

NATURE'S CREATURES



RON BOGGS

Contents

1. Ivan
2. Music of Silence
3. Blood Mountain
4. We egos
5. turnip tails
6. leaf spins
7. "Dead Man Walking"
8. Cat's Toy
9. Dialogue
10. Clinging
11. How build bridge from the abyss?
12. Sphinx
13. wolf
14. owl
15. Dear Friend
16. cave art
17. I ate the bitter leaves
18. lake
19. ripples
20. Joshu Tree
21. Octopus
22. Tenderness
23. One Heart
24. Out of the Shade
25. Cheshire Cat
26. Geologist of Howling Creek
27. Ferocity Jaws
28. Skull of Moon

29. Human
30. Slice the lemon
31. beads
32. this rock
33. horned toad
34. a shooting star
35. Shine
36. Sensual Almond
37. Hermes' Gifts
38. brook with frog
39. I don't were a watch
40. "Honks!"
41. Do Not Bring With You
42. knife
43. What are you doing?
44. Telescope
45. each lock of hair
46. The Fan
47. a glint
48. Where are
49. Having Fun Being Who You Are
50. American History, The Longest Passage
51. I walk out the door
52. night in the dark
53. Downstream
54. Dog of Anger
55. Dark Side of the Moon
56. eat the rain
57. jangles

58. The Boat of Grief
59. What's This
60. Clouds
61. When did you plant the squash?
62. Bends
63. the boulder's
64. you can walk
65. blast
66. Melting
67. Eat Dirt
68. To say
69. wait
70. Living Hearts
71. This Junkyard Beautiful
72. black and gray
73. the lily pads
74. Frog and I sit
75. Flight of Primordial Woman
76. Abandoned Eyes
77. it's alive
78. The fire of the maple
79. Bones Dream
80. Tranquil Valley
81. The Pearl of Our Peril
82. wood chips
83. rustling
84. nail wood pounded
85. Poison Oak
86. green everywhere

87. full moon
88. what can you expect?
89. Valley
90. like one million
91. bird wings
92. jaguar
93. A Year
94. squirrel
95. sun shower
96. trees contort
97. snowflakes
98. rusted plow
99. deer hooves
100. juniper snake
101. Simplicity
102. ropes with nooses
103. flying suns
104. swallowed
105. You live a year

IVAN

“However much you knock at nature’s door, she will never answer you in comprehensible words.”

Nature’s words are leaves,
bushes, rocks, mosses, dead trees,
the flimsy tumbly scree
you find impossible to stand up in
and there you are, a word
of nature.

What you really ask: how
figure out nature? Rather
do the art will tree ring
you nature and you’ll spell
word images as the river
painting true art of moving
images of movies that are the words
of how move. What never moves,
how still, what never stills --
rhythms shake the leaves, you see
wind turns up and over and around,
origin flows out of its roots.

Ivan Turgenev, we’ve legged here.
We are nature’s creatures, speak
soul to soul, image to image, word

to painting to canvas, a need
for stream of the whole meadow
flowing through the summer of which
the flower is but one word
in the rhythm of yellow tulip,
daisies, whiskers of long brown grasses,
sharp of Eastern bluebird, moss bark
that leaps the stone to stones
that discourse encyclopedias
of dictionaries for all you ever
could love to be by the embrace
and how you feel the lips of kiss
that will make you like nature open
to the incomprehensible roots
of the words that, even now, sing
if we tutor the ears to hear instruments
we've never imagined spoke to us,
let alone vibrated the heart strings
with the music whose syncopation
we train ourselves to follow
that makes human creations in marvel
at what we are as nature's creatures.

MUSIC OF SILENCE

Music of silence.

Flashes flesh of tiger.

Harmony of muscular discordance
flows of the never imaginable.

Heard with no ears, no eyes
jasmine honeysuckle wind dances
vibrate stone rings.

Effluence of the sky splays
out the effervescent lovers.

Once heard wind when no wind,
can live hundreds of miles
from your body with garden
never knew existed.

Tap on the shoulder, no trace
of place, strings taut
with release and turn.

Rumble down the mountain
in the sands of the body,
seeds of sutures of music.

True silence.

BLOOD MOUNTAIN

a mountain of skulls
with no sand of body
the whites of our eyes
we cannot decry
we cannot ally
we cannot align the unalignable
the skill and thrill of ritual
of the modern ancient pile
both light and dark are our ark
the tune of the iris
is in our hands
to do as we foul ourselves
dribble the potatoes and gravy
from your mouth like a moth
as you will. The last expression
of life's release after a century
of police the prison of this life
will not change the odor
that rises from the swamp of petroglyphs
chiseled by modern ads mad TV
as your congressed heart's fitful deliveries
of the savage totem we each display
and war against other totems.
Nothing washes the blood that floods
the abyss we've sacrificed into
that washes us as we are the beings who
in our profoundest moments could embrace

the late date and mottled gates
and stalk up to touch the sky
through the agonies of our ecstasies.

WE EGOS

We egos stuck between two buns

in Eat N'Park

Absorbent you and you

release

Place

Please

Unguent

Marble slabs

film at 11

TURNIP TAILS

turnip tails

slides

horizon

LEAF SPINS

leaf spins ten directions
in flabbergasts
round and up and down
abound and down and up
without moving lips

UNTITLED

grizzly peels bark
smells air
blueberries moist
and round

“DEAD MAN WALKING”

Little boy played,
ate the dirt, first poem.
Returned to be homemade.
Slept Blakian dreams,
saw “Dead Man Walking,”
with Johnny Depp and orc energy,
two gun, six shooter eyes
peered into the dark void.
Gunsmith was the original trade
of the migrant who moved west.
Exuberance of nine horses companioned
the never look arounder
to see who traveled with him,
until she turned his head as a lover
would with the mountains of exuberance.
Dreams of the western, the gun of the mind
went off, killing him. Last poem.

