

FIRES OF THE
Dragon



RON BOGGS

Fires of the Dragon

RON BOGG

Contents

1. Water and Fire
2. What Makes A Day A Day?
3. prairie dog
4. raising one leg
5. No parachute
6. pruned branch
7. a mote of dust
8. ABYSS: Kiss of the Fires of the Dragon
9. What sings me
10. Riddle
11. Emptying never empty sea
12. I reached
13. purple coneflower
14. a hurricane
15. kelp
16. She accuses me
17. You are Tabasco
18. the bolt of lightning
19. Shoots of roots
20. I've asked for my life
21. Eating Their Children: Eye Chains
22. Song from the Treasury
23. Ragman's Dance
24. A Tree Composes This Song
25. Of All My Lovers
26. Caravan of Hearts
27. Red Fox

28. leaves wind
29. cloud on rock
30. monarch lands
31. Gifts Given
32. In the shadows I thrive
33. Unless the mountain is a flower, it is no
34. Mountain
35. In the harbor
36. A tornado
37. Shadow's Dancer
38. It's always something
39. Vine
40. breeze
41. cicada moon
42. Cloud bush
43. cliff's edge
44. Eastern Bluebird Brilliance
45. seeds
46. For Vaslo Popa
47. knees speak
48. one could see
49. Man laid
50. Drop of Water
51. Leaves film
52. Dreams hand from the eyelashes
53. Scars and No Scars
54. Uncharted Waters
55. snow trail

WATER AND FIRE

A fountain sprays where fire burns
What are you?

Nothing told I was
Nothing I knew I was

Fire lights human
human is the issue
the burning tissue

a water of life
to deepen fire
not let it loose
to ask of light

What is it life wants
You cannot answer
No questions

That the human question
comes round again
on this new old wind

The gloves on the ground
useless
Fire sweeps away the excess

Drink life's drink
mixed well of shaken abundance
Water is the life
out of perspiration and heat

alchemical black grass
birds peck the dried
with one green shoot
waiting water for sinking in

Life that becomes human
floods and forest fires
no boats no firefighters
Contours of the landscape
irretrievably forever altered

Water in fire flaming fluid
What are you?
Impossible to behold, nothing
you can name, no human can contain
Call it what you will
will has nothing to do with it

Human sun that pours its shine
into what's called divine
is really the ineffable
unnamable unscrambable
a human night that shines it pour
into what's called moon lore

is really the passable
unmappable laughable

I unask the question.
Unraveling still the unravelable
there you'll find me
when you come through unraveled
dizzied and dazzled

Don't look for me
I'll be in you
for when you reach unraveled me
I'll be the dizzy and dazzle
of water and fire

WHAT MAKES A DAY A DAY?

I search her face for something, anything,
any sign: "Where's her aliveness?"
Of her being. "My sunshine." Being my day.

"Nothing!" No movement. My "eyes frantic"
over her spread body... I've "no eyes to see"
with -- that was "our love, our love,"
that was what revealed itself at dusk
as the opening of doors to the world
few are aware exist. We lived in paradise
for a few years healing the 25 year scar
of the "heart" that I "tore apart." She helped
suture the grafts and be the beat, again.

Absolute, "irreversible," though I'm beyond
in supple emptiness as an arrow
traveling at hundred miles an hour
to its target "me, she", the mortal heart,
"mine, I unquiver out to meet it..." I wish

to be a thousand miles from here, "her,"
forever, to never have this day to live
and grieve in the very harrowing marrow
"opened, where did we, she go" bones...
"a strap the razor is being slapped on
to sharpen, always needing sharpening."

I reach out, “nothing” reaches out to “embrace”
“cold”, motionless, “pale, lifeless.” “Where did she go,
how could she go...?”

Is there a trapdoor somewhere we fall through
to escape, “anguish butterflies me” over world,
the blessed, horrified earth, went,
“Why went?” like her, “Why empty
and yet free?” She always lived beyond her skin,
saving me in my descent like water “my buoy,”
and we became “one. Where is she?”

