as built the pyramids  
that died over the Alps  
who sank in ships in WWII  
that are lost in TV sand fandance  
carry the Easter Island faces  
into oblivion

All those faces  
living those nights  
out of Scheherazade  
they accused of blight  
the one's who were them  
as fantasies, dreams walking,  
madness of no faces and no cures  
whose shining outshined the stars,  
trees a solitude, cups were leaves,  
and ears were knots  
and scarecrows had fields  
the blighters sold off the farm land,  
and organizing by generations  
to barter greed  
for green, inventing  
any flamethrower into the coffin

All those faces  
Pessoa being so many and Whitman all,  
Dickinson so yellowstone,  
amber lit nightmares called  
the men in the white coats  
to catch the ghosts with faces  
that ran through the nation  
and the marble faces that refused  
to die or be naked, to be  
milkweed vessel along through meadow

All those faces  
chained to one another because  
his was stuck as one face  
and one face was his idea  
and his idea was the in-  
extricable nailed  
into the heart tomb

All those faces  
he screamed did not come from  
out of his steaming streaming brain  
they were real, he claimed  
realer than he was. At the end,  
his life, disabled into the sewer,  
where cages were built  
and each bar took a face,  
having as many faces as he had lives,  
and he lived a number of them

that he never would have conceived:  
between the bars freedom  
that destroyed the cage.

All those faces  
his life had the honeysuckle universe  
wafting through that held up earth  
inhaling generosity, exhaling gratitude  
with those faces until he was willing  
to give away his face, the imprint  
embraced in the universe -- the universe  
did what it always does, we call it "love,"  
though we've never been able to name it  
though we've never had the insight  
to bring it out into new passion,  
a way of being as the earth's generosity.

## ASIAN MAPLE

Redness vibrates  
with watering  
in midst of drought --  
branches erect  
peak beyond peaks

## **CAROUSEL OF SELVES**

One day I had a carousel of selves  
from which to choose  
Next day I had me, no choice  
or so I thought, became the thought  
Today, I've stepped off the carousel,  
listen to the old recorded music,  
drowned out by songs  
of birds, trees, silence, hewn bricks  
out of the oven  
the blue sky

## **SHE PUT DOWN**

She put down  
    the cup in the saucer  
with a clatter  
    silence of her lipstick  
poured another drink

## **SMALL WOODPECKER**

small woodpecker  
with body of bark  
flaps all around its tree  
looking for a place to open  
never at a loss for loss

## TUNNEL OF LIFE

between the mouth and eyes  
the world spins  
between the ears  
the song spins  
between the laugh and cry  
spins the kite  
in the wind  
between the nostrils  
spins the tunnel of life

## **BUTTERFLY IN BLACK**

butterfly in black of night --  
to this day,  
here did night go?

## **I HAVEN'T LIVED MOST OF MY LIFE AS A HUMAN BEING**

I haven't lived most of my life as a human being.  
I hear this as a whizzing arrow  
as I don't want it to hit the mark  
as I resist living this on,  
like Geronimo and Cochise and Sitting Bull,  
who in my childhood plays and woods fighting,  
couldn't save me from population rush  
of the stream of history into which I was born.  
History crushed myth. Now,  
myth crushes history with the weapons  
of life and death that make it a morning  
never divisible, never invisible, never  
repressible in the holograph that is forgotten  
by history and history's blisters.

The list is endless:

All jaws of tiger, dog, monkey,

All rain of proverbial days and nights  
with no survival, no ark

All worm of the medieval plague helps in  
attack on me in those days

All bat guano of the cave of refusals

All misery, miserly, mist, mortal batman  
of incorrigible lapdogs

All chameleon

All never whole, never fully here, hear

All never on land, in space, so distant a  
planet from life, passions - lived a  
life on Tralfamador

All never able to break through the glass  
of culture and chess of politics –  
flushed as shit and shit as worthless  
and worthless free to suicide

All abuse and maladroit - so I severed  
the family in my deficiency and deficit

All a worry, a never ever present person  
I knew, couldn't get through, bulb  
of worry to sprouting panic out of  
roots of anxiety

All aversion, a lust man extraordinaire  
who loved women so and didn't know  
love or its myths

All rage and anger - deliberate and no  
control for decades and decades,  
wasting away in despair in cruelty  
and suffering I birthed a porcupine heart

These ways of not being a human being  
rings the bell: what are the ways of being  
human and how do I live it?

Nothing I know I can show you.  
I can only be the songs that sing out  
the world of the originals, each poem  
a universe and a people and a joy and an  
onrushing train of disaster into tragedy:  
birds, trees, grasses, bushes -- empty of  
the bigger "game".

