

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!

1/26/26 

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
ain't 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.

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

*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.

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!

