Email me Back and Talk Louder

In this ethereal realm I do not
even know when I reach you
if I reach you. I offer a hand
that hovers there like a cursor,
blinking, a stigmatic I.
You never get back to me. Or
you get back to me much
later with perfunctory commas
and colons. It's a pain in the
ass. Still I continue to formulate
these things in my lab, late
at night, the screen glowing like
a mad doctor's eyes. Today
this is what I'm sending. I
wrote it with my hand on a skull,
and my mind on you, baby,
my mind is always on you.

Natural Man

That sunshine after the rainstorm
today, I did that.
The dogs on this street treat
me like one of their own. I've
worked hard to stay in
their good graces. Tomorrow I must
talk to our large oak. She
seems to want me to write something
to commemorate her new foliage.
Ah, nature. I am your willing partner,
here in suburbia, that last, best island.

Moving On

Nighttime came unbidden.
Nobody wanted it. A
few of us decided to walk
out in a straight line. We're
bound to hit something, Arn
said. If we wait for light we
could die here, I offered.
This didn't sit well. I was
ostracized. Later, I heard that
only Arn and another man
made it. By that time I
was living in another city with
Rita and her bastard daughter.

Picture This

I once kissed Sandy on the mouth.
This may have been a dream.
I do have a picture of her some-
where and it made me feel as
if I could kiss her. Maybe that's all
it was, one pretty goddamn sexy picture.
It's in the bottom of my desk drawer
with abandoned poems and paper clips. Still,
I might have once kissed Sandy on the mouth.

Joan of Arc and Me

Joan of Arc was a soldier
in the sense that I am a poet.
She believed in her battles
though she felt like a fraud
sometimes. She heard voices
of angels and they kept her
on the straight road to the
abattoir. I hear one voice,
though schizophrenic. Sometimes
it tells me I'm God. Sometimes
it says burn it, burn everything
you have ever accomplished.