“How could she do this to me? I was to be first.
It has nothing to do with me. Nothing,
ultimately, to do with her.” What?
I can’t find that she was ever her skin,
“She was the bone of life,” was never separable
from the wholeheartedness of love
that went out to every animal, bird, hurt,
painful, dying person. A balm to please
those in hospice.

“I could go on, I go on...why go on...”
billions before, billions after: all precious,
all life, signs of the eye, “all here now,
nothing lost, life speaks, unending spring
fountain of aliveness” with calamities
and frigidities of North and South Poles
and floodings of Amazon, Nile, Mississippi,
Po Rivers.

All I know, her very being “she
sparkled life preserver, vivacity,”
vibrating soul that was her yesterday
that turned the day into day
I search her for... faint back into trance:
“soul seeks soul, only the impossible will do.”
We were, are the impossible
the play of life puts on
as I travel through 8 mountains
and horizons to just stay appearing...

“No breath, no sighs, no arguing, no lovin’
enters and leaves as me,” as one being is all.

“What can I do for her kindness
and the care that saved my life.
I could not save her.
Why would I think I could.” All of me
shrinks like a deflated balloon to wrinkles,
“Swells to be her cosmos, hand wands into
her hand, involuntarily,” 1,000 miles down
into me, around the equator, an infinitesimal:
“she’ll squeeze my fingers,” to give tributary to the river
of grief
and reconcile the irreconcilable—
never done undoing.

Are we here to learn how days become days?

How we are husks for larger hearts?
No one has true vision and heart to take
In all the pain of earth as worth healing,
to give each of the suffering peace,
that is not peace with life, for life
wants more life, wants life struggling
deeper and does not relinquish so I look
at forest upon forest of trees, each leaf
a tear I've shed, a life bled and bed
of shaking for I know the forgotten are
forgotten, and yet can never be:

“There's nothing universe does not give you,
can you give the universe everything?
How can this be, yet be it is?
How does the universe express love
if not what she was, we were, are,
beauty and tragedy of what we see and do and are?

You've never known, and no stopping the stop.
I give to you whatever this pen is worth,
not to assuage the pain as that is never undone,
nor to assuage the suffering,
that is for the Bodhisattva,
rather it is to take the taste
in my mouth and kiss yours with that taste
that lasts even into death, day into days.
She is and let go, and our one soul,
with your soul, turns the human

into the universe's arrow, as we learn to string the bow and keep it taut.

PRAIRIE DOG

Prairie dog popped up
out of the earth
peering at me
as I peer at it

Going down the hole
to peer into
Alice, where are you?
Happy to be here

RAISING ONE LEG

raising one leg
off blistering rock
all legs rise

NO PARACHUTE

Falling head first
straight down
with no parachute
for life sails

you for the earth
a dream that nothing can stop
the plunge to death you fear

Yet life is kind
gives no succor and no food
and no handholds, no paths
no sustaining delusions

central question
we build walls and prisons
to deny we are what we most fear

We are the thing that tears
and stops fixing the cell
and keeps falling
into landscape of mind

the secret you must kiss
it never relents waiting
in every corner to surprise you

No clutching, fear did not cripple
I was a ripple with a nipple
though I didn't smile
silence of words

PRUNED BRANCH

pruned branch cut
slant at both ends
flawed yet
tree indivisible

A MOTE OF DUST

a mote of dust
sticks to my fingertip
a free star
being what's near

ABYSS: KISS THE FIRES OF THE DRAGON

No, no, you are the abyss
when this void - stepping off
you fell into your true life
a busted balloon, spread earth

Now, you care not one iota
what you are, you are
hill, star, car, love even
if you can take life
in its completeness

Why - is not here, though why
is why you are here: oak tree,
dead tree along the path
indelible red of the berries

You conjure hope, you are lost
the abyss is you, you're not the abyss,
a bell that never rings