Be the love I lanced other's hearts with  
in a pit full of arrows that runs  
the madhatters of the world out of tune.  
Take it all in, be all of what I was  
and those who loved me and be the wound,  
not the scapegoat; suture the pride  
with the holes stitched and weaved  
until new skin amazes me. I'm not skin.

Catch the ocean and waves  
to embody them in all of my

befuddlement that to be free  
who never knew how to be free,  
be a way to free of cages as high as sky  
that are used to prevent being free,  
causing forest fires in the heart  
and timber clearing the coal mountains.

## THE FAN

Two paper strips  
twirl, flare, hit one another  
snap  
meandering every which way,  
as the fan half circles  
back and forth  
as if they were manifested anxiety  
where no ground is covered, no rest  
possible,  
so unwinding, unending  
undoing, flapping, never allies  
but for briefest of briefs,  
not catch anything of an idea,  
of a self, for consistency  
has not light and no ground  
to even have lost hold.

All over the place, phone  
to ask what to do, say?  
“Panicked and at loose like a tiger.”  
Go to hospital, meeting rooms, doctors,  
waiting rooms of life, anterooms of death,  
another room, another life  
enemies  
who wanted me dead walk  
all around me laugh in my face  
for my dread

don't care if I'm dead  
doing this to me like the paper strips  
from some immutable source  
into unbridled flight of never  
landing, circling forever, never  
able to touch down, be real,  
nothing to land into, nothing holds  
steady  
everything twirled, whirled  
never permanency, never landing  
wordsimagesideaslandscapes  
of unbridled panic  
had me  
would not release me  
would only rehearse me  
without nursing me  
no cursing would end  
the fanning

## **THIS VINE OF LEAVES**

this vine of leaves  
road out of the mountain  
I turn around...  
leap as the leaves  
cannot leave the mountain vine

## LIONESSE JAWS

lioness jaws on impalas' neck  
cub picked up by scruff  
carried to safety --  
the teeth of leaves,  
which of these  
do they do

## **I COVER MUCH GROUND**

I cover much ground,  
I haven't moved.  
Exhaustion spread me, now  
exhilaration of seeing  
the stunned wind unwinds.

## BRILLIANCE

Brilliance of the green and blue  
brilliance of the yellow twirl  
of flower bright of sun when sun flowers  
Brilliance of the shades whose buoyancy  
is branch resilience imbued by intense heat

What is painting this brilliance:  
the inside of each of the brilliances.  
Ah!

I must be brilliance to see brilliance  
and mood has memorized into brilliance  
by the very riveting of being alive  
and eating aliveness and letting aliveness  
eat you - to be intense heat the way  
the human in being is  
in its imaginative heart works.

All of it - the darkest secret of evil  
that because of brilliance the most silent  
our eyes refuse to see - refuse ourselves  
of what is never hidden  
when the thing that would kill us  
is not death, it is life -  
it's very brilliance  
the brilliance of the dark  
that I cannot discuss

because I'm rushing so much on its  
cold air from the underworld.

The beauty of life in exquisites  
that twists and turns  
of testosterone and hormones,  
a jawed embrace that slaves us to passion,  
to embrace the necessity of this tragedy  
that we willingly embrace, that won't let go.  
We are life's mates, life's lover,  
its brilliance of combat and bliss.

## **LIFE SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE**

Life slapped me in the face  
I slapped back  
took no shit  
strangling if I could  
injuring the dare  
with the flare for war  
a whirlwind of flamethrowers  
from eyes to heart

Life slapped me in the face  
I fell to ground dazed  
could not raze or raise  
from any fountain in stone  
the mind down a drain  
of mud, sludge, disorientations.  
When I slapped back  
after awhile - askew I walked  
against cars in streets, went to  
my murderers and devised devious ways  
to murder them, I a paranoia  
so that like a peach, ripped apart  
to the pit, the pit opened  
inside was the world, everything happened  
inside of me. I had to shut down.  
I had to refuse what life offered.  
I was left with nothing to eat  
bitten around exposed to decay.

Life slapped me in the face  
heart attack I survived I died  
Life is like love, it wants you  
here, wholehearted, unhinged,  
doorless to the wound, daring all  
of your ball of bag of skin thrown  
against a wall for nine years  
as a gift to steer by and bring tears  
as sweat of the body, with extremities  
to cool down the core instead of meltdown.  
My life gears as curse, cursed  
I was versed in and so came out song,  
poetries of animals, life, flesh of flesh  
life - we are not this skin,  
our cloud of thin membrane.  
Rejoice – asks all of us  
to have all of life  
and to jaw it - never relinquish.  
Life is a vine of no exits. Celebrate.

