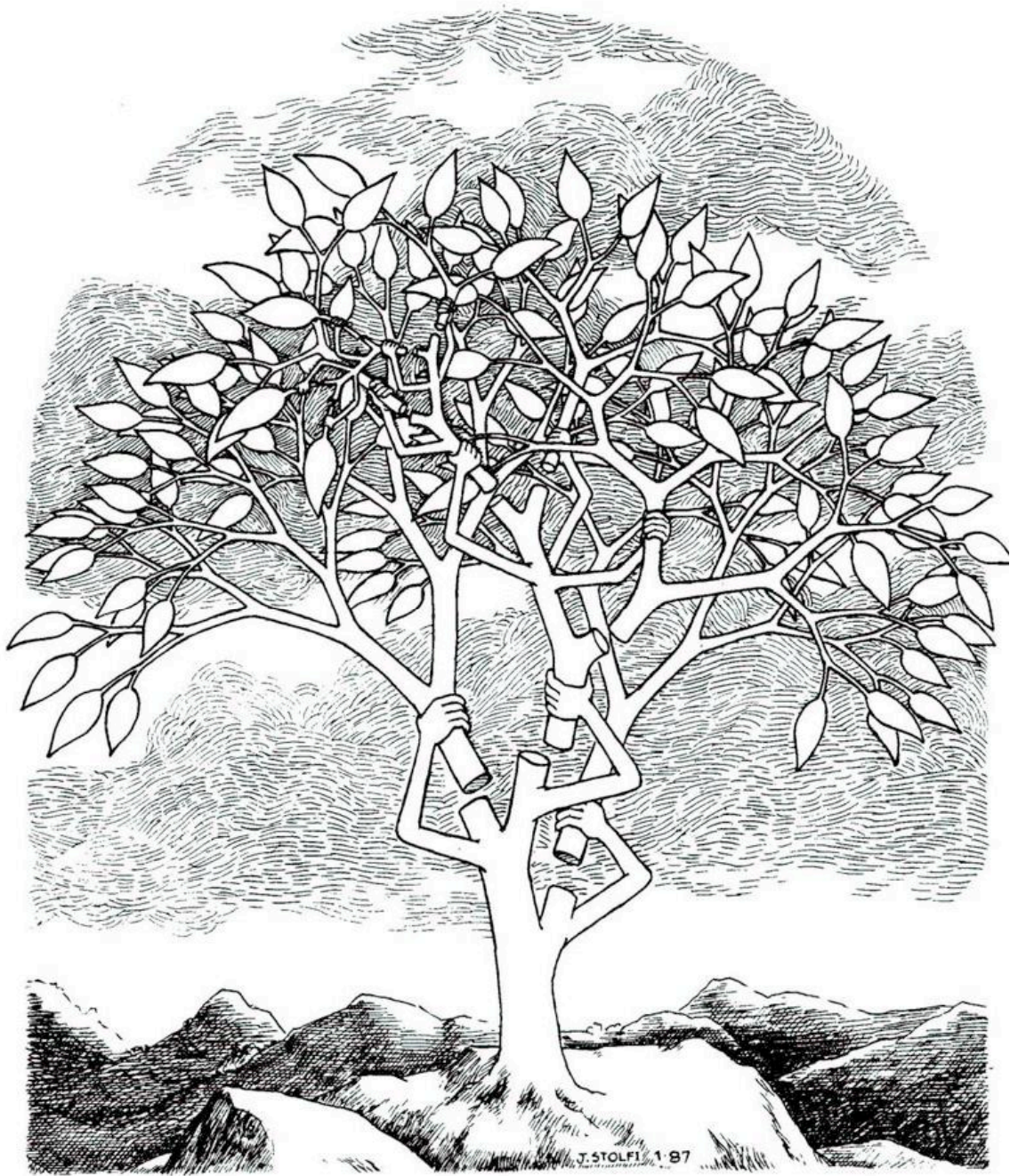


The Wrong Tree



Dana Ward

Some of these poems appeared in MiPOesias, The Recluse and at Stan App's refried ORACLE phone and Stephanie Young's the Well Nourished Moon. "For Paris in Prison" appeared as mini-book published by OMG Press with images by the artist Matthew Hughes Boyko. "Terrible Radio Days" appeared as Cy Press Poetry Card # 0.

