

**A Life Spent
on the
Trampoline of Amnesia**

A Collection of Poems from 2013

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First Thoughts

music swims by
my heart is not what it was when the smells of summer were cut hay
perhaps snowfall would be best required for a last year
still music with crystal top end
the place I picture to this music though
is far into the interior
flat and little changing
sky everywhere but under my feet
what I've always wanted is to be separate and mourned
missed / unsought

In The Arms

it might look like a fancy residential home in Nor Cal
but sitting here writing it feels like a flat in the eastern
part of Berlin / looking outside I don't see a live oak
lit from below but a wide man in a hat with a woman
half his size beside him walking through yellow light
away from a covered alley / in the park empty benches
clench their cleats and sit covered in orange snow
all this so I can feel her warm skin / touch her stiff hair
to do something at night that the guys in school would
admire / like kiss a woman whose clothes cannot be imagined

On Snow Tracks

this wall I'm walking beside
is a raised railway that stretches
from night Potsdam to Berlin
if I let it / night but the snow
Celan gets it / a bit but he fears raised tracks
the smoke you know that he imagines
everywhere with snow
I look for a woman to follow
not close / just to see her
a woman who was never a girl

How About

they are rebuilding my bridge
the one I have nightmares about
those nightmares are as broken as the bridge
can those rebuilders please work
on my nightmares too and turn
them into dreams

Just

people expect things of me
I can't deliver any more
not for anyone
not for lack of desire
can't

Stanley and Steve

someone I know is eroding in front of me
he is becoming slowly
more and more unhinged
he speaks of the end as a decision
of a decent poet we both knew
he speaks of a minor talent and ephemeral importance
am I obligated to save him

Passion Gets What It Deserves

remember / remember it please
it's not how far you could have gone
it's how far you went / the counting
starts where you did
nowhere / the past of your past
was the most evil beginning
you should have become nothing
but you did a little more
not much more / but a little
perhaps one day someone will walk past your headstone
and pause before moving on
he did something they'll think
maybe say

On Trip

yeah so travel tomorrow
not that far just Minneapolis
talk to give
pizza to eat
not too cold they say
two legs each way
near where I spoke 13 years ago
where I was when my mother died 10 years ago
it doesn't stand out
but it feels familiar

Not Poetry

cold but a kind of clear
not seen in lesser climates
meeting and talking to weirdos and nuts
now / stuffed / I need sleep
and so be it

Last Night Of Cold

the rain is turning to freezing rain outside
inside a woman smiles before taking her
food into her mouth
though inside she seems cold
I stop / stare and lean on my elbows
she chews and I think smiles
I am invisible
to her / and me

Travel Fun

freak snowstorm
like a spring day just 50 miles away
deicing / freezing rain
inside this frozen womb
but here I am birthed to the outside of it
it gave me a headache

Tribute or Not

people die and their friends call for tributes
when the requested tribute is to do what you have always done
and you started it before the person was aware of the practice
and you started because already had been
and the poor guy is known for doing that very thing
it doesn't feel like the tribute is going in the right direction

The Difference

when this poem is finished
it will have a design and I will have designed it
but what problem am I solving aside from writing my daily poem
none at all / so the point that without a problem there can be no design
is a statement in search of a question for which it can be the answer
that is / wrong

Frost's Forks

the terrain's different now
the old ways aren't working much
I notice fewer people by my side
I reflected on love decisions I thought about
that would have left me alone by now
and ones that would have left me with crazies
so this is better / I think
but not good still

Dream Wish

all the buildings are red
brick and they are on scattering streets and roads
and they brace against the cold Atlantic sea each Winter
and a river that can't make up its mind yet
again or four times a day by scraping by
I want to walk down her streets on a rainy night
look through windows as comfort builds inside there
wait for the woman to look down / then I'll know
she wishes something else and the clouds will crack
above / time will contract / will contact the hem of her story

Meet Once

yesterday I read the saddest love story
no one's imagined any more
it came with a song and now
I can't stop
playing it over and over and
it weighs on what life could mean
always regret and longing
looking back and hoping
wishing I suppose

Are You Serious or Fired?

progress is jolly
to properly host the top 250 investors for one day
the big company dismantles its
tremendous library

I forgot to mention
this is in one of its research labs

Cool as Evening Music

the music settles over twilight
and what was mere melancholy
becomes just sad

No Meaning Just Noise

hard driven snow
hits the face like little razors
without cuts
but without warmth soon
the face will show

Such A Long Road Ago

the picture of Bill Simpson and Michelle Simonds
walking down Bridge Street Fall '66 / it was sweet
how they seemed embarking on their journey
now it's my turn to walk the road tremendous to its end
let those who might know / might care cheer
or admire / my small accomplishments are large
on that little road

Story To Be Told

I love the cold weather / how
it disturbs the head and reminds
that the rest of everything will little note
what happens in the crevices of the disturbance

By The Theater

they sleep by a federal building each night
cardboard platforms duct taped to the wall
thick orange sleeping bags and heads completely covered
to gain some dark / everything piled between them
and the walls / anyone who tells you they deserve
this deserves every bad thing that can happen
to them

The Romance Of Homelessness

a cold night can change the life
of a homeless woman whose sleeping bag
isn't up to it / or if the tarp she carries
as a barrier to the wet ground has holes
or goes missing / a warm meal would help
but where is it when the helpers are huddled
in their own warm beds / many find romance
on cold nights and cherish the logs on the fire
and orange light / the light over that woman
there shivering insider her old and wet down bag
is orange too

How Far Off I Sat And Wondered

I liked it better when the world
was discrete / isolated into neighborhoods in the
mathematical sense / then places in Kansas
were far away not like now on top of every place
I could imagine disappearing and no one finding me
can't happen now and so there is no romance
romance means isolation / invisibility / desolation

Shriram Says It All

some say writing's just syntax
no bugs that is nothing wrong
but nothing wrong don't mean something right

Where's My Car Now?

some take it the wrong way
the blast of ice crystals
the road that looks shiny but is really slick
I remember stopping on the road in my car
getting out and not being able to stand
then my car slid away
in the adjacent field the last blades of hay are covered in crystal
and the thin branches on birches
trunks of thin trees or small ones
every green pine needle encased in ice
my car went down the incline I never noticed
then slipped down into the ditch by the road I remember farm waste washing
away in
everything else encased in ice
sound like pins falling on piles of pins
did my ancestors anticipate this

New Year Resolutions

get naked / climb onto Tony Land's roof
spin Tony Land around and nuzzle his shoulder
run into Tony Land's house / knock down a TV
spill the contents of a vacuum on the floor
dodge any bullets fired by LaDonna Land
masturbate in the living room
rub clothes on my face in Tony Land's laundry room
defecate on the floor in two places
drink the contents of the vacuum

That Ice

who doubts
the sincerity of ice
layered on red newgrowth branches
and the sound of cold on cold

More Ice On A Memory

after the ice storm stopped
I went walking in the woods
really / down a little road that turned
right where a little stream widened to a bog
my boot crunched through the iced layer
above the trees were part glass
the sun would soon make it all water
but for now the streaming cold wind
didn't let up and the place under the pines
with the boulder and needled pit around the big pine trunk
needed a small fire / something I could not make
not then / not now

Fun Some More

yes so the rug has been pulled and
I've been volunteered for a tough job
but with the belief I volunteered
fun fun fun till her daddy takes the T-bird away

The Odd Place Like Home

something is happening that will spell my downfall
I can feel it but the evidence points the other way
I have a fear and perhaps time will save me
I feel like I am at the edge of a gray city in devastation
I can either continue to its dead and putrid center
or head for the green belt surrounding it
as fall arrives and soon the green with be brown gray then white
or stand my ground and plan eternity here

Boy Howdy

some people view sadness with tears
pretend it's something that you laugh
away / the news is always protracted
followed by a sentimental blow
of the nose into hankies stolen from mid-Texas
shoveled into butcher paper alongside
BBQ and fries
celebrate like '80s'

Drag Me Down

how sad people've said
that your house is nearly gone
hanging from holes torn in its fabric
the fiberglass cloth hangs still
as white as the day he brought it home
in great piles in the back of our pickup
good thermal characteristics I've
read but misplaced as house insulation
even though the pink kind seems still popular
sitting here I can't think
of a single time my father said I had done something well
he was as much of a hacker as me
quality and finery / not our things
how sad people've told me

Bluet

never believe your own mythology
never put faith and dreams on others
never gauge yourself by the triumphs of failures of your designated proxies
if you've chosen a color let that color be that color
I hope one day to find myself on the bank of a familiar river
with only me to think about
and no one be a substitute for me
a stand-in
a stunt man
a doppelgänger
I am enough of that already

Helpable

there is always a first time
either to win / more likely
or to lose

Dead Lab

degraded and left aside
how many times can one deal
the corridors are long and dark
I suppose because the sun outside
is typically high and mighty
inside the air though cool doesn't welcome
but hinges of stink / and the green exterior
pretends to be alive / all inside die