CAT'S TOY

yarn ball traces
twists around chair
legs around and scattered
around under the sofa
and it curves out
to the vanity
a mountain road meanders
100 foot cliff
on the tips of paws
through the maze
of wondrous mappings
of wilderness trails

DIALOGUE

Tree: I've no questions for you.
No questions worth asking
have I ever had answered.

Me: Still the questions quest!

Trees: Ah, yes.

Grass: Wait, hundreds of questions abound.
So many, you can't distinguish
the important questions.

Trees: Like what?

Grass: How does a grass grow out
of a seed? Play me that.

Tree: You should be able to play
for what we see
is the transformed seed
that sun and rains give nurture to.

Me: How flow? How glow?

Grass: One grass, all grasses.
One inch, million miles
are the pictures of greens and blues

only love runs through.

Tree: Love's not true and not truth,
not the end of life though human's
strive to wing eros this light.

Me: Your tailwind moves me further
than I want to go or thought to flow.

Grass: Let go of what you hold,
allow yourself, be the tree, be grass.
Let the life you are live you.

Trees: You are one to dispense
in the agony of verse
that conflict of strife
of two cleaves are in dice.
The jabbed mind fantasizes
to throw at modern blows.

Ron: You wing on. Headwind of tree.

Tree: Hold still. Let the doing do.

Ron: You fly me.

Grass: Where are your questions?

Ron: I've forgot them?

Tree: Not for long, incubation
always claims its victims
and you've skills you need
to worm for you contort to curve
with questions, you squirm.

Ron: Yes, questions question questions,
question quest, Meander River.
Makes the straight staff crooked.

Grass: Bingo!

Trees: Buoyancy!

Ron: Bounce. I feel like I'm in
"Waiting for Godot."

Grass: No waiting.

Tree: No Godot.

Ron: No Ron.

Tree: Aw - awful - Ha. You see,
do not flee, do not plea,
refuse to refuse.

Grass: Ask the questions into infinity.

You'll never figure out in your
sun run mind.

Ron: Moon mind?

Grass: Sing, fling, bingo, lingo,
linguine.

Ron: Meaning?

Tree: No meaning, no being - see
and let seeing go.

Ron: Flow.

Tree: Then, always questions.

Grass: Give up answers, never answer,
open questions.

Tree: When you think you have answer,
dance, find a partner, sing body.
Fling, you are the question
without an answer. Isn't it great!

Ron: No, Ron. I've answered.

Grass: More.

Tree: Less.

Ron: Agonizing abyss appetites apple
 abhors appeal appalls apprehended
as what?

Tree: You already know. Cannot yet live.

Grass: Your grass hasn't the stamina
 to last the beating of being
 stepped on repeatedly.
 After all, you know it's not you.

Ron: I'm bled and tumbled.

Tree: Let the bulbs do their thing.

Ron: Be thing.

Grass: Go for air.

Tree: No despair is worth the maze
 yet give it wings to sing
 and a place to care.

Ron: You float me.

Grass: Ah, you learn, discern the dig
 close to ground.

Tree: Dig roots.

Ron: You question me?

Tree: Ah, you on to something new.
Look askance for human can't see
for common sense is a trickster art,
everything raises a question:
that is consciousness. Nothing
has a real answer in consciousness.

Grass: Where you want to be, free
and willing to risk all,
whether you fall or crawl
or mawl, or trawl, or all
as you've lived the call
you are.

Tree: Many grasses, trees are forests,
meadows, an earth that is gift.
Grasses can be grown from seeds.

Ron: Oh, a life question.

Trees: Yes, strife brought you this far,
deer takes you farther.

Grass: Hymns and clatter.

Tree: Songs and hills.

Ron: Bridges.

Tree: If you're asking questions,
you're not getting it.

When the questions throws you
into scree, your climb can't make
any place, like walking air.
Your questions are your effort.
All of you must slide down,
slide up, every one lives
the question. You are question.

CLINGING

Clinging to old man Walt's beard,
he flings me off with, "You can't
contain multitudes, clinging."

HOW BUILD BRIDGE FROM THE ABYSS?

How build bridge from the abyss?
Construct earth girders out of energy balls,
wad the disgust, let canker despair,
loosen calumny of depression, pit viper
of voidness draws your face,
as these muds you clay apart
embrace the smoke drifted to the edge;
alone with ruin the rune,
like a caduceus, kundalini itself
ribs and spine bones musical instruments
on the drum of the mind, and the pound
of the heart initiates releases to air abyss into soul as
guide
to plant garden in the strain
of percussive birth shedding skin
to revelation you never knew
of rent fabric of no weave,
as fingernail turns weathered leather.
You were universe you had no verse in,
the instrument you became pored
the music out to hear the voices
do what only humans do with blown bellows
to form every shape that seals as it heals.

SPHINX

Sane, insane are in the same place.
Madness sense healing as curse.
Madness nonsense curse is healing.
You fly with consciousness the madness
sea blows you on as the dream
out of being in the dream
into being the walking dream
going mad as the distance
is our disaster. Here,
that cloud sod of sad
you evoke is the human yoke
you feel when it is a healing
balm to calm the hourglass hours
where glow stops flow, love wants one,
what have we not been on this earth
cursed and healed as if given cosmic eyes
of sent love we still seal human's fate
into hate. The flower you pot
is slot of graves instead of opening
the graves of ideas that attract flies
that nag and bite under the bone
through the porous holes in the world
into vein of existence whose curse
and healing heal and curse.

WOLF

wolf growls

grass grows

OWL

owl of the whistle
in the hollow
one track or 360 degrees
play the scales of spine

DEAR FRIEND

Dear friend, come sail with me
to the middle of the ocean

where I create with you this verse
as we create us here on the page

out at sea where nothing's of use
but what we are as with Big Bang,

a nebula, or going supernova,
we are all creating the things

that appear that we see -- those
changes and we change every moment

we create here with words, images,
flow of the music the musician

has marries the chaos back to chaos
in endless pirouette of 10,000 fingers

in dexterous, delicious art of the permeable
that is our poem's sails.