Who owns the misty propeller?
the misty propeller with walls for a body
misty injunction atelier bell-like & struck in an orderless anger
to ring in an empty house
to ring a long time there & happily ring
who wants to be saved but to rescue ignition
to call & be answered by
sweater

For Paris in Prison

The whole message is dew
mail wounds
un-received in the coat of a little Chihuahua
I assume knows her
by name

The socialite's sentence is fake
fur & actual felt
temperate mercury, prose
though the head trauma's softly received
there is no Henry James referee
no finely wrought dove-heart aflutter
in glamorous bars

Each hair of down in the throw carries dew
dude? that's cadere?, like falling
in French or cadre
your louche hand is chicken-scratch
viewed through my tears

I am Paris Hilton
& prose is the kinkajou
biting me called
'Baby Love'

Then it's the loose
collared shirt and the gangly
monastic flaneur poseria

slack-jawed in heat,
staring hard at the un-
opened hydrant like somebody's
gotta come crack
the water-jewel

because if they don't
bust that fucker open
& kids & dead friends reincarnate,
& lovers, & living friends don't rush the scene

to get into the cool spray
& there isn't one of those
misty thin rainbows
hung low in the air
then its just me, & my own thoughts
& prose. *Fucking prose.*
when the arrows
are sleeping.

"things get miserably done"
--Stephen Rodefer

Something defined by its absence of impact
a speaking part, written for who is entirely clear,
lacking even a toothpick or copy, amour
in a cold stretch that ices up April & laboring now
to forget—I was nuzzled & wet when the East German cigarette
traveled through time & arrived in the programming matrix with marshmallow
youth not unskilled in the beautiful things
& not yet submerged in the waters

like all the bad blood
like the journey toward forgiveness
like a token of certain success yet to come
like a live burial under the gleaming wood floors this particular club
has a latent hive of Hellenic fireflies &
I will see them &
love-bugs
depart the crude tomb
for aggressively designy new
headstones, curvilinear milky white plastic
with lucid displays you can utilize that shuffle function &
all the inscriptions will change
date & name even
the actual corpse will adjust underneath
while above the beat rattles the dance floor and everything surges
May rain swells the river

Later,
I got to be my own sister & care for myself with no thought of a poisoned future
so many seeds fell from that sky
that I closed my mouth in fear of swallowing them
& having a tree grow inside me

The branches though
thoroughly flourished.

Flowers on them
came & went like a song
in the summer
when songs can not stay.

My sister, I-we, we loved them & taking the tree away gave it a clinical trial
the first focus group seemed to love what we thought they would find most alienating
namely its wandering roots which absorbed all the nutrient rich flows of blood
between brain-pan
& both hands
annulled in the rapture of knowing a tree deep inside every organ
could type or write nothing
for some, me included, a red-letter day. We,

Anne-Marie, are both fugitive, hoary
retreat from what I couldn't tell you whose bones

one the dance floor were those that I once sidled up to
& movingly played to no strength.
Each sodden cell in my body would open
with mills for the pleasuring news they'd receive
from either the glass tumbler's amber or heralds
pacific, libidinal, slouching on pink velvet couches before
being stirred by 'we want donkey stun guns & that kind of fun'
it comes easily here.

Which is, exactly, where?

We call it a kick in the teeth
they call it a smoothie.

Have you ever seen a human being
expressed as a sequence of gold chains linked together
displayed in a florist's clear window amid the hydrangea
& froze, being sewn up in history, nothing available
squirming around for remedial postures till finally
you're splayed in the fountain?

There's a core in the drain where what's washed away sticks
the tree, in its afterlife, flowering so
its feather-touch keys flood the present

So I'm typing & typing
like Tybalt, & checking my faith in the mirrored
terrarium, this is like choir practice
tapping massage patterns out on the sore backs
of tallow-fed siblings
& waiting my turn
in the stables

Now the aggressor stands up with a pumpkin
do I go & carve smiles like I'd like to see
or with this knife
express as bared teeth the intemperate candle
its blinding but *so fucking hot*

You should tell everyone swimmingly!
So much it hurts!
Every year a new holiday day!
& that party!
Sleepy-eyed absentee Rilke in spirituous bangles!
Thinking elliptically rote thoughts about a concession stand!
All the wolf bands have been christened by sheep the face flooded
by those boutique tears

In the Sorbonne of suppressed incoherence
a haystack of needles waits rendered in pixels
& gorgeous young horses arrive there to feed

LOCK YOUR ENEMIES INTO THE SHITHOUSE
AND TREAT YOURSELF TO SOME SALMON

Are we looking a gift horse economy dead in the ass?

here's some pictures to tell you a thing or two
tell you I always have, flirting.
Its not a so much for so much situation
he may tell you its you with the problem that you
should back off & not beat a dead horse but
Capitalism is the world's healthiest flesh eating zombie stallion
so can I say we should go ahead beat it its not a dead thing we can kill

I remember thinking my cherry was a real cherry
emerged in the sunlight of my long virginity like freckles
emerge in the sun
or the skin is flash-fried
if I live in a bucket of lotion
who am I to say anything about anything?
buckets of lotion talk hard to the aloe flue pours
subsequent ash is washed down into the beautifully worn vintage clothes.