Life slapped me in the face.  
This time all of the other slaps  
slip out of the mind like anchors  
that weigh the vessels that carry  
the sting of reality  
the sting of agonizing, the sting  
that never leaves the body  
like city's venom that courses

like tongues to wake you up:  
it is not your face, the song  
that gave the slap its thrust  
loosened you from the pier  
without mooring, vibrating on notes,  
as you compose and are being composed  
a life's song I've never heard before,  
always singing, ever, always here.

Life slapped me in the face.  
I slapped life in the face.  
We both laughed. The trepidation  
in the temenos shakes the mountain,  
opens, and I walk in, mountain  
walks in. Singing a new song  
with the throngs of what gave  
love its name, took away its shame  
so you could be what Rumi was,  
be what everyone always is, the bursting  
out of pregnant earth the pangs of birth  
long, long birth still aborning  
what never enters human form  
yet still is what forms the human.

## HOW MANY HEARTS?

Looking at a tree, eyes turn it upside down -- the shape is a heart, the sky's heart: the sky has many hearts, the aorta, roots to the earth's brain that we are walking around in, as in a globular ocean of leaves and clay. Why do human's have one heart only when the pleasures of many abound, feeding the earth's core with unfathomable unfathomables the soul unfolds in folds unfolding. You live in the garden -- no, no, you are the garden. Life asks as I ponder and confirms: how many hearts can you grow, will you grow, can you be as large as the garden and as nurturing and as kind as death? Life is not a question to which you are not an answer.

## IT IS NIGHT

It is night  
It is my life. I give it up  
fall into the abyss  
the kiss of death - one lip of life

It is night  
Life is night. I birth  
as a fish in the unknown  
a wayfarer of life in love  
with life and death  
neither of which cares  
whether I see life as night  
or light or might  
or fright or sight  
or delight I choose  
delight, a mask  
I live into

It is night  
Life is. Gives. Will not be denied.  
Cannot be refused. No exit -  
not even death. What do you do?  
How are you the night  
water of the miraculous star studded sky;  
wrestle as you will, are you fuel  
that lights the fire reflected as night?  
I desire, those desires refuse

to be extinguished, yet these roots uprooted  
danger danger, the danger as danger --  
no escape, rescue, refugees few and blue

It is night

Life though here, too, cannot be found,  
lost, die and revive, die  
and survive, die and resurrection  
as we are a forest of soul  
in a cave of our own baking.  
How large has night made you?  
How small has light shaded you?  
Life gives no exchange  
from the small plots  
out of which you make yourself.  
Get lost to raise the moon  
and leave worries where belong.

All the years of nights  
totally inexplicable, perplexing.  
What is night? No, the one  
that lives you -- the entire life:  
a vibrating clay lost death  
as motivator as instigator of  
detective defective who finds  
only a clinger. Cannot cling  
in night. Life is open night  
with teeth stars that exude  
an onrush of hearty laughter

that fuses love unseen  
as night spins the gyroscope.

## MAKING BONES

Puffins display  
grouses buffer  
and banter  
against all odds  
risk in the bones  
Bird sings  
Ron does his thing  
is the very love  
that is the risk  
making bones

## RIVER OF MY EARS

river of my ears  
ropes me through space  
I am unable to go  
rope goes anyway  
do not return

the ocean has many vessels  
warships and sharks  
with beachcomber absorbing  
the sun

## WEATHER

A drought trickles  
savor the rhubarb  
even in poison  
the dry, smooth pebbles exposed  
and the weatherings changed  
nothing flows swiftly  
I do not catch, let it go  
and I tickle myself  
The stream is as empty as my belly  
grows rounder and rounder

## DREAMS RUN OUT OF THEIR BEDS

Dreams run out of their beds  
rumble around the room as tigers  
in every direction, immobilizing me  
into indirection. The last elephants  
can be seen standing on the precipice,  
refuse to look out in the dream.  
Our dreams want out: to lash us,  
tell us, you were pure, you defiled  
the earth. Prisons have become  
the world, torture the meal.  
Last thing on earth will not be human.  
So much hope, so much glee,  
money to be exchanged, no poverty  
and starvation -- yet, the elephants  
that live inside is no dream,  
dreams unhinged from dreamers,  
like tornadoes, sweep all in its path,  
whole communities, while the pathmakers  
deny the dream. Incubation is over,  
you are human or no, good is evil --  
I hear the lamentations in the graveyard  
and family of dreams. What we have done!  
What have I done to stop it! Do what  
the goodness of my heart would fright  
to release, as I beat it. Dreams  
now have life of own, as life and as death,  
we've the need to be its beating,

its breath, its life. Good is evil, still –  
we sleep with elephants,  
with elephants we unfold...

