

July 1, 2019

Your path followed the hill to some supersymmetry  
awaiting sticky as spider web.  
Robbed out of the sky when you looked at me  
the hue caused distinction to ebb.

Words influence  
how we misrepresent the soul  
since the feeling about to commence  
begins with the toe -  
and works up like a wolf at my bed.

July19, 2019

My soul is the clay of words  
shaped into some kind of thing for the table.  
Roots outgrow the pot using up all the dirt  
in case there are buried unpleasantries.  
I'm facing the sun  
toward your contemplation  
room of infinite space  
and remember a photo  
of two photons sharing a physical state.  
Each the other's mirror,  
made no matter  
how far apart...  
Can you touch me through my clothes?  
Love comes from the outer spaces  
but Monsters do lurk in the nicest of places  
...as it erewhile made...Lamia melt into a shade.\*  
Facetious interloper  
in the meadow  
upon whom is your hand laid  
in the gathering  
and left withering  
between dinner plates,  
awaiting arrangement.

\*Keats

In my pockets laundered love poems faded  
I spend nights  
reading between the lines of shreds  
I'm being driven to madness inside my very door  
folding clothes.  
Words wash to the ocean words lost at sea  
there's not a particle left of the alphabet soup  
that wrote of you and me  
poured down the sink.

Are you wise or do you surmise approximation  
of angels wings and heaven's strings  
when mother's hand went away.  
The rainbow absorbed by your gray is black by day  
I'm blinded by the raiment of your skin,  
I know you only from within.

If you've been cruel, you've been nice,  
thin lips, blades slicing out.  
Mirrors you hand me keep handing me back`  
to dwell on my own perfection of doubt.

You lay over me sucked out every ounce of breath  
replaced it with your own then bade me stop talk.

I heard a new term: transcendental a priori  
Does that mean love is love inside love  
or does it mean we've run out of concepts for the unknown.

## Cruel April

Yellow yellow gray gray day on fire set for whim  
alerts solemn Iris chill winds calm  
from refrain burst a partial psalm  
enfolded, startles a nodding stem

that nearly undressed with just enough flare  
deceives a bird by such pretense to be so blessed

had covenant with each ribbon falling from her hair  
placed back in the box to reopen again only self-possessed

for North still comes and closes the array not ready yet  
forsythia blooms alone refract of her sisters  
and without compliment to her silhouette  
behaves as if she could make the wish hers

noticed from out a closed window  
and tease in sunny color, mistrusted though.