

## *Between sleeping and waking*

*were bells on a wet day, grey  
panes of puddles a pool in a well.  
Blame far away, a flame  
covered or even snuffed.  
Rough crusts of ice on grass  
crass calls of geese,  
sheep fleece clotted with crud,  
thud of some storm-tipped trees  
breezes flexing their limbs, slim  
shoots of early spring corms  
through soil, roil of lambs in the field,  
peeled trunks of antler-rubbed willows  
their white-gold glow. The slo  
flood in the swale, bales piled  
high inside sheds, rosehips  
redly festooning the sides of roads.  
Rust on the mailbox, rocks braking  
the race of the stream, the clock  
breaking the space of the dream--*

*Twain*

I am the watcher and walker;  
She is the me immersed in the world.

I am slick, She is sticky. Inside

fog blooms between the double-glazed  
panes as the cabin warms.

Amber of old bourbon swirls in its flask.  
I measure some out; She swills.

## *The Saudade*

had a soft edge  
and a harder one.

The saudade wore a weave of fuchsia  
and Payne's Grey strands.

The saudade rued its own ruins  
but would repeat their route.

Dismissed solutions as irrelevant.

Irrelevant and irreverent.

Sometimes the saudade filled the room,  
sometimes hovered in the shadows,  
humming Jobim.

## *The Worry*

hurried, it waxed and waned.  
The worry tasted like tin foil,  
smelled like creosote and wet ashes,  
felt like a ball of steel wool.  
The worry wore a red chapeau  
atop its layered, drab hues.  
Whet its attention on CNN.

Sometimes the worry wore itself  
out awhile. Then it fixed a Negroni  
and dish of nuts, lay on the chaise,  
listened to Eden Atwood sing  
'You Leave Me Breathless.'

*Why worry?* the worry asked  
then, and answered.

## *The Difficulty*

was green then blue. The difficulty bloomed red in a warm room, walked in rain, returned, ran a fever after then a temper. Tea was brewed to quench the bloom's thirst, and the temper quelled. The cool gelled to a harsh slush which eventually warmed again, and again the difficulty bloomed. The difficulty had a blast-from-the-past aspect. This aspect amplified the scale of the shadow the difficulty cast. In fact, a file of facts in the Akashic records described the difficulty's past and future aspects and displays. At times it was possible to cope with the difficulty by drawing, then blowing on the made lines. At times, this could brake the difficulty's downward plunge, reduce it to a dip, recovery and rise. Sometimes the difficulty was more difficult.