Flowers of the Foothills & Mountain Valleys II—Rise of the Demons

Coriander without feathered head
coriander infused with false consciousness
forced to seek opulence, sealed inside marbleized floors
where without air & water did rot
had its peeked bones flushed through immense chandeliers.
Undone in its ribbons by soldering guns
Lovely watercress, arum too clobbered, balloon flower
Gutted & stuffed. Bottlebrush trashed
For its general look, Christmas rose handled
Like goat-shit, flowering onion corroded with sulfuric acid
Mimosa impaled with a broom handle, moth orchid
drilled on a drill-press & forced to subsist on hot wax
for a week before facing the waterboard, scarlet plume burned
sea holly finished with poisoned injections
feverfew fed to the sweat hogs, & sweet Alpine thistle
dismembered with dental tools, jawbone removed, body broken
in every small spot where a break is affected
left to heal & be broken again, gashed & cauterized
ripped through the gut yet again, bells of Ireland
drowned in the sewer, cockscomb entombed with raccoon corpse
the Barberton daisy deported & left to the torturous agents
snow-berry driven to Burning Man, left there to die in the desert
Sneezeweed, the shit that they did to that sneezeweed
floss-flower killed by a Cougarist militant, safflower
split through the skull. Yarrow- sold to a horrible yarrow eating freak,
climbing down from their laps, reading Grissom
in groups in a cruel hacienda, remote viewing the death
by neglect of a Chinese hibiscus & drooling & smiling
all of this actually happened & horribly mollified everyone there.

Poem

The stars fall hard
in their spots. How would it be
if the alibi game fled its mark
would they love their light still?
They would die if the stars
were not altered in knowing their names
because in their vanity they assumes even the hems
of their very sincere (& that makes them
as dream, unassailable) coats
are of provident starlight.
They spoke of belief
as if that poisoned remedy
freed us all troubled questions.
What to do with the easiest whimsy
when thrown on the mercy
of nightingale vikings?
Their ships in the river of motherless cubs
some are rabid
with fear of their subject position
some with the loss of forgiveness
others from sermons
gone down in the lobe.
Delight's pearl remained is wove
through those shipwrecked equations
& we may consider them gladly
they only threaten the porcelain chowder
of undercooked smiles that anyway give us
no nourishment save a gate supple though false.
We are only soft flesh
by these lights lost in day-beds
& catacombs covered in blood-dark coincident blades.
They may polish a purple heart star bright & yodel
how everyone thrives in the big groovy boat
still, the corpse shows, the wine cooler warms
their toy horn relays its false joy.

A Bruising Nest

Bruising nest, bruising nest
levy-stinging cones sing of phlox in the breast
tin deposits lack high fluff west
wish dyed Hobbits freeze gold hush (gold hush).
Sleep-gawking rats mesh fat lines
Yaddo hawks and stalks mack a game scythe
assigned lame, redact that lag
sea-soothe the flag, SETI walls dew your abs
panting kin a brunt shard welling he cow signs clutch in school
mocking louse
now pile lever mine's a tan pike dude
pot leaves misted. . .
Crews dust hot toes for Frieze
Crews dust hot toes for Frieze
shy wood grabs a lover's youth as a penance
my hood lab's a shuddered fruit of remembrance, sleigh bees
Crews dust hot toes for Frieze
Crews dust hot toes for Frieze
high good laugh a mother's shoes fly in sorrow
so don't you ever for a second get to thinking
you've clearly laced the Krull.
No blow for lead the pet lawn
mall ruts lack licks and tree-nifty domes
soups I wet loo rots, cat's pry widow glows
sud's little wink cries of wicks in the doubt road
a bud's mew is a zoo
polling a cloud in the bar-hat, I got brew!
Hades' tot rims breeze
scurvy yup ignores a waxy flea
panting kin a brunt shard welling he cow signs clutch in school
mocking louse
now pile lever mine's a tan pike dude
pot leaves misted. . .
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high good laugh a mother's shoes fly in sorrow
so don't you ever for a second get to thinking
you've clearly laced the Krull.

