

*Morning walk*

Every day it's the same

turf same hill same three

acres no stream no lake no

view just a path through

trees that are little more than

saplings

but that doesn't stop them

they talk

smack

like they know

something

like they're about to spill

350 million years of

tea like they're so

tough

not maimed

their tender

parts

not

nibbled

their affectations begin to

sway:

Is that a Maple or an

Archaeopteris towering in

4-friggin-D

tall as a

Sitka from the Cigar!

You laugh at the crazy

conceit of

cellulose

but when crepuscular rays

descend like

teleportation chutes

and a

glacial erratic

glows like an

altar

the only things

sacrificed

are the planks in your eyes,

and just like that

you are a

believer!



## *Truth*

I've learned  
it's the  
cockamamie stories  
that are often  
true but the person who  
cannot tell a  
lie  
will be pushing up  
daisies in the  
Mariana Trench.

The truth is without doozies  
there would be no spring  
in a single  
                                step  
but make no mistake

*There are people in the horse!*

That shit's true!

A liar steers his barge  
full of breaker  
boys and match  
stick girls,  
                        it's calm,  
                                he rules the  
seven seas

but one who speaks hard  
truths finds their

sailboat  
                        on beam's  
end >

strange truths land  
them in the dingy  
                    with leaks  
that won't  
            stop  
            the whole truth

gets an angler fish  
stomping on their ceiling.

Can you even live  
without  
sleep?  
In your bed  
can you possibly  
Lie?

11/30/25



About a month after I wrote *Truth*, the algorithms sent me an interview with Carol Gilligan, and I felt less lonely.

*Girls lose their voice and stop telling the truth...the truth they stop telling is what they see about men.*

*Patriarchy is unnatural.*

Carol Gilligan

*Cassandra*

might as well see  
dead  
people

gestate a  
deity's  
child

levitate  
via alien  
abduction

answer to  
"Laika"

chew on the

tibia of a  
freshly slain  
mastodon  
whisper watch

out.

Hurt.

November 1, 2025



*"Ripple marks" or "fossil ripples" are preserved impressions in rock of the movements of water or **wind** over sediments which have hardened through a process known as lithification. Many of the ripples preserve the waves from ancient seabeds. What follows here is, to paraphrase Werner Herzog, "a fantasy" of fossil ripples that record the barely perceptible movements of air via human speech. It is "a dream" of rocks as receptacles for last words/final utterances/secrets/ejaculations, past, present, and future.*

### *Fossil Ripples*

This slight depression

                    this slot that never reaches

the mailbox

                    traces the shape of the

air your last word

                    made solid -

let's say

"love"

because in the end

only the rock knows

what to make

                    of you.

See

                    a slipped halo

                            an "ahhh"

print

                    "wow!" forms

concentric

                    circles wider than an

"ow!"

                    Tricky

"ha"

>

always the shapeshifter

no matter what

singularity of

sinus

throat

chest

you possess

but if your last

motion is a

disturbance of earth

too quickly

buried -

a pneumatic hammer of

"hate" -

you leave

a gash like

ex-caliber's

retreat.

When the shale

splits

mega years from now

will there be anyone

left to ponder

what primitive critter

left such profanity

in this stratum

so thin?

## *Betty's Caryatids*

Mom had six  
load-bearing girls  
    we saw some crazy  
up there  
but couldn't see  
each other  
    except in periphery  
        some from behind  
you never saw us  
move even when we  
danced real wild  
    we stayed  
straight as arrows  
still  
    as quarry  
        when our sister went  
missing  
    our heads hurt  
        so bad  
but we were  
    ALL  
        missing  
parts for holding parts for  
        calling  
out it's  
    history now  
my flesh-spackled  
    mouth is here to  
shout  
    *The Eleusinian Mysteries*  
*aint got nuthin'*  
    *on Mom's!*  
Sepia ghosts  
haunt the  
    fire and  
the  
    water  
    proof  
box found locked in Betty's  
closet  
    Phoenician scribbles  
decoy the "who" of the  
three who  
named us the four  
who went and  
    put us  
here.



*Job*

*Because why should existential dread get  
all the gigs? Petty emotions work hard, too.*

This is what happens when  
you write a  
villanelle  
on an

Excel:  
Integers heckle  
metaphors  
'til they gather their wits and  
flee the cell

An email to the boss  
full of cheerful  
emojis and helpful litotes  
will bring the tone  
cops to the  
yard quicker than you can  
cram a

"jk" in the  
official office orifice

Now the fun really  
pokes  
til your heat  
signature smokes

This is what happens when the alarm clock rings  
in a bed full of dreams  
all antique toys,  
Byzantine coins, and  
smilodon noise

You  
wear a pink slip  
under a little black shift  
Ya' can't wipe the  
smirk off

Bye!  
personality burqa.

