

## The Sand

And I would go back  
in a sprint.  
I would show up in costume,

If only to cry out  
for them and  
those who keep their heads down.

Or else there's no point...  
Worse, the wise,  
music, the geometrical Grrrr, grrr....

which is a polite way of  
of saying, who  
is to blame for this mess?

Some, at the end of the mottled  
colored days do  
prefer the sand of pure pain.

## Blue

Fate's blind date never  
showed up, and she waits at the bar,  
peeling a sweat beaded label from the bottle  
planted in front of her. Shall we  
send her a drink? Or would our pleasure  
tonight only stir envy?

Look: out on the lake:  
a lone, last sail boat is about to solve  
the problem of bare space on an infinity of living room walls.  
The horizon blushes. Waves turn over and over and  
over like the pages breaking the spine of a stranger's photo album.

In the white noise I hear  
the fiery crackle of a kiss, the sound of hands  
unwrapping paper from a gift.

If I'm not careful I'll lose you that way.  
Already you are becoming one of the saplings  
lost within woods Ovid bequeathed to twilight terraces.

I know, when I am alone again,  
from the night I will seize the blue of your eyes.  
They are the shade, say, of Neptune  
pictured in a child's science text,  
or the tiny irregular markings an illustrator used  
to suggest evolutionary strategies of equatorial butterflies,

or the simple confetti of forget-me-nots --  
though on second thought, forget-me-nots require  
care to tend them year after year,  
and no one would have created your eyes  
to risk their being overlooked.

But there I am drifting  
when I should say simply,  
the blue is truly and only  
the blue of your eyes --  
the blue I thought I glimpsed once  
in the gaps above dark library aisles where I lost myself,  
memorizing names of stars and insects.

Stretched like tape over the universe,  
those names made everything less frightening.

To think the guards searched pockets and bags  
for things taken out unchecked.  
They never learned the secret urge  
is not to steal but to give  
and be remembered.

Across the bar, look: Fate's folded  
the strips of the label into little paper boats.  
The sky, darkening,  
has turned the window into a mirror  
doubling you and me. Let's leave  
that couple forever on the verge,  
remember them happy.

As for Fate,  
she need only glance up, and  
again she's served.

## Tuliptree

Up and up into the tuliptrees  
we stared, flowergazing:  
a lazy overcast day,

eyes plucking green flowers  
kissing a season's  
green leaves.

Guesses intact, grasses riffing:  
no infinities, a day to enjoy,  
not change, our lives.

## Parking Lot

The street lifts up her skirts here and sticks out its tongue.  
How you would have laughed at that.  
You did that once,  
smirking to the fast cars and rubber neckers.

Cars slip by like droplets squeezed off in interrogation.  
While we sit, eyes find the other's level.  
Into the old coat  
of ourselves we sink – almost home.

Short cut to destinations that appear and vanish,  
this was sugar burnt to a caramel's tack.  
On we walked, silent,  
invisible thermal walls rising around us.

O

Here we are again,  
rushing in the twilight air, searching  
in the O - O - O of mingled lovers' cries for the queue  
of blazing models and actors who crowd doorways as dust-churned  
traffic-pummeled air marks time and the length of West Broadway.

A cool thread of the noble gases insinuates  
transcendence of a proportion to give Emerson the willies:

it courses through arteries as wind kicks down  
cross streets while the jet exhaust of a small undistinguished  
star appears by virtue of horizon curve to race west.

Brief, the time we walked here: the open armed detonation of desire  
took those bodies never posed or cast for recurring roles.

In Mid-stroke

Your arm thrown across my chest  
has rested all night in mid-stroke.

Am I the smart dolphin whose pure  
kindness surpasses human care?

Or wreckage you never guessed  
you'd have to ride until you woke?

## No Jokes Please

You disappeared. Not quite. Only me  
finding glimpses of thunder and an ice cream headache.

Planning your sudden ruin, are you? you asked.  
Now that you mention it, the ocean is unawares,

its sighs muffled by some daft pagination.  
As for fame, no jokes please, I long for you.



## Look Twice

Sometimes I turn and you are walking beside me, having appeared fully grown, born from a cloud, or a lost feather of a migrating bird or replicated crystals growing in an outcropping, and you hear my thoughts and know to disregard the blank face I wear, the rope-a-dope digressions I summon -- you, without history, without childhood, a lineage built upon improbable legends, one upon whom experience leaves no mark, the most wickedly constant stream, Heraclitus notwithstanding, ever to be entered.

And I'm eternally talking to you, rebutting a remark you made once about how I overtip waitresses, noting the way breezes lift a few strands of your hair or a song you played for me while we found our ways, tentatively toward each other -- and I have to look twice, feel the air leap out of my chest, my skin turn suddenly cold to tell myself how far away you are, how at midnight you drive to outrun heartaches I will never know, how foolish I am to imagine anyone or anything unchanged.

## Harmonium

Love conquers nothing.  
It momentarily shatters  
those solemn harmonies  
of the starring universe.

## Sea Breeze: The Outlet

The seawall's a strew of ancient pitted rocks  
angled as dice frozen in mid toss. We stare and stare.

Each glance moves among rock with the waves,  
passing, splitting apart, glittering, before a bubbly collapse.

Our weight shifted, balanced, we can glimpse through thin veils  
of prismatic mist sideshow roller coaster glows,

a carousel's stationary revolutions and looping tunes,  
straight to the pinprick stars of drowsing summer homes.

To the eye, it is past time to sleep. The long arched front  
of the backslapping shore offers its companionable shades.

Stay with me. Touch living forms. Breathe in the green  
invisible life that stirs unseen from tangled banks and clings.

Tighter

It was a winter thaw.  
You gripped my hand.

Tighter.

The last touch,  
as it turned out.

Our little time

grew less,  
less and less.

You knew.

and did not say.  
The grip grew

tighter.

## Winter Weeds

There is love.

And there is the memory of love:

the unnamed eruptions, perennial, green --  
a bronzed pannicle, one gold raceme.