Turns Out

the weight of living
is gaining on all
so tired is how we all feel
the touch is past

Love Falls

how life hates me
how I fall
how what I love falls
apart / and how the future races away
around the corner

Car

twenty years I had that car
I loved it and it took me everywhere
now it's gone like any dead
silly but I weep for its loss

I Wonder My Past

it is just a thing
but a loved thing
kiss it goodbye then leave

Captain of My Heart

great changes come from small acts
piling up like snow on the deck of a bridge
crossing from despair to hope from despair

This Is What

when the hint of allure tripped us up
when eyelids rising made us wet
when the thought of a cold night filled us with eager
when the car breaking down meant more then more
when what was perfect was soon swept up
into hands then arms then selves
that beauty now fits only between these margins
and terse words that flow like small numbers in a long calculation
light up that past
I wish all that to come back but only a wall grows tall
before me and I can't stop walking toward it

Overlording It

one white bark birch covered in new snow
written about in every poem
its top bends and ice coating its branches
make this the last thing on a hot world

The Sky Was Once Blue

sad to see myself so far in the woods
close to the last back field
where just below the surface
its a beachy sand
any body buried there soon becomes vacant
vanishing into the air or into the depths
sad to see me walk this way
past deep and wide ant castles
nearby an old farm dump barely survives the rust
old cars dumped here
sad to see myself so far

Past Be Forgot From Me

walking the farm
I found many old dumpsites
fragments of automobiles randomly placed
soup cans under leaves and needles
sometimes a bolt and brace hugging greyed wood crumbling
and there old roads hooking around through woods
linking fields nearly grown over
these are all things that could be mine but aren't and can't be
like desire beyond restraint

Secondary Thoughts

living is hard
things break
need fixed
I am so tired of it
was I raised wrong
feels like my mother's complaints were all true

Is Appropriate to Say

there was a big story behind it all
I never knew that story
never had a tingle that might inspire its knowledge
after dozens of years she felt the sting of it so little
only her madness was left over
her gift to me along with some hate
all of us eventually were alone
and events all should share to make us human
are behind walls and inside while we wait outside
sitting in the car / told to sit and wait
with no books / no comics / no place to pee
while they went inside and saw her mother laid out
his mother laid out / his stepfather laid out
I in the hot car with only unrememberable thoughts
thank you

You Belong

I'd love to have it back
a chunk of land with fields
woods and streams
hardwoods pines
a needle covered open space beneath tall pines
to sleep and remember
and maybe my parents
for a few weeks
to ask them the mysteries left behind
can't children learn to ask
instead of write fiction

Am I Blue

I find it hard to feel
love for what I do it's
just a job I don't much
like and oh if I could stop
I would right now without a thought
I have no affection for any of it

Nothing At All

warm weather coming soon
I hope
with it a family of luxury
a featherweight lift of spirits
a yellow turning green
something like a (
with no vision yet of)

Losing Loser

pretty simple
I am happy in my shroud
but I wish I could be a player again
can't because businesses have gone crazy
and schools don't fashion

In The Deep

surpassed
they turn a corner ahead
trees / brush
they are gone behind them
now it's time to unhone my eye
get random
make more

Stay Here

I can't write a program that knows me
it always says it's someone else
not sure who
I am not distinct
maybe I should try harder
but soon I am really no
one

Summer Days

when they lowered him into the ground
it was cool and cloudy
drizzly
after the long heat and wet of that horrible Summer
she waited and watched
watched the first shovels of dirt rain down
she talked with the workers whose job this way
then later
she walked up the hill and sat in coincidence
on the very spot under which her ashes now lie
a coincidence she made in front of me
and I never knew why all this meant what it meant
to her until I made it up

Transmission Error

well I hate everything
about the way some parts
of the world work

As One Said

took only a day
with lots of perseverance
to find a way to get the stuff I wanted
route around the damage

Why Think

heavy garbage truck
first on the snowy street
near dawn but as dark as the sky permits
and streetlights
I noticed a woman across the way looking down
her hair made me sad
she turned and I forgot to look at her nudity
so sad were her hair / the truck tracks left in the snow
the leaning in sky
I think the clouds were wispy

Theme Imaginarium

stopped in a bar
southwestern town and it was dusted adobe outside
inside I saw hats
I ordered whisky but forgot the modifiers' names
a dark hair woman watched me try to read the posters
I thought of taking her back to her trailer and running my fingernails
down her back / all the way down
she thought of getting in my car then
flying to Paris where the real bars are she
imagined I was something like that

Heart of Lone

we had a lot of land
scattered along a small road
to the west of town
we were alone out there
at night the house made sounds
during the day smells took over
the lots of things a boy must learn to live a serious life
my mother never taught me those things
example / how to brush me teeth
how to take a bath
we had a lot of one sort of thing
only

Sull

I can tell you this now
you know a helium balloon lifts and lifts
how high / how big the balloon / how full of gas
once I was out in our field
the balloon had fallen days earlier
in pieces it shook in the wind
under the sun it faded
each day I returned to it
watched it fall into the ground
become a new kind of nothing

How About That

in the end respect was out of bounds
she thought me incapable
disabled / disruptive
with poor value
she did my homework from start to finish
believed I had dropped out of grad school
she yelled / called names / cursed me
my mother / what sort of woman was she
was it that I wasn't my father
her father
I never was enough
not now
maybe she was right
I say the same things she did

Too Shy to Complain

outside the window
catastrophe of colors / shapes
lavendar in the plum trees closest by
heavy oak trunk / branches then
yellow / yellow green / new leaves after
grey fog over the bay
final / thin porcelain blue / delicate as a tiny bird's
in Winter / a spin art

Free World

drop a small rose in the slow river
dozens of miles upriver
and though it hesitates
though it edges back upriver with the incoming tide
eventually it becomes the sea
like everything else

Got To Hand It To Him

who makes it depends
the draw / the drawing
the painting in the corner
that I showed my friend through the window
telling him my mother didn't permit
kids in the house / he thought
it was real but it was paint by numbers
and he was a real painter
though only 15 / I didn't realize he was
gay but in the locker room he held his
large cock while he walked locker aisle to
locker aisle / no one called him that
other boys did it too / I didn't have any
words for it

Walk, Walk, Walk, Walk

all the youth are dying
I remember when I was young the age dying now seemed ancient
I am there
I bet my friends I wouldn't last past 50
I should have won the bet
losing it hurts

KCBS

I noticed a wave coming
kind of a rolling sort of thing
as it drew closer I noticed
the sea wall in front of it
and the row of two story homes across a road from the sea wall
I imagined the wave hitting the wall
then everything turning white
the fear in the hearts of the people in those homes
but something happened and I wasn't there any more
I was listening to Madden in the Morning

What a Loser

one more step toward nonsensehood
no longer Dick Gabriel
5D8797 instead

As For Me

in my dream
the bridge was almost finished
but at the Haverhill end
people and cars had to take an elevator
to get down to the road
two places along the span
gravel ramps spiraled down to the river
I took one and on the way back up I
caught a fish
a woman sitting next to me wore no pants
and her hand covered her lips
I didn't think it was much like the old bridge
in my dream
I spent a lot of time on the bridge
from Summer into Winter
when the ice floes passed by the piers
and the spiral gravel ramps seemed
the wrong thing

All My Wondrous Woes

we expect days to lengthen
ground to heat
birds to arrive
these are commonplace
I don't do big any more
I am a small cog
and my pleasures are small too
people laugh at my choices
but I want small ones
I don't want to make a big show
I want to have little comforts
I want to sit out back and read
and write

I Think Of The Things I've Done

sitting in the crook of the forked tree
near the hand pump we used for the cows' water tub
I imagined maybe writing great stories
novel maybe
I pumped some cold water into a tin cup and drank
the farm then was 60 acres
tonight I sit in a room on less than half
an acre / the middle / in between
a peak / some peaks / the ends
though low and private / we arrived alone
and leave

Not You Not Anyone

it's important to place yourself exactly
find your place
know it
never feel pity

For All Time

Let's think about supposing
supposing that life is a gift
thinking that prayer is communication to other
unless other is us
the tail that hangs down not curls up
suppose that

A Long Long Time

imagine anyone at all
from deep past
they had a life as lively as this
they had all that and nothing too
wonderful things and an empty bag to put them in

By The Time

all the good songs
float just one inch
above deep melancholy
the sadness in them
makes you listen over and over
just as the hot girl walking away
in last year's skirt
makes you watch over and over

Tragedy of No Clues

I found a photo of Merrimac Square
taken the month my grandfather died
really / was killed
by my grandmother / some cars parked there
looked like one could be his
it looked hot / that's right
little clues
this what small families leave
all I was left

Step In It For The First Time

the smallest part of the river
is the whole river

Near Rome, I Think

with all that beautiful light
hard to imagine killing and fighting
death ritualized and real
two colors stand in my head
whitened blue / sky filling the dome
rusted yellow rising on walls toward the sun
I was warm as we walked up the gravel road to the top of the hill
over the city / olive trees painted below
red roofs / marble and sandstone
many things happened right here
many and terrible