8/28 - 9/25, 2025



*Fatal Charades*

Sometimes you want to be

dead  
wrong

but you're pretty sure

your dog just ate the

pill that keeps  
your heart from

racing you call the  
vet you

wait  
your dog  
sleeps  
a nightmare

you listen

for breath

is it

shallow

you feel

for beats  
are they

slow

oh how long

before cometh the grim

Ryder  
spilling

Roman soldiers

*Homo sapiens*  
you're told

*Red as Green*

The fox wears a

coat she can't

even

see she

could be

a value

after all her white

chest counter

shading

erasing

her

shadows

it's just

camouflage

to eyes that can't tell

crimson from

clover

not even another

fox

detects

an invisibility cloak

flashing

like an orange

flag

against

the blue sky.



*Fold (A fable)*

The first one knows your  
teeth and you know hers for  
you have eaten century  
eggs together

The second's all about the  
knees for you've  
scaled mountains like a pair of  
Alpine Ibex

The third one centers shoulders - the way  
They shake at jokes nobody  
gets but you

and she  
and a  
Sumerian bar fly or two

The fourth feels  
your blisters  
so acutely  
she calls them  
*Hadean crystals*  
*in my shoes.*

You style the hair  
of the fifth to look like  
Faustina the Younger  
and she never takes your keys  
away again

The sixth clips  
your fingernails while you  
sleep starts  
a clone  
farm with the leavings

The seventh  
pierces your ears her  
secrets  
graft your  
bones like  
chairs ➤

but mostly  
we are familiar  
strangers

maybe one knows your  
heart

don't be

alarmed if I grab your  
wrist

to take your pulse!



*The judge begins voir dire*

*(written upon receiving a notice for jury duty)*

Shifty is the whole  
that declares itself  
the part the pot  
that answers to  
                    spout  
conceals the  
seam exhibits the  
gleam or  
            its opposite  
                    we all do  
it is for this  
reason  
there are no  
viable jurors  
but for those who've  
lived inside  
                    the bodies  
sprawled  
            bellies planted  
                    sinking  
                            ears smack  
dab against  
turf  
            listening  
                    hard  
to the  
lub dub  
  
            of earth's turbulent  
flow.



*Suicide by Synecdoche is murder too*

This is the  
    flaw  
        you are not

the Angler Fish  
    you are not  
        the trench wench

You vent  
but are not the vent  
that feeds the worm  
You seep  
But are not the seep  
that bears the germ

You are neither  
worm, nor germ,  
        just dry your  
map before it  
    bleeds  
and  
    SEE.

Shhhhhhhhhh

Ptolemy stalks like a  
        swelling sea  
                monkey

Holy mackerel!  
        don't eat his snow  
                again

*You are NOT* the  
alien from the  
        midnight  
zone the abyss  
in the blood and  
bone  
    you  
        contain  
what you like  
are happy  
endings  
here's one Ocean.



*Drunk Geology*

A mountain fumbles  
for her belly

                  buttons  
and what is a mountain  
but a girl who

                  stares  
                  writes  
                  something  
                  consequential in a  
                  book that  
                  locks  
          a chronicle of  
rocks  
      if she

squints  
      towers of  
          fungi misshapen  
bones

          Australopithecus!  
the missing

          link or  
the missing  
          neighbor

          mouth  
          capped

by king  
      sized hands when  
found  
      oh how  
they will  
      say  
romantic.





*Qikiqtania Wakea*

*When a hominid writes  
about a  
fishapod  
misunderstandings are bound  
to occur.*

*The writer knows what is happening  
but cannot control fingers because sometimes the  
atoms emanating from the one and  
only universe-  
eclosing-whopper-  
popper that started it*

*ALL fuse to  
form meteors,  
car mufflers, piebald fawns, all  
intentions seen and  
unseen land  
like corners of typewriters banging on keys of  
typewriters with the  
energy of clashing  
neutrinos above the  
Kármán line.*

*Voila!*

*A missive from outer space  
the writer never  
meant  
is loaded  
because what do you  
expect  
to think?*

*The will of the writer  
is written in stone.*

*You'll see*

*when you go*

*jump  
back  
in the lake.*



*Tiktaalik*

The same people who say  
it's wrong to love your  
dog so much your tree your  
calf your star any  
thing that

                    crawls or  
swims or

                    flies or  
burns will shame

                    the way you  
thank a curious lung  
                    fish for your fingers  
the way you keep her  
quenched with your  
middle of the 6<sup>th</sup> mass  
extinction

                    tears

                    will say

*Git that blurry thing out of  
my sight!*

But things so sharply  
smudged cannot hide they sing  
from rocks where even the  
muskoxen

                    shiver.

