

## Choreography

9/14/23

Grace is a gift granted  
to a select few of which  
I am not counted  
But back me  
into the proverbial corner and I  
can put a foot in front of another  
and sufficient words together

Grace as it turns out  
can be fostered by  
self-sacrifice and renunciation  
Identity is a house of cards anyways  
Reliant on stories from the past  
present posturing  
and plans for the future

None of which I can put my hands on  
for reassurance  
Or to shake in violent frustration  
Any more than I can the stars  
or the dearly departed

So save me the trouble  
Take the keys and the pen  
I no longer want the responsibility  
of authoring each moment  
For I haven't the grace  
or the vision  
to right myself or  
to write myself  
contented

10/18/23

I walked  
to get some place  
to get some space  
in my soul  
Ego is a shadow  
But if I approach the light straight-on  
cocky-like  
it disappears  
and I am illuminated

6/15/23

You pass me on  
The street and know  
Without moving your eyes  
Me like I  
Never  
Could myself

5/23/23

Walk the kin in neighborhoods  
we could never afford  
Only to come home to a street  
where houses lean like broken teeth  
And the sun always sets  
through them like a sighing breath

*10/9/23*

Thoughts swirl through my mind  
like cartoon wisps of wind  
while it floats in a sensory  
deprivation tank of bone and botanicals  
Words like these, of sound  
heritage and coarse affiliation  
subdue me into  
a false sense of self  
                                expression  
I haven't a sword to fall on  
but I have a pen

*5/21/23*

The hue of youth  
pops accentuatingly  
from the safe tones of efficiency  
Could be taken to mean  
a neurotically hung wardrobe or  
Wednesday Night Disco Karaoke or  
a dear-bought psychological inventory

The hew of youth  
Less a few desolating blows  
than the sum of a thousand compromises  
Listen to what the silver forest knows

*10/24/23*

The blow regales me with the here  
                                and now  
The concussion shocks systems  
corporeal  
Breath escapes covetous chests  
to rendezvous in the atmosphere  
with razed affairs of imagery

In the prologue to feverish deluge  
we stand in exposed symmetry

## Hats

10/2/23

I am a witness  
to seductive depravity  
and excruciating beauty  
to free-flowing choler  
and undulating love  
Growth and stagnation  
Living, surviving, dying

But "witness" implies a removal, a  
separation

Oh no oh no oh no I am right here  
In the heart of it all  
Player and played  
Lover and loved  
Prayer and prayed for  
Doer and done  
Savior and saved  
Gazer and gazed upon  
Believer and believed in  
Hitchhiker and samaritan  
Actor and bystander  
Warrior and worrier  
Worrier and warrior

10/9/23

I'm an after-hours apostle  
Delivered from day's demand and jostle  
High on a misty hillside, docile  
Going on bout the light I captured  
As if I'd invented the flame

Do you think this could be for you?  
You've got to wanna be saved if you do  
Full well aware of the knowledge that to  
Is to deign all pride be cast aside  
To one by one resign each claim

Well I'm a deranged dirigible  
Light, light but not indefatigable  
So high 'bove terrains unmanageable  
Settled-on courses forsaken  
We are one in spirit and in blame

Oh my love, my shadow, my self, my guilt  
Our endearments and sweet nothings wilt  
For they are like internal monologues built  
On affirmation and bile dueling it out  
But baby our hearts are one and the same

## Windows

10/26/23

Stood stock-still in the center  
of a roiling roller rink right  
below the mirror ball

The vertigone lights and revelers  
the crepe-paper cadre  
swirl around and around

*-bump bump-*

Or are they still

*-bump bump-*

and he is in fact the one

*-bump bump-*

spinning

Incarnations dissolve and  
decades melt he  
looks up from  
below the mirror ball

Each and every facet  
a slightly different reflection  
of a lost man  
or rather, a found man  
with a lost soul  
He will never lay eyes  
on his own countenance

The thought pulls the rug

Rollers roll

He feels the true floor  
kiss hard his tail bone

He sweats

Below the mirror ball

10/23/23

A tiara discarded in the gutter  
Somewhere out there  
a fraught little girl aflutter

or

a disillusioned princess  
who like her stale bread and butter  
has been chewed up and spit back out  
Global rotation hasn't a stutter  
for little souls lost in existential clutter

7/5/23

A perfect  
park job

A man

of the cloth

Arrives

in the late

balmy morn

to his pulpit

There is no

service

so he surveys

the rectory

and wonders

What in god's name

5/19/23

Spraying chemicals

on architectural nature

His mind wanders

to greener pastures

of gainful employment

and

drinks at quarter-after

The property owner

frowns through the shears

at the pass he missed

Another bullet in "Domestic Fears"

Behold the progress

of hundreds of thousands of years

9/5/23

Chairs creak and metallic vessels  
of processed foods crinkle  
The low hum and murmur  
of the assembly has an air  
of Venusian asphyxiation  
of listlessness and aquatic dissipation  
What am I doing here??  
The minutes shudder and creak  
Like a mile-long freight as the engines  
in the distance start to scream  
Eyes vagrant and watery  
Legs are pistons firing  
in neutral  
Hands clenched in agnostic prayer  
Mind anxious, squinting, flinching in  
the meaning desert  
I'd literally rather  
be anywhere  
other than here  
No, that's not true  
But waiting is  
a cracked mirror  
except when in line  
for an *actual* rollercoaster  
Suppress a cough  
How can a cup of coffee  
be so bitter yet so weak?  
How could anybody  
for that matter  
The news repeats occasionally  
so nothing remains to surprise  
To widen vagrant eyes

7/2/23

I'm a modern jogger  
I breath heavy  
and tread lightly  
I'm conscious  
of caloric intake  
and  
my carbon footprint  
I don't sweat  
the little things  
I stretch  
the limits  
of my upbringing  
I treat myself  
to pleasures simple and sweet  
I have the depth  
of character  
of  
a venti cumma latte

6/20/23

Spaces for waiting  
intern  
faces of the  
mistakenly  
interred

10/1/23

Humpty Dumpty motherfucker  
Medieval egghead peasant  
Held the respect and support  
of a monarch  
who sent resources, spared  
no expenses  
to attend to his well-being  
A fairy tale to be sure  
Meanwhile we're each of us  
slumped at the bottom of a wall  
in pieces  
Waiting for our bike dasher  
Our own shiny equestrian  
we summoned ourselves  
Make sure to tip generously

**Milieu**

*8/31/23*

How am I feeling?

