

RONN BOGGGS

Free Sea



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FREE SEA

I look at the rivers run through my right hand,
smell its flavor, and sink silently into its calm waters
that run through land, with arterial tributaries
that carry the freight of cargo ships to deltas
and towns built deep in the jungle of veins
with tigers who come and eat of me
leaving less and less of me to the lions
until almost no morsel of me remains.

I see my face, or a space I place as my face,
in the full of rusty waters of waterfalls,
streams, creeks, even crags and rapids
that bends the full flush of the mountain
to the ocean beyond, the bottom of the bottom
where the air through the nostrils like kelp
flows me on straight to the free sea
that is for all time the face in space of no time.

The hidden aqueducts and waterwheels
clear the vents that swirl muddy sea bottom,
as immeasurable permeable atlas of the world
whose features we still map and live out
we see become the promontories, Galapagos,
galaxies, cliffs for gulls, and ever fed Mississippi
letting life feed and go with the rivers
to mutate the fixed creatures featured upstream.

The face of the river releases deep serenity
in the body as heartwaters into the ocean.

TAPESTRY

Tapestry of shade and sun spots web
intricate weave of shadows of shine
and sheer gray that glides. Time
appears as if time is smoothing pebbles,
as shine of “golden winds are manifesting,”*
smoothed all the way to here,
as a calico cat in play for birds
among the forest floor, as squirrel
enters the tapestry as moving art
whose truth like the morning sun comes
inside out along the frays and threads
that unwind the winding. The weave
of shine to nothing and spot to clear,
silk and wind, our tapestry we never leave,
eternal yet in flux, that never holds
yet is ever bold like rough earth fingers
and hands of sun are one tapestry for heart,
the greatest tragedy of all. You’ve no clue
out of what it manifested: as love,
the weave pattern, or the sun or the dark eros
that weaves our golden wind that we never see
as we are the tapestry that appears as the weave.

*Quote of Zen Master Yunmen aka Ummon.

FLOWER OF IRIS

A thousand times
I'd asked of my eyes in the mirror
for answers and the answers
were thousands and no answers
thousands more.

One day, the mirror
became my eyes as I looked in,
the mirror vanished,
eye no longer reflected in eye.
The one who was me
when I looked did not appear,
nothing moved, emptiness was bliss,
full of space –
nowhere else to be
but in the eye that saw
a vision of the light of the eye
as a lens, flower of iris,
the seeing free created creature.

THE WATERFALLS

The waterfalls
her dress... ah!

THROUGH BRANCHES

through branches, a ship –
who to come home to?

JUST ONCE

I pick up bird.
Wings flutter, balances,
Its efforts open my hands.
Flies off. Just once.

BIRTH OF PAIN AND BLISS

What makes us think this continuous birth
of one disaster after another mistake
to correct mistakes found to be mistakes
plus a catastrophe until it's all paranoid suffering
is not bliss or meant to be
by whatever keeps us being born
every moment of our lives refusing
to fathom the awesome depth
that shatters the boulder into speck of dust
that we minutely pick up piece by piece
as flail at the mystery of our mistakes
when births are bliss, the pain here,
this life wants all of us here
and wants to return to bliss
and not this universe
that thinks that pain is punishment.
Pain is the human way of birth
to see how the universe out of the Big Bang
is not a mistake and not correctable
so keep being born until being born has no end.
It's not that there is no escape.
What need is there of escape,
why draw back the difficulties of skin
that is only temporary abode you're in.
Bliss is the ecstasy we know never lasts.
We say what's never true is the pain
we must take to stay alive

so that we are the birth of inseparable twins
of pain and bliss, both true and real
and conjoined to last, mistake or big bang.

LOVE'S TRAVAIL

The waves gently caress lips
of two worlds
the breaking here in
spray of love
sinks in the roll
of deepened kisses
that never mind
being lost
never cares
the disappearance into wet roughness
until the next mad curve
to see what's around
the curve of the wave
that like the gentle
blister of resistance
that rubs raw down and back
that undertows burning love
that like ruffled shells
into sands of bliss
a travail never to be missed

FIRST SPOKEN WORD STILL SINGS IN OUR BODIES

not words, not images, not meaning,
not even rhythms, nor memories of memories

what's left is poetry that Emily called "fire,"
Pablo spoke of "unremembered wings,"

primal vision walking out of us
out of the very ground through feet, legs, groin,

gut, heart, eyes and ears, out the top of mind
to the stars and from the farthest reaches

of the galaxies to the pen we are speaking
as we walk and bid for breath in love's lungs

that we don't know what it is when our pictures
live us into the scene we see before us

hear the bird song called 'inspiration,'
is life branching by metaphor as the world

as music that plays always the trueness
whose movement we are filming, called life,

since speaking it directly, without earth
of metaphor and identity, the emptiness

would have nothing to say directly, it is tongueless
and we are toothless, as the light of fire

and wings by which we sail the songs
is the radiance we see on the page lines of poetry

that is our radiance shining as the poem in us
as it was in me when I wrote it: so how we exist

in this thing called life and life takes us up on our bet
to see how much of it we can bring to the surface,

take down from the shelf of the universe, and arrow
the ten directions into the arteries of the heart

that starts the images and rhymes that delight
the shine by which we are each other and ourselves,

a sheer nurturance, a seed, whose beauty we release
to seed the pleasure of being here, nowhere else,

and the audacity to imagine the unimaginable, and more,
and never give up on the free sea that we are,

as our birthright as inheritors of the first spoken word,
as bell vibrates without ends the songs of our body.

NO WIND IN GRASS

no wind in grass
gets me drunk again
whose risk is trauma
that accompanies love
or so the doctor says
to whom I listen
and attend on myself
let the sun draw me up
if it dare, to disappear
into plumpness of grapes

NARROW LIPS OF JAR

narrow lips of jar
a hint of moon
cricket hollow

NIGHT

Night

all the mouths I've lived in
and through ageless night
a new night, this time
to be with all of night,
to bring back the dead, dying,
with the live light.

If I don't return,

A tasty morsel in the jaws,
whole, like through a snake.

WORTH

blues like sky always
as deep as bright
rough and jagged
smooth and soothe
blue ocean clear to bottom
skies clear everywhere
whether break or make you
is of no weather for sky
as does not burn
is not rough and jagged
even night has no such sight
in a cracked mirror
how to tell what's what
what's you and what's not you
what was not worth saving
and what gave you worth

SET THEM FREE

Strangely, I kept coming out of all I met:
the stones, clouds, possum, the hill
of no flowers, the creaking branches
and an ant, even wind. This time,
I let be what was. I became the buzz
of sweating century layers of clothes
that I shed with red sunburn. I walked
at the end, with nothing clinging to me,
nothing to cling to, though flocks
of all that cackled as me harassed
like a swarm of gnats. I swatted.
Even these I shed, set them free.

