

SIX MONTHS OF SLIPPERY MOMENTS

"I have never wanted to be myself.
What a ludicrous obligation!"

–Alex Dimitrov,
"Poem Written in a Cab"

*

Cat languidly writhes its back in lawn,
while dogs bark their asses off
through fence.

*

dragonfly
in & out shadows
sunlight melts waters

*

Loneliness
is
living & breathing.

*

"Then know
which of the two, the moth or candle,
has Union in its grasp."

–Ahmad Ghazali,
“Sultan Mahmud and the Salt Vendor”

*

Mars set
 in late twilight
I'm somehow still here

*

Black crack
 gut.
Ten, a hundred
 flutterings,
scratches across
 glass,
 its hard fragility.
Eyes roll,
getting
 a fix
that breaks upon
 arrival.
Try crawling
 away but
it's in
 the crawl,
the interstitial
 breakage that's
sewing it
 together,
each inchoate
shriek
 where bones
 join
to enforce

the obligatory
man.

*

...& Sappho's
sandal print
left
in sand
just ahead
the surf
somehow
remains
as
words
on page...

*

The surgery light does
on the viscera
is slow & without
anaesthesia.

*

Rain falls around the
room
just lonely enough

*

Crestone

Sun lands on
wild purple astors
& a quiet mind.

*

W/ Jeff

You're definitely
in the lower class
when you're wiping
your own ass.

*

For Joe DeNicholas

A few ducks
afloat
in mirror twilight sky-lake.

*

Old Song

When I was young
it was all out ahead of me.
One day I woke up
& saw that it was only here,
nowhere else.
Old, I watch it slip away
with an admixture of
sorrow, relief, and the feeling
you get with your feet on edge

of an ever widening chasm,
not entirely sure after all these years
you know how to fly.

*

As many times
as I've gotten old, gotten sick,
& died
somehow
it always comes as a surprise.

*

Pretty young woman
in dress, smooth
slender legs in heels,
practices her golf swing
in the parking lot
as dusk descends,
snow fall begins.

*

"Our bones are lightning
in the night of flesh.
O world, all is night,
life is the lightning."

–Octavio Paz,
"Live Interval"

–7/14/22-1/20/23,
Boulder