

## LANDSAKES

having to contend            12  
seated on its central throne,  
silken traps stretched from  
          branch            to            branch.  
some relief  
spinning stabilizers  
sports talk fish stories:  
that his masterwork is actually finished.  
that NObody lives forever.  
  why I'm still the best  
path is steeper from here

                                  o  
                                  n  
spider's like the artist  
  wonders beyond  
  suddenly one of  
  the orb spider,  
nothing you could learn from him.  
usual chatter    7  
calls NOt made,  
like sideshow barkers  
time to go on  
  with  
                  our  
                          lives

or sacrifice a **chicken** .  
insects dot the outer vow  
keep eyes custard  
Saturday morning breakfast at the mausoleum  
  we can marvel at a clown  
see him once he'd  
given the web a wide bench  
accosted by a spider's web  
  WHAT about the warp drives?  
died on that operating table  
worm-holes stick a needle in a doll  
who's never satisfied  
with company    reduced by one (-1)

## HANGING OUT

hanging man        one hundred yards along,  
admiration takes a breather along the trail  
arachnid's folk art with no interest in sports  
      can't make the c a s e  
      in the easiest neatest way  
as springy as a priest's s t e p  
      busily adding decoration to its masterwork  
      (no shame in being a mommy's boy)  
she watched you climb hill into the hills  
at dawn...  
clam-lipped, crossways to the circles.  
      of cunning&death  
      reverberating  
dazzling tensile strong,  
      dew-jeweled  
      by  
                          morning  
                          sun ,  
didn't hunt, drive a car,  
dissect a frog for human feeling.  
      or for maximum e f f e c t  
for the next one  
      and the one after        that  
how to wave a wand    in search of parts for potions  
      in soft b r e e z e, beauty&function,  
in that you are here with me like flexures of the eye  
      in the fourth row        4  
      in the hospital waiting room  
      in the jar on the counter.  
      in the mosquito-laden swamp  
      in this undersea environment.  
      in the time of every body part  
in ways I could not help BUT go  
what wind&rain might do.  
      n years past  
      insanely represent the First World.  
with instant praise @!&\*\*  
instead of reading poetry to each other  
      an instinctive act.  
into one giant upward spurt  
      leg muscles  
      brace themselves  
      for the task.

## SUBLOOM

A bad reaction to the anesthetic so they said.

almost           inconsolably so  
diet of science       fiction  
& chilling       reminders

taking classes in my own *frustration*.

couldn't take it.

moon's NOt eNOugh for me.

from a man who was

done with wishing.

as if that was some comfort,

beckoning me into being tidied up

family is a play       severely diminished,

they may NOt be hiring

unfortunately &&& cursing everything

p

u

s

h

b

Earth's science is...under-age.

reminiscences of war

for aNOther thousand years.

a

c

k

for

outer

space           the job I c r a v e

gravity died on the operating table.

my heart tried the telescope

want to go   MARS & beyond.

never get a decent j o b.

don't keep up with my studies

in many many acts

I canNOt do the       (likelihood of being alone)

It's all the stars' fault, its principles was missing.

like time       would wish us

made me that much more h u n g r y

many a rendezvous NOt met

my father says NOW we had   one less to love

one more to mourn   gathering at Easter

out the solar system altogether,

sit here in my room

NO relief!