Crappy Day

I hate computers
and websites

What Kind Of Slope

wide spaces between conifers
red bark and striking green on the branches
on the side of a steep hill it seems
or perhaps the lower part of a mountain
now pick one of these
a campground filled with medium aged cars and tenting equipment
a pasture of no men no women / a long expanse
leading to a frightened sea

Abigail Redone

I sat across from her at a round table
her face was a gray a bit and laced
and wrinkled / a woman well past
but her voice was sweet and lowered sometimes
to draw me in / she was not technical but worked with same
her smile faked
minutes passed the lace smoothed a bit bit by bit
wrinkles filled in
by an hour her face bloomed / her skin fell to glass
this what the process in an old man's head makes of her

Under Master

I am blind to mistakes
like the time the frenchwoman followed
me to the café / sat at the next table
and asked

Let It Find Me

I need to rest
find a perfect and sit under
hear music play up in my ears / my head
then a breeze heading downriver
cut grass and river smells
later a Skip's burger
a frappe from Bate's
but rest
most important and urgent
rest

Tough Storytelling

one day I'll fall
and never get up
my legs will become twigs
that day I'll cry and begin
a memory journey
going over it all
then facing it

Could Have Had It All

my wife knows I'm failing
she acknowledges it in her low voice
she is fully a creature of nature
knows the end is just an end
no moving ahead
or on
she knows when the final failure falls
nothing

My Trololo

I've sat behind the keyboard
many years typing code / email
looking out windows
music in the background
food / drinks
this has been my whole life
writing one way or 'tother

Time After Time

the horizon is nothing new
it cuts the dome in two
if you cross behind the hidden back
you find the sphere

Mulshoe Natch

find me the cheap place
people have nothing so nothing
really can be asked of them
I'll retire there like a little king
because I have \$59 more than the next richest person
podunk / backwaters / grass growing up around the town sign

Crickets

no footing / no base

I am like the fallen pine after winds

take all they can

I wish to completely disappear

never again compete

or thought to

I just want to have something to remember

while I am waiting

Such A Fool You

blunted / hit from the side by stray
dogs tails / I wish for a mom and dad to watch over me
while I sit in dark rooms listening to songs over and over
be gone / I say and sometimes

Desperation

it all sucks
it really does
nothing goes right
or little

Take The Long Way

when the music plays I find the itch
in my head drops out / the big sound is closer
reminds me of the time I rode my bike
all around the world I had
nothing about me interests you
I remember starting out with a tall man
and the fun we had / he died and failed on

Muffled

the little knocking I hear is you
at the door / the window
wet outside tonight but the wind's wound down
I can see you through that window / I
am two rooms away and geometry is peculiar tonight
as always you're looking down and shaking
out your umbrella / we'll
warm up many ways
the night put on the shelf

Away From Us Both

two lights / one here / one there back
the woman is walking in front of both
she is a darker place in the rain
in puddles drops raise small crowns
of her shape all I can say
is she walks toward me
I burn a light for her
a constant light

What Cabbage

the way I speak of myself
it's like hate
I tingle all over
young people can't figure out my wrath
they don't know it's all aimed at me
like a poor afternoon soap

Free Marker

after the disaster subsided
rescuers came and rescued
only those who paid
only those who pay deserve
the simplest measure
a great divider of living from the dead

Likes The Cold

those shag bark hickories and oaks by the side of our road
passing through our farm / now imagine the narrow road
grey skies in late November a chill thinking of yielding a bit of bitter snow
I read about a clean place warm all year / knew enough where it was
to face the way to it / from there to here I made it
a long trip that cost me everything

Where Was It All?

in all those poems I wrote about the farm
me wandering the woods / the fields
the road passing through it
the barn / the stations of the pines
I never mentioned
because it seemed obvious to me
that I always went unnoticed
perhaps poorly perceived
definitely without eyes and observation
because I was never part of a story
except one I would make
and that many decades later
in this vacuum

Being How

I find it hard to guess the feelings of others
the way great novelists do / can't fill my writing
with descriptions of their inner lives
this feels like telling / isn't that wrong?

The Barn One

a door led from the through lane
to the cow stalls / on one side
and the chicken roosts on the other
for the small number of chickens we had then
the through lane is how we brought hay into the barn
never having to back up
ramps leading up / down
doors hung from above on the stall side
so we could throw in the hay
the cows' noses right there
and the grips that held them in place
with the small windows covered in snow
and the lights out / how dark
for those animals

The Barn Two

the door at the front hangs from a rail
rollers reduces hampering
open it then turn right
(left are cows and chickens)
turn right / I can hardly remember what's there
a hallway with the sliding door on the right
a sort of set of grain bins on the left
saddles? leather things? wooden rakes? shovels?
at the end a door on the left
and a toilet inside
it empties into the muck below
mixes with cow outflow
a window somewhere because there is light
a door maybe to avoid the sliding door
all the wood is smooth and old
it is mostly gray
above is a ceiling and above that space for hay loose or baled
it's just a place but I made it
just now

The Barn Three

the door at the back was at the end of a ramp
one side of the ramp was held up by a stone wall
the other side was natural
that side of the barn was whitewashed I think
the sliding door too
it hung like the front from a metal rail and rode on wheels
I spent little time back there
walked past it a lot
from back there you could see most of the interesting parts of the farm
fifty years ago was the last time I was there
before that everything in hell came to visit

The Barn Four

I've seen pictures of the barn from the 1940s
it had more outbuildings
the roof looked different
it was much newer than when I recall it
but old as any building can be
grayed from the sun / nails rusting out
I think you could read a book about life histories
that read like this

Far Over The Sea

in a past so far away
it seems like stories only
a man lived who never was sure why
but who had gifts never seen
he buried himself in pleasures
till he was ready for himself
then he sacrificed

Be All Right

in the back field just inside the rim of woods
the old model A sat in parts and rust with weeds
and trees growing up through it surrounded by cans
and bottles
that's how I feel

Somewhere Near Where I Hate

the pain is hard to stop
I am afraid of it
I can find positions where it's gone
but can't hold them
it's just a back tweak I think
I hope

I Saw

they gave up
bulldozed our old house
and put up the most boring one
they could think of in its place
isn't capitalism grand

In Here In There

lots of reasons to believe
there is nothing to believe in

Precision of the Past

they measured the level
of the bed after dismantling
and found an eighth inch
off over eight hundred feet

On Such A Winter's Day

outside / chimes
above dark clouds punched through with white
a strong wind folds the river's surface
I am warm then in deep chill
if there are birds
no one can sense them
this means...

By A River

some of the trees are showing signs
I fell asleep under some
it grew cold
when I woke up the sun was out and I stepped out to snap the river
but by then it was cloudy so I drove home

Merrimac Deconstruction

I found small pieces of oak floor
and blue-painted concrete
this was all left of my past
now it's gone too

April 20, 2000–2004, 2013

find me the pieces
give me a way to figure it
I saw some moss on the side of a tree
I saw people below circling a stone
&
celebrating the birthday of a child long dead
balloons
a real cake left and animals to eat it
find me the pieces
to cry over
I've given my hint

WWC

some are invited because they can write
others because they can pay
I could pay

never heard of it

every morning
long queues in the school from Shibuya Station
sidewalks are in your sight so continued
the campus moved from 3,000 people suddenly in April
faculty compulsory many equivalent to only 1 or 2 am
in person-Cho Shibuya also increases if
since campus amounted to only two schools
rattling it

My Mystery Mine

funny how it dissipates
the stone walls which you'd think
just stay up / but on the old farm it's
as if they've hauled away most of the stones
but I feel like no / the shag barks too
about the same size as forty years back
why does the permanent change
and the changeable remain

You Fool You

I am about to be broke
money / women / spirit
like a swirling drain
life sucks
you might think I'm looking at this too close up
instead / I'm outside / back turned

Uniformity

a waste of a day
waiting for exultation

Wow Just Wow

we looked at the photos I took
I worked on the a lot in Lightroom
after looking at them
I could see they sucked

Four Winds

hi / my life is in some mirror
I mean it's back there
I fell asleep for a while
I wish there were fewer things to do
back there you know

Red Words

a heavy day
words on the page
no ideas lured
words won't hold still
ideas flutter away
every moment
we're closer to death
ideas rejoice
words rot

Buttress of Love

the sun off the bay
mist rising
parasailors drifting
my attention is away from the traffic
and on the dream
what a day holy toledo

In St Louis

her friends are like moths
flying fast under a bright hot spot
we ate Ted Drewes frozen custard

After Drive

the curiosity exposes
the breath of a final
reckoning
plead with all your might / heart

Overload

bad day
poor planning
trouble ahead

Frozen Idea

woman in the window
dancing a flirt and filling the shades
below I wager my sanity
later a cold river flows by

What Really Is Writing?

they sat opposite
pushed their passions toward desire
I wanted to be part of it
I was ready for a last wish
they soon blended
I was flung away and out