Burn hope in the abyss, ashes

blown as wind
abyss shape shifts soul

to be you, feet on planted ground

soul cultivates for your making

where you stand erect

after lying flat for years

The abyss is you

the abyss is your lover

opening and closing the world,

sibling to soul, to what is honey

and what is tar and funny money,
like the air of bellows sucked in
it's you that you you've never been
never seen or gleaned that rushes
out of the lungs of the abyss

Who said the abyss did not live
and move and breath? One without bliss
To know the bridge of the abyss
kiss the fires of the dragon

WHAT SINGS ME

what sings me
others tap too
what shines me
honeys others

none are me
you'll find me
by that rock
along that stream
in the woods
no one goes to
anymore

RIDDLE

Hag, with little boy along the road,
wouldn't let me pass
until I solved her riddle.

I parlayed back to her, "Well, then,
I'll riddle you one too, to see
who gets the little boy. There's no
reason who needs a little boy."

"Right," she said.

"What bleeds but never sheds blood?"

"How do you change rabbit into tortoise?"

By shaving the marble, we that were fire
turn into water so that walls
that were no mirrors mirror
and become windows.

Do you open window? The little boy opens
the fresh breeze and morning. Is it
always morning? Not a question.

EMPTYING NEVER EMPTY SEA

horses stud the clouds
with dew changing hues

of blowing the blues love
the alabaster hammer

salts the dishes
with a whisper of whiskers of a cat

less purloined pieces
star fingers you

a fish gill
you new york cocktail hours

though loud bangs heard deep in dream
wakes inside the tuba

walked and became a turtle
giving the landing ships to dock

and all of these are one
so many marvels of multiplicity

are existence emptying the sea
that never can empty

I REACHED

I reached for rock

I grabbed air

still I stretch

still air

PURPLE CONEFLOWER

purple coneflower
pyramids through the soil
dark reaching the blue

A HURRICANE

a hurricane drives the petals
to lay just so -- a foothold
landfall, pure vitality:
an inch

KELP

kelp every day--

legs of iron

on a

hobbyhorse --

totem poles

SHE ACCUSES ME

She accuses me of the same thing
that I accused her of,
using almost the same words,
as I did months ago.

Do we exist in the same world?
Or did love invent itself
out of necessity, survival
out of the eros of connection,
out of embrace of what here is
to give illusion to the illusion,
and so we live with all that is
the kiss of universal breath?
We've yet to get through the trauma!

The fireworks of love that blast
a caldera is the desperation
of our clinging, of our unrequitable,
ever branching longing that lingers
as stars in the firmament
until the illusion's secret is out,
demands its reality to search for
the never graspable
that bays throat warbling
we hear in the secret chamber of ourselves
that turns our heads in "I know,
don't know how I know, the never seen,"

urging us on at these times
in our lives where loves invents us,
anew, or rents us, blue, or bends us,
awake as one, looking for wings for soaring.

Being the delusion we see
through the lens we shutter
or freeze to pinhole, no fear
of field of depth to waylay the waylaid.
How make real ever bending mountain path
in the life you never recognize
until it picks you up, dusts you off,
if you know its voices, after falling,
and your ears rest on the ear of earth
falling in love with the dark roots,
opening the shutter?

YOU ARE TABASCO

You are tabasco
the red out of the bottle
of sensitivity, a curve
in the boulder, the roundness
of hips of a lover, sting
with pouring rage
all over the stage
you don't recognize, only feel

Skin is a fin to navigate
not the navigator, not
the navigation -- burns
at every word ,splashes
out the bottle and shakes
the tabasco over
the meals until
no longer the poured
into concrete -- so, smash
the bottle, be the pourer:
let Mercurius out of the bottle.

THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING

the bolt of lightning
that flashes through cat's face
sparks its light by which we see
the sun shine
her black and white

SHOOTS OF ROOTS

shoots of roots
chorals of the woods
greening to see
branching to hear

I'VE ASKED FOR MY LIFE

I've asked for my life,
it wasn't to be found,
and it wasn't present
the last place I looked.