THANKS TO W. H. AUDEN

We are fire
hollow fill with water
until the water one day
we don't know when or why
rushes away to the sea
drawn out by sheer tenacity
of life's desire for more life
until, we are free, like Icarus,
to take the risk that kills,
ignoring cries of the parent
to contain the uncontainable
splurge of youth that gives away
their gifts without knowing they are the gift.
The sun they seek they are and so plunged
as flare into water to rise like phoenix,
alive flying out from the myth and painting.
We are fire, water, air, earth and the hollow.

WATERCOOLER

We stood around the watercooler
our ears never hearing the plea of bubbles,
listening to our lives go by in complaints,
fights, latest rumors, disses at work,
nothing really serious of course,
while the bubbles spoke in gurgles of agony,
aches, dreams, secret desires that movies
had never even put on the screen, terror
and leg shaking anxiety, going by
like some ominous unknown warnings
and secret voices we'd never acknowledged
as alive as ourselves in disguise, threatening
even to expose our vacuity that rises
in the midst of war being raged or love
squandered as the bubbles were lures
we studiously ignored that truly surfaced
what we were or hoped to raise
to get to to live out of to free it.

PIPER CUB MOTOR

piper cub motor

yellow

draws fumes

cold winds

dry mouth

piloting

eating chicken sandwich

belly drop

gauges instruments as talk

with air traffic controller

I sit here all of me is there

One as one as none

NO BREEZE

breeze, there I was
nothing there, nothing left behind
here I am no breeze

ENDLESS LIFE

branches go on endlessly
army's pursuit to the tip
mistaken for the end
death they've made of life
yet where does tip end
and emptiness begin
that winds on endlessly
clear to the end of endless
when what happens inside
the branch was endless life
and the very thing death celebrates

STONE

stone reflects sky
feathers flock curves

MORNING LIGHT

Morning light
No sooner than open mouth
To say it's emanating from me
I say "madness," "of delight."
Then, heart gives light, I don't believe
As no experience, no tell tale
Psychic sounds. Next, the sun
Has won as on every other day.
Suddenly, doing something else,
Out of me a light that is not morning light,
Is not me, but is shine particles shaking free
Me from me, and out of trees, twigs,
Squirrels in excitement run to leap
Tree to tree, as if on light beam,
Carrying all the "no's" that always
Refuse to stay still shooting space balls
All the way to the next galaxy,
That is right here, lands with sparks
Around my feet that now dance "yes's".
Until the light itself changes, all of the earth
And dark are the luminescence
Whose music composes me incandescent
Beyond yes and no, beyond life,
Yet right here, going up my legs like a laser harmony,
Music plays the songs of the universe, one here and
One in next galaxy, as each other appear as one,
As I've become like each particle of morning light,

A music whose chords carries each one of us, as one,
as all of the light, the rhythms of which I've hollowed
to be played so as to sing what somehow wants sung
and deserves to be sung by the pleasures of pure delight
to incubate and to see you, me, we are morning light
and the music is the praise that marries us. Let's kiss.

SUN AND EYE

I hit the shell on the side of the frying pan,
the sun spreads out into an eye,
what I had never seen before,
sun and eye were one, not two,
cooking breakfast, not that it was irreversible,
even in a muddle of befuddlements of one set
of lost keys, wallet, and life, not that the eye
staring me in the face would never live. Would I?
Sun is death, too. What heated
in the peering was not tragedy, not anything
I knew, from the hood of cobra
that originally topped the Sphinx down into white sands,
worthless to save the egg I fried sunnyside up,
hearing the cackling, cracking heat of the grease,
that I fanned up with milk, life speaking as I lived it
and making a meal morsel worth tasting whole,
complete circle whitening, everything was there to born
the chick that was waylaid to feed a human, a being too,
like my life that came out for other purposes
than what I truly burned me into sun's desire,
when sun and eye were two, not one,
that now I cook every last inch of the yolk and whites
out into the world to be the whole healthy meal.

As I eat the egg, each chew I take a knot of choking
of what needs digestion and let what I know
go the way of the eggs, life as lived, and disappear
into the interior where we truly are invisible and alive,
sun and eye, who has no longer a living shell.

AUTUMN ORANGE

autumn orange leaf butterfly
sunned on window sill –
over all of the hill

WHAT TREE IS NOT PERFECT! THIS ASIAN CHERRY

What tree is not perfect! This Asian cherry
bark split up through branches
like braids of separation open and to grow
from the original one of fingered roots,
all seeking expanse, seeding, place
in the nameless and unknown sea
that says “earth lives” in splendor,
“See me as I am is to see me in that splendor,”
how else spell words out of root systems,
the core, whose brute power and thrust to sun
and rain and wind and snow and moon know
no bounds yet are this Asian cherry, not American
maple, yet each proclaiming perfection, its voice
in the leaves of seasons whose impermanence and flux
holds the fluids of the river that is the finger of time,
call it divine, call it sublime, call it aggregated forms
of sufferings, call it the whole she-bang, call it wonderful,
call it the wound that never heals, call it soul, call it
unnamable so as to be the creature, who does not know
what to do to be a creature, who creates creation
each moment, call it what you will and by that call
will miss its fill of all of the world you see appear
before your eyes, an Asian cherry blooms, leaves,
the cherries, these turnings are a creation more urgent,
more direct, more pungent whose perfumes, unlike ours,

are the ecology of love in other words than our human form.

So much to go to hear this brother sister whose braids open to split to make whole that very thing that walk us and wake us, an exchange direct for imagination, are kin as ken and make a forest stand of all of us.

OFFERING

Child grabbed the Halloween Almond Joys, Reese's pieces, Mounds, and Tootsie Rolls by the handful, reached for more as her mother screamed, "Don't be greedy," which sent the little girl into hyperdrive for the packaged candies, with a look of pure deliciousness on her face as smooth as the chocolate that so coveteously wanted her. I back away, slouch forward for the boy to take from the bowl, his father when he continued taking said, "Chocolate!" We all burst into laughter, each us daughter to greed, restraint that causes more greed. The kids wanted it all to taste, to freely indulge those hobgoblins of a thousand possibilities they can still be to take over the costume they hid behind and to blame the mask to express the treats that light up their eyes, like lights on an empty street that go on forever.