Aircraft carriers of the mind decks  
clear for war, never peacock's tail  
and the last inventions of insanity,  
true, spews across the tv land, bubonic  
legs... hope is a tootsie pop -- I hope  
you like the center, always there.

## BANGING ON THE PIPES

Banging on the pipes  
in code  
in desperation hollow  
water, gas, voice  
tapping undersea cable  
swimming among squid porcupine  
to communicate in Swahili, Greek,  
Sanskrit, Pali. Movement above,  
we are translators listing  
for a sign from beyond  
from an apartment 4 flights up  
as we keep vigil for the ruptures,  
the news through the grapevine,  
the true news, the news from the in-  
side, the only side there is,  
and it is all inside, inside the walls  
we've made, listening  
to echoes, being echoes, not liking it,  
realizing,  
being echoes is what we are:  
clogged pipe yet sani-flush  
plunges the plunger deeper into the pipes  
of echoes, into the salami of wish,  
the atavar of avocadoic aardvarks:  
see they live right with you  
you can't get rid of an echo,  
though it does not exist in the classical

sense, when no classical sense is  
the common language. What's solid?  
Nothing? Listen to the pipes,  
they'll transport the new you you  
can use -- that's the song singing  
you, taps and taps wakes you,  
refuses your request to go back to sleep,  
wonder  
wonder  
wonder  
wonder  
wonder the bed  
the bed the bed to sleep,  
wonder the bed  
with sleeping partner, roam the bed  
room, kitchen, TV, out the door,  
echoes in the pipes beating out  
of you. Being the echo  
you are all the lives you've lived  
that sing you to this day,  
and the lives you've not lived,  
new notes that float in Morse code,  
echoes of echoes.  
Wonder of wonder, being echoes  
you will not find me when I lived  
in pipes: where to go to get out,  
where to go to go back, couldn't stay  
where I was? Codeless. Love I  
won't even call it.

## LIVING THE ARROW

For years, along the shaft of the arrow  
I've walked and lived,  
looked behind at the pulse  
and muscle of absent shooter,  
through the feathers of hearts  
to balance what the consciousness  
cannot balance -- through the air  
at speeds unable to leap  
before its time of awareness

Along the shaft, wasted day into day  
into decade after decade, anthill building,  
scratches all over, endlessly, always busy,  
relentlessly working at frantic panic,  
scratching out a living, controlling pissing  
and shitting, going for the jugular,  
office coffin, digging day deeper depth  
charge into poverty. This catastrophe  
of life -- this waste, this shaft  
of spinning through the air pollution,  
backuped sludge, gunk, cough,  
cultural carcinogen of Camp Lejeune, NC,  
heart attack, old tattooed barbers  
with the strap razors, against the grain,  
pluck with a skin yell the whiskers  
out of who you are, that you know  
is not you, as soul shapes by pounding

out of westward expansion every demon  
and devil out of the earth by living  
as we struggle in this open pit of initiation, the yawning  
space, an inch,  
between the earth and moon,  
we grow so small and bleak, the initiators  
cover the shining heavens  
to cover the opening of eyes, so see spies.

You are alive, you are a human...how  
can I tell? How large do I have to be?...  
this is what humans are and do,  
this is how humans, here, breath  
and pedal and slide along the arrow:  
the evilers made the world, tyrannize  
the minders, yet never reject the world.  
It is not world -- as you whirl  
through specks and space, through life  
to the point, to the point of life,  
which may be death, need not be death,  
if not bereft, where you ride the dragon free,  
and life kills life, and life frees life.  
No mirrors on this ride, only the ride.

## **I'VE LIVED INSIDE TREES**

I've lived inside trees,  
what I've learned:  
don't live inside trees,  
come and go as a guest  
at the tree's request.

## **THE CITY SHUT OFF OUR WATER**

the city shut off our water  
for lack of payment -- is this water  
flowing, money enough. No, of course not.  
I'll make a new meter, one the city  
cannot fathom to read.