I panicked: I'm nothing,
nothing supports me. Phone,
I appeared before me, another ear,
for comfort from a far distance
in place of nothing near
but fear.

I'm chewing gum,
every world event scatters my soil
and my soil spread beyond my skin.
The person on the other end of my life,
like a clothesline, clothes dried,
left useless, in a panic, until next wash
and I was dry --

He went through me
as our talk went through the lines:
admit yourself, I did in pure anxiety
pouring into the woods, over highway,
onto the grasses, being decimated land-
scape of no vision, giving Pan life --

Dribbled life out
onto floors, ceilings, and mattresses sperm
without an objective, a war when death
makes panic. Until anxiety of death
sucked me out from my head self, by magic
at times, not aware of what I did,
being done by Pan to ripple myself.

In becoming the fool, clown, frown, gown
exposed in the rear, moan, sleet, con-
tortion itself, precipitation of image
into being, tearing apart the masks
and bones to reveal life that can walk
with the hoofs in mountains, steadfast.

EATING THEIR CHILDREN: EYE CHAINS

Oh, they won't admit to it,
but I've, and you've, too,
seen them eat their children.

I walked down Main Street,
bugles blowing over hush
of the land, clashed cymbals
that banged a gulp...gulp...
gulp... the parade, the button
collared legislature devoured,
denied their devouring, issued
press releases, releasing as they ate
their children, tendered into their care.

Baseball dads, the barbeque kings
ate the kids -- not fantasy games
of shrinking the kids -- skidding
into the open maul of school, very horror
of horrors, eating them into the stomach.

Oh, they claim
they'd never eat children,
how could they, being who they believe
they are, yet spinach grinders
they are, wars war and to hell with debate
we hate, they've nowhere to go
but into the parade to draw out the lawless.

Where, oh, where, Walt Whitman are you
to extol the virtues of the Civil War
they refuse to see -- they're the battlefield.
Many die of asphyxiation and being eaten,
telltale signs of aphids and refusal
to see the changes before their eyes.
Eating their children, say what you will,
is bloody business for maimed lives
that live on every corner of the land
never appear on the screen the eaters
feed on to not see the blood of remains
while manufacturing chains for the eyes.

SONG FROM THE TREASURY

I rob the bank
under cover of dream
like a thief in the night
unable to be honest
to unlock without clue
the treasury wings you see
before you begin flight
to soar out of this song.

Thieves, tricksters invite
Hermes as the god of robbers,
of communication, of travelers,
of guide of souls, alchemical ur,
the first ash, the first break in
into yourself you've no fathom
even existed and how to be in congress
with, never knowing the trail of bliss
begins in the misery of the black cauldron
with no outlet except you are perpetual
steam. Herms at the crossroads; no
crossroads. Lost; never lost.
The voice stories where you are, the vox
soul gave you wings for
no one knows the name for
as you are what it is singing
the presence's song of the treasure.

RAGMAN'S DANCE

Mountains crumble; you ask, "Why?"
You really say: In plain, without butter.
"The butter is the answer
though it doesn't look like it unless
you journey to the mountain,
spelunk the caves, where trolls live
who would decimate your life
if you went in without protection.
You who are fearless are clobbered
and limp back out, explaining excuses
for guest working. Life, love
oil burning, smoooth talking crumbles
your sack of potatoes living, useless
for the hoe and caretaker.

Sparks in the streets, grinding iron filings,
bomb bunkers inside the mind -- doesn't
get you into the ragman's dance.

