Pathwork

changing my crosshairs, as if standing on one foot
a path somewhere between em-, sym- and psycho-path
when my right and left sides favor their own directions

as we orient to the rising sun, what if we had 3 suns
if I lived on an artificial island with its own rotation
influenced by wind and tides.

this morning I thought there was a clothed human body
sleeping or dead on the street—just light and asphalt—
you can't judge a city by who has to be out in the rain

when walking my mother would cross the street
if she saw a cat ahead om the sidewalk
like the only time I saw a bear in the wild
it was on the other side of the river.

if this was a world where a bear could leap a river
what capabilities would I have, like hovering,
or being able to talk to the bear about current fishing
and berries--bear might lie

these days always someones migrating
sometimes east-west, sometimes a yearlong circle
like elephants following the ever changing calendar
of plants in this new world with only a fractional sun
and a night that gets brighter every year

my new tech eye on a track from back to front
I'd need transparent hats, I'd wish for a second new eye
not questioning how its powered or who else
getting there pictures, could feed their own images
unfiltered into me—yes, that's what I saw
and I followed it here

Fate Rain

"Love! rain on me!" The Who

it could be heavy, like a vertical flood
sweeping things away to the roots and foundations
or just enough to cause the car to skid into a tree
or lead two strangers to take shelter under the same awning
or a single drop, like a tear, an aha

enough rain to reveal a leak in a ceiling
or to make an outdoor light short out
creating the darkness for surprise

as any elemental shift— sandstorm, tornado, exploding satellites--
changes plans, causing you to avoid what you'll never know
meeting what you wouldn't have otherwise

could be the last rain in a long while
making money betting on rain. seeding the clouds
when the wind shifts, droughting phoenix to green las vegas

is rain from the ocean saltier

folks who haven't the courage to get out in the rain
check its ID, ask a couple questions
clouds that refuse to pull over to the shoulder of the sky

I bought a plane ticket to where it was raining
but the rain was so intense we had to land elsewhere
our flight was diverted

will a bonfire of umbrellas bring rain
washing hundreds of cars promises nothing

rain in waves, in unfitted sheets
rain to breed in, rain that refuses to evaporate

if it hadn't been raining that day
if I hadn't mocked the lightning
if my car had learned to swim

What Did I Miss

you can dance in the rain, on the rain, but you usually can't dance to it
not enough feet or ears, whether dancing is invading, avoiding, engaging,
sometimes enraging as the beat gets down to the bone, following its own intent

like a scent you won't remember til next week
driving past the ¼ mile long windowless monolith
where facts are more processed than our food, neither making or unmaking
imprisoned in heat, in speed, with minerals and organic chemical mutations
no one would choose to eat--invade or avoid, evade or invite, excite or exile

some coins too big to flip, too insubstantial to pocket
too precious to let anyone else touch
these feral opinions--you can't digest what you can't catch

aged memory's faulty corks,
light through cracks in the floor
as dirt is too populated to not need outside food
no matter how much I eat of myself nothing grows back
and wind= blown seeds rarely compatible or in my style
developed when light and mirrors went on a sabbatical
and the day they came back became a new year
which needed a new bin for the new incompletions

it's easter but how do I rise from the dread
i roll away stoned, leave the hard boiled in their shells
nibble on the chocolate icons, baskets open to the wind
and the tiny, promises hiding sin the bushes,

neither ignoring or plucking what grows without me
however it got here, until the next time soil falls from the sky
"two men say they're jesus, one of them must be wrong'
the radio reveals, radio more random than rain
more messages in the air than plans, more pollen than anything else
how much dust is ash, how much ash was born that way

fire without friction, heat in a vacuum
a world without constant micro-explosions can't exist
how could it come back together
a morphing image from the past or future
how did this become now

Corner Corona

“there’s just one way out babe, but I just can’t go out that door”
greg allman

gravity wind attraction hunger—
something will get me moving
maybe just what I’m standing on would rather be
some-where or some-thing else
changing the name changes the thing

an entrance so intense it makes darkness burst into light
temporarily
a rare tempo 11 beats to the measure
to breathe swiftly and absently enough
going through what I didn’t see
get around without going aground
using this language means I’m not home

can I drink this water
are the droplets on the window rain or a lawn sprinkler
where there is no lawn no window
the wind is waiting for me to turn my back
call the shot
some letters some characters numbers implied
a pause for necessary silence, not context content
don’t take a look without putting something in its place
how would that look back a shadow waiting for its cue
a crease a ridge a quickly vanishing line
almost up to my knee but thin as air
no effort no resistance
if I was any taller my feet couldn’t reach the ground
not sure if I’m standing water or subcutaneous clouds
from the outside from the radar scan a contactless stethoscope

thinking I wasn’t on a street but in a slowly rolling billboard mural
animated
where I’d been might not be behind me
bright lights flashing inside me but I can’t find the floor to dance on
incandescing neighbors outside

I tried to catch my breath but it was a wild pitch
as time opened up
I had no choice but to spread my ribs and let the moment in

Five Poets Reading

A]

the power of repetition the opposite of momentum
over the falls between the floor
visual doppler changing size when measured

knowing when to knock, on the air if that's all there is
one more hard chair another missing shoe

piled up enough to incite change
scratchings above changes below
a tilt a settle not level but neither valley or hill

when there's more to say but I've run out of mouth
I didn't realize everyone else had left
or did I take the room with me

E]

35 years in 15 minutes
neighborhoods change so neighbors too
a never ending stream of details
husbands to wives to ghosts sinking through floors
unstuck in time

I went to bed in my city which was another when I woke
as if my neighborhood's a cruise ship
not multi-story enough to still be in business
is a 4 mile wide river ocean enough

feeling like a rest area, waiting for my eyes to catch up
standing in line I don't know for what
lacking a connection unites us for the moment
until the light changes or grows, takes off a shirt
to reveal another, the music starts uninvited
as if it could make something happen

[continued]

I]

a re-creation of a house where everything's plastic
and nothing works, each faucet a potential flood
the nobless door can only open itself
a roof that's too welcoming, a kitchen requiring ID
I can see from the tail of the bed to the first snowflake

O]

wandering in another language
looking up to what I haven't breathed yet
I'm hungry but want to see what the natives eat
none are around, just a ceiling that could be the sky
an abandoned orchard, a store too popular to maintain staff

as many kinds of batteries as kinds of energy
as stoves and refrigerators are the poles of one kind of battery
as my shoes are pumps, sending energy uphill
to wait for a change in wind or rotation

what's your best light
what tree's in the middle of your body's forest

U]

the minotaur in the labyrinth I've accumulated
may be a mirror but is seldom still
light goes through these walls
but I can only see memories, very rarely mine

I could be without walls
& still only a trickle of new would get in.