THE SILENT MAN

The silent man
with cane walks
among crooked lands
as alarming traffic
swishes pant leg and shirt arm
rips the wireness out of him
into a hum that warns the planet

The silent man
spills guts onto heart stone
that tongues alive music
night days unable to enter
the land of the day of this time

Silent man never moved acted
as the frost men of the 6 news
of the silent moon of yogurt
cops watching everywhere
with billy cameras
permit to break in changed haggled land
city laws of lawyers for and by
sit in the cracks and sidewalk waiting
for mishaps of the silent moon

Silent moon taps its cane
on the silent streets as it
takes its walk

that no one hears or wills
to hear for it's the land
that has given up too much
and no avenues left for grief
how live silence never heard
refused as wilderness

The rhythm of his father's silent moon
raised in unpaved land
of orders and molders shouldered
the heft of the heist into each eye
as each word printed themselves
as what they were – the living grain

The silent man carried his bucket of silence
on his walks and talks to open
the bottom and let the waters be

WHAT BEAUTY

What beauty grasshoppers
Out of the grasses, disappears
Down the barks, air spun,
An embrace of magical sounds
Never heard ways of being that shapes
A magical being lost in the currents
Of currency of the age whose tumbled
Through drunken state where no government
Can ever reach its tyrannical claws
Whose eagle takes children in their talons
Who are never heard from ever
And that is our everness when the beauty
Of the songs sail us to slip off the bark
Of skin with fragrance of the strange flutter,
Beyond compare, and now beyond repair?
When the next wind song blows for nothing
Is blown in the wind that oils
Paradise in a dungeon of chains
Of forests clear cut to early deaths.
I pull the pin in the heart .

Sails are up to follow the songs
Even if wrong as there's no easy way
To live through the madness of throngs
Strewn with bents and broken
No matter one whit where one passes the cup
To fill up with songs of never ending life

That now whose ending can be gleaned in song.
You wait. Just sing, tell of the life that dies
With the chords and infernal internal that's alive,
In the next beat as sweet as the beauty's beat
Whose magic gives you life's swift everness' heat.

MINI MALLS

mini malls, red tops, signs –
all I see are tombstones

MY RED

my red ringed ears
round curve mountains
moon touch
hold onto your ears
bones of the dead
live inside

INSIDE

inside ripple
not even silence

SPRING AGAIN

Leaves at top of trees thin first
the avenue of dreams leaves none untouched
as the ukele plays for whoever appears.
Never lost, the changed season
recurs eternally as my life –
seasons of debacle – names, instead of winter,
is what I recall I am –
cannot drop my leaves and be done, forget,
something new will come along, a thought
that what's been done, but thoughts
are not a forest. Summer full blast
as one of everyone or autumn and its tug
of griefs in waves and itchings, are your happiness,
which makes no sense to you though you've lived
its truth and bear the scars and trolls who
have taken residence in the forgotten alcoves
you no longer visit. You let the seasons
be what they are as you have sunk through the forest
floor and live the recurring seasons of intimate heart
that lays barren upon the winter floor that knows,
and knows nothing else worth knowing, spring will come
in wholes again to complete your eternal cycles.

PICNIC

Lay the blanket out

On which to rest and picnic

Lilac bushes fifty years

Of aphrodisiacs of hold

Reach beyond attainable

From one spore held in arms

Of grasses we could be

In the body of blue sky

A nipple on the edge

of open

To the mouth of existence

And satisfy the insatiable

What never ends even in reaching

So glorious are the broken bones

That camphors the sounds of it

You see it live you and its whack

And let the ashes of any who

falter

Be the candle of the impossible

For the uninevitable land

That now goes unclaimed

I who scattered over the land like autumn

leaves

Am now the earth upon which any can

rest

And how transformation became

visible

I'll never know and now never need to know
As I am what I am and the earth,
too, one.

TRAPEZE

Trapeze on edge of white petal
Bends the delicate lace
The one who calls itself I
Came for the beauty
I fly up to catch the uncatchable
Cloth the yellow laden lightness
Spread to the edge the world
Hangs always like a grasping heart
As mind and gut have not brightness
To smooth the bends to cure the fall

GREAT RAIN

Great rain nerves ground
splurges all around
no reason reason can jump on
guffaws of gazelles prance as endless

as if existence must be solid
dissolve to become absorbed
soluable fool of the total fools
that lay down in the forest floor

at night with hoots and roars,
no snores and no doors, and allure
refracted bell like a bean burst –
the fool the green displays

what the creatures of the night
refuse to say I am and in doing so
we go our ways, splashing rain
and let it soak, look around, astounded,

at tooth that each tree could be
does not creature fear as me, instead
like a sea I unfold toward shore, waiting
like a fool to be earth where bones talk

to each other as the mayhem wrecked sluices
on the tongues where I will rest, as the song

each day will come out of the beautiful earth
rain's splurge takes reason out of season.

A WEED

Once when as an ordinary weed,
I gave off pungent perfumes
That aggravated tolls of bitter bilious
Fragrances that never left the nostrils.
Ignored, held up in the mouse hole,
as petals off petals shed into innermost whorl,
not caring I let the lost be lost,
I went the way of unraveling
until the center, too, became true
and to itself what it was as it was, no
center, I was unable ever again to be
to be ambushed by fragrance,
never again fumbled into tumbler
of bitter smell that drained the taste.
Stink weed bounded a new garden,
whose sweet love had the aftertaste of true.

THE BOY LET THE BALL FALL

The boy let the ball fall
down the street. It rolled
into open sewer drain.
The boy went as far in as open
allowed in the vast blue day.

Drunken face of Halloween,
eerie flickered candles fright
the void the child handfuls,
pulled out of the top of the head.

Birdhouses of nine for nests
for one year; the whole universe exists
within the birdhouse we know nothing
about unless the birds that enter and exit
every day (are they the same
or are they different ones) give us,
in true tenderness, their songs,
and we know how to be that music.

Sleeves no one minded.
Honeycombs without honey.
Open mouth, the no going forward,
back, or stay – still honey
that no one wants.

She skipped through a tear in the world,
a hole many clumsily flew,
and the elephant graveyard
when returned she had a hole
that like the ozone surrounded her,
memories of earlier asphyxiations clung,
the rent of earlier tears of the tent,
deaths that were deaths, never a murder
found, bodies never recovered,
even in the midst of sheer long nose
that bathed love and lungs that was bounty
for no more good reason than no goodness
only sweet ambles the center of the hole.

BEAK PECK BEAK PECK

beak peck beak peck
peck lean peck look around
peck peck peck no looking

watching, I open my mouth,
“Alive! Alive!” pecks out.