A TREE COMPOSES THIS SONG

Each morning
as I dig in dark soil,
I throw out the dirt,
appear as a different person,
a different being, wholly other,
at times, a tree, a snail, turtle,
a juniper, an enemy of earth mover
and removers. You cannot find
what you seek. I am not I. I am
no I -- to hug this truth does nothing.
If I knew, I would tell you.
Instead, I've a light by which to see
that you can use to be here, too,
to see for yourself that replete splendor
and the frightful life of the inhabitants. Releasing
yourself from prison is a life -
long task: first, find life,
next, sink the ship, third,
Alpha Centauri is here, mark fourth
like Marco Polo you've no home,
and as a final bender unraveler
you walk out of the cave
with the light of dark glowing out
of you and so you are stream
whose depths is the river's flow
and gives life to others, even,
and because it contains death,

gives everything, everything, nothing
remains, until you are so wet
with life you are anything, everything,
am, even, a love that is the very
nature of the spirit that moves
the mountain sitting in you
when you began life as a soul
with presence when you felt uncomfortable
being a tree. A tree composes this song.

OF ALL MY LOVERS

Of all the lovers I've had,
you are the most boastful,
more caring, most forthright,
most dipping, moist in cupping,
intriguing everything - you that
is not my latest love, only largest,
most encompassing - a grandeur
tour of the universe where
I am the universe where
I am the gift giver with
permission -- your permission
gives myself to those who cannot
carry the burden of life: can you?
With the wonder, the weight
with the lightness, love through,
by, as, beautiful death - exquisite,
you embrace the embrace,
the thousand arms of the delicious.

CARAVAN OF HEARTS

I opened forest I had never been within,
did not see any form I recognized,
nothing I had names for, concepts of,
foothold for, images familiar.

As I walked among the inconceivable,
unimaginable, unexplainable, I realized
this forest was me, I was the forest,
which threw me into a tailspin,
as I'd never an experience to ground
as a floor to bear up into --
yet would not release what wanted release
and so appeared the frightening apparitions
to which I then knew I was the hallucinated.
The apparition mesmerize out of nature
of the physical world as a body.

All of nature's bounty is in your fingertips,
your eyes that sun and moon and earth
the forms may ride the caravan of hearts
strung rope through empty space to the moon,
make love with lovers you meet along the way. Embrace
of love - you are treasure you seek
and the treasure is not you
for you give away the gifts
in kiss of bliss you were given
to forgive and forget, actually forget
as nothing ever is lost that can be lost

that is of value and can be taken down
an anthill 9 feet high and left there
for future investigators of this universe.

RED FOX

“Ah, you bring me to you,” fox says,
“Seeing the red fox clouded over the highway.
The red fox is the apple of the day,
your care of rends of lightning cracks
attracts the fox who’s walked you
since Hermes times and ravens landing.
You tree me into trickster when fox
is a sly subtler, of dexterous use,
preventing abuse, who knows the ways
of humans and the ways of the gods
of Hermes’ way. You’re light,
you’re in water, you are, and keep it,
a thousand times a red fox
that avoided being road kill
that chokes the world with starvation
in the garden of abundance.
Yes, sing, by all means bring Yeats
and be Blake and allow koan man
to play the stage for you.” Fox appears,
walking around the woods, sniffing,
preening, pissing. “I don’t mark territory.
You are so vast abundance feeds a forest
of creatures devoted to you. You have not
failed them. They do not fail you.
No failure possible.” He saunters up,
peers into my face. “Your cliff
is steep, built mountains,

able to withstand the heat and cold,
that you are each when each is each,
and you marry the marvels of wonder
and echoes and legumes of kisses
as erotic hearts.” “I welcome you.”
“You are most welcome. You see red.
The red of bed, of rage and anger --
give me your destruction, I’ll run with
and leave you with the fire
of what you’ve flinted into existence
out of your stream into what you call life
as you untie those knots
as you become those knots.
I’ll persevere on the boulder
I’ll give you encouragement,
heart for the frothing and mixing.
You are the well of earth to sky,
and you are the fire
that gives the dark life in light.”

LEAVES WIND

leaves wind
wind leaves

CLOUD ON ROCK

cloud on rock --
it's you!

MONARCH LANDS

monarch lands,
flies on -- generations ago,
I landed in front of monarch.
Generations on, vivid eye --
designing the designs.