## EYES

eyes -  
gator waits:  
jaws are  
what saved you

## MIND A FAUCET

Kids off  
on bus to school  
medicar  
picks up slow movers  
no one is seen  
on the lawn  
moonscape  
the young army man  
sneaks into the married woman's  
arms for a deep one  
drunk all day on the monitor  
screens of the police's crime watch  
the sunshine and heat oppress  
no relief, no heard beefs,  
except the butt of jokes on tv,  
everybody going places  
stores malls  
hairdressers or body shops  
wishing for something else  
for life while barbecuing  
out back -- nothing can be lost  
Nothing is -- just around the corner,  
down the street, they know  
but don't know how to get it back  
get to it though for moments

they are it making their mind a faucet  
they can turn on to let the refreshing  
waters of the heart and be in the shower  
of it

## FRONT PORCH

Sitting out on my parent's front porch  
with mom and dad and sister watching,  
the rocker lulled us into trance of twilight  
as cars moved silence and cicadas sang  
the passing of life, focused us  
on driving, onward, ever forward,  
while I sit wrapped in juice  
a ripening apple, pear, plum, peach,  
elderberry (I'm in the cow pasture,  
sidestepping dung, where no one else goes,  
to haul buckets to my mother to make  
elderberry jelly, a forever taste),  
I'm in love with the inner juices  
as a forest's abundance that abounds  
what we see as animals and green finery  
so as to not miss the universe.  
None of this I knew, I lived it,  
never thought about it. In this poem,  
I am once again letting the stream bed  
take its course, added tributary,  
to deepen current, smooth rock.  
Go on my way.

## SOUL

Your living from house to house,  
from job to job, from money worries  
to The Worry,  
from being the voice of anxiety vexed

a bumper car going down the paved  
roads with signs and maps weaving  
in lurches  
between the narrow straits  
concreted  
into your life as if  
natural and gruesome  
slashings of murder, with music no less,  
to bring you to knife's edge  
to cut open heart  
that refuses  
its share of our inheritance

putting in its place, police and prison,  
a vision of division, incision,  
unconnected with why you are here:  
that you can't hear and have never heard  
though now you no longer refuse  
life's voice –  
you are in combat  
or, rather, a crockpot of stew,  
alchemical

asks as you've so often returned  
to inability to figure a way  
- never will.

You don't have to, see it.

Live it.

In these lines you're revealed as  
the pettifogging pettiness of hair  
in place without never a muss and fuss,  
at all costs, like Elvis.

You hear katydids  
in the summer heat, wings your wings  
in this song, soul's voice beating wings  
you hear, as we create a new you,  
newsongs,  
new throngs, globed -- incubation,  
translucent  
to walk through the junkyard  
of slashed tires, burning the house,  
walking purposively through the ashes  
of your life. Let it be itself, rejoice.

Soul gives new shapes-leaps-vessels-  
eyes-kernels-eros-epitomes, an asparagus  
waiting. Soul whispers in your ear,  
life is not done,  
as you've invented your-  
self and disappeared yourself

and found among the moss on eyebrows  
soul will never be done with your fountain.

## I AM WIND

I am wind;  
I wait your appearance,  
your smooth breeze  
being what we are,  
never knowing what  
the being is except  
a name for the unnameable.

## **WINDOW CRACKED**

window cracked  
like radiating nightmare  
drawing every shard to the  
crack, fixed forever  
in glass minds  
that only a new window  
releases the bondage

## **EVERY GREEN LEAF**

every green leaf a window  
with the blinds closed --  
no cords. How open?  
End the hope.

## BEING A WINDOW

being a window  
lets light in --  
all of it is  
feeding squirrels

## **HOME IS EXCILE**

home is exile  
exile is home  
home is home  
exile is exile

## **DREAMTIME**

left myself in the dream  
didn't return for -- nothing here  
to dive in

next night,  
all the characters, every scene  
acted like life in time

saw it was a dream to free  
the bindings of time

## SONG OF LAMENT

Where are the borders they made  
and died for, to never be forgotten,  
a saving grace of living after death's  
bugle proudly proclaimed life as death?  
No borders, no bones strewn,  
like garbage among the grasses,  
hearing the crunch of no bones,  
those clarion calls of forgiveness  
of all, for the doctors of destruction  
under the desolation's sun in the field  
of no bones in no boundaries.

The film of personal disasters  
plays out the Greek Tragedians,  
Trobranders, the totem poles  
display the never seen - the clutch  
of eggs in the nest of film,  
never look at the living light  
that turns fright into delight.

No trace elements of uranium, of gold  
or platinum, nor of radioactivity  
register though presence abounds,  
you've no clue as to the clothing  
and breath of the moths of daytime  
burning of the light.

The news events of tv never happened  
the way they happened, the scissor  
man cuts and pasted and what you saw  
was his reflections, no reality,  
no truth, no voice of freedom,  
no thing but the evil manufactured,  
screamed "GOOD" as wood as the eagle  
flies and spies and dives.