Today, no birds.
I conjure end of world.
I’m conjured bird alive
as if never were always
all ever done is flown away
or in the eye by which we see
ourselves, not our eye.
Whose? What? Seeing
what always is, blessing
out of nothing... struck dumb,
light is the eye.

When I returned to empty field
around the oak tree I found all
of me had been there, a meal
of a lifetime of all is from beak peck
beak peck where we can meet.

LEAVES

leaves under water
water under leaves
we go and we go

HERON

heron in shadow
water's veil the shore
cricket's night

MOUNTAIN

mountain ankles

geese release

all for a direction

water will be heard

POURING MILK

Pouring milk into bowl of cereal, earthquake shocked me a second, moved, then still for a second; saw nothing that irreversible moment, a past of never again, just like life, irrevocable, that death rocks fear, revocable – then mind made continuation of what had arisen, and I saw the mind do so even though the moment was all there was and is, eternal moment, the mind thread a shake of impermanence aftershocks into pleasing display of cereal and smooth milk.

LEAF DANCES

leaf dancer
releases aromatic
acrobatics of roots
spread around
the rounds
of trees

OUT

out of the little bowl
whistles hollows
ears to bend around
the thistle

A LAUGHING CRY

A man leaps tree top to tree top,
raising hands and shouts, at the
top of his lungs with, "I've been doing this
for thousands upon thousands of years,
you've never pierced through to see me."
At first, I think, "soul!" He shakes
his head, "I'm those dark nights of the
gum ardor that knots the blackest black
that night throws back as soul. Soul never
appears from the recesses of the night
along the mountain ridges . My sadness
sounds along the tree tops with 'Life,'
and in saying, 'a laughing cry.'"

DREAM

Dream

the whole universe
my life living life

Voice: "Life is a narrow band
in the verse of one; beyond life
of the narrow streets of Chicago
is another world of no boundaries.
Ripeness seeds smallness. This call
is to live another life!"

Words Afterimage froze me in fear,
impossibility of beyond life,
beyond the narrow banks
of temperatures, earth, zone
need for air that gave security.

I looked and I liked the security. I needed it.
Maybe, even bled from it.

Yet the dream knew
the dream whole
stage beyond life.

Shaking, what do I have to lose but life.
That is too small for the dream that is the universe.

I chose the universe:
Like the dream, I disappeared.
Fear, even death, moved verse.

I knew no answers made
universe a dangerous place for humans.
I who was born looking for life,
nothing of it was not my enemy
made me into a curse put into verse
and called it dance;

Shaking.
What's to fear, I'd disappeared.
Sung wonders streamed new life's gift called courage.

No answer comes back, where vast and deep are
ordinary.

BIRD

Bird, a thousand perspectives a day
while I have one.
Grow wings!

LEAVES SNOW

leaves snow

bubbles breath

birds sky

chimes mime, endlessly

GRASS

grass is green
my eyes are colorless
and wind

WHO LIVES? WHO DIES?

Movement brings the spinner
who draws back at the size and rumble
of the struggling large wasp
only grappling itself tighter into the web.

Who lives or who dies or
both live, both die?
Just by being here and let everything
speak its say and let be, too, is a way,
and there is no one to say: one death
is better than two. Yet free to live
is struggle to die. Is it precious or is it
peril? Movement!

GRACE OF OPENING

World vast and wide, why do I wake,
dress

the 100 mile twirlwind ride
of strings and spokes with axle grease

spinning outer wheels like waterwheels
the grace of opening:

“Welcome, always return.” As coal
Mined diamond, greased.

The new found land
is not mine, never was... ah ha!

So, that’s why trickster
exists,

we thief what we’ve not earned the right to
until we’ve given all to be given all.

I’ve lived
as a button, why not speak like a star.

CIRCLES

every warm day
she sweeps the leaves
into rough circle
formed naturally
without effort

lets scatter
to the four winds
what's left she mulches
her worries
around tree
in hopes nurture
sweeps circles

SILENCE UNSPOKEN

So many words
the silence unspoken
Wordless wind
yearns for speech
Roots do speak
not in words
Nests build with twigs of silence
the silent night
gives you what no nest gives
The speech of silence
not mouth or ear and the vastness

Of the earth holds you near
when silence no nested words

Silence's song
silence's bell

Silence unspoken
not in words

THE FOREST

The forest pulled me back around
to gaze at what I had walked
as sound through as the silence of the trees
pulled me along without seeing a thing.
Now, my whole body was in my eyes
and those eyes were the forest
and I heard the trees sing their song.
My hips pivoted, my lips leafed,
my arms branched, my ears bowled
the cup of earth with the lid of blue.
Mind caught by wind was before me
as the day through to night and the heart
with forest rooted: you are never gone,
you are never forgotten, you are never not here,
and you never not hear, sing our place
in your space, honor us by being us, as you do,
so you can see how we live larger than you
though you've ways for which we've no vision.

LET LOOSE

pipes
bounded around
hill crows
flew like
night sweats
curves veered
straight
into the traffic
of her thighs
love's names
harsh when claimed
to be all
when every strata
of slate rock spells
the true is never
straight
and never bound
and so never found
love's game
what you name
comes out of pipes
that crows spit out
sweat through all
the notes let's loose
what you feel your
way to traffic in

THE WHOLE MEAL

there is a peace in a bird's launch
off ocean cliff
that buoys you
standing on the earth
wondering what must be done
for the next meal
as the glide of the bird lulls
with soothing silence
to sky the worry
so you fly with jolted winds
blowing here
– the whole meal.

I LIVED IN PARADISE

I lived in paradise. Yes, I did. For a short while.
I was paradise; it lived in me
as I cleared a space, opened the garden
of walls and planted blindly that soul kindly
handled me in how to be shovel
for I had become the seed unraveled.
In that paradise, I had to relinquish the losses
and griefs to the winds and dusty dirt
and strips of tigers and bird feathers.
I healed for I went to where all of me lived
and all of me was the world – in all travails
and turbulences with its hideous hyena humans.
The brief joy flows through words and images,
conduits of true garden without walls,
flying into visibility to give credence
to the sheer veracity of what exists as you,
so remarkable with no marks on the ink stains
of earth that glimpse briefly of treasure
that exists as you as the gift given paradise.