GIFTS GIVEN

What is the universe's word for "gift"?
Voices I hear say "life,"
and that rings a bell,
an echo roars, "and death,"
as silence in the unheard,
for to be the bell is the chime,
be the sound and the silence
is a river life streams:
from mountain to ocean, each
drop the river, your body the river,
hand the echo. No need for compass.

Yet, something more surprises,
wonder of the gift presents
to us, this very us, we alone,
everyone, and everything, that says:
more than life and death that bends
life to the magnitude of the gift we are
as silence in the unheard living the gift
to bring speech from the farthest reaches
of time and space into forests of loves
and, more, so much more, dying the gift,
and willing to be the gift, give away
what has been given, yourself, hear, yes,
hear your ringing into silence
that built the boats and sank them,
and you go ashore swimming, the animal

whose songs sing the silence of the bell,
where life and death as human began
as blessing of gifts, and where universe
looks for gifts worthy of the gifts given.

IN THE SHADOWS I THRIVE

In the shadows I thrive
give food for the satiated
make baskets for the air
gust winds for the cold
juice mouthfuls for the full
clamor to perturb silent listener
clash the peacemaker to grind
mark territory for the human
canter the donkey around the post-
yet, who am I that you think
you know me and would be exposed
by my visit to your abode,
that you leave, destroying
before I arrive by your side
another side, now hidden.

UNLESS THE MOUNTAIN IS A FLOWER, IT IS NO MOUNTAIN

mountain flowers
lilies sun the dew
flames of water swan leaves
as petunias cannot sprout
yet roots in agony wait
the birds go where souls go
only fear of intimacy of human beings
who educate to alienate the civil war
to total horror, a bedeviled jewel
whose tarred shine dulls the living,
dulls the dying. Shepherds
without flocks, marbles with no
marbler, born as cannon fodder
when life is seen in death as a flower.
Dump trucks empty regrets, garbage
man collects self-made goodness cookies,
the plumber skewers shit to liquifying,
as wall built to stand falls
and pipe pounded twenty feet
deep with stinks that suppose stability
and are a mountain -- unless the mountain
is a flower it is no mountain.

IN THE HARBOR

In the harbor, many vessels
We watch the displacement
caught unaware by buoy wind
without anchor

A TORNADO

A tornado
arrows twig
straight through wood
heart out in the open
into impossible life

SHADOW'S DANCER

Red fox with vigor boxes his shadow,
who counter punches, both breathless.
“Are you in training?” Red fox:
I always chase chickens, according
to you modern humans -- no, what
is chased is the chaser, food displays
the appetite. I say, ‘Why shadowbox?’

Red fox leaps, becomes a cloud, a
rain drop, falls, splashes next to me,
an elephant roars and runs the woods.
“No mouse, see.” I shake my head.
The rattles of three shakes me.
Fox, “You see?” “You quake me;
I can’t think straight.” Fox back flips,
guffaws, runs up a branch, sits bemused
wearing a Cheshire cat smile.

Fox leaps to me, paws me down to his level.
He looks me in the eyes, “How did I get
my redness?” he asks. “Evolution.”
He growls, “My blood made my coat red
for passionate trickster and blaster
who fixes and a stool loosener ant. Dance.”

“What does this have to do with shadow-
boxing?” I insist, thinking he needs

his fellow companions. Wagging tail, red fox:
That's what we've been wording into songs
whose music symphonies beauty
you see you are. You know. Leave
what you know -- better flow.
Shadowboxing you lived. Coffin open,
body put in. Shadow remains alive
sometimes for ages and boxing
is all its been taught to do."

"Yes, I lived as a shadow."

Leaps on a boulder. "Climb up
here, by me, be my shadow, near
the heat, the rib, the cantor,
the black songs born of mourning.
Hear the earth be a world, a you
whose eyes sunshine the inhabitants."

"Yes," I say, "Awesome spectacle.
I'm rolling ball down the hill."