Hands of no, those hands never refused,  
never gave up on you, never relinquished  
joy out of the garbage heap of hatred  
and vitriol – though they couldn't contain  
what was not containable, tried to name it,  
hammer it down and squash opposition,  
dam rivers for control, bowls of nothing rings  
refusing to be circles, into rounds  
of dizziness, so akimbo never able  
to penetrate the blowing storm  
that drained joy out of the world --  
until the day of lament  
when what was bent could not stand  
and so they sent the world they made  
out, art came back that appalled  
the long haulers and maulers.

No blame, no shame -- nothing,  
yet a crime for the crime of lament  
they proclaimed in "No." The refusal

of lament strung like gauze over wound  
that laments heal the never peeling  
burn of heart and the lament  
is out the door, covers the countryside,  
burning forests fins of no  
and the deluge of never heard laments.

## FOX MATE

Fox drops from the branches,  
surprising us walkers, “Always,  
the dramatist, wily fox.”

“Always the maligner, wily poet.”

“Apropos, I grow fur, you’re bold.”

“No, you’re living close to my den,  
I don’t want disturbances as I’ve  
found a mate.” I blurt out:

you are out here to attest to us  
of some exploration we should act.

“No should’s -- they dull the drain  
and cause pain.” “How survive  
in the pit viper of human evil?”

“Ah, pure human said so, come be a fox  
you’ll see not evil human’s manufacture.  
You see with fox’s eyes -- you’ll jump off  
the branch to show the lost

what true lostness is: for human’s when  
they are the frozen sea then all looks

evil.” “You...” Fox: “You fellows

like the woods a restful place,  
gives you a trait of sniffing the ground  
that take the smell for graves,

trails, backtracking, clear your mind,  
and ever ski your spine.” Fox bounces  
up the branch: “I’m off to mate.

You should mate too.” I look for mate.

## **THE TREES ARE WALKING**

the trees are walking  
I join the trees  
trees welcome all  
withered leaves of fall  
and spring freeze  
clouds in trees

# **PINE SWANS**

pine swans

mushroom blooms

## **THE LEAVES ARE SAILS**

the leaves are sails  
for roots  
the geese honk  
you look  
with the turn of head  
breeze

## BLUE SKY

Blue sky is an ear  
not for us to speak into  
as dust has no claims  
we've not done the work  
to fill the water cup  
with it and drink and be sky

for us to listen to going on forever  
a painting for earth to make earth  
the ear is full of living light  
its emptiness of falling forever  
and dread beauty that makes the cup  
by which we drink

or you could say: iron  
leave it at that, go bat balls,  
and say terror, sad is bad  
when the very seeing you see with  
sees more than you know  
you don't grow: you invent  
you are bent into the imaginables  
bottomless and dance in the thin air  
being inside life there being no outside  
rocking with blood unless you do the bleeding,  
being seed and all

how, you tell me

I'll listen and we'll take off our shoes,  
walk barefoot, nothing on our heads,  
and tell tales of stories we are not  
as stories are souls, they are not us,  
we journey to be what is where the history  
of the human being is a petroglyph of slaughter  
and grasping sand, building houses of sand  
and swear "bricks" -- you a  
knickknack, bought and sold,  
while gold is in the lost caves.

## MELANCHOLY

gray clouds  
melancholy  
gone tomorrow with the clouds  
what bloodpumps todays  
springs up ecstasy  
on this day of bleakness  
so I ask melancholy:

Why this depression that catches day  
and makes it into hay for horses  
“Arbitrary barbarism wants out  
that’s been bindings for ages  
It’s a bitch -- you never live it,  
it never leaves, never leaving  
grieving at the loss you know nothing  
about, can know nothing  
the way you are structured  
You embrace the fiery ancients  
embrace the fiery ancients spelling  
you out in delicious words  
for the gray clouds to draw  
water out of you -- you flip over  
you lose so much of water,  
for you know you go from here  
to the clouds, as one, as the player  
played

Being this gray cloud  
blocks words until  
they catch another word  
to make you up to trail you –  
you go formless  
You go many beings many forms  
You realize the risks -- yes, life  
I am determined: better bitter  
defeat, I'm used to this beating,  
than blue sky that I've not the hat for

“No,” Melancholy says: “Stop addressing  
your needs, address gray clouds today,  
blue sky tomorrow -- be here,  
embrace, become lace for faces  
you've never seen so to places  
you've never adventured --  
and let the lightness that you are  
alive in... unbelievable dangling  
into gray clouds

tomorrow who knows  
no one who cares  
what happens: today forgotten  
unless all of you  
and that is all  
wholehearted out of nowhere  
are to be found and round

## BLANK CANVAS

I am still a blank canvas  
that after all these years  
am being painted. The colors now  
begin to match the spectrum,  
the forms rivet, dissolve, the fixed smile,  
the whole body of sun buoys moon,  
the signature I've looked for  
that I thought was mine  
is not. Like a two foot high  
growth of plant overnight, never seen,  
never seeable, appears before your eyes  
as styles become ways substance speaks.  
For these are the wordless poems,  
singing me awake, living canvas  
the dreams impossible, live  
fantastic, imagines to the edge,  
and embodies the canvas that never lives  
until you are awake to see  
the painting and be the paint  
and the color -- this painting  
is a dance, a river of will into ocean  
that mixes the fountain pen  
to give you a signpost of art,  
that startles, is aliveness,  
gains death advantages, eats the world  
and joyless docks of ships waiting  
for the next shipments.