Snubbing

man and wife Chinese restaurant
owners and cooks
two kids
no drive nighttime
animal come out
not one piece
whole family
sudden and then all bad
food reminding me of Chinese
but not too much
6 7 hour drive to Whitehorse
I thought it was a little longer
Martha says 12
I am learning

Whitehorse In A Land Larger Than Life

too much toast
for this amount of bread
large portions
off ingredients
I hunger for unbounded rest
oops
don't say that

Now Hear This: Bounce! Bounce!

it's a dodgy road
dips / frost heaves
potholes / poorly
filled potholes
raw asphalt
gravel
it reminds me
I want better to be
the mountains tremendous in the distance
pristine white with bulging snow
it reminds me

On Every Piece

in Alaska it's every man for himself
every woman for her man
there's a lot of noise to be had
the nights are quiet
quiet like the white time before and after life
late / it's still light

Jack Sprat

she is a vision
a sight that sores eyes
the mouse like color of Meredith
(I must someday tell you of her)
she switches cheeks / turns to glare
at me and my
unfocused eyes
at that moment I thought
solid length of enna mari dont

Long Days

raining in Alaska
last day for me
I don't expect to return
it's like that all over the world

Anchorage Airport

sad goodbye at a small airport
in the rain
and will I ever return
facing real life is what I do now
everything now is hard on me
I need to shed my skin
become no one
ever more so each day
until

You Know—Pine Trees etc

lots of ways to be frightened
I remember the long lost path behind the house
lost now in someone else's yard
trees I loved cut down for being wrongly placed
my house burned in a fireman's training exercise
(my mother would die if she hadn't already)
I took a wrong turn and fancied myself
now back on earth I weep for myself
—the lost years you know—
if crying worked I'd do it for myself

Fire But No Mountain

others have the confidence
me I just pine for it
I had it once
gone now as many have pounded
my house is burned away and I'm left
with zilch
everywhere

Palatial

look at yourself
in the mirror and laugh
it's worse than you think
if you think you can think
the farm is gone
so are you

Some Things Will Never Change

little details creeping up
adding up / trying to
I can go back in my head
the other way not
I can tell you how it feels
being no one
being some one
being no one
being any one
when the little details add up
the +s and -s cancel
zip as in 0

When Back

when I go I drive
from place to place to place
and again
always the same
if people watched they'd cry
so poor a life
then I stop for burgers
and a quarter kiddy
the back to place to place to place

Merrimac High School 1933

looking at a photo
of young eager kids
in front of their high school
one boy is wearing tall argyle socks
and fairy shoes
short pants
and he's the shortest sitting the farthest in front
all of them are dead now
I hope their lives were worth living
(for them)

Tell Don't Show

they said she had a wardrobe
malfunction and dozens of cameras caught
but why tell us
if you won't show us

Do Tell

and when they did show it it
was just a dark shadow
ooo
cover those children's eyes

Snow Part

I've been attracted to endings
two people walking away
a river draining
all the time
calm hilled lawns studded with mancarved stones
being far away with no way to be found
a just barely light before truly dark
I wonder about doors
memory that is all words
the ashes poets take as snow
the hatred of the most cherished
I look to myself
I wish I didn't have to

Take The Long Way Home

do you have a mystery
a story that solves it you made up
you still have the story
you don't have the mystery
if you have to work hard to get there
you went a bad way

Beating The Positive Out Of Myself

this morning I visited my old tribe
they called to me
on stage they said my name in reverent ways
some were beautiful
it was hard
I wanted to be invisible
because I once was anything but
tonight I cry for myself and my fall
I just want it to be over

Dovely

two doves on the handrail
one nestled behind the other
on a high deck
high winds unhinging their feathers
just sitting there
all night
until the calm come and spooks them

In This Twilight

I watch death march
through the lives of birds and fish
I find as Lawrence says not a single
example of self pity when one falls dead to the ground
or floats lifeless to the bottom of the pond

Starey Eyed

it's been long predicted
that the most intimate things
will crumple into wrinkles
or refuse to comply to dream
it's titillating though
despite the puns
there are places one cannot
stop watching

Over 101

two crows chasing
a pigeon to death
plucking its feathers in the air
it's smaller and can turn faster
but the crows have numbers and speed
the pigeon looks tired

Wrong Page Saved

she left me puzzles of the past
but like the crossword without the answers on another page
knowing the puzzles I know her better
not knowing the answers I know myself less

Dead / Tired

my touch
lost
subtlety not working
stupid statements abound
can it be stopped

Ma

went down to the bridge today
'n' sat on the bench you
know over by the reverse saltbox
when I saw her on the approach
looking off to her left & down to the water
and I watched her there for lots of time
lots of time
when she turned finally back toward the reverse saltbox
I could see her face
so smooth
open & sad & I thought
what happened to you during the long then that followed
I can only ask
you can only not hear

Times Have Come

in the pizza shop waiting
I saw her walking to the corner
to wait for the walk light
blood red sleeveless top
and a skirt in flowered or cherry blossom themed print
pink and light brown is what I mean
with cream white background
I waited until she walked
and while she waited she scratched her thigh through the skirt
and when she walked things got tight all over

Light of a Windmill

my dream
to fade from light
while still breathing in happiness
write my way into a deep sleep
make something beautiful once again
find justification to feel big
just once

Foregone Assumption

many times the people speak
but only snippets of remembered speaking
emerge and it really sounds like something is happening
but really nothing is

Shh

some are embarrassed
when they approach me to do something
then realize I'm not who they thought I was
and all they can do is back away slowly
while I sort-of don't watch
and then they are gone as if
nothing happened at all
no / nothing

Damned Ego

I learned today another lesson
how little I know
how poor my understanding
how far from my imagined peak I'd fallen
I really was only a curiosity

Two Lines of Loop

please stop being someone
no one is waiting for you

Language Is Not Pretty

when arguments are examined
the little truth / the little lies / the fictions / the beauties
reveal themselves ingredients to mulligan stew
and all its connotations

The Truth

if you've read all these poems
the last year you'll know
that when it comes to self-worth
I've forgotten what it means
where I work has made it clear that all the achievement
I thought I had is worth nothing to them
and because they are a pinnacle in my field
worth nothing at all

it's taken me a year to come to accept this
I am afraid to lose my job because in 2013
I might never get another one
and all the unwise decisions and situations I've been in
like being married three times
will come home and I'll be on the street
I am frightened

Left Alone To Devices

I picture streets
I like to
rundown streets built centuries ago and worn showing it
then a woman
in a coat too warm
but the rain
particular is how I mean
some lights are yellow
one or two blue like tvs behind light curtains
the woman / her coat is unraveling
there are no elbows
left aside from threads sprouting
her face
when you see it
is blemished and fails a healthy color test
in your hidden but powerful mind
you turn away from her
this is what I pictured today
how I long it
I imagine this in a part of Europe
time would have preferred to ignore

leave

File I roads
I love
squalid streets built centuries and shows Carried
then a woman
in a warm layer
purpose of the rain
In particular, I think,
some lights are yellow
one or two blue as televisions behind curtains
the wife / coat unravel
no bends
In addition to the discussions left to germinate
his Face
When you see
is stained and not healthy color test
hidden in your mind a powerful object
They turn away from their
this is what I photographed today
I love long
I guess apart from Europe
Time I'd rather ignore

Either End

hard to stop
being someone unless there is no choice
there is only one point of no choice
two really

Left

it's not just the memories that fall down
it isn't only the inaccuracy of the holders
it's in the real world too
the rotting away
my father made lots of things
a couple of houses and me are all that're remaining

Let Me Take You Down

years ago I played lead
then it was rhythm for a while
now I listen

Puffy

see the woman
behind her smile
is a big face
the sky lit up
so did the boys in the gang

I Think The Robins Are Waiting For Me

here is the point to going home again
our lives are loops
we make changes
changes make us
we explore and make things
far and away
those changes though
are undone / come undone
undo us till we weep for the person we couldn't imagine
when it's over we need return
we need all cheer us back
to touch our wounds
to watch outside the door as the windows become nothing
the sad guitars strum

As I Work at the Computer

I work hard to equalize my feelings
but I get in the way
because I can remember hope
what it felt like
I remember the long walks
the dreaming comfort under pines
the fires burning leaves in the Fall
the bubbling little streams as snow melted in the Spring
grass in Summer
smell of cold falling down windows in Winter
that's the problem
too much memory

Never Stops

I believe I write well
so much practice
so much education
so much critical help
though I do it a lot
I am as
in so many other things
ordinary / I stand out
only against a backdrop of inactivity and indolence
sometimes I can't work
because I laugh so hard
at my effort

Tagbody

sometimes code comes clear
algorithmic ways forward are revealed
I code slowly now but rarely with missteps
I started out like this
see what I mean by loops

In Law

making stuff work
when there is no one who can understand instructions
is the impossibility of life

Nothing But

words are one thing
a string another
when we wonder meaning
words
strung together
or out even
are our
response
a kind of repose I suppose
like this / these