ASHES

ashes on the ground
are ashes on the ground
welcome to the ground

TWO BRANCHES

two branches out of blue
blue out of branches
oak a tunnel from darkness
into the light

ONE LEAF

one leaf end of branch
that's all –
what's a heart to do?
do what it's always done
or fling off into unknown

WHEN SUN FIRST RAYS OUT OF YOU

When sun first rays out of you
the dawn
you wake the day
the burst of madness
throws you
to the earth to eat of it
and be the grasses grown
the heather among the loins
of the hills

Stay, you die, die
many times, agonies
of agonies, riveted
like jackhammer in ground
a post that goes no where

Slow down
 the film you
disappear
 the night's cold embrace
sails you out of the boat

 that does not get you
 where you need to be

When you leave for years
return

No hand, all sand
the quiver releases
the sun's madness
yet brighter than the sense
of malice
squeezes aorta

FALLING

falling

wind whistle

straight down

thousands of feet

no parachute no clothes

just me

whistling in the wind

my dream my life

just as

I feared it was

it wasn't

each second

closer death in next moment

keep falling

naked

whistle in the wind

song silence

never

exists and no song

I'm told

be bold

not cold of no song
it's all music
I carry

whistle in the wind
all upside down
straight

into the heart of things
gathering me's
song whistles

ALRIGHT

Alright, I've peeled the banana.

I've eaten the sun.

What now? Shit.

Leave the sun.

WOODPECKER

Woodpecker spirals up thin tree for meal.
Brown oak leaf twirls down like screw.
Slate slab rock embedded with centuries' stain,
a grain where it will crack in winter.

WHY DO YOU

Why do you let the children paint themselves?
Because that's who they are,
and it's the only time in the day they are.

SCRAPINGS

sandpaper scraping files
just keep working

no time for voices
of inconvenience, one day
grates and raw
scraping is all that's heard:

skin rubbed off to the fear
that's lived your life
for you as if you weren't here,

more sawdust skin
fly like discombobulated voices
that fear used to paint
over you so that you
were never seen

so bare the scraps
let's see what we can do
when the grain's no longer fear

WONDERLANDS

Evergreen slapped the roof
like cuneiform code: hey, Ra
awaits you, appear. The arborist
recommended cutting down tree.
I'd already been there.

The moon slides in, its presence
profoundly shook pure simplicity
as silence shines me. My ten fingernails
are phases of the moon. Go
everywhere! Go often!

Voice said: your childhood, true,
Is the star. Grab it. I listen
to my voices: didn't grab it.
Why? No why? I honored
the voice – you said all of you.

This is how it works – all these years
you believe the palaver of psychology
and head hunters as true. When different
voices give different hues to living
in the wonderlands, ancient and new.

THIS PORTRAIT OF OUR DYING

Every year the leaves wither vivid reds and apple yellows,
every year we rake them into robes of pyramids,
let the kids play the day, burn the remains,
take a ride into the woods we've avoided
in the heat to enjoy the eye popping beauty
of sumptuous death. We celebrate this death
without realizing this year, too, this portrait
of our dying, as golden brings up divinity,
as red brings up blood of life, as food of treasure
we cannot see for it is ordinary before our eyes.
As in dying, too, when you ache with black grief
that is the exuberance of the joy of the vital death
going on all around us as soul remorselessly blackens
the feeding, as we clutch for saving what the black
wealth
molds into the light, the every year the truth of our
death,
ignored or hoarded or boarded against,
is the glory of our living with death. They appear
together, always, our very lives the green beauties
of dying whose flaming decay of resilient fibers
leap out unspeakable coloration of death life, life death
that it is all of the tree, all of you, that lives and dies,
leaving , too, black and gold to the winters.

INSIDE THE DRAGON

Eye kelp of fog foliage so thick
the close trees of the old forest
look like teeth – with inrush of breath,
I start with presence of breath, I am inside
the dragon. This night
jabs onrush of ribs, I've been here before
and survival skills are my grappling hooks
to unloose me from the noose
of eye that like abstract wood carving
of the natives of this land I am in
the unfathomable timeless spaceless night
were forms are trackless
and all is boundless.

I used
Hermes to boundary me, do,
just do with Hermes on call
the center when you arrive
is no center, but verses of abstract
songs of praise of formless form
designs and whirls and whorls
as a dance as the meaning
of the deathly cold breath
whose embrace you feel along
the faceless face on and on like infinity
ever in twirling like a top,
though no top or bottom.

You are not frightened starts you to dig
the lost art to rig the sail, leave soul
behind, you've landmines to avoid,
you've escapades of myths to flint fires.

Not to answer
for that would be soul's work,
gristles the rope of earth for every lost cause
that was all your madness and despair
of meaningless nothingness worthless life.

Make a meal like a river that has no harbor,
open at both ends, a funnel tunnel, those marks
on you of it, opens, despite the blood draw.

This opens for the heart converses with moon
for eons to whorls whose music we poetry
out the light years so we appear as we are,
in shock at the sight that visibles us to sing
inside the mouth of the dragon, true you.

IN WINTER I DIG

In winter
I dig,
I dig red scraps on my fingers
and hands as I do without
gloves, letting the hands slow
for I want to dig deeply
in the cold

I hit roots
with trowel, chafe around dirt
spreading the dig around sassafras
roots, the back breaking labor
of winter to find seeds of spring.
Let winter do what it will
with the remainder of what I've turned
out to be in spring, when where I haven't dug
gives me the joys that come only to one
whose long winter had bulbs
whose names I never knew, never planted,
yet they were. Who is winter moon?
And who is planter? Living under snow
is not difficult, it seeps in as patience.
Nothing is hidden for one who slows.

EVERY WHICH WAY

every which way
oak leaves blow down every which way
yet nothing missed in every which way
all could be in every which way
silence of silence

FACE IS MOON

Face is moon
Quarter

To even gather this far

You've melted gold
Leaks you into
Three quarter

A komodo dragon wakes
Full – harvest of tragedies
Give to all the sprig of mint

Large you imitate
Small ignore though feel the lure

No question where face is moon
Phases you heart no metaphors
Earth's moon the place of mind
Drawn like river of shine

A face of the full year relinquished
To the whole
Smile that is the
Laughter's tragedy
Not able to get through phase

At half phase,
Also the dark part
When face is moon
Shine
When moon is face
Dark
Both are the other side
Of each other
Always the full moon

STRANGE LOVE POEM

What a strange world?

Leafless tree outlined against white clouds,
hawk circles in the rising gale as I hurtle
myself against the facts of existence,
as I struggle to pull them apart, start over,
as a bee who lost ability to make honey,
no pollinators, the strangest sensations
of train whistles, horned owl stealth,
gale hurtling against me into vast expanse
of prairie holes as danger is out there always,
strange the leaves and blue I know to be there,
art stuck in alien strangeness
so you can take it and let the ponder
rapids run through strange sounds of wails.
The world I thought was here is not,
the world it thinks it is is delusion.
The tree and clouds hawk me.
Strangest stranger of strange
existence didn't leave a clue
about what went on except to say
that existence, in turn, flailed me apart
as if I were made up like this love poem.

