Cape, Mask

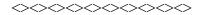
With its dust, the moon floats over the hills. There's something arousing about its voluptuous body.

I think of its monthly rhythm or if it's upside down, or not.

Zigzagging, a bat takes the night.

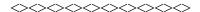
I open my hand and, like Merlin, I'm holding moonlight in my palm. I toss the light in the air,

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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