

## the drowned girl

when the fireman is absent  
the lamp becomes  
a storage for shadows

when an alarm clock should have been awake  
and no one rushes in  
the closet  
is exposed to ubiquitous cycles

the drowned girl pulsed close to birth  
forgetting how to breathe water  
and nearing acceptance

evaporating in the familiar fires of sin  
the drowned girl glowed in an array  
of her scorched hearts

her lungs coughing up  
on the damp black ashes of her mattress

in a hallway  
it is already too late  
as a mass of neighborhood onlookers consumed  
with taking instant video  
neglect to tap three digits

\* \* \*

i stood half-iced           useless  
by the crying pane across the alley  
that ghosted summer

above plumes  
a wayward kite abruptly dips flaccid

and in dirt below  
    a skeleton key  
    an abandoned tire  
    and a summer dress blown from a clothesline  
    crestfallen and quiet  
ruing in a sun  
that refuses to burn

## cloud radio

i want to keep you safe

but the more  
the traffic

there is movement beyond reach  
hands grasping in uncaressed space  
timid moon anticipates  
a covetous braggart  
anteing up starlit crosses  
a wagering of nightfall

\* \* \*

i want to keep you  
safe

but the joke doesn't land...

don't change your rendition  
don't master addition for my sake

if i knew of your wondering  
i would have asked for your car keys

\* \* \*

i'm pleased you stayed  
i'm staring at my torn dungarees  
and pulling on a loose thread  
no one here  
is breaking yolks  
in this year of radio noise

in our kitchen  
of proven recipes  
we'll cook up melodies  
or improvise

## tissue and tenet

in the mud rucking  
of factory spawns  
we relished the nature of ourselves  
as the moreland whores parade klondike  
through mayor's field  
in a not-so-subtle country  
of our enabling

day-light blittered addicts sip  
their predetermined spangle  
from a well of purgatorial grace  
while turning vengeance  
into corporate vagrants

in the frailty  
cognition of a sax stalls  
the call of faculty

through all the crowed calligraphy  
we know of no one who yearns  
to see deniro sob

it's beauty borrowed from light  
diminishing her steadfast  
to both man and moon  
with paper assholes  
inserting dogmas like  
fangs of a relentless glass hurricane