Summer Today At Last

days are long again
the metaphor is thin again
please make it stop
I crave the moist warmth of home
recall home has faded to nothing
picture it
I'd like to just sit there and dissolve
did my mother feel this way
she was weary of death when she died
I've never been able to picture it

So I Quit

when challenged I quit
first sign of trouble I turn away
any hint I'm to blame I blame myself
I hate being that person

Not Tonight, Honey

I need to hunker down and stop talking
collect real thoughts before making some up
stay close to home
to the vest
to the heart of the heart of it
maybe tomorrow something pretty
will happen in my head

Heading Backward

I have a problem
with being wrong
I am regressing that way
control

Moonish

a long night starts now
a dark one
humid and warm
grower more by the hour
I am dread full

You Can't Fool Mother Nature

we learned to throw
it was a lucky break the blind watchmaker
gave us
with that we could hunt from far away
far away is good for people
who aside from big brains
(and that throwing arm)
got nothing on nobody

All The Leaves

it's about the time California
starts to smell like itself
like sticky weeds
and aromatic leaves
like hot black roads
a chilling breeze from the ocean at that time
I fall under its spell
I fall

All Else

I work hard on many things
effort has had its effects
I am teasing myself toward the rest
the one we crave in our hiding spirit
I work with words and ideas
but as I work on I find
that ideas are nothing and words all
I don't value
I mean existence
the rest of existence
the rest

How Far Does It Go?

being abstract means lacking
information needed for a particular task
or to complete it
to understand it thoroughly
to be able to find it somewhere
outside the mind
to all the words but some
incomplete
unfinished
only begun
simply nothing

Gotcha

meet the two greatest writers of the 21st century
their name is Richard P. Gabriel

Berlinitude

she's in the rain
forgot her coat and her dress top is lowcut
raindrops raisin size plummet into her cleavage
the men across the boundary of a bar window
watch and wonder how cold how warm
how far away this is from each of them
sipping beer / game blasting

In Thai

her hair was a lavender-like purple
but she was an exotic asian to begin with
she fished for eyes
hooks in their corners
turning against will toward her hair
its too big to fill promise

More Than We Have

the greatest writer alive
looks at the world like a bat
using senses we can't sense
and with them making sense

Language Notes

all thought just words and snippets
n-grams links denoting comments
but all in words / the messiest tangle
you can think of or can say
I guess

In Whose Woods

there were roads on our farm
through the woods
forking here and there
for what purpose who knows
they were clear when I was a teenager
I spent hours on those small roads
they were mine
I pictured my life and nothing like that happened
nothing like what happened could be imagined
alone in every way and raised to be dumb
I bluffed my way to near the top
before the laughing started

After All Nothing

I would like to find a way
to sit on the deck all day reading
to sit at my computer all night writing
without wasting away into nothing so fast

Word Farm

I hope I visit the Atlantic smell of my home this week
my mother had the perfect place for me
but sold it in pieces / the farm
had she not I would now be an uninteresting retiring worker
from a small company whose work I hated
I would not be writing like this
not on a computer but if I did write
on paper with a typewriter
people would wonder about the recluse
it would have been a choice I could not have made
invent a way / writer / invent a way

Heading Away

the air I hope
will make me breath easier
I have a cough that's worse where I live
but better at home
I am heading home
as usual I am filled with disquiet
changes make me

Land of Kershaw

if you follow the tracks
they're stacked and messed in clumps
but the faint long single tracks
reveal breaks and fortresses
the heavy overlays are practice and refinement
boredom / flashbacks don't work
then there's the pro-mist

We'll Make More

muggy / thunder mumbling away to the north
or west and
light sprinkles came down while I ate
a new england lunch on a lifetime
picnic bench
then driving back to the farm
everything's changed enough that memories can't be mined there
but I don't mind
just need to crank up the factory
and mint more
as the commercial always says

Merrimac Wet

downpour / torrents

no lightning / no claps

I got soaked stepping outside the car for 30 seconds

mist and fog on windows and lenses

things have changed too much to get a reading from them

the places though have their sense

not sure which nowhere is best

Time Instead of Time

I can see it disappearing
falling down / rotting
I find imagination stronge now
than the strength of place
as place decays
and imagination / what
strengthens

Near the Beach Not On It

today we met
lunch in Hampton
Martin apologized for losing
a few teeth since we last met
I sat next to him with my bad eye toward
we talked about nothing
I was sad all day after that
am sad still
Dave / we don't have forever

Snap

we figure out the forces
we determine who lives / who dies
then we give money to the wealthy
/ wish them good fortune and a peaceful evening
promise to go quietly
away forever

Who's The Fool Now?

I sweated all day
I pretended a cool river ran by near
I wasn't fooled by it

It's A Real Question

I hoped a cool breeze would blow up
on me / but the blue was all that spread
from sky to river
I spent time asleep
did I wake up?

Possible That Is

I counted what seemed new
or the same
and came
up short so I wondered whether some degree of change
is too much and the thing is then different
even with parts / with pieces the same
still enough change to change it all up
I think yes yes it is

Farm Lost

where I once
could wander a space of integrity
now it's all chopped up and nothing recognizable
I think it's time
to retreat to memory and fancy

When You Don't Reserve

we are sleeping cheap
Lee Vining's least
at least it's a bed
too small for two
people's bags

Susanville

bad case of sleepiness
had to nap twice today on the hot road
we are ready to sleep and get back
home or something like it
104 degrees our car told us

Driving Home

moon just up / light floods the valley below
light from the sun but the other way
it might be lighting a woman I could love
I was driving by
on a highway
and the valley was down to the left
the side I don't see so well on
but I might have seen a woman there
in reflected light
light the righteous denies

Crap I Am

worthlessness is all I have
I claim it with gusto
I count the minutes

High / Rise

I was thinking about a woman today
she was walking / in my thoughts
down a lit sidewalk in Boston
a sidewalk lit yellow by streetlights at night
you know / the way they look in TV shows
like Rizzoli & Isles / and I'm up
on the 11th floor of a highrise hotel
I really can't see her
I really can't think about her
I can see only her shadow passing under the streetlights
as its angle changes
all I saw was changes
that's what I was thinking about that woman today

Rejection Amore

I had a good idea for a poem tonight
but things are heavy
I decided to switch from
world's most famous third rate computer scientist to
not a bad computer scientist from Pentucket

Prayer 63

my wish
to work on thinking alone and away from everyone
for years
to live where no one knows or cares who I am and
to be
unseen / unknown
just read

Ungood

knawed from the inside
I want to find a way out
I self-destruct
again
my talents are strong but unwanted
always on the way back down

Etherized On A Table

this city seems designed by insects
nothing is square
houses are piles on piles
no one it seems
can live here
really
they say Dick Gabriel does
I say not
possible
or where is he I think
what did he do I
once knew I think
well
let's explore and maybe
something's good
to eat here
would make it worth while
to be here

SomeNoBody

here at the writers' conference
I want to be excited and ready to go
I want to feel writing in my veins
instead I stare w/ gloom at the floor
dread the interactions
sit alone when poss...
eat apart
get a room *sans* mates
no one likes to be alone
with me they are

Finally A Smile

star of the readings
they said
leave something for us
tonight was prose
before fiction
before poetry
the rhythms the sounds the images
the story
you have it all

Cold And Snow In The Hague

she is standing on a footbridge
winter over a river in the harsh
language part of Europe
night time and a few flakes
I have tried to call her
I am far away
but she has looked at the phone and seen it's me
she's thrown the phone into the river
harsh language

Partners For Life

we find our other from among those alive
this works because god has planned our mates
because we choose as best we can
or because there is less variety than we believe
some of us need a few goes to get it

Avalanche

from this high window
if I were to look out behind me
to another high window that is part
of an apartment block
I'd see a woman with red hair in a green dress
looking my way
with blocks between us
and the windows all around blue with office light
somewhere to the West the sun would be nearly down
I fear many thoughts

Pray For Me

I fell / I fell
Jesus I fell
hard for her
but soon she's gone
and forever will take care of it

Losing Is Easy

I waved
she smiled a wisp and turned
the morning we all left
she had to hurry to make her cab
I had nothing else to do
so I watched&watched her simple walking
and on the other side of her
I imagined her wispsmile dropping like dried leaves
into a sad refrain
I hoped her hope was draining at the thought
but she never stopped / never turned back
her smile stayed as it always had
sprinklers started up
workers began work
I am left with this little keyboard and its small set of letters
a sad song plays / my head its lossless file
loss / yes that's what it is / loss

Imagine How Dead I Am

after all that
I dreamt my boss was crying in his office
because how bad I was at my job
was going to rub off on his career
I told him if that seemed likely I'd quit
when he asked why I would do that for him I said
because I suck

Loathing And All That

I want you to know how lonely it is
to know you've hit the bottom
but the bottom has a basement
and maybe things even lower
this situation stinks like a cheap skunk