CAVE ART

cave art drawn today

as maze amazes crazy

cloud mountain

cold clothes

clam calm

snow blood

clouds through floor

without touch of door

spell of speech

frown for chorus
have the hazelnut

dolomite streaks time

a grain in our dive

sculpt chimes
when the next flow
of the stone throws
the tattoo of blows

caravan of hopes
desert mirages
of human sands

marble marvels

chagrin our grin

until earthquake

nowhere to get
to bet
zero to free

yellow caterpillar guts nothing
bicycled
ink Thucydides

HANDPRINT

I ATE THE BITTER LEAVES

I ate the bitter leaves
the holes ate me with claws
shucked me empty of the shell

Sweetness of the berry a
bottomless boat with clouds
for paddle gourds to clutch

What never stays yet holds sway
that incubates though navigates
a way never know can only go

LAKE

lake with moon
heron on shore
sand reed

RIPPLES

ripples in ice
knuckle anger

JOSHU TREE

The little girl asked, "What are birds?"
As I flashed through myriad marvels,
I told her that I was trying to teach her
about hearts and how they fly.
She said, "Oh, I know how heart's fly,
by not seeing. Being friends with wind."
I ask her how can you be friends with wind?"
"By not minding." "Why?" "Wrong flight."
Mouth a cave, I walked out like a bat
upside down, we carried the Joshu Tree
of our love with us where we had walked
looking for dinosaur eggs and petroglyphs.
As we saw a bird so far it was a spot,
she exclaimed, "She's over the desert,
when she's here, the mountain's so still
you blink, you think you see her.
There are other bends in the trees."
I put my hand on her head as if to bless
for she had blessed me. In that instant,
I was flying, in that second, I saw
what wasn't there and the Joshu Tree,
the weather of our conversation,
as she ran to the columbines and asters
using my new eyes that flew us.

OCTOPUS

is plane petunia roar
an
flows disease night
egg

coarse new fluid empty
trees scratch asphodels essence
pentacles neither

landing carburetor
delivery
strip for

Thanks to Keith Flynn

TENDERNESS

My wife pounded the meat
and forked it with explosions of curses
that with each hit reverberated
through the kitchen. Her skill
at kneading the pound
of flesh knew few bounds
as she seasoned the openings
with salt, pepper, paprika, spices
to take the suffering. Still,
she splayed the clay into molds
of unknown face. It did not matter
the shape of this creation
for alchemical eating, as my wife snarled
over at me in a knowing way
for she understood I was salivating
purrs as she spread
the barbeque sauce and tamale juice
to absorb the tangy mouth shoots of new blood
of the toughness to gristle and hind portion
of the steak. The oven was on broiler
as I began to sweat. I was ready.

OUT OF THE SHADE

All morning we live
in the shadow of birds,
shades of knives and arrows,
divines like John Donne,
making love to his mistress,
an umbrella, a canopy,
a heart shapes that ape
what comes before the mud
for getting to where don't know
any danger that morning skies
the shadow of birds shine
as the very blue of sky. I see they
are the free me I'd lost, the tree
in dew on bark, sassafras roots to eat.
Yes, roots fly, also, as glories
of not knowing frees me to be
all four seasons, free from the voice
of me into the body of the earth
that nurtured me back to health
out of the metaphysics John lost me in.

ONE HEART

I stood on the el platform
saw the old man with staff

I became that staff - everything
I said that day, heard, read, bled

I became: a walking staff,
a meadow of metaphors full of thistles,

milkweed, cormorant, cranes,
katydids of every mouth wing.

I could not not be whatever encountered.
The distress, panic, sheer blissful fright

for I thought I was somebody
to believe I was in my skin.

I didn't see through the illusion
of what I was though the truth

was speaking me all around
in the ocean of resemblances,

and each resembled everything else.
Deeper into madness, into inherent sadness

that lives that comes from river
I could not step out of, it took me

down to the caves, where for years I lived years,
dissolved in the brackish acid of truth

until resemblances could not be torn apart
and love's intimacy birthed me into one heart.

CHESHIRE CAT

After extrication, I said to Cheshire Cat,
“You said any road would do for one
who doesn’t know where one’s going.
I take the roads, any roads will not do
and I’m in the brambles and bushes
and human length grasses, no roads
I’m deeper into what I don’t know.
What does one do?” Cat harmonicas a smile,
vanishes, leaving only the voice:

deserts have many flavors,
many of them come as paradise
when you don’t know. Go as a pilot
with navigator with no canoes.
You are the forager and voyager.
Thrill, you are the Cheshire Cat
whose feet are the questions, fur
the mottled bottled water of nectar
juice of alive bristling in surprise
and euphoric geraniums that take all
of your through waterfall, donut, down
the hole where you can be what you are
without being who you were told
and fought for and sought you were.
The eyes of this song are not poetry
it is the landscape that appears
to you, surfaces as you as all

that everything strains to be
and as you enter love and its dastards
of pain and contumely for grains
to grow wings of your mystery
and the film you project to the surface.

GEOLOGIST OF HOWLING CREEK

Howling winds of the canyon
bends cavities and escarpments
into the dried pool of sand.
The sun does not enter the hole
the whirlwind made in darkness.
Stone's skin lives inside out.
Sandstone and limestone crumble
and with boulder's hung ears
lightning down the arroyo
as the mountain are tigers
whose paw prints give the name,
Howling Creek, in episodes
for they're spotted by those
who leave no scent. Water pours
out of cold spring into warm ocean,
no telling apart. Canyons scorch
the colors of the dead in long screeches
for like true magicians being destroyed,
eroded and full of water holds
you don't mind as dew slides
and roadrunner's slithers, coyote's critter. Geologist of
grief you follow the hollow
of the canyon where it had been before
the history of howling winds,
where its changed course you dig up
under the deluge overhangs left as dangles.