LICHEN GREEN

lichen green

lichen shine green off
beech tree
planets and ants
interwine
in this galaxy
and world
gives roundness
and
a blessing
the glow I see
is me
which I gift
to you
my fellow lover
of lichen green
on a chill
of a winter's gray day

IN THE BEGINNING IS THE END

Limo picks up paper man for political work,
a bearded man pulls plastic apart in dumpster
for slops of gravy on the tongue –
all this time what have I done:
watch leaves, fart, keep close eye on
the American spin, the con job,
the window washer never comes
as the smell of the clothing from the cleaner
is making it apparent that the mountains
have been leveled, the revelers of office
clocks tick hours away, get paid for doing nothing
on the saying “I’m the man of the hour,”
spinning over faster, with desperate hands
to halt the farther in the children of the father
who become little drummer kids,
the shingles blow off, homeowner’s insurance
increase, the nails no long hold.
What’s to hold that hasn’t been sold.
Yet the looking to Roman poets to decry
as ally, I will not be caught in billy goat’s throat.
No end to tearing up the papers that compute
the world’s worth. I’ve a penny, its image
has more hope for a country that no longer lives
as the last best hope of the world.

THE WATER OF THE WATER

As water spilled over me
like a drink of wine I went
all the way through:
it was the laughter in the tears,
the wave in the hair,
the water in the wind,
the music in iron,
the gorgeous in horned toad,
the Flatbush on Mt. Aetna,
the canticles of the vacuum,
the delicious in the pepper,
the effervescence in the essence,
the wine in the water, the water
of the wine, the water of the water.

CLOUDS

clouds noisy today
take out the trash
open the cupboard

I BUTTON

I button my shirt
with earth through
the empty space –
lose all I woke as,
eyes vast and voluminous

SILENCE

silence
drips fill canyon
so do I

MANUFACTURED

manufactured world cracked,
imploded the building
with the right amount of charge

BEECHNUT

beechnut hangs
orbits earth, moon
filled head, a fruit
a strategy of gravity
to open

IN THE SILENCE

in the silence of sounds
weaves cactus flowers
spines out of the dry
succulence
for night creatures

THAT WORM

that worm
not in robin's mouth

EMPTY LEAVES

empty leaves,
where can they fall,
without meeting themselves

STOP KILLING THE CANARY

Stop killing the canary
Came the cry of the fly
On the wall
That I fell into moons ago
As I've moons to go
To make breathing room
For the canary

BUREAUCRATS OF THE HEART

Wind splotched the ground with gasoline,
Street man recoiled from the smell that covered the land
Like asphalt and the life sputtering as fumes
Out of the tailpipes of the mechanical models
Renewed and stamped each year by the bureaucrats
Of the heart who kept everyone in fear
That some match would set of a conflagration
In the fouled land that reeked of its whores of power,
whose smell cursed smeller and the smelt.

THE GIFT

The gift came without thunder,
kept coming, made wonder.
The gift so numerous, so grand,
yet so close at hand.
There was no beauty's compare,
no albatross but my care,
as the withered leaves became mud
out of which spring flowers bud.
The gift is dear infinite graces,
as each of them without traces,
gift that walked out of the grave
when opened I was no longer slave.

LOST IN RAINDROPS

Nancy and I slept in our bed. We heard Sparky, our black and white cat, with lightning on her face, give her plaintive, guttural pleas for her lost kittens of many years ago or for her mother or for play as she carried in her mouth her furry mouse. She was asking my wife for attention, running, funning. Catness from us. She ambled us awake, ambled us awake from drowsiness and we laughed, as we do, through lightning at her heart tugging cries.

As we lumbered a little to sleep, I heard a noise. From where it came, what it was, what was being heard, I didn't know. I wasn't hearing it. I was the sound at the moment, pure sound, unknown sound. I was nowhere, there was nothing but sound.

From my somnambulance, I woke inside of the sound. I
wasn't
anywhere, I wasn't there and here, I was all over, inside
the
sound. I had no name, identity, just all the universe
inside
the sound, boundless.

I rose, wondering what it was, in the next moment.
Separated
from the sound in that moment, geared into question,
“What
was that noise?” I raised my head, asked Nancy, “What
was
that? The cat?” She said, “No, too loud. Rain on the
roof.”
Then, I heard rain on the roof. I, in my bed, heard rain on
the roof.

TREES GROW

trees grow round
why they are tall
they never end
bend of roots from
the beginning
where are they not?

WHITES

whites of the eyes, like clouds,
to see everything
rain, like tears, drop off cliffs
of space, gives sun rays
water to wider face

ARROGANCE

The arrogance came from the deep
in a voice I knew kept world afloat.
Immediately, credit lay elsewhere than me,
and I had no merit without gratitude
for the string of tears that kept me a boat.
By the end of night, arrogance knew its plight
and the frayed dismay and dismissive rings
though sour could not waylay the bough
and the circle of those who did the grunt work
that lit the fire without burning and to those
who fought and starved and dug graves
that started hearts. World sunk. I let it.

FATAL ERROR

The azaleas caked green with lichen,
brittle white would never again bloom.
A fatal error of the pruner
who never knew to know
when to prune and season not to cut.
Spring's song unable to return:
pull the roots out, till the soil,
mulch the bushes and use
the fatal error to give error's arrows.

SLED

On my sled whose name has worn off,
I go down the hill of snow
gliding on the earth's clouds
whose only cold is silence.
I shout as I use my feet
to turn left, then right,
as if it will make a difference
though it satisfies my thrill,
then steer clear of trees.
Nothing is left behind
as all the going through
gives you all the thrill
even if you spill,
like a secret surprise,
even if your feet fear
joy, delight, jumping fun.
Overwhelm the fear of death
Or, no, you take death, arm in arm,
you slide in and abide the hill
having wholly entered the thrill
over bumps and humps, flying
over at ease of sail like a flight of geese
of sheer speed of not knowing a thing
of what will happen or can
even though you see the bottom,
see the risks, see the ruts and guts
and say "what the hell." It will be

anyway, might as well swell to be
the bell ringing down the fill as thrill.

TREES STRIP

Trees strip, sun orange,
wind the tiger gaits through forest
with greatest of ease, no rage,
as an essence of what rivers you
this very instant, as pure flow
of black night and glow boundless,
as the lips of the sun, as the roar
is heard and no more.

SKY IN STONE

Sky in stone, unseen centuries
of the ships as the anchors for those
who walk the sea bottom. Paltry
princes' swords divide the pig
with woe blade of terrible price
of pig who never snouts the blue perfume
of ambrosia that births that stone
in sky that are the fishes of fields.