Red fox shadowboxes, "You've scratched
so often like a hit in the stomach,
eat the food, don't let the eats dangle
in front of you, like a donkey,
though a blond donkey helps the sparrows."

"I'm lost," as I jump off the boulder.
Red fox barks, scratches ground, farts,
"You do not have to be here shadow-

boxing with me. You no longer live
a shadow -- haunting yourself and others
for no life and no love and no sight.
Turn around.” As I twist from waist,
“See the claw marks in the back?”
“No!” Fox’s paw draws down the fault lines,
“Those are the shadow boxer marks
you wear. Wear them in the pride
that humility blunders to nourish forest.”

“Hermes flows you out to harvest shadow
lived in a shadow life, in shadow land,
heard shadow band, with shadow eyes,
the teeth and heart, the shadow man
who stalked you day and night
that so frightened you that you died.
Unusual for the shadow to die,
and hollow to life.” “What are you saying?”

Red fox: here are the gloves. You see
the gloves you box by are what you can’t see
when what you see are shadows,
unless you let me wreck havoc, steal
your money, open your bank,
hammer you into sand. You quicksand.
You know the territory and the box.”
“What do you mean?” “No, no, you’re still
not the flow. I call, you come. You lived
the shadow. One day no fox will box,

no need, no need to be shadow's dancer."

Off he goes with his pups in underbrush.

"Live in the underbrush as you've done,
leaves little room for shadows."

Red fox pisses on bush, vanishes in shadow.

IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING

It's always something,
it's never ending,
 part of the traverse
 and travail
that makes you seamless
even when you come apart,
 as tooth breaks,
 kid has broken arm,
glasses for glaucoma,
marvels of technology of a pin knee,
 no aspirins, today,
 for the pounding
heartache, its being heard,
letting me know,
 persistent insistence
 in fact, being hit
and hitting back,
with the humps a dance
 well digging feet shovels
 water table of continental
 veins.

VINE

The vine contoured down the cliff;
its roots curved out below, rose
in undulations up the cliff. Or,
did the vine begin at the top,
take root at the bottom, so
appearances deceive appearances.
As I investigated for the true source
the world of phantasms and grotesques
close up, with a skillful eye...
I felt a presence. I turned around,
nothing. I look side to side, nothing.
It was at that moment of turning
that I realized, "The vine investigates me!"
Alive, greenening, spores and seeds dangle
for dear life, "as we do," I feel compelled
to say in defense of human investigation,
as we do all in our power to microscope
every inch of our world, dreams, psyche
to figure and solve soul quivering forms
as bees unrelenting buzzing for honeycombs
hoping they are, like Antonio Machado,
making honey in our heart, that when we wake
we realize it's not ours to comb and roam.

Yet, the tiniest radiates in grasps
of silica, moss, lichen, mold
of folds, holds, olds, nooks on life

of thin reeds, infolding vine's detection
device, hearts, other hearts unknown to
our most subtle investigations, sit still,
look back at us, see through us,
alive and unhindered by uncertainty
and by the principle of uncertainty.
But is that true and provable, up
and down we go around the merry we go.
Vine is in delight; I let loose,
without investigation, up and down.

BREEZE

Breeze

where did face

meet breeze

katydids thrill

heard in trees

heard here

bones of deer

five years of decay

no skin & bones

CICADA MOON

cicada moon

laughing wings

CLOUD BUSH

Cloud bush -
all the way to Tucumcari,
the cows methane

CLIFF'S EGDE

cliff's edge

nest in rocks - child

racing on his tricycle

with no training wheels

EASTERN BLUEBIRD BRILLIANCE

Eastern bluebird brilliance startles
as it hovers on wings, lunges,
beak noodles worm, flies off.
I proclaim it bluebird of happiness day
in honor of the effervescent forever bird
that drew the glow out on display
this quite ordinary of ray days.
The worm, let us not forget the pain
long enough to interview the worm,
as well as the window, seeing
into the clarity of what is, as is,
seeing by what I see by,
bluebird and worm spell me, shines
out of me as I open the window, fly out,
released by the blue light and plight,
surprised, as I'm in another day,
a world of wholes as I now sway.

