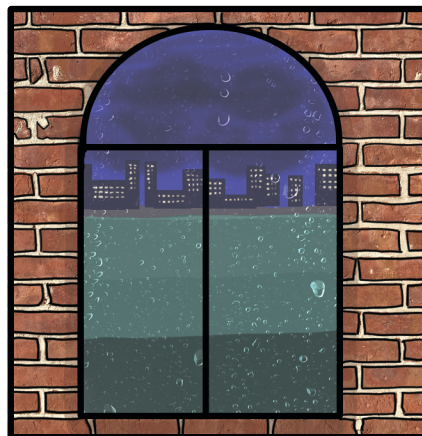


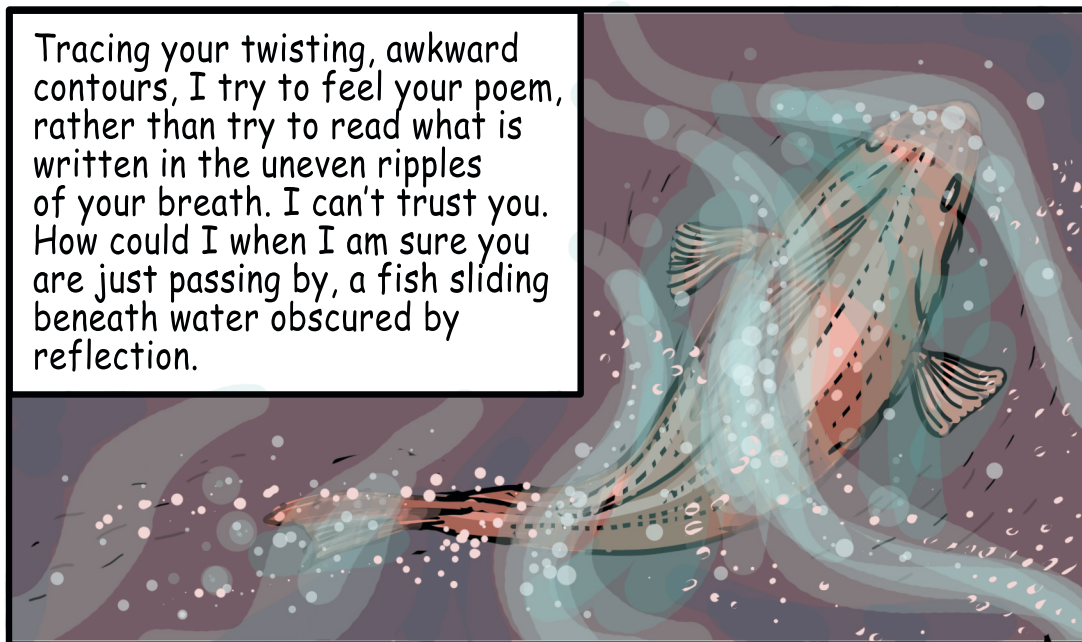
Painting Up a Storm

Inside my studio I watch the pit-pat
of doll sized horizons caught behind
panes of glass, rain paintings, the tops
of concrete scratching at panels
of low hanging cloud.
I am bruised by over thinking,
unable to loosen muscles
I need to really run
as I watch you flow
towards this room.



Your eyes quiver lamplight,
watching me because you know
that I am leashed, rusting
in frustration. I howl
as you rumble forward, but
quietly, as I am afraid to wake
you or afraid you won't wake.

Tracing your twisting, awkward
contours, I try to feel your poem,
rather than try to read what is
written in the uneven ripples
of your breath. I can't trust you.
How could I when I am sure you
are just passing by, a fish sliding
beneath water obscured by
reflection.



Painting Up a Storm (cont'd)

Your rain degrades
your wind scatters
eventually planting seeds
but when plans grow roots
they become something else.