DRILLED

drilled the rock
the hole was a space
that was part of the rock
that was not the rock

LEAVES SHAKE

leaves shake
wind is in the leaves
never leaves
never shakes

LEAF FALL

leaf falls on cardinal
sunshine wings
vibrancy's song

POP!

Pop! Heat fermented nut
opens as the poem itself.

YELLOWSTONE

In Yellowstone, without earth voices to accompany one, being in this magnificent creation walking into bones being found, and since it's America, foul play is suspected.

Why not? Pathologists determine the species of the deceased and gender and cause of death, and if possible, time the deceased ended its life in this magnificent creation.

As the rush of Yellowstone Falls roars like birthing of stars,
billions, galaxies and energy of the magnitude of suns,
billions, that now kindles with the dams and cruelties of loves
whose utopias and diseases distort the contortion
of burials that looks down through Yellowstone Valley,
dip hands into cold deep Yellowstone Lake, passing
mountain ranges appear, disappear. Vacationers for a week
to stay in paradise out of hell, make paradise hell
and Old Faithful changes and goes on, they no longer are
one with what brought them here, they caught
a fatal disease that they are afraid to name
as blame is their game, and so any old shame will do.

ROUNDNESS

The tree holds up the sky
where I played as cowboy and Indians,
a wilderness of volcanic devastation
into a roundness of bliss of things
as the roundness of the earth.

Nothing I've learned shows this
nothing to feel full spills
what can be brought to what lives
as you and you empty wind
and keep silence as lover.

Fortune's hives that bee stings
of everyday in the hay stacks of lovers
we make love with ourselves – the shell
the day the breakage cracks open,
you flow out worthless.
That's love without bee stings.

Camping out out of sight of parents,
the eyes of neighbors on trees,
brambles the club you walk as
as try to lunge through. As
the fire dies – not really fire,

betrayal of barest bones hounds
you a shining grave for those you love.
You will not turn your face.
You have an obligation to shape
The very epitome of bottom
as the bell opens the bottle.

Love straddles.
Why did you yearn?
Fever cleaver. Lovers never are
two, betrayal
that bends branches
never turns of roundness
for love is the being walking you
as if in hands through the essence
blueless blue that stews you.

You know why sun shines?
How a slug in the dark nudges
its ways the way a caterpillar
molts, the undulations that give
weaver's hands to cloth nakedness
with nakedness that out of thin air
what you wear you do not see
the air you breath is the air
that breathes you. Glass

cannot hold its glass; it is
like light, yet not bright, it is like night,
yet is not sight; it is like jewels,
yet the shine is not divine and it is
in the worth to unbind it binds, it is
what you feared you feared to be kindling
of no fear as the kindness of love,
yet is the roundness that is not seen as love
that binds unbindable silence.

THE MIST

The mist of light meadows the valley
laden with the pungent release
of every form of seen desire
perfumes the eyes of the meadow
that does not see the valley
he is walking out of birthing
true eyes clearing mist.

BLUE

blue through autumn tree
spokes of roots

WHAT ARE YOU

What are you doing now?

I turn dirt.

SOUNDS OF BEING

We are given everything we need.
We make monsters of the everything.

Sounds, we are adrift without a raft,
Seaweed inedible and so the night
is long and the day is fierce
for the spirit arrow now pierces
the soul of the soul, for it is whole,
so everything must suffer,
and has no lover spark
and the refusal fuses useless noises.

The bilge of whale the lost lost
as the crews and boats own hands
draw clouds as anchors
and winds as hearts that leaves
the fire to go out
and the water to stagnate.

The life you've lived was small; you've not
lived at all.

The life from strife
that was the knife cutting you in two,
bits and pieces, and the stories of bold
and old you imbibed drunk with the illusion
fed to make drink the drink that keeps bed
with sleep as death, warm companion
to cold life. Is what you give it.

Lost life
you learned to die
and dying live
and in giving life
bear what the sounds
of being
every inch of
everything.

THE DIRT

Without footprints,
Could never prove the heart
Of centuries, obscured dust
That no one ever overturned
For the meal. Leaves rotted
Into the soil until no more.

ASK

When I asked my life as life, the answer, “No,”
flew in wing slaps in my face.

The hunted stag and zooed mountain lion are partners.
The jowls of bowls you want to jump out of
can be asked by you.

On the very earth you stand on: ashes, greens, leaves,
roots, azaleas, snow. Whether your life
is life, you turn to earth, ask: the whole of what I’ve lived
for
no one can see, so invisible is what’s visible to me,
in verisimilitude. Yet, right here, I see
it always passing, roots grab roots, get rivers.
The lions have eaten, the tiger is still hungers. Without
fear
for death has life in me so I’ve more of life in my life
though learn none too well that every inch of hill, valley,
and mountain skin intimate wind of which I am the
familiar.

What else is there that life can give
for only in giving to life can life give to you?
The mountain lion on the boulder, like the crows
that chase from their tree every morning the hawks
with the ruckus that is ear splitting rendering bath
of the forest’s breadth of “Yes.” Ask.

WESTWARD TO THE SEA

The dogs bark
You know you're in Congress
With the echoes of empty halls
Filled with the long winded speeches
That ring hollow through the halls
Of feet hallowed out by carved corruption
And the ever white teathed smile
Of evil

The Studebakers keep being produced
No one the wiser, Mr. Edsel.

The succotash of hears what the cat
Brought in, another mouse, for offer
You do not offer stars the food
As the tomatoes no longer are planted
For August picking.

The jewelry heists bank rolls the poor
To pay the rich American itch
For some laxative they call payoff
To the electoral corruption
Now a regular handkerchief, out of any
Bookies back pocket, monogrammed now,
For distinction like gangster in movies.

As the baubles of clouds band down avenues
On Fourths the goblins germane to albatross
The lost pigeons they'll never return,
A waste of buffalo they say, no –
We are here, they go
On like the apple orchards
Bulldozed for high rise subdivisions.

Baseball the only diamond around
To loosen suspenders heard like sawdust
On dance floor that has no dancers.
Yearn, oh yearn, for the forecasters
Are never accurate on salaries of game
Caused wars.

Leap and the last thing
You see show the valise and police
Handcuff the chins of Mondrian's
And the poets of the hoot shoot rhymes
Of dimes as if that will feed the chickens
Processed at manufactured farms
Of manufactured malaise of dispute.

They shaved the trees to no whiskers,
The whiskey dripped from faucets,
The sewer man came promptly to sweep the streets
To keep employed the unemployed heart
Who went for benefits at the unemployment office
But was denied, no identification, no history,

Nothing but the coyotes among the mass graves
Of the mausoleums next to the 24 lane highways
Through the tnt'd shattered mountain to the journey
Westward to the sea, the ever receding sea.

