

Cape, Mask

With its dust, the moon
floats over the hills.
There's something arousing
about its voluptuous body.

I think of its monthly rhythm
or if it's upside down,
or not.
Zigzagging, a bat takes the night.

I open my hand and, like Merlin,
I'm holding moonlight in my palm.
I toss the light in the air,

the bat wears it like a mask.
When I flip the moon around,
the dark side is the bat's cape.



Fragmented #3

Lust is lust. This day's heat is lust. To forgive
is to embrace. Things happen, then again, things
to avoid. Static is not the same as ecstatic. What
to do with sadness. What to do with joy. What?
Pretending is not the same as preparing. To rise
restless and hot. Come with your mouth like a
spoon. There once was a beautiful summer,
sticky with pollen. There were beautiful bodies
sticky with lust. Sweat is not the same as mist.
Once there were two beautiful bodies sliding
through the juiciness. We gathered into each
other the broken parts. Syncopated each muscle,
each bone, open access. Something is crackling,
static? There's nothing left to make me wonder.
Nothing now and always. Nervousness is not
the same as Nirvana. Copulation as transportation.
Your body, like a warm bird in my hands. Small
and brown. To embrace is to survive. To burn is
to love. To burn is to lose. To burn. Fire needs
oxygen. The years have fallen and dried. Memory
snaps shut. Of small things, I still have the starfish
and there is nobody to tell the story but me.



Nuts And Bolts

The year's longest fever,
my garden, a dried moth
fractured by heat waves,
hollows of cracked earth

Nature shape-shifts a pond
desiccated in the aftermath
of a burnt forest
pulled to its knees

There's a backlash of regret
of water supplies rung dry
with fat dust balls
and swarms of dead things

Black ants hustle to the surface
of a scorched nest
humming sounds like the OM
of Hindu mythology

My mind darkens with grief
for these loose nuts and bolts
for the parched breath of crickets
for sweat strung like bleeding teeth

If I were to cry for this land
it would be like a mother wolf
watching her cubs poached
by human savagery

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