No need to ask

Where?

                    We love her so

There!



*This one needs work - maybe a complete overhaul.*

***Boadicea's Layer***

A stratum in the  
grotto in the  
secret

garden in the  
mother  
who has ever  
grieved

raged  
been waterboarded by  
priest/shrink/art  
critic in the confession  
booth

*But Father natural  
law is NOT rape  
It's the empathy  
felt by a  
Miocene Ape!*

Or maybe the creed  
preached should be the creed  
writ

*AGAINST  
nature*

(for never lived a rabbit  
who turned  
the other

cheek) you can argue you can  
argue

chapel, court, or thicket  
a mother's  
love will sack your  
Empire according to the very  
best  
logic...



## *Etymology*

### *Victim*

the word is the bee  
engineered to sting  
the bee  
the quill  
through the heart of the  
porcupine  
the larvae of the  
wasp in the brain  
of the moth  
who protects, not moth,  
but wasp from  
wasp  
in this monster race  
the vampire the  
werewolf the necrotized  
face all lose to the  
most heinous fiend of all:  
the murdered child  
Let her entertain you  
the littlest  
zombie  
in tiara and dress  
on the big  
screen  
scream you  
scream we all  
scream for her  
scream

### *Victim*

who inflicted  
your self-  
Inflicted wounds?



## *Ptolemy*

When Ptolemy mapped the brain of the  
woman he put the dirt in  
the center  
Sagittarius in a  
sulcus he doubled down  
for over a thousand years said her  
glutamates were  
dragón teeth litter of  
Terra Incognita

Amazing how the  
pulp  
fiction of her  
skull sloshes on the  
white bone screen  
inside her  
head my giddy aunt  
what a movie!

## *Ptolemy meets Alien*

from a planet far beyond his  
calipers it's another  
world,  
Man!



## Eocene blues

There is an unexamined  
woman solid as a  
jellyfish  
she listens to  
boys  
dredges ocean  
trenches spelunks  
sea caves  
for a thrown  
bone a  
*throne* bone  
a femur  
*from a*  
four-legged whale or a  
circular saw  
jaw  
once bitten fatally  
smitten  
better  
to mine the asteroids for some  
sort of bright and  
boneless  
soul and  
sunless future.



*Giant*

The woman from Ballynahatty  
Is practicing  
kindness again now  
that the porcellanite is  
polished she would rather have  
an enlarged  
heart  
than a gladiator's shin  
would rather hear it thumping  
like Newton's Cradle  
during an 8.9 earthquake  
before landing a little  
dust storm  
pieces of the woman  
from Ballynahatty  
speckle my double helix (and maybe  
yours, too) like  
glitter so I do  
not hang up on the  
telemarketer this  
time a grey wolf  
coming in for a lump  
of turnip or  
ox so close I have to wipe the  
drool off my cheek  
when she gives  
her head a shake.



*Null*

T-Rex disappeared.

Bullied Lystrosaurus overslept

but could not vanish

not even in her

dreams the asteroid

hit continental

drift

300 megayears pass we say to the

"scram" chanting holy guy

Congrats!

on your coming

nix

the one

prerequisite fixed:

*to have appeared*

Not me

I will not

heed

Remember

not ALL have been

given a horn to

Poof!

You have forgotten

corneas.





## *Welp*

And so I wrote this thing but now it no longer  
strums like the harp of the  
girl in the  
mosaic,  
or brush drums the word,  
*Mesopotamia.*  
No more to warble like a flute from the  
bone of a  
cave bear  
or pluck like the lyre of a  
shapeshifting quail.  
It will not boom to the gait of a giant  
ground sloth  
or sing like a wren from an  
American Chestnut  
It no longer giggles like Tut at a good  
Game of Ur  
or thumps like the wings of  
Pelagornis  
Never to shred charged guitars of  
plasma and gas said the  
hole that inhales  
in the  
Perseus Cluster.  
Fuck!