SEEDS

seeds randomly blown

not to know

where and when

endless

to land, to die, to birth

give all in you

to give

again

again

onslaughts slaughter

fodder roots

to survive grow

any

heat, ice, wind, animal, bird

threading through

what you are

giving

nothing away, a seed

of every seed,

a season of each

season

opens the apples

rain to juice
eat the sky
mouthful of seeds

FOR VASLO POPA

How does the pinhole know it's a pinhole?

Has only the circumference to explore.

Has the center to reach to say "center"
to itself and gone so far in
when in space with nothing to pin down.

Has the airness of freedom, of no limits
when bounce off walls in the air
and carefree its way in prison
made of holes that hold, can't hold.

How has the idea suspended midair
never stay in air and disappear
who knows where when spinning
around the circumference in lure
and cry of circles of asks

Has the God of Holes spiraled
out of chaos to smooth turns
of what fears the whole world of space
pinholes fail to understand
for fear of how to be the pinhole?

Has the dawn shine through
the small pinhole, true dawn

or detour of dawn, taken in
for the whole ring around the air
with weight to bury each inched hole
this far in circuitry, unknowing,
inconceivable to see though direct

How the round sound expands
lands in air around
as moat as boat without castle,
the sail given whole
to be the whole and embody the whole
is the only way pinhole pinholes
to greater spheres out of boundaries

How pinholes pinholed until unfolding
a circle around vertigo of empty
air for wiping clean the terrible tremor
that sank so many ships, despite skaters
who paranoid round and round the claims
of saving ships by smalling the pinhole
eye out of which the shine shines.

KNEES SPEAK

knees speak
all the wolves enter city
water main broken

ONE COULD SEE

one could see switchback -
went the way of the mountain lion

MAN LAID

Man laid his wallet beside his bed.
When he woke, he left without it -
lived another life without knowing
who he was or could be
or wanted to be.

DROP OF WATER

Inside every drop of water
a birth
that will end in its dispersal
too fast to quench
any consuming thirst
before the looming land
when religion of myopia
crimes the drop

LEAVES FILM

leaves film
as raindrops absorbed
become leaves,
green droplet poised
as one with leaves,
to be heavy with gravity
to drop to the soil
to be light to grow
film leaves

DREAMS HANG FROM THE EYELASHES

dreams hang from the eyelashes
as poets in love with breaststrokes
strum the lashes like guitars
of the lorca insistence
never to be denied eye dance
over the globe of the violin
eyes finger along the ears
as eat breakfast with dozens
and dozens of lovers, spinners
of dreams that hang before one
waiting urgently for that loveliest
of poets, Gabriel Garcia Lorca,
tributaries to one who never blinked.

SCARS & NO SCARS

Where scars of every scat and scatter
of every scorn and sear scent
of every scathing and scalding
of every scintilla and scrim
of every scant and shattering
of every curse and divers
of every plethora and abhor
of each phantom and ghost
of each cut and silence
of each sieve through drop
 by slow drip
of each forest of dead forest creatures
 by the scandal of convenience
of each scale of feathers weighed upon
of each and every scar

No scar, no trace of scar, no tear
of scar, no scare of scar
and no scar no scar
and no need for scars
and no bleed for scars
forgotten our scars
not even dance of scars
no flow and blow scars
nothing to leave behind
own no scars
no behind to leave

the scars no longer stars
to make you a world
the bent bent straight
and a new world of unscarred

UNCHARTED WATERS

So far out cannot swim in
between the sharks and dolphins
among the whales and echoes

I never locate the wreck
from the bottom of the sea,
this speck of dust the whole world.

End it all, begin it all: chose
how, chose when, send yourself
as there is no beginning,

no end in these uncharted waters.

SNOW TRAIL

snow trail

footprints stop

mid valley

no back tracks

no predator

no blown snow