I've nothing else to give! All I thought  
to live proved worthless, all I have  
I've been given and the canvas gives  
the gifts given to show how gifts  
given give gifts and you give away  
the gifts canvas has given you  
as you cannot keep what is not yours  
and is so much the worth of the canvas  
the richest life of colors  
in deed and dawn of sumptuous relief  
perspective and the glories of living,  
everything forgiven down at the corner  
where the signature would appear.

## SONG OF THE DRAGON

Enter the cave of the heart  
far deep, near dark.  
What is not human lives.  
What is human does not live  
until you've journeyed  
into the earth of stars  
where your scaly skin falls off  
and the fire that breeds  
lights the paintings on the wall  
and her shining jewels, this treasure  
the wings of the dragon marries.  
You have no choice. You are born  
into the cave of the dragon,  
an endurance testament that humans  
have never been able to human, only sing.

## **SPELL OF GRASS ROOTS**

grasses cut, everyone knows  
still grasses cut, tomorrow  
the grasses are sod trod on  
forgot  
every name in the earth  
to go through to go through  
vile, unrelenting, stopping,  
and caking, still grasses cut  
the smell of new mown mourning,  
grief shines dew, everyone knows  
not knowing the spell at the root  
of grass

## BETWEEN THE LINES

Looking back, I see between the lines:  
fears, panic, communing with war figures  
to bolster against the fear of death,  
detonating life to give full shaking.

So much leakage of psyche, the human wound,  
the bliss ribbons, the escarpments  
to ask what shape fear takes,  
the nob on the banister you hold on to to  
pull yourself around the turn  
to go up the stairs  
and rest hand on the well worn un-  
varnished talisman knob  
to speed your worries, The Worry, horror  
and dread that live in the back of  
the basement of the your mind.

Oh no, where are you if you go  
so deeply in you see you can't enter  
as earthling what you always were  
in the universe -- you disappear,  
yet blind to your own seeing.

Roar rolls water rafts  
into the Grand Canyon, down the rapids  
of the Colorado River attuned to  
the risks that cannot be avoided.

It is what happened that took for real,  
the experience of looking back.

Why can't you say directly what you're feeling?  
How tumble down the river as your own companion  
using the seams that we are given?

What you think you are, you are not.  
What you see is not what is there.  
What courses through you has abundance  
and magnificence you've refused,  
refuse to recognize what life is,  
an inch of sand at the ocean's edge.  
What death is not is night star  
that we try to keep afar.  
Subtle the ways, like birth and death  
certificates as if they are facts.

You want something you can eat;  
I give you the orchards,  
you want something to place on a hanger,  
when what is unwired is the hanger.  
Any treasure, moss, loss  
I'm fine with it, finally,  
every word womb world in which you wonder.

Because we are not the one saying it!

## METAPHORS

Wall, glass, lead, air, film transparency?  
Which one are you? Have you been each one?  
Life that leafs from each metaphor  
are spectacularly different though narrow range  
of human tolerance and being sensate,  
a middle of jives and clever morsels.

You know each takeoff and landing, each path  
and the janitor, executive, mechanic,  
ocean diver, marksman, fish trawler owner,  
disabled, impaired. Slots to make life easier make it  
harder, homes where pigeons can return to in dignity  
and worth yet still are never true.  
But when peace is the desire, homes can be false  
as are appeals to the beautiful as solid.

When changing shape is what the human is  
so neither wall, glass, lead, air, film  
transparency do not mix you in the cement mixer  
until you've water to liquefy fire  
electrolyzed current carrying the light.  
Step into yourself, become the light  
and take the pathless way of night.  
None of the containers can you carry,  
as slowly you slip out of your skin  
and become transparent and the human.

