

THE DRIVE

The voices of the hunters
burst from bodies
rippled air slung
right outta the
Pleistocene

The eyes of the hunters
Ripcord from clouds
Go Splat! with the fallen
hands of healers.

*A touch parts the skin
As cleanly as sin
A word breaks the bone
To fill their own*

Later, when the pulp is scooped
From the gaping caverns of a rib cage,
The hunters speak of the kill as a kind of rescue.

Entrails breathe
in the melting
snow, a slack tongue
rasps "habilis." (sounds like have a list)

1995 - March 26, 2024



October 9, 2023

Everybody saw the

parade

the murdered

dancing

girl

they broke

her

legs

the tongues

of

witnesses

you cried

for the spit

man

the spite,

MAN,

so

nobody

will find this dumpster poem now

I did

Swallow/jump/slash/dangle after

all

And that's just too bad cause it woulda saved the world this

poem

At one

time

Before it was too

Late

slash cruel another lousy

Facebook post the last hope



All at Once

While traveling in Ireland,
I saw the Cliffs of Moher.
I saw Killarney Lakes so blue.
I kissed the feet of Oscar Wilde and
donned his holey t-shirt.
I saw my mother
although I knew it was my father.
She was alive.
She was floating in the Liffey.
I saw my husband beheaded.
I raised an aqua vitae and swallowed a star.
I searched, and became, a dress of saffron.
It hid my child - no dress - a saint was he!
But off the cliff we were pushed willy
nilly.

I hung with pirates.
They left me their name.
(And I've been hanging ever since.)

I'm back in Prussia.
It is Pennsylvania.
We Neanderthals
will see
what we saw in 1972.

2018