Currently like I'm in the reaper's arms

*9/12/23*

Nine-thirty, seen from below

Second floor partially blinded window

Flickering morsesque television screen

Illuminates the idea of leaving

*7/25/23*

To be on an airplane

thinks the woman on the ground

Grinding her teeth

at the mundanity of it all

To be on the ground

thinks the woman in the sky

Clutching her armrests

absent from the glamor of it all

To be here, now

thinks the woman on the gurney

Clinging to consciousness

suddenly aware of the transience of it all

*6/2/23*

Fountains of resplendent tragedy

Points of assembly

for certain friends

keen to run their tongues up the pole

8/1/23

Glowing screens  
seen through windows  
The working class  
sedating  
Fast  
food wrappers  
on dashboards  
Street lights  
filtered through trees  
and memories  
A full moon tonight  
to judge me

The mind is  
a foul place  
filled with filth  
and capable  
of astonishing atrocities  
when left  
to wander  
or  
when brined  
with recreational chemicals  
Woo boy

8/11/23

Swimming in a pool  
of spilt industrial light,  
sighed cigarette smoke,  
and stench of spent grease  
Outside the back door  
of a pizza parlor  
on a Friday night  
You look almost renaissance  
in the resplendence  
of your nascent strife

8/21/23

The gilded age  
of hot sauce  
and craft beer  
and big beards  
has me questioning what  
it means to be  
a man  
in the world

8/17/23

The lengths, to which  
we all go  
to feel good  
How in  
all our cunning,  
all our ingenuity,  
all our resources,  
all our collective knowledge  
have we not figured out  
the way  
to all be happy

Happiness is a chemical  
which can be augmented by  
other chemicals  
Who designed this anyways?  
Where we're all chasing something  
My money's on a flaccid capitalist

8/30/23

The dissonance  
of the meaninglessness  
of life  
and endless to-do lists  
is the cornerstone  
of a society  
built for the few

7/16/23

So many of us impressed  
upon to, with zeal, pursue  
appointments that amount  
to lifeguards at wading pools

For most of us that's fine  
Wages and sunshine  
But a few here and there  
falter, wilt and despair  
For boredom you see  
can be a harsh and unrelenting mirror  
And when your charge is to fill a seat  
your worth becomes disembowelingly clearer

5/31/23

Moments  
Not monuments

What baser cruelty  
than conditioning  
ceaseless movement  
The observed fear  
of stillness  
Inherited derision  
of the present  
The coaxed fetishism  
of the future

7/22/23

What is all this?  
•Gestures around with mock  
Agitation•  
We get up and respirate  
and beat around the heart  
and clutch at ladders  
we can neither see nor feel  
All the while scrutinizing  
all the minutiae  
Delving for something  
that will endure  
and make the whole choreography  
feel like more  
than a sashay to the grave  
to be planted next to a motel  
and  
a drive-in  
now defunct



## **Carcasses and Carrion**

What a place! What a time!  
What a waste  
of another good life  
We've got it all queued:  
Anticipatory half-staff rags  
and oft-honed  
template headlines  
Tomorrow: Digital syllables  
placed hastily  
at the foot of stone  
monuments to our American Desecration  
'Neath a miniature banner of patriotic  
disregard

While the fascists and the  
flash-bang fetishists  
are all cozy  
under the stripes and stars  
Like they never were in  
their Daddy's arms  
Like they cozen themselves in  
their stock options and penis cars  
And STILL so hung up on a fuckin rainbow

Life, liberty, happiness?  
Nihilo sanctum estne?  
Clean air, water, clear sky?  
Earth, space, time?  
It's all assigned a price  
and is subject to the trade  
and is readily passed down  
but damn-near impossibly made  
Who gave anybody the right to take  
any of it

So cadavers, carcasses  
carrion in the wayward sun  
For good and all that may be  
all our arcs' consummation  
But just listen to us justify  
this carnal urge to multiply  
The electric short circuit with  
our sky-fall-someone

Maybe, just maybe, this one  
Maybe, just maybe, there's more  
There's more  
we cannot put our hands on  
Cannot caress with our voyeurism  
Cannot imbibe  
Cannot command  
Cannot recall  
Cannot reflect

The seeds are still out there  
sprouting in countless other  
bleary-eyed  
working class  
people  
perched  
on their toilets  
and contemplating  
weighing  
blowing everything up

## **Reps**

*5/20/23*

I scribble often bout the weather  
cause it's all that ever changes  
A palette for a psyche  
needled by its ranges

*5/27/23*

Climbing the  
social trellis

He works in oily verse  
Paints with words  
Less signifier than shade  
They've no idea the point he's made  
in hues and clues; morbid charade

*5/28/23*

Certain thick poetry  
Is aloof to make me  
Question my letters and  
Nod to save face

*10/27/23*

Three scarecrows is a lot

You've got us all  
ruining our lives  
and calling it art