

Unbroken Fast

The breads too alive now to eat
as this pen is suddenly too small for my hand
as if one of us changed
each person in their own light, their own dimension
this snapshot deceives more than it informs
like a connect the dots with only 1/10th of the dots
and numbers in another language

I tear yesterday off the calendar
 & today has no name, shadows
 a vague map on the blank white
 my bedroom light tendrilling into grey sky
 as if its the 60 watt sun

[illegible]

Rained In

So much rain falling
none of the drops can be connected
as one way as time
crossed by the wind running from—
the pressures always lower on some other side
where people forgot to grow
no stream to follow
the trees swore the birds to secrecy

The street looks like a river

too dazed to flow
my doors not ready to open yet
a change in data
a high probability of the same old shit
odor free ennui

The lone crow cant fly in this rain
looking for an overhang to hop to

Don't know the rains color
til it pools, too glutinous to bow
the street is imagining soup—
salt, fat and simmered roots

If leaves decided to pull in and never let out
seed going the wrong way on a one way
when roots flower, when we gather enough pollen to rail
before the wind clears the stage for more rain

[illegible]

Solstic

12/21, the return of the light—
The futures the light?
With ecotastrophe, trump, rampant greed
For me this isn't a time to look forward
But to look back and appreciate
How good '17 was
Hoping '18 can come close

That the shit don't fall down

Too close too soon

& the shit can take so many forms:

When all these random wheels—

Coincidence, disease, lottery, police—

Are spinning at once you know

Your numbers gonna come up somewhere

So i'm in training for a future

Where playing the electric bass

And having tai chi moves

Will be beneficial

Relaxed flexible ready

Keeping a fluid, driving beat

Thriving on repetition

Able to swing out in any direction

Like that



Dan Raphael's poetry collection *Manything will be out this summer from Unlikely Books. Everyone in This Movie Gets Paid* was published by Last

Word Press in June of 2016. Dans poems have appeared in Caliban, The Opiate, Otoliths, Stealing Light and Grasslimb.



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