FEROCITY JAWS

Grudgingly, losing life, finding nothing,
ferocity jaws devoured the hours,
slowly revealed I stood on a moving thing,
a creature of such magnitude,
the cause of earthquakes.

The nothing I clung to vanished,
releasing me into the unbelievable
of everything moved, even danced and sang,
until as partners we looked at one another
and could not find either of us
for neither of us were creatures.

We dropped the jaw of ferocity
for what we were were not that lost,
as we were not that believable
and not this life and death
and nothing more devoured.

SKULL OF MOON

Skull of moon
traces over battlefields
of grief and torture

shines on
like killing seed
that soul hangs as bear claws
around the necks of dissemblers
and ravishers
like a water sword through stone

descents of the same moon
moves deeper into the outlines
of the fragility of strength
so odored its very stench
is here at this distance
and to this century
that in and out it crawls
along your skin, leaps

to empty skulls, sadness
is all there is of gladness,
centuries of praise a glaze
for the trance, no romance,
for grief may be how the touch
of life kisses us in the kindness
way possible when we wash ashore,

though seaweed never washes away,
we either live a new way
or we die the old payday

HUMAN

nailed shut the door of the animal
and opened the window to gods
and slaughter and sacrifice
massacres of human to, by, for humans
the blame of shame they nailed to animals,
not the gods, and the animals who were gods
and the gods who were the animals
threw the human out the door.
Neither animal, human, god,
and being none other than them,
and sitting on the road to relieve
themselves of the wilderness
that spawned and sprawled across
their blighted land with sightless eyes
of sacrifice and slaughter
of what human could not abide.
Life died as sin,
and sacrifice lived as salvation.

SLICE THE LEMON

Slice the lemon
into smaller and smaller wedges
until you can take a bite
and wince, close your eyes
and suck in the tart. For starters.

BEADS

beads of sweat
pearls

THIS ROCK

this rock
of hundred jagged edges
smooth cliff
no foothold
on yellow powder
arrayed at the bottom

HORNED TOAD

horned toad on rock
of green algae

A SHOOTING STAR

a shooting star, she shouted
I looked up, I shot down

SHINE

I stand
in the morning shine
unrolling cords
of divine
unwind every knot
of the forest
a ribbed river
of life's scar
when with wind I go
and am unwound
by the very shine
that bound me.

SENSUAL ALMOND

mist tails lake
boat faces smoke jars
lodge pole pine chants
swan anemone lures wakes
strikes no bottom
murmurs of everness
in the evergreen
as sheen white sun
soothes sensual almond

HERMES' GIFTS

Demons, enemies, darkness
frost as fear messages
you to light flame of care
go no farther inland
where nightmares welcome
soul's dance for you to shed skin
if you dare and you refuse
for scarce are those
who have Hermes' gifts
of welcome and solace

every image into deformities
that surprise with depravities
lascivious lash for the ash
 you burn into
as you turn and run
until the day after years
and years and many probes
you turn and face the face
you are appalled at what you see
what you can't see and fear to see

true speech tells your worst fears
woven in the garden roots by soul
the innumerables of the labyrinth
maze of scenes lost
where you need to be to be human

as you meet the feral demons,
enemies, darkness with shamanic
art ancestors, animals, guides, souls

through petrified forests and hills of blood
you hit a window that bloodies you
that you refuse to open even unlock
though you see through the window
you refuse to walk out of the dream
you are locked out of life you flail
and drown and curse and nurse no avail
no matter the matter into mad hatter

You open the window

leap through

where leaps are the only way to walk

and pogo stick for a staff helps
you fall without a parachute

suitcases of baggage you never faced

the desire to conquer desire
flips you in tumbles

through the eyes of the air as life
is let go

every thought that tied you in knots
you live quiver

give over let the demons
daemon

live their own lives free
you flow and flame

as sun and moon

BROOK WITH FROG

brook with frog on pad
ribbons by
I turn my back close my eyes
dreams go on without me
ant on arm wakens me
Nothing to see see everything
as I throw twig in
the passing flashes

I DON'T WEAR A WATCH

I don't wear a watch
time is everywhere
I'm never late
thanks to my mother
I unplug the electric clocks
every day swim
one day after drying myself off
and sitting to get my breath
I'll trust the earth with my life

“HONKS!”

“Honks!” are all we hear,
as we go about our daily meals
and vaccuum the rug and dust
and clean the toilet bowl.
Another “Honks!” This time,
we run out to flocks and flocks
as they look for a place to nest
for the night. We wait
for their morning honks
to become part of our lives
that was not alive before
somewhere along the shin bone
of Paradise Valley of the Canadian Rockies
and the back of the neck
of Hoh Valley, Mount Olympia, Washington
that stretch of road by way of Bali
and Chernobyl that teaches nothing other
than speech to silence’s dance.

DO NOT BRING WITH YOU

When you come to edge of the garden
to the curtain of desert heat's glimmer
of mirages, you look at mountain
in the distant reaches of clouds.
You are mountain as your wolves
tear one apart for status and controversy
as red meat is an offering
as love says you perish in the desert.

Do not bring with you clothes, water,
images, or tongue, your wagon body
or the lineament of mint as these
are here. If you die, it was a mirage.
If you survive, you will be the barge
to your surprise and you'll tentacle
the ways of a taste that will never leave
you and will cleave a mighty brew.

As the wolves in parties, you alone
in the desert will come back,
as you have sand cracks of soul
immersed in the thermos of litmus,
a sidewinder twigs as Sphinx.
Nothing has ever been lost.

KNIFE

knife ledges

kabuki carrions

delicious incense

of laughter

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

What are you doing?

Gathering moss.

Why in the world would you do that?

We are not in the world.

Where are we?