It's Tricky

Lifting a flower-child from her picnic, its tingly delicious
all over, the touch of a blindfold, the taste of good dip
the seminal glyph in my nape
is the supple Algonquian, bringing stung wit
to bear on the problems of long occupation
sectarian warfare, hilarious
satanic horns visible inside the envied bouquet
that is my brother.

That is his picture of young George McGovern
consuming an apple,
or hard-boiled egg
tender, the teen's wine is damp
where the protester sleeps in the peach
colored briefs of his own
Pomeranian longing. I'd watch
the eyes rove deep in sleep, body twist because
dreaming of Frisbees & clamping hard
down with teeth, down with Halderman
clutching joy's tail—barracuda,
the thought of nude Gandalf awakens him
stems in his pants where there hadn't been stems.

Soon they will be in the rainy May streets
bureaucrats of the future, who touched me, a phone
with a goat-head receiver
I answer the devil astrology burning my toys
to create counter tea-leaves
& read them, my future is stretched
through a gasoline rainbow acquiring imports
of rare r & b, the occasional
noise-rock lp, & the ambient bed rest
performing September.

She was only there just to get high
he called himself Mott the Hoople.
True, when he took his family hostage I hid
My mother, my father & I
under the dining room table.
Darkness, symbolic of our hidden
love of the future, we rendezvous there
to applause, my brother, a rubbish bin
comments on how insufficient the space for
waste is. I am grateful to him
for the gatefold which spilling weed still
prevents me from crawling around under blankets
my life in their narrative hooch.

Only Zool

I would love to be there, outside, in the book with you penned
where the candle flame glow of the neighboring office
has made what is obvious always less so
slightly wrong though not ruined
imagine an object is that
in the rosy-cheeked bling of American summer
where the death mask of the thing's conception
now includes sunglasses.
My concussion no memories no elegance
taser for voice— where does it go?
Because it is for me only a kind of advanced topiary
I continue to swallow all branches and shears
there is no Dana, only Zool, only the salmon towel now slightly wet
in late morning
the tourist of morning
an alien child will finish this poem
hard Martian shock troops advance and dissolve.
But the damage is done
its Utopia
or it just was passing measure to mezzanine breeze.
The stair-steep supply of home remedies grading
neither Donne's sigh that she always wore slid
nor for Simba and people like that.

How Spring Leaves

With all of these punishing rations
I get past the first fence to see it now, over my shoulder
it says to write perfectly
write not at all.
Hands, bulb-deep
in the afterthought, grass
not to me of your primary blades sweetly sing
instead, how about incidentally healing a friend by your presence
if so co-dependent
then so.
After an early humidity
curdled what air I begged only
for harpsichord clarity
thunderstorms shook the big fresh
& ruined the bouquet collage.
The first daffodil, pummeled, dropped to the ground
& seeing it I thought of rhetoric,
cops in the gallery claiming to simply be
seeing what's up—paeridolia
administered
Heaven/Hell Thumb Print
a wired brass cross
the focus bleeds albacore out.

If only the season would hold
defend its low seed against bruising opponents
too mild perhaps for the Dance
too erratic, too prone to a willful succumbing
those greeny knees buckle hit flush
with the flourishing heat.
Though tonight will be cool
taking art from the wall
for a trip through the air back to Philly.
It is contrite enough, right?
every rapturous word pulling through naming nature
as if saying 'lambent' acquitted my fear
in the timbral wing of the house of possession
the mouth making sounds toward the tree.

Apology's table is long & may host a last supper
I don't live there but eat there a lot
like a bar with invisible processing room
in its spatial geography
polyamorous, no living tailor could dress it
in ways we could see its full body, sovereignty
dangerous tips in the jar
in your dark Aviator's
with fluorescent smears where
the eyes hide—
a radiant blob
my arm around yours
as it horrifies, binds us
terror absorbs the adorable shares
of our lives into one IPO IPA

prices soar, spirits admix
illusory suffrage in realist contagions
the host-body shudders.
No hospitality?
no fucking 'world'

How does spring leave?
In a green plastic crate
bound for the high eastern north
or the far northern west
last glass of their make-up subsiding
if dawn comes a warm freight
of opening light
on a face bought & sold
to be light
by departing friend's beauty
in Larry, through oxen-free Ollie
in germinal, early-day polis.
A cod flops
before being butchered wrapped swallowed
I would ask
how does it heal
& in general, doesn't—
the natural wag of my tail.