## EARTH'S ISSUE

As we are born of earth, live in earth,  
are fed and bled by earth, bubble  
of oxygen to say each moment we're earth,  
sing and speak earth, act earth, crumbling  
and tumbling of earth: why wonder,  
we are beauty, every imaginable earthling  
sheer splendor out of the full climate of  
love of profusion and beauty never an excess.  
Even the terror has beauty, death, too,  
never to be forgotten, except when we  
bear the birth earth gave death, too,  
as a way to plumb how nothing  
gets us to earth's questions, to her issue.

## THE GIFT

How does this happen?  
Cat's spots up the trees  
skull of the sky soothes  
pregnant sparrow watches  
death so near beauty radiates  
I see...its coming out of me.  
To have been born so dear,  
here at all...an earth  
whose love songs for years  
music the root chords.  
How can I say this...brief burst  
of energy, to spin into love  
to equal the absence into silence  
of me that blasts that I lived earth  
out to its fullest, with repletteness,  
with all the hell  
I caused, and karma, and made myself  
available  
to let earth do her work  
like the trees sun  
out of darkness, a small light  
to say what life is  
and what it is to be alive -- magic  
unbelievable existence so profoundly  
mysterious and, at last, freeing  
is the gift's gift behind The Gift.

## **I WATCH THE SUN**

I watch the sun's slant each morning,  
know where we are in the slant,  
where sun was earlier in the season,  
where every season has berries

## ALL DAY

all day

the little bees

exit

enter

the cavity

in the ground as home

in squadrons

in

out

## BREEZE DANCE

like that airplane sound  
I am not here, am not there

Oh, breeze, I wave with it  
am the breeze of no words  
flying eagle zeroes in  
brings back top mountain spring  
cup of the water of life  
pours its flow into the heart  
to give its soundings,  
danger, danger  
life, life  
tells me where I am in the story  
psyche needs to be in to elaborate  
echoes of the mortal terror  
of not being here when one is here  
to give soul lease to let it give  
what she knows: you are the fountain,  
cry birthed you, vibrations unearths you  
hearing, years of living  
what the fountain's molten flow molds  
in the open for you and kin to drink  
and be vivified and vivid and drenched  
into what you are, quenched until  
everything from the four corners of earth  
and beyond and in and within, all one  
and being me who is not me

finds words and image rhythms to speak  
what life flows us into me, and we sing it.

Until Death appears. We go to bar  
in the echoes of the hollow jukebox  
and breeze a cool one, and celebrate.  
What else is there to do when you live  
each moment fresh, as your first,  
as your last, and we laugh and dance.

## **BLACK SUN, BLACK HEART**

That day the meadows  
green of lushness, languid long grasses  
silked gloss as I looked  
to the sun, and the still orb  
became the black sun burning  
into my eyes down into the roots  
of the heart, whose tattoo  
to my soul to this day  
scalds clear through the sieve  
of every pore, marrow of being.

And cleared a dialogue,  
instead of oneness, with soul  
that we sustain our communion.

Totally bereft of any foothold  
handhold, ecstatic thread to utter  
despair to draw up  
and thread life in the lifeless.

It was the day of the last camel.  
I was luggage through the gates  
of battered rage of whales, elephants,  
ox, donkey -- pure rage like flamingos  
in heat to Maori dream and the pestilence  
of being eaten by own dreams.

Ten years out, falling into black sun,  
living there, dark torture  
every night until the very mechanisms  
of the universe seemed to move,  
withered, and no mechanism -- alive  
and throbbing, hiving, spying, striving,  
aliving, diving: you were to be a spot,  
a dot, disappearing out of the hatred  
of barbarity anthill; a black heart  
to attack you, almost kill you, graft  
you together by skill that I knew I had.

Even I had to forage into bells.  
When I walked out of the black sun,  
I was darkness, shined black, though  
I glimmered luminosity  
of the knowing emptiness of death  
of who I was, never to return,  
never to be other than the multitude.

I shattered into a mosaic, out of a maze,  
a puzzle, an impenetrable,  
a kaleidoscope ever changing,  
a trauma as a hand who reaches out in the dark  
to whoever is the dark - ahh...  
there is relief, there are scars,  
there are compassions, gifts, slashing  
tears of oceans.

You've blackened enough to be the ocean  
and the waves -- a garden not caring  
that you you are is the you that suffers  
anguish, stars and parking lot, valet matters. You can say  
it out of your fingertips --  
love, its love that grinded you,  
it is love the breathed out to the grinder

and blessed you with what I never would  
have had and the love of it: a black heart  
as deep as night, vigilant as spider,  
as morose of death, as singing of sail  
of failure, unleashed  
all of my being from the balls of my feet  
to that canopy of the cave of the dark  
sky of the day. As freedom is binding,  
love makes one out of multitudes -- live  
the immensity rings of the marrow  
that glistens meadow songs of all lands.