That's a question only a still stone
would be able to confabulate.

TELESCOPE

The Palomar telescope pinned down
crow nebula of pink and haze,
Magellanic Cloud of the fallopian ways,
the black holes and the star galaxies
and our sun and the dimples of crescent moon

as I watched
the depths of time and space
pulled me through the sights.

I stepped back,
looked down at my feet,
wandered up the telescope of my body.
Incredible, as I saw what clouds obscure,
time and space of human matters
of pulsars of a trillion miles of time
and space and history stands
on a foot of earth looking back, back
into the future, right here, right now.

EACH LOCK OF HAIR

each lock of hair
a trajectory of the bullet

that killed the globe
that greened the earth
that watered the land
that grew the trees and flowers
and grains and annuals
that blasted into human
the lock of hair in
that Milky Way Galaxy
that everyone's bullets traced
those follicles back in their tracks

THE FAN

The fan's blades above switch around
while the personages below
stretch their necks to peer
as the parade of dignitaries go by
as if the sky were high
and the moon a tattoo

A GLINT

a glint of gleam of sun
off shard of glass ages
ago in the middle of busy
trail of effort and running down
hill marvels at the expanse
can't go back
a white spot on back of
wing of monarch

WHERE ARE

Where are we at?

Where whiskers drop out.

HAVING FUN BEING WHO YOU ARE

A friend knocks on my door
I appear go my way

The calypso flutters the patios
swimming pools fill with penguins

No one plugged in anything this morning
freezer burn for those who stayed

When the ukulele walked the talk
a bearded hang glider slid onto tennis court

You vamoosed the utensils for the beauty
as hungrily kissed the star's lips of eyes

Starlings silence on changed combs
as young vets exercise cat torque

Diabetes crash on the lawn furniture
spells out cell desire for food and stability

Suture tracks asphalt noise with roses
contours and folds of heart tangy and tart

AMERICAN HISTORY, THE LONGEST PASSAGE

The blood hisses off the edge of flat stone,
a Gettysburg from ocean to ocean,
from parallel lines to gulf, slavery
still the acrid smell of burnt flesh
and decay and odes to flags of glory
accursed with no voice of timber
resonating down the corridors of hearts.
The last man standing, armless,
auctioned off for a price high
enough for the truth that oozes
its way into where the parks are locked
and hallowed and honored to prevent entry,
dripping like venom without a head,
bleeding to death while waiting to live.
No eyes to see what's in front of them
no ears to hear what's beside them
no mouth to speak what's inside them,
ringing chorus of destruction
to the jubilee of joy and hymns
the graffiti of slavery whips
down the corridors of the longest passage.
Still, and if forever, continent will sink.

I WALK OUT OF THE DOOR

I walk out of the door, I'm in Maui.
I went to sleep in Pittsburgh.
That's how it is when you look
at what's in front of you and you
don't see anything familiar
or what you thought or believed
to be in place. Like a whirlwind
picks you up and you are sick
to nausea and fear the worst vortex
and lose flight paths
and you image control panels
for Starship Enterprise
and death comes to your ear
followed by loss, poverty, grief,
disseminated and mangled wreckage.
Then after these 20 years you wake up
in Maui with every bush and flower
and beauty bird, the cataclysmic storm
that flew you, like a spore, a seed,
over the vast oceans to land on volcanic
rock to dry roots into soil, unremitting,
until take root, and the Pittsburgh
of your time becomes what it always was,
a mugs way to cat a living out of the hills

of greed that frick the life against you
as a working stiff who lives the myth
instead of the three rivers beauty
of what you were born to be.

NIGHT IN THE DARK

midnight desire
for light obscures night

by 6 madness will be in flight

dawn is a blight of clarity

midnight
how get light to penetrate here
where you are in the dark

by being dark through and through
the sky the light shines
to you because you were night

light danced into you true sight
with no doing on your part
like laser through wood

DOWNSTREAM

birds of the stream
wing by a gorge
of echoes resound that fills
the canopy tent
smooth and soothes
pebble

where am I now?

DOG OF ANGER

dog of anger hangs with
bark and growl at each seashell

twins on caduceus, two infinites
aid the humans, as asteroids of golds
entice the vision not worth sacrifice.

Beasts shakes the fur to end dog of anger,
slave to desire, obedience to gods, when
the tide of love so thick with juice
rolls end over end like joy free and
showing how to roll back into the sea.

DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Hand descends into the moon
water's silver shimmer
ancient cold cranes whales
clear to the stones and silt
to the other side of the moon.
So deep the plunge
I hear lone loon,
I've reached the sun.

What can I say, dear friend,
falling into this poem
the moon's harvest stacks the rows
of hay for feed the sun will dry.
Water was so courageous
that its emptiness reflected moon
in its darkest. It's not the hanging,
its the phases. Unable to live with
what we are we live with what we are.
The one who rises out of the waves
is not the one who sunk in it,
yet the moon is not the moon
when the dark side crabs
see from the bottom up.

EAT THE RAIN

eat the rain of an apple
bite into red into white
soak through the pulp to seeds
until the sun shines
out of you like an apple

JANGLES

jangles of nerves of traffic:
honks, shouts, flip over, finger,
squeezes through the tube:
Yes, no henhouse, incubation
has claws, seeps under seat,
egg in a skull factory.

THE BOAT OF GRIEF

We live our life in resists and resents,
paddling upstream to part headwaters,
the source of the mountain to sip spring
in the hidden enclosure where lies treasure.
The boat of grief is the turning downstream
to be where we are, rafting down the mountain
and the spring as grievous and inflicative
as they are: grief is on the way down
the stream. The treasure we were living
we had not the heart to open eyes
had not soul caressed our calling.
The headwinds to tailwinds, the demon
in you is the glory as you paddle
in through grief's grimmest mire
until you finally sniff the ocean's breeze
that fills the boat of grief
that has been breath of how to sail
all these years embrace that sinks
among the debris of resistance and resentments.
Grief irretrievably breaks the sail and hull,
turning down, with the filtering light,
seeing the sunken treasure, everywhere.

