

*"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 secrets/last words/final utterances/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.

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 6th 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!

