

## UNSUNG

skies overburdened w/ dry birds  
their drone drowning out the cries  
of downed & displaced gulls  
which had once had dominion  
over these lands these shores  
these horizontal shelves of rock  
where we once would have felt  
soft enough & sure of ourselves  
that we might walk undisturbed  
by the flight of that which had been  
known as freedom in the parlance  
of men who had once upon a time bled  
& actually wept wet tears & died for the sake  
of something they actually understood

## CALL IT LONGING

it's easy  
to pick out what's different

reduce body to its beauty mark  
redwood to its knot

what red would mean  
in any other landscape

the fore & other corners  
fire & other odors of back lots

where we run into old friends  
some won't remember you

others won't let you say no  
to another drink

call it longing call it lingering  
wanting something remembered  
something left behind it all

the tart loch the key of g sharp  
pepperwood cheap & stringent

this is its character this elegiac  
this mild drunk after-victory

## WRECK

particles of heavens'  
shattered mirror  
cast a last ray of light  
from one to the next  
specular drop  
    illuminating worlds  
across what could've been  
once one day again the sea  
a faint stain of mountains  
else all the tide the rise  
of some thing or likeness  
dispelled at surface  
rising again as it recedes

## TWISTS

returning to skirt the past  
by those selfsame paths

trailing thru a certain closing off  
of memorial yards' old structures

the occasional café re-acquaintance  
street corner encounter notwithstanding

something like news from the gutter griot  
singing again so many of the same old tunes

a twist of the spine or twist in the subway

almost triumphal

all so distant

almost gone

that aura of what's been

written off

remembered

LIEBE GRUB

she reclined  
          in gold  
      feathered wings  
bare knees thrust up  
          & over  
      would be flight's  
reposed horizon  
          her head  
      inclined to yellow  
earth road wound off  
          & over  
      gold leaf slough  
of her own sun  
          held in  
      clement hands

•

the first card  
          prophetically  
      was lost in the post  
now but a rumor  
          of a schiele  
      itself a rumor  
sketched w/  
          sketchy hand  
      as if knowing  
as it was thought  
          it would be lost  
      prefigured  
as it were  
          our own failure  
      to resolve

## JAZZ AS IS

I

bringing to mind the lion  
once black who's sunned himself  
so long on this hot rock  
his belly's gone bare & hair red  
ragged black black raging still  
& yet that i believe  
what to the touch is red is black  
the joist impels an accidental  
doubling & inversion  
fingers running on own eyes  
on own apart somehow  
from thinking mind  
bringing to mind  
the roughing tongue

II

to speak w/ the requisite looseness  
is equal to accuracy & exactness

speech is gambol after all  
is risk is ambulance  
& requisitely so

need any more be said  
than what need bespoke

question the need  
not need the question

a minimal rhythm

one two  
twice

& twice again

## REMEDIES WE MAY OUTGROW

hard vacancies &  
avowals of forgetfulness

forgiveness of nothing  
much to be remembered

nightwise cottonwoods  
rabbits' feet on briar

fluttering swamp moss &  
antique flags of abandon

there is nothing in the annals  
in the illuminations

to suggest such loss  
as we've imagined

as we've pined for  
wagered on the dawn

everything  
our conceit

stairwells to walls  
false windows

false doors sealed  
rooms we weep for

houses of sweetness  
& honor

haunted  
by a lack of ghosts

AN IRRITABLE SKIN

refuted order of the eye  
unscenic moon  
the hours in review  
of this day

                  is it  
as if having summed  
all other earlier eras  
those over

                  those not  
yet due or overdue  
those simultaneous  
elsewhere & or  
                  other-  
wise tongued