WHAT'S THIS?

The knotted, creviced, and splintered wood had lain in the grass in the backyard for years of rain and winter cracked and sun dried to hardness. We walked by in ignorance all those times for years. It had no use: it was cut to no length we could find. Our discard we eyed in the garbage dump among trash and litter as we walked among the rancidness of human rabies, useless. I took it home with objections from the family, cleaned it and sandpapered and shellacked the grain to a sheen. As driftwood on the mantle, the ignorant would stroke it smoothly and would ask of us, "What's this?"

CLOUDS

clouds of autumn
leaves in streams

WHEN DID YOU PLANT THE SQUASH?

When did you plant the squash?

I didn't.

Who did?

I did.

I thought that you said you didn't?

I didn't.

Okay, when are you going to pluck it?

The squash will give birth when it's ripe.

How will you know?

I'll feel pregnant, my water will break.

You're not female!

What's that have to do with separating
soil from soul, known
from years of dark digits with which
to plant what eases birth through you?

BENDS

The heart that
bends these lines
is painful

as metaphor

for any jungle desert
you name as beast
eaten by predator

you entered as predator
the lion became the mouse
whose sleuth and sly waves
gets eaten and eats whole
whether eagle or the lion
the meal

as I go around the building
this time
to meet my life as I round
the bend...

THE BOULDER'S

the boulder's crevice
the cherries picked
a mile underground, river

YOU CAN WALK

you can walk
will mountain go with you --
depends on the leaves
celebration of equinox

BLAST

blast at quarry
shook me loose,
a hair in echo chamber

MELTING

Water frees from thin ice
on rock ledge as the grip
drips down the body of history
silence's strange transformations
can live with ice, flow,
frog. What loosens years of listening
to the frozen silence... flows in the very moment
of entry into the raindrops
reverberations off the cliff's edges
life's bones set free
made this way for no reason
ever been able to figure.
So instead of writing the history of ice,
let it melt to become this moment.

EAT DIRT

I sit, dig a little round ditch
as I did as a child
eat the dirt
as I did as a child
chew and lock down and spit out
flabbergasted, amazed -

every nook and cranny of this universe
of impossibilities of the songs of music
pour out of an instrument we call heart
whose existence is wider than body and mind,
imagination pales beside its pools and
labyrinths of tendrils and tremblings,
not an inch we understand, have control
of, see clearly through, able to walk
straight in as it touches, somehow, tips
of each tree, bush, flower, grass
like the one who sits here singing music
whose forms and silences are being played
on the instrument of the heart who
somehow composes the music as we dig
our little round of dirt to play
ourselves in a life worth the very dirt
out of which we came and still honors us.
I'd honor it again -- I'd eat dirt.

TO SAY

To say
in words
what can't be said

animals
throw away words
for image

to say
with images
what can't be painted

swirls a line
through stone
to the eucalyptus leaves

we stand upon

WAIT

wait
for what never can come
that comes as what you are
a star, an astrology, not of belief
but to turning in the dust of existence
to see the waters of life
breeze you are
you know now
how silence
speaks
shivers up the nerves
of every body of the world
whose words & images
as the graphs the pen
the sixth finger of the heart
the voice that is not yours
but is yours

wait
and to say
in words
what never can be said
gets bled
gets real
gets heel
gets heal
will walk out of your life

as life
when you aren't looking
will with punch in the face
and stomach and groin
spell out the silence's depth
you've yet to explain
for life lived is the pen
of the heart that you see
silence is grains
of snow
that gets said but
not in so many words

when you see that for the first time
what you know is you no longer
will ever need to wait
you are there, here

LIVING HEARTS

With pestle and pocked clay bowl,
the man sacrificed with his knife
like the ancients living hearts.

His pilgrimage
brought him here when one day
he walked into a tree, knocking
him unconscious. When he came to this world
he saw how live hearts
were still sacrificed
without clear eyes seeing
what it was, as the ancients did.

His desire was to see the soul
and into the death of hearts.
For he had seen that day,
a desert that wires sight.

THIS JUNKYARD BEAUTIFUL

In this junkyard, green is the roots,
pit of the cherry to be seen
has to be opened, the rinds
contain the vitamins, the never seen
black grisly in Yellowstone and waterfalls, even the
curvature of earth,
the gravity, the impact
of the asteroids of confusion
that gives lessons in contusion,
the pull under water downstream
waves to the ocean.

The edge of the branch of the roots,
falls like rain on leaves' vibrations
into body in bewilderment: what is death
that you should worry about another life
when you are still corked
that life is doing all in its power
to explode your glass bottle, Mercurius,
to give currency flow to roots

to edge of doom
that is this junkyard
that you walk on
that would be root
but for your refusal
to be loom of root edges

for multitude of beings and things
for when you wave back to junkyard beautiful
you hold on for dear life to the world
that renounces its place on earth,

you see the destruction as it's twisted,
every moment, of each accident, deliberate
cars heaped like corpses waiting pyre
and incineration as the human thinks the world
was made for humans and our vision's acuity.

We were made of the earth for the earth
and we either wear the skin
or the skin gets flayed off of us
as flesh-eating diseases of our own make
and model, new manufacturer each year,
to further infuse with confusion
and hide the paradise inside,

refusal nub to visit what makes
the junkyard beautiful, the door
to the silence that we share ourselves
and be what the earth shows us to be
to hear the vast Great Silence
stretching forever the confines of junkyard.

BLACK AND GRAY

black and gray polish the pebble
I peer close, no reflection
of a million years. slower,
smoother.