Failure

many places to watch a city at night
ways to imagine the colors of lights as people relax
watch tv / check email / work on hard cases / clean up after the affluent
cars with lights telling which way
great shows present the helicopter view
the downlooking view
the strafing view
the canyon view
computers invent new ones
filter and photoshop amplify mood
I read that all stories and music are about mood
everything's about mood
mine is like the city during a power
failure

Dread

feels wrong
feels like a storm coming everywhere
I feel the fear below and above
there is a trap somewhere for me

Feeble Willed

I am driven to sickness from ill at ease and fear
I back off my statements until they are apologies
I sometimes look back down the corridor
I count the people who do not say hi
today I was sick
my mother was right

Two Page Story

it felt like yesterday
that Joanne Dianne Ruth and Donna
were walking past our old pond in winter
were talking about our genitals
we all being around 10
years old and sassy
half a century later it's a vivid image
like one page after the first had turned

Who Likes Endings? Not Me

a pretty scene
far away and forgotten but for pix & trips
bored I trek
the sensor on my new cam
likes blue more
I won't say what than
I guess blue's hard
too much shows off
I'd lay down the last time
that pretty scene
sure would

Stop I Say

a lovely woman lives in northern Europe
she cannot say a word to me
she drinks / eats superbly
dresses in long scarves and nonlinear skirts
her thoughts are formed in ways surreal to me
my impression is a jumble
cold is all I recall
I never met her
I've read we'd be perfect
but I think I wrote that
her name doesn't match her red hair
I think it's artificial
I spent hours fiddling with that color
and the spelling of her name
I was not coordinated enough to do both so each drifted
I watched her walk away down a dark street in northern Europe
one cold night when the snow was a thing
that was the closest I came to punctuation that year

See You On The Page

I've decided to live the rest of my life on pages
the places I want to remember are all gone now
in my head I guess
to make them real I need to write them
seems like a thing a writer could do
should do
besides
I don't live in the world well any more

A Pancake Thing

on the other bank
a warm late summer night
apartments across lit
I can see no one
the feeling's mutual

Hopi

I was standing on the mesa
on a street just at its edge
behind me a kiva
the ladder coming up out of it
below I could see
just barely
men digging a deep long thin hole
and beside them
maybe fifteen feet away
a thin long burlapped shape
tied roughly with thick rope
man shape
I heard someone say it
a burial and I watched
as the men took turns
digging / sitting / smoking / eating
the day wore away
as everything must

At the Poem Store and Grill

I paused
in front of a display
of varied rocks
sizes / colors
label told important info
I ignore things like that
I was attracted to a grey lump
someone muttered
so was your mother

Me Like

pick a place—an urban place
pick a street
pick a building
pick an apartment
put me in it there at night and tell no one but me about it
maybe find a woman who has also
given completely and utterly
up

Silly Thoughts On The Floor

words aren't sharp
declarative sentences are boring
bore into your head
creating holes
your mind drip
out

Pentucket Success Story Or Feeble Minded Boy Makes OK

of all the kids in high school I did pretty well
my mother believed I was feeble minded or unable to focus
so she did my homework for me until college
when the PhD didn't happen in the three years I predicted
she concluded I lied about it
she saw I didn't get into the best schools until Stanford
so that must be a lie too
but I did ok
not great
ok

Loath To Loathe

today I learned how big an insult
it was to ask me to hack the system they demanded I hack
this is how I would encourage people to quit
is it possible to starve these days?

My Yearly Walk

I used to walk to their gravesite
at my family's cemetery
I didn't know whether my parents were alive
I understood so little of them
that I thought I would learn whether one
or both
had died this way
I didn't realize
what death meant
to them

I Suspect

these days I find
it hard to find
something I've done right
something's really happening to me
or being done to me
by me

Silent Auction

I spent big money
to be stepped on hard
my self-image that is
my ego
confidence
for about the same
I could have hired
a sweet dominatrix

Foo On Me

my days are all disappointments
I need to change or disappear more skillfully
every day I curse myself
for some dumbness
yesterday I learned I can't write
worth a hill

Templates

I work hard but don't publicize my progress
this is the problem

Fortune

sometimes the wind knows best
it comes from afar
it drifts away
when you consider it
nothing is there
that you can see
only feel
feel like a breeze
worry like a breeze

Some Time For A Bridge

when the bridge is new
as it hasn't been for a century
will I be finished
or renewed myself

Last Months

it feels later like I do nothing
but I am always working
I need better notes
or memory

Maybe I Can Quit Soon

I find it hard to believe
the mess I am in
when it comes to work
and how poorly I fit in there
it is not my place
I hate it there

What YH Said

Google co-founder Sergey Brin and his wife are dwelling separated amid allegations that he has “become romantically involved” with a Google employee, according to an AllThingsD write-up sure to commit shockwaves throughout Silicon Valley.

While this is mostly a lamentable grammatical-category billet, the news introduces mussy business ramifications for Brin and the Mountain View search heavyweight. The redoubtable tech issue’s fib is grounded on nameless authors and could not directly be sworned to by The Chronicle.

The corporal domain in and out of Silicon Valley defends adulterous kinships, but entanglements with underlings are frowned upon because they can raise legal indebtednesses for the patronages or affect the work aura.

In Real Life

I was walking one side of the river
she the other
we lived for years together
as I wrote of it later
she forgot I was forgotten
I mean she hardly noticed
I built my life on her hair
and odd little step
we crossed the bridge but
she was intent on the flow
and I her
in my story she was funny
and liked sex

More Than

misery among the turning leaves
turning
leaving
everyone who doubted me
was right
totally

Rocks Bridge

in one month the bridge opens
it will never be the same
it will be young when I want it to be old
I want it to know how I feel
it won't
it can't

Snow What??

Whose forests these are—I ring, I cut.
His firm is in the village though;
He will not see me pause here
To influence his forest
And drive up with shock.

My little horse must call it curious
To be free without a farmhouse near
Between the forest and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a fight
To ask if there is some flaw.
The only other sound is the cross
Of gentle touch and fluffy fight.

The forest are lovely, blue and secret.
But I have hopes to suffer
And michigans to go before I sleep,
And michigans to go before I sleep.

It Makes Me Think

I am standing at a window
of an urban glass building
high above a big city's streets and lights the play at night
in my head a soundtrack plays for what I see
and don't often feel
one day everything will be over
next to not speaking but looking out
is the woman with red hair who never speaks
I have loved her in fiction but instead I think of the poem
this computer wrote imitating Frost.

Whose wood these are I telephone; I love.
His mark is in liquidation though;
He will not see me chip here
To clear his woods not so clear up filled with snow.

My soft clam must mean it not so even
To chip without a farmhouse near
Between the wood and icy lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a fight
To lead if there is some break.
The only other not very quiet piece is the knot
Of light wind and soft chipping.

The wood are lovely, not too light and heavy.
But I have promises to not sin so much
And miles to go before I not really wake,
And to go before I not so wake.

Woe Whoa

how to explain to someone not that technical
why a complex program takes time to run
maybe brights have something

Small Everything

I had a small victory today
but my boss's boss needs to be the center of attention
and rather than look at details
she pushed the conversation to fluff

Who To' You?

I am writing a program
that will one day replace me
the writing part that is
you think I'm kidding

Moon Doggie

as they say in the comics
I'm fed up
with looking good
I want to be good again
but it's hard to remember

Tasty Tales

it's the kind of story no one can understand
not for too little thinking
or too little to think with
but for the gaps that admit too many paths
and how hard it is to ignore
the most interesting
for how unlikely they are
but how tasty

Yh Risen

fun over / back to hell
try to figure out a system I care little for
written a modern way but I don't care about it
someday soon I'll sit by the river
watch my life a drop of water
sky a color I can't see but my camera can
I think I can make my program really work

Here I Go!