The Death of the Bees

Don't be jealous of my body
Jesus ordered me to be made
at fuckpoint, & BANG!
I emerged from the coffee pot
scalding blank verse
in Wordsworthian spring.

Their hair has a surplus of pollen
& what are they puffins
no, those are the littlest penguins
a cash-cow, the sound in the moon
wild boats never go
saffron bed-rock marina wrong longing

Flinch when Christ pinches a bee
marriage transparently baring its opiates now
in white arms
all the way down to the small brown sedan
tan boys, tan girls
don't be jealous of them

Einstein apparently said we'd survive but four years
if the bees were all dead
in my Christian anatomy honey pours
out from Dubai, the mouthwatering clock

With a sock on their dicks
with their dicks in their hands
with their dicks emerged even from dickless space
slow water jets move us down to the small brown sedan

& we're going
& nobody, strangely, is coming
with all of this dick in the land & this ass
& those breasts, & that belly those rippling abs
the slow water alive in the cars.
Though we didn't do as they did, little Christs
we cooed for devotional flowers

It went on for hours
of Sarah. We didn't care a
thing for the rings
on their fingers.
By acrid magnolias
we laughed at white lace
somebody got hot in those flowers
a living bee
drinks at the strawberry
daiquiri & buzzing,
I heard it,
we lived.

Lament of The Grounds Crew
for Brandon Brown

A land-fill of my stuff is like my stuff impugned
seeding with my stuff the landfill, & filling the land
with my genie, he's buried to ask wildflower
gives coco to weeds underneath
on bereavement leave Booby, & Ba-Ba & I
suckle tonnage slop, poplars get grown in the shitter
the grass as high here as the Golden Gate Bridge
whack economy, weapons, the jack-boots & slacks in the teeth
of a star-quiet mower

STUFF

& the "pleasantly hardcore" interiority of dream
all of these are cut pretty as grass in the diamond
fetch & catch is played, cheap beer
flows in our bars, water braids
& Julian's whiskey'd head mixes her hair in the field again
this in Ohio

I know all about the false meadow,
false consciousness, everything rough in the tap.
Song with the calorie content of violets
seeded totally
throughout the body
as infantile love
of a lyrical figure I mean
this heaven likely
more bloodied than that
one that wanders now
into our general speech & then out
all the grass tall & ragged

Slicing one hand through the sunbeam to interrupt the rainbow
the cell-phone is dressed in

"nothing is ours that another has not died for"

to get to the stuff

for Jose's 29th

A little kush makes my eyes and my shoulders drop
atomic Paxil splash pool
draw these dogs a bath
bust not of Helen or seraphim
care, for the first time, free, in the fair subject-free
statuary some head
requires a warm bag of water
to be as an open-bar daffodil deep in the sculpture
offering up for the surface
sobriety, quietus once in awhile
if anxiety flutters the heart is exact seismographically
even known gardens will shake it.
I am not shaking it nobly
I am not shaking it burst into fiery air at the glowing controls
those controls flee
love's the
three
to the weak bian-
ary the four
to the closed door
of three &
so on.
Blonde fondue
strawberry ariel
candles still warm in late March.
This was supposed to be a homeopathic consonant Imaginary Country
the Big Blue Buckeye Tree dissolving its uneasy spine in vast lavender amps
just the tone of that *pouring*
core malice slept off & mourning not much
for the sore the gone year leaves & nurtures.
It looks like its scabbing up acidly
painful & wired to every last nerve an aporia
clown wound, blooming from pinky-toe up the to jaw
"I looked around & grabbed the spot like
'ahhh', I'm hard to kill, hardy-harr,
put the music back on & keep the party goin'
FUCK 'EM'

Continuing on A Poem of Buck Downs'

"Myself contains multitudes
and some
of these fuckers
have got to go" Too true.
& still others must be cultivated
at the expense of (assuming one has one) one's
good name-- elephantitis
of the butt, Rainbow Brite, two serpents
frenching where brass clasps the sunglasses hinges
Ugg boots to the thigh
A monocle, one of those rotisserie chicken spits as if
Jack & Rose undersea never aged
Campari, fat limes for Caiphrinahs the Labrador
Sugar gets crushed in the glass's clear bottom hot foods
in the country in winter
Tarantula, Tabitha someone, carp
groping duck, champagne, skeleton bones,
all that stupid stuff, trashfuck
and hydromel.

Anna Nicole we
something, live up
to the