THE LILY PADS

the lily pads
on the moon
have the flavor
of diapers
with dimples, no less

FROG AND I SIT

Frog and I sit
face to face
on the resting pad
what else was said
when the roar
was near of the lion
passes between us
we peer at each other
as we silence
the resting place
give up own way
that stirs no rest
with mountain building
and rest on moving pad
that nothing needs
that are never needs

LOOKING FOR PALLBEARERS

bodies keep falling out of the sky
pallbearers cannot be found
in the bars of footballers
who drink as they fall.

I write to make coffin words images
to be hearses. I relent to consent
to be gravedigger for prolific rain
as the lands a flood with mud of blood
where no cure heals open sores
where no flesh antigens can thrive.

I let the bodies lay as they fall
my investigations done: Mars of War
that spawns civilization smears
the world red, dead, and dread.

FLIGHT OF PRIMORDIAL WOMEN

Primordial woman flies off waterfall,
sails the seven seas with Sinbad,
the Aleutian Islands was home
for 7 generations. Geese of urchins
churns in the Santiago starched streets
of Neruda. Ah, the bongo the wastrel whistles
of 5 o'clock and take time time away
bake lasagna of Rome and Capri
for 2 geese divers and I sing the Vesuvius
eruption and destruction, a world aflame
is always just a moment away. You can live
with that knowledge and do.

Morning Star Woman who has wings,
halfway down the 3,000 foot falls
gives primordial speech body
when all is lost or can be wasted.
Into the five oceans and eats subs
and gives whales flutes. Primordial woman
irrigates the land, stomps the harvest,
sings her simplicity song of bodies
made over as the earth is a cliff
that you can never fall off of,
and pleasure never dreams of flight
down from eagle's nests and dove's
to sail the seven continents
and the seventy thousand senses

to trick human into itself, as itself.

That is all that Primordial Woman flew over
for she took all echoes into her body,
and that is the silence's voice
you hear when you sing on the wings.

ABANDONED EYES

I climbed mountains
looking for my life

I ate rattlesnake in Sonoran
Desert looking for my life

I saw a rainbow trout
could not be caught
and saw my land
looking for my life

I sequestered inside canterbury
walls looking for my life

and the ways of the world
which I thought was my life

I stretched over abyss and the void
hibernated me looking for my life

Married and made love hoping
ecstasy found mundane and divorce
looking for my life

Yes, looking for my life
churned whirlwind yearnings to nowhere life
I landed in as death explored me

from bones out all of the blood
out of my body like a shaman
I had to put together in madness
the madness of my life -- life, stood,

watched, silent, made no comment,

what was I worth to comment upon --

looking desperately for my life

looking for a happy ending
in the landfill as in fairy tales
for I knew this society's truth tales
were untrue, and fairy tales lie
you into the truth looking for life

when the lacerations of grief
and suffering look aghast at life

and run the other way as fast as head
can carry you into other ozones
until suddenly turning one day
or did the twist take a year
or were you twirl in dance for decade
you run into gratitude knocking at you
to see what can't be seen only lived

asking for what you discovered and dug up

in the land of grief and suffering
for you to be and in the being
no longer look for life --

Now, life looks for: it is not

a happy ending, Walt,
we waited and waited
the generation died, the children
escaped into the museums and mausoleums
and the life that is us and looks for us
cannot find us where we look for life

being rolled up like cigarettes
making fences of death grown sky high
with barbed wire across the continent
every which way. Life never hides;

we've abandoned eyes that see
cattle drives fill dust bowls of our hearts.

IT'S ALIVE

it's alive
take off your hats
take to the dance

don't watch us pass by
let your feet beat you here
we'll sweat like lovers do
my insouciance haughty thigh's
slow cookin' like a peacock
in a porcupine patch

Keep your distance come to me
I'm hot, feel, touch me
What can interpret the fire jolt
I gave you? Come closer, closer,
fellow friend, no bones, sink
into the me that's alive in you
as you live in me.

Let those who sit have a fit,
and gossip on missin' we're smokin' alive
with the perfume of groove
in the kisses of sultry hips
of two continents on gonowandaland
in pantomime surrendering into surroundings
as we go -- we see
our conversation, we love our speech

and its everywhere you are and go
and you can't throw away
even if you sit out the dance
hoping you'll be spared the aliveness
that will dive you into hive.

THE FIRE OF THE MAPLE

The fire of the maple plays down brook
attracts two moons of eyes
meanders mind with pull of current
wistfully follows occasional star
that seems to flutter
turns stem murmurs to here of red
passing down the stream of trees
tide of green rippled clarity
of the moon of life that shines
into the strife of the sun.

BONES DREAM

femur

arm

backbone

thigh

jaw

sinew

feet

skull

TRANQUIL VALLEY

Tranquil Valley.

I perished from the earth.

Gift you see is the gift given

out of the scattered bones

picked one by one

reassembled into new energy,

new marrow, new life

that sprouts out of good soil

of the rhizome and strife

that is the measure of human

that the gift sends. The storms

are in the archeology of arrowheads

and flints, and memorabilia

of lost continent of art cut clear

as the floods that periodically claim

this valley meadows into tranquility

by way of 1,000 roots to start.

If one survives, we have a forest.

I can do no other, I've been ground fine

into spices to delight senses

to trail along behind to scent

the true sense, the absence

that keeps me living closer and closer

to the bone until I become the sinew

that up thrusts human mountains

with courage power and blind mind

and become with contusive heart

the silence of tranquil equanimity
as the music plays the valley's song,
to the next valley. Welcome.

