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)



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 would saved the world this poem At one time Before it was too Late slash cruel another lousy Facebook post the last hope



Intruder

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A forest sounds like a ship at sea,
a creaky pirate
              pinnace
groans
              curses
                  shrieks of girls
          delight
or fright
                snorts of
whales,
laments
      (A rock removed is a
depression
so deep
        it empties the
foot.)
               moans
Whose prints these are I think I know -
A hole
          an inverse heap.
"the way I say!"
(Rimmed with fuschia, the doe's ears glowed and
                    "My hands turned to dandelions!"
{Thanks for the blessing, James Wright!}
Ahhhhh....where can I go on this arc,
                       this wood, this mound,
where I do not follow and am not
                                         followed?
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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