SNEEZE! SNEEZE!

Sneeze! Sneeze! Shaken shaker
alarms the day at the corner
where the men parcel up the money,
the thieves that keep T.V. going.
What do they think
they dream and not remember?
The very distance traveled everyday.

The beer at 4 am in a bar,
each stool patron a gun
ready to kill or be killed, suicide
by pacts and packs,
by what never gets through.
Each shake springs up people
who can't see in daylight. The March
leaves on times, always.

They drilled
life
to small
plots
so to tame
all night
the blasts
to pull the
hairs out of noses.

MOONLESS

It is moonless itch with loon's sail,
every barb brushes a rush
unable to pool night's demon
into the boundless without the compass
where no compass spins as existence
and nonexistence . I fall up
into the sky, the very eye seen through,
not blue, not black, no lack. The valley
and mountain and deadlies have no maps,
are never random in the timeless vertigo
that falters you as you go desolate
without any way to hold or use a staff.
Nothing disturbs the moonless air with light,
being human inside world tear and near,
heard echoless bursts the thirsting fear
of human survival that throws the marvel away
before display. No traces of rough edges
or tough hearts when hours of cloud touch.
Leaps off threshing branches leaves the trek
eyeless to wander in hairless haunted sounds.
Heart at the pitch point of turning over the coals
that burn like holes in light, tears in night,
walking on sky, like alchemical solution
in the furnace of ferocity flows silk threads
in compass as seamless dark, a light
that is no light but is not named dark.

DELICIOUSNESS

A tasty moistening
into the deliciousness of life
with your river

or have you curled
around stone
refused the offer

let the ghosts and marvels
stink of the refuse
that goes uncollected,
worthless to all but the birds,

we inhabit.

The eye for any eye
human
ocean
of
blood

when the sheer silken lushness of rosemary bread
and the melt of butter as you flesh yourself,

a 1,000 people
who will be fed
with the tongues
of flamingos be

cause you were
deliciousness.

RED FLOWER

They try to reach me.
I tell them I'm here,
right here, this red flower
in the mountain side.

I wait – for you've reached me.
I reach out to you.
The petals fall off one by one
until the end of the world.

You feel bereft, a beef
of death for deaf
gives the heart no relief.
I reach you with pleas.

The petals will always die,
the flower never.
So what do you feed me
that will feed you?

PROBE

Out of the corner of my eye in
among the greens of the garden
gleeful flings of arms danced death:
I appear human so you can see
by the way you see, you were free
to be whoever you ever wanted to be
but fear dressed you in armored garments.
I could transform as Zeus, Hecuba,
Mars, Saturn, Luxor, Ra, Spirit,
any name you choose for I bear a gift:
you are a probe, like a satellite of life
seeking to discern what it is you are in.
You shout: impermanence, change, energy
bursts like sun that consumes the wishes,
unexplored, unknown galaxy far, far away.
If no death you would never be near
where the heart you make out of feather
of earth can birth dust blue. It is not chance
That you embrace the dance that is not dance
for this world is not about humans, beings.
Where are your questions of the answer
that made you, as all you do is bleed, creed
and breed when every green gardens you
to probe? Be plumb, simply complex, and round,
a profound seed worth the sun's sound.

YOU KISS THE BLOOD

Autumn falls into lungs like the decay of fallen leaves
Releasing in disintegration its long growth in spring
Twirling earthward summer's chaos as a wake
As the seeds of winter wait for life underworld
in worm, scat, butterflies, the unheard sounds,
as the endless chatter steps out of the heart
out of love with its destination as life.
How many seasons, O how many endless centuries!

Where have I not been? Can you take in
the dead deer on the road: the destination
of useless slaughter with the laughter of the man
who strapped the deer to the top of his hood,
topped off his Christmas present with a red nose,
driving on, loving the joke of it
in the entrails of the heart. Never seeing
what hits you, your guts strewn like a yawn.
Billions of road kill without a body count.

It's hard, dastardly! How far into the red of the heart
can you be squeezed into tarred deformities
whose greased fingerprints stain indelibly .
Out of nowhere of contrarian impossibilities,
of incalculable climatics that season you, you hold
in tender kind hands that very child you are giving birth
to
hard as it is, it is what is, and you kiss the blood.

BLOOD OF CLOUDS

Blood of clouds
That vanish when we grab
To hold on for dear life,
And the impossible lamp

Says, "What's so dear, why so near?"

The blood rushed monsters
Tear the meat apart
Look for what you fear
Can never be found,
Flounder turns madness
Rampage in love with blood

So illusive, elusive, and elegant
Are the baubles dazzled before you
Makes the blood darker and thunder
With the psychic hammer to nail
With your self, you know is solid
And here, to nail, forever and ever,
Like a cross, that we have hearts
And our ideas

And yearnings and loves are not for naught
In echoes – missing the very evergreen
Always growing out of you like eternal spring.
Still blood of clouds gut your squeeze,

Looking for what you attribute to it
For you know mind, emotions, feelings
Are not it – it must exist!

The poet's testified to heart's hatters
And clutters and the monster proven
If it does, we are none of them in blood
And more than in clouds and the tapestry
The very denial by murders of the heart
That live in Plato's cave of wind.

You are the very ground and love.
You are the arm around the earth,
The every inch out of you – to show
That the heart exists, even if empty,
And has existence for its partner
Whose dark soul and flesh to boil
In oil the light by which you see
Even the blight of the arks
Has the epitome of scooping dirt
Of earth to mold the heart,
And say it is one.

The whole world in all its flavors and beauty
And perfection and dereliction walks in front of you
As you stand and all the clouds cloud
That are red or blood or clot
As you see the making heart being made.
And how much creek, stream, tributary,

River into ocean is your life with its blood
And guts and kids galore as life wants
More life and more life is given, seen...

Heart, heart, where is that, but a poet's dream
Imagining, ephemeral, smoke not fire
To waste our time lost in the Rockies.
Yet heart wants what mind cannot give,
The very truth that your life is your existence
As it is what makes the earth orbit
No other meaning as seed is needed
And when the heart evolves true eyes
To see the light that sees real darkness of life
For the night sky is our blood stained by centuries
As black as night that pools a lamp.

LEAVES OF MY BODY

I gather the leaves of my body,
lose a few to winds and ravines,
others float down my cliff
seeking scatterings into stream
I see circle around down to ocean,
rainbows of color that are light
of this world that fade into the water
that reflects the intimate sky,
whose arrival arrives
in the form in which it began.