THE PEARL OF OUR PERIL

The pearl of our peril
is what seeks us
as we seek the precious pearl
that will fulfill wishes
and we will remember
who we are
there are no wishes

by attention to the search
for the precious pearl
in the void beyond the seas
of our perils to where
we will see for first time
we always were the pearl
of life and will was never able
to get you here or alive

the yank of the reed of the noose
the last time startled you to loosen
to death the desire
for wish fulfilling life

yet the rope of regrets
will bend you in chains
for the last life
that is as it is
without regret

each of it the pressure
to rub raw the irritants
to round and shine
open your eye to peril
that is always what we are
and never seen
unless we are looked for
by opening our eyelids with a knife
find soul's forgotten story
of the pearl lost on birth
that is the true peril
wood chips splinters
from a bed of friction

RUSTLING

rustling under the floorboards
I've learned to keep mouth shut
though my ears shout the moon

NAIL WOOD POUNDED

nail wood pounded
into back of the person in front

walk wood chips
buzz sawed in glee

paper machete dolls
mime behind the announcer

cattle drives go on with silences
on the revolvers mouths

the pigsty full of boosters
good for slaughter practices

as agile troops display skills
with none for living well

the bulbs on tree wishes delicious
for the train track childhood

lost tribe of cannibals flourish
as the astronomers astonish

the ass sitters among us
the coins symbol melted down

useless in exchange for food
worthless in change for worth

POISON OAK

poison oak in the crotch
years she took to leave me
decades the itch still sores
don't remember when it ended
how it began
that life is centuries ago yet
when love daily buries you
it's the living hell of fire

GREEN EVERYWHERE

green everywhere
shed skin

FULL MOON

full moon

one-eyed bandit

barrel of black sun

WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT

what can you expect?

That the leaves will turn
or not

VALLEY

Valley's full fertility of bloom
my wife loves to live in:
lavenders, greens, pinks, appear as clouds,
lichen never goes away like our anxieties
to soothe the mountain of stirred clouds.
My wife worries with love,
worries with clouds that, nonetheless,
is her brutal chore chord of worry
that thinks I'm a worry cloud
who will die and she will die alone.
Nothing in life can stop that cloud
from passing through, except perhaps
to release ourselves as clouds
for whatever love is it fills our valley.
I tell her there's nothing to worry about
at our age for this valley
we made with dirty hands by living into it
it is our fertility blossoms
that unclouds our heart of love
so that whoever dies first the valley
few have seen will rain more blossoms
as impossible as that is to believe
as we at this age believe nothing
except the spring that our lotus of love
has been opened to show how we appear
whose fragrance you may inhale
and walk unclouded in the same valley.

LIKE ONE MILLION

like one million raindrops
running off your body,
never heard silence
blackberry curves fills
the space of you up

BIRD WINGS

bird wings clipped
into bullet -- what was free,
dies, no one the wiser.

JAGUAR

jaguar spots
so many for one thing
even held still
uncountable
flash hides hide

A YEAR

A year of no leaves, no autumn.
Scents of evergreen gave no vent.

Our tribe of wanderers starved that year.
We packed out with nothing
Of what we backpacked into the wilderness.
The land contoured our flesh,
one a grisly up a tree, another a rabbit,
a third and fourth an avalanche,
eagle and owl also, and red fox,
panther of night so that the buried
never stay buried, the eater never
remains eaten for psyche that year
gave us leaves and autumn and perfume
that still scents our nostrils.

SQUIRREL

squirrel eats acorn
oak tree

SUN SHOWER

sun shower

wetness raises dry

junipers

TREES CONTORT

trees contort
at every angle
no distortions

SNOWFLAKES

snowflakes
of crystal beauty
latticed carpet
of white ocean
on which we walk
and have fallen
through the snow
just like snow

RUSTED PLOW

rusted plow in middle of field
of reseeded plain into whole valley

DEER HOOVES

deer hooves pound warning in ground
cat hunkers down, fur to twice size -
white tail trees, stark still

JUNIPER SNAKE

juniper snake
in dragon curls
on the driveway
will be dream tonight
until the curl learns

SIMPLICITY

Where have I been?

maroon flower seeds on bush
for fourth time this summer,

deer ate hostas, left scent
that attracts the cats
that leads me

who knows where,
who cares
as it eases the burden on spine

deformity bent into simplicity.

ROPES WITH NOOSES

ropes with nooses
lay at the dock
every which way

FLYING SUNS

flying suns

SWALLOWED

swallowed each night
after beast flight
love's delight
as beauty's sight
feather the world bright

YOU LIVE A YEAR

you live a year
what for psyche is a hundred
not being bound by time
what for soul is millennia
nothing in the vast reaches of space
as you walk in as if you know
where it resides, what home is
and you stand, all your clothes vanish
in the night sky of a million destinies
that change with the slow turn
of the wheels of the things that arise
out of memory as you dig and sail deeper,
as a year is time enough to empty six feet,
the century of human reckoning of
suffering and remorse, of depression,
of electric shock, of loss of hearing
the meanings of the bird flocks,
where nothing appears inherent
because you look in the wrong places
and the bitter years fill heart litter
as a trap you set you thought life set
to trap life, a lost art of psyche living
you into the images that plant gardens
of transparency that you deny

until day
like the day of death

when you release your biles
and say let it all be embraced,
let it all come, clarify, disgrace and all,
and take all the myriad beings
you find you denied
that you were and who nurtured you
instead as shadow and opposites
who turned out to be the truer you
to which you never could get to
or reach even in the travails of dreams
and reams of paper and scissors
and the bleed of soul's love to give you blood
through the slow drip of millennia of space
of lifetimes you hardly knew existed
and even less visited, never made a home,
even an exile in the lands humans call paradise,
but whose true name has never been known,
never pronounced, never heard, never spoken,
yet was as close as the hairs in your nostrils,

like a gift-giver who shows you openings
into the tunnel of life that life is,
what the colors of the rainbow you live
or you haven't lived, and the radiance
of stars of people to see and warm themselves
and touch their heart with the mint of kindness
and see through the traps set by a year
when you live lifetimes and in space
where intimacy and love making light fires

for the desires you kill come back as thrills
to fill other lifetimes for the earth haters
never can rid themselves of the earth's stars,
and the more they kill, the longer
the centuries into millennia threads desires
out of which we inexplicably exist
but of which we never can be free