I am here and hacking
work is all I do
I need to stop and rest
but when
this can be compared to not riding
in a Spa

11

it was a bad day
even the poets stopped writing
deferring to authorities and doctors
we will forget those people
and all who died unless the poets
regain their lights

Constraints

the water looks so blue
techniques in the photo shop
pictures through polarizers
reality looks real
looks realize
programming with numbers is fun
because nothing can be expected

Coop

our little coop had asphalt sides
roofing stuff but on the sides
on the roof too
a chickenwired in part for night and safety
but a door to the open yard
it's in my mind now
though and I'm afraid of it all going

Honor Is Like This All Over The World

and so I watched as Robert and Jimmy listened
to Heart sing their hard ballad and I thought
of their tight pants and anger
Heart so refined
then the refined little band
then the refined backup singers
then the refined little orchestra
then the youth chorus
and old guys teared up
their wives looked like matrons
they looked like old British gentlemen
whose anger ran like juice down their legs

Disengaging

I need to disengage from seeing
me as them
it makes me heartsick
wanting things to go well is fine
but hating myself when they don't is not
grow up

Fall In NE

leaves starting to blow down roads
clouds settling in lower
warmth persisting less
the sun lowering toward winter
twilight more noticeable
...longer...
feeling of home deeper in the chest
stones standing out
the time when ends clear up

But That's What It's For

stuff's all broken again
hard to take it all
I hate to complain through poetry

Flow Crazy

far away a river works
to the sea
hesitates / it waits
little by little
it drains
watch

Obvious Long

people find their ways here
they sing but quietly to their inside ears
they stop to eat where the food is not healthy
but joyful / they stop to say prayers
for those who died and whom they miss but don't know
their eyes see blue differently
and a green too
I wanted to walk across with them
but my feet are not near the ground
my hands cannot type
my eyes are shackled
I will find my way there

Others

my memories say
that there is someone
who passed quite near
who would have done
near as well as any

Splat

my heart
sinks with every
bug I find

Most Important Problem

I make progress

text looks good

lots of tweaking can make it better

I'm talking about a program to do the writing

Reminds Me Of

fixing fixing fixing
keep those bug lists listing
keep those bugses rolling
buglist
don't try to understand 'em
just find crack and hack them
etc

Overly

not a moment of relaxing
soon I will need to pass away
I needs things to be finished

Almost Like Greek

the woodwind instruments are lovely, tenebrious, and grumose
he only other headphone is the hybridize
of unconstipated soupcon and downy bit

Green Metal Bridge

I wrote this yesterday
when head back and all hurt
I've been to Skip's
or something bad happened
past and future
what's the diff

RVB Sneak Peek

the bridge is clean and modern
in places and aged elsewhere
I wonder how my love for it will evolve
the new parts
the old parts
which

Last Quiet Night There

on the bridge tonight with the ladies out there
I am noticed for the first time in a while
the lights are too yellow
and correcting the light in photoshop takes and extreme
it would be nice to just be pleasant
like Elwood P

Historic I'd Say

walking the bridge
talking with all
you're Richard from California
history / prognosis
then we cut the ribbon twice times two (two scissors
two cuts two people two times)
then the headman who wanted to go home
said let's open it up for the first time
and we did
I did with them

Details Small and Silly

funny how something so simple
becomes important
a favorite sweatshirt lost to RVB green paint
saddened I wept a bit
then ordered replacements
this is important
just the little details

Revisited

the road has calmed down
the water which once flowed high is now down
low where it always should be
I crossed the bridge three times and felt the little shakes underneath
I want to go home
my only question
where is it

Stiff Thinking

leaving's not easy
this time / too many things that might not return
then bridge seemed ready to accept its loads
the river kept sawing away
the water water was clear and uneventful
it was warm in a way autumns
aren't here
I was sad to see them and her go

Pruneyard

as we learn we prune and repair
it's simple but hard
quality comes from this step
and all the earlier ones
like a circle that picks itself up by its end
(where's that?)
and flies

Up Too Late

up too late again
too much to watch and do
tired and scared as usual
slowing understanding my project

The Mystery of Big

the code is a mystery
I understand it by studying it like nature
I act the scientist
there are no bugs in my code
there is nothing but bugs in my code

Simple Dream

I miss the freedom to dream
all there is is
work work work
I want to live
before I have
to die

Bridging

the bridge of course
never stops working
work for it is just hunkering there
doing nothing but doing
it strong
all the time
nothing like moving forward
or resisting being pushed back

Tonight Some More

such a hard mess
need to pack
need to hack

Lazy Bum—Maybe

a simple parser would work well
like a bunch of patterns sitting there
I don't feel lazy but what I accomplish
is limited or hemmed in
I parcel my effort poorly

To Shine

some thought it was fine
another was puzzled and critical
used to creative science?
maybe not

Too Bad

there is a long trip today
if this is the next to last thing you read by me
I didn't make

So Sad

today in a country
rain and cold maybe
or a delight
or fear
the old world
will beautiful women greet me here

Did I Mention No Cares?

women in tight skirts
black leggings
cotton heavy coats
a bitter day
for cold and remembering
been here before
something warm in north

Zoo Gardens

today the animals
back in agony but ok now
reading a novel slowly
the air made the light light

Potsdam @ Night

cold and rain
walking down wet streets in the dark
shop windows closed to traffic
not eyes
I lay awake in awe

A Surprise In Potsdam

they all died in 1946 or 1947
they were all Soviet military
buried under ivy in Potsdam
it was written on a large Soviet obelisk
that their sacrifice accomplished something
I wondered what / and at the very end
perhaps they did too

On Museum Island

the museums were too big
contained exhibits too old
cities that lived too long
I was tired and everything ached
talk about too

A Day When Berlin Does Not Defeat Me

talk ok all that
some hated it who cares
I made my points strong and got a solid
A from Dave west
I wish my life were every day
as nice as today
aside from the fatigue that drops me into bed
like flax before a scythe

The Question

yellow and orange day
warm in the cold part of Germany
walking down streets they are
how can you tell they are pretty
from behind

Going Home

way back / I hope we do
then quick repack and off again
one day rest / sleep / early depart
this is the end for a while

Blue Ribbons

running red lights through Berlin
on the way to a proper date
anticipation has no equal tonight
how many shades of dark I passed
cannot be counted
a new physics is needed for them
I met her
the woman whose hair is blue ribbons

Lady We All Know

sitting in an old room
pretty girl bobs her head
so many sway & swing with joy
I'm listening to a recording
of emotion in the air
vibrating like a tin balloon
she extends her range
smiles and tears up
I fade into the last wing of reverberation

PLoP Opportunity

a lively woman
older but driven
she is not a honey
she informs
she enriches with passion
I enjoy her

Desperation

never who I am
I remain the last vestige of myself
pray I drop the pretense
pray I listen to the voice back
there urging fade
drop into the shadows why
don't you and let me
live among the living

From a Long Time Ago

so she stripped
and we roamed the lightly
peopled hillside
and then we stopped to rest
her hand went there
stayed and bucked

My Life

I of course was
once one
of the important ones
with important
things to say now
I'm used to be
I wish for a cell
to live out on

The First Shall Last

she is the homeliest
girl ever from Romania
tonight she stopped my heart
walking past
then stopped to turn
kicked it back
for good measure

Dream Work

my only life is in dreams
and then not every night
real love and real living
not that the awake things are wrong or bad
just the sleep ones work better
because I am there
young and alive
and here
old and dying

Unlookers

lots of them walk down the street
they used to look

When It Happens We Cry For Ourselves

today our remaining iguana died
Lu / friend and companion of Cid
who died five years ago
he had no self pity
he died quietly on his heating pad
covered in a warm shirt with a warming
bag of rice beside him
it was a day he would have enjoyed outside
late October but bright sun / warm
Jo sat with him for five hours
while he dozed and then died
she talked to him
caressed him
cried over him and his passing
he was 23 years old
we cried as we took him to the vet's
to be cremated and returned to us
to sit in a box by Cid
just an iguana
but sweet as any one
in our lives

This Is The Moment

some say it was a drizzly day
cold / low clouds
some say it was a long labor
I don't recall it
some say it was bad luck that I popped out
I can't contest it
decades later we come to this
witness to many deaths
more to come

Ecstasy

this is a night of pain
like many others
but with a pleasure made from it
mystery makes us

Place to Go

time of year for leaves on the ground
darkening as the trees lighten
when you pick princess pine for wreaths
it's the time of year I imagined would be my end
my favorite time because elaborate twilight
even then I knew sadness was beauty
hence a joy

Through Sex

really quite unpleasant
to spend a day away from the bridge
when the seasons are changing
and soon the white will fall before it
covering the world in silence and laziness
where heavy quilts are life

No Difference

lots of reasons to cry
to fend off the past
memories pound on the doors
my heart is beating softly
everything about me as flesh is over
my mind purrs but with sad notes
thrown in / this all was never imagined
instead then when I laughed
I saw only a curtain here
I cried then
I cry now

The Truth

people suffering makes
pandas sad

Er

dislocated shoulder
kind of
from operating the trackball too much
what a hack-
er

Lu

the house is quiet
one of us is gone
the smallest
but still missed

Same No

the bridge now doesn't wiggle
solid and kinda new
in places where the old was creeping
doesn't feel the same
doesn't feel like a past
feels like the next 100 years
down in the water the old pier still rots
something about that

Across the Sky

imagine me gone
you might drive the roads I repeated
the bridges / the still places where no one walks
sometimes the leaves will make mistakes
sometimes the colors will under your control
no one will speak to you
you might wonder where I went
I've been there before
it's the place of ever stone
no one meets no one there
it's grassy and a river ruts through it
there I'm helpless

Jump

right now this all seems important
these words
our loves
our lives even
one day all this will be gone
and we'll have the jump

Just Over and Over

it all smells better
the air is fluid
the grass permeates
I love the trees and woods
people are strange but I don't
talk to them much
I like to drive around and around
I just look
the river comes and goes
they made the bridge stronger
but I liked it broken
I want to be there

Helpless Was My Inspiration

when I write my last poem
it will begin like this
there is a town up north
where rivers can't make up their minds
where bridges are green
where nobody became somebody became nobody again
and all the words are simple
all the melodies
all the loves that never happened
dreams too yes dreams
too

Why Now

I really hate everything
so hard to live
I want to sleep and forget

Which?

old woman
grandma
wrinkles and sags
bowed legs / slow walking
hard of hearing
slurred speech
nude by her mirror

young woman
nubile
smooth and tight
long and straight legs / decent bounce
hears whispers
speaks in charms
nude by her mirror

Spaghetti

too many things need clarity in the code
too interested in new functionality to fix all those problems
things will get worse before better

Hard Code

code fixed but it needs more testing
today I made a breakthrough in specifying meaning
by using a sort of gravity metaphor
what a waste of time to code so much

Who Knew?

too many washed away
or up
ordinary scenes hold meaning for common
a thought is just a trigger
then memory fills the ditches

In My Arms

this time of year
back home
this time of day
I'd be lying down on the couch
watching a poor tv with my fingers pressed together
forming a heat lens
the dark would hold the entire road passing through our farm
I didn't know any stories
I think I was blind
the little sun behind oaks and pines to the West
seemed important / instead it went down
once in a while I'd walk down the road to the end of the farm
or run it / I dreamed my life away
it would be heaven now for me
but my hating mother gave it all away
in my mind

Sheesh

what passes for beauty today
is simply love
how else to explain all the ugliness
in submitted photos

We Were

where was I?
at a pep rally for the Sachems
we were sent home early on buses
my mother let me draw a picture of the supposed killer
and shoot at it with my bb gun
in the living
that's how upset

I Fear

a cold wind blows down the road
ice forms on branches
what's left of leaves are skipping through woods
and down roads
and toward streams and a river
the path we all take

When JFK

we remembered the day
50 years ago / when all was innocent
not so innocent now
all knows to kill
all sees to hate
if there be end times
they be soon

In a Cold Country Wings Beat Slow

the pretty things are sad things
changes are close and by being close
they make us cry and look to women for comfort
the repeats beat us up and we recant our happiness
I can't help falling for you and your sway
your voice is soft near my head and I hear the song
the words fall / the melody falls / we all fall

Blue Lights on Brown Water

the night makes all
beautiful and still
makes light seem spiked
languid water as I look slowly
forms a mirror for blue lights
when I'm gone many nights
like this will pass by those who care
to watch / my thoughts
what are they really

Finding The River

I sit here
I write and it feels like nothing
I am afraid of a dark
framing the edges of my windows
I am surrounded
above big birds fly by
the jumble I feel is under my skin
and it's real

Anything to Write

in the other room the writers
have finished and they are busy erasing
all and only the bad parts while we in this room
wait to see whether there will be
anything to read

Truly Mad

my head's a sad song playing over and over
in the vision behind the song a woman
is accepting a bottle of Chanel N° 5
and I am smiling back at her

With Boston Nana and Mike

Thanksgiving days in South Boston
the oil stove hot all day and a dry turkey placed on the table
crammed into the sitting / bedroom
brazil nuts on the table in a bowl
b&w tv on but nothing to watch
how broken the families in that room were
all of them were mine
I walked from room to room hoping to find something to do
sometimes I'd sleep on one bed or another one
minutes passed as slow as they could
the conversations were all broken
English and other languages and the topics were flat
questions come to mind now
not then

Who Says I Was The Worst?

the nights playing
thinking I was great when I wasn't
even good but I was the best
in the band / they said I
carried the band
how funny till you realize
relativity

All Same

every night we'd argue a bit while eating
then maybe make up with make out
a walk / to a stream or small field
then she'd head to the arena or rodeo grounds
or county fair grounds or a big auditorium
to sing with her loud band that straddled
country and 80's rock / I'd read or scribble a little
then she'd come bed and cry a hour into her sleep
as our bus crept backroads from one Kansas town
to the same place

Strict Question

picture the best woman
tell me her meaning
not to you
not to him
her meaning

How Do I Look?

planning for death
only a possibility
but large enough odds
we need our plan now
reminds me of Emily

And I?

she's just back
from tending her children's graves
first warm day of the spring
late spring and the warmth sudden
raking away fallen twigs and leaves
with her shortnailed fingers
washing dirt splatter from heavy rains and snowfall
on the stones I shaped
cleaning each letter groove I carved
touching each shape
each year it takes all day
she will wash her body and hair
and prepare to live one more year

Positive

when I look out the window at night
while writing and reflecting
memories are the small silences
at the margins
in the corners
or is it reflection

I Love You So

last night they were dredging the river
hauling away the soaked earth and debris to a small valley
the dredgings were piled in the river
the roads impacted with mud
I decided to walk the bridge
and the current was so strong
the bridge twisted on a pivot
and then the bed turned over and I was in the water
under the water
bad things happened then
and only a nightmare you might say

Truth and Pray

heavy rain and hard thinking
my gut revolts
I need rest to get past this fog
I need to stay inside myself

Late & Tired

giving up on being right
complete
just hacking by now

Sometime

this year I took down my image
dismantled it piece by piece
I don't see myself as anyone ever
important / don't see contributions
just a dilettante
my mother knew it
held herself back from saying it
sometimes

On A Day

spent today reflecting on failure
a common thread for me
I've come to grips with it
it has won
tomorrow I'll spend the day alone some more

Where'd She Go?

she's downstairs
waiting for me to come bring
her up to my room
you know what will happen then
so instead
I think it over
and over
soon the ferris wheel and tv tower
lure my eyes then my dreams
then it's morning

Didn't

the front desk
said she cried
after a while
she wouldn't call up
she knew I knew
regret / who wants it?
we would have been warm
but all the rest were tears

After A Tail

I saw her from the window
high hotel window
but her walk stood her out
she walked to the harbor
I'll bet
where she stopped for a drink
a hot one
the northern air
you know

By It

find my river and make a place by it
I'll sit there with you as long as you live
as long as I live
maybe longer

I Never Progressed

I of course
work all day mistakes
and all and
fix them one by one
at night and soon
I hope
that'll all be done with
done for
done done

Like North

a cold late afternoon
winter
the sun is very low
light floats above a little dip
with a creek flowing down through it
this reminds me of the passing of my life

As Someone Once Said

imagine
we had our own small roads on the farm
not many
not long
but enough to walk down
to pretend to explore
I have wasted my life

Pine Winds

the thing about tall pines
the wind blowing high through
them signals a need for warmth
no other sound does
makes you want to drop into a bed
of needles floating like pillow beneath them
they provide everything
the smell of pinesap like a pancake from home
it's a whistling not a rattle or a shake
a smooth sound
like life passing by
while we forget to notice

Another One Of

all this thought
and no words
hacking until late again

At The Restaurant

she was nothing special
aside from lush mouse blonde hair
and a red + black flowered dress fit
as snug as I would snuggle her each night
that hung still in the air as she walked
and the roomed gyrated around her

Magic Mute

the darkest woman of the argument
says the world is all impure and dumb
her argument is in the interruption though
the only other harm is the noise
of mad soul and hairy dread
but I have souls to hit

Milton's Maybe

as queens they rule
above all / yet
when the clock ticks past
they suffer as all

Kurkjian or Me

forty years ago
marriage on the horizon
in fact the next day
it all seemed real
now I know it wasn't
but no one escapes the story
they're in

A Bird In Flight

40 years ago I married once
I remember the night we spent
the song my father played on the organ
the friends gathered who all thought it was great
it took me almost 30 years to learn
the mistake I made
to think I was special
a dumb farm kid

Witted

alone

I learned to love what was around me

not people

the land and the stories I found there

I remember some boulders in our woods

streams

I remember them flowing quick toward away

I cry for that place each night

more so than for love

the place

it's always about the place

As Time Goes By

hole up and pass beyond view
just work on my small things
people look away welcomed
no one visits
only the smallest talk
a last whisper

She Be

sparkling darling
she happy when none else
spilling along the bay
distracted people watch
distractedly
it's her skirt they say loudly
to themselves
resume living

Me Milton and Walt

somewhere echoes
of significant times
linger and bubble to the surfaces
of men's minds

somewhere cheeks
of real darks
purge and creep to the bounds
of mens' fights

somewhere spots
of chaste strains
elate and clear to the openings
in mens' minds

Russian Saying

we find ourselves
one day
tucked away by the trash
we crawl away into forgotten

Fat Chances

tonight the warm air is somewhere else
the skies darken as usual but with a glare
my mind wanders and I need to move more
I want her to volunteer because asking
quickly turns to coercion

All Along The Line

bridges built when I was young
are being torn down now for lack of stability
an article I read when I was 15 has been scanned online
and is all yellowed and brown
bad paper maybe
I was much earlier than all those
now what?

Singer Of Its Song

this year I took a sledgehammer to myself
to my self image
so that all the bad things people say and do
wouldn't seem so foreign and therefore
would seem tame
it worked
I worked
hard all year but left much undone
in inelegant ways
it all makes me sad
makes we want to lie down by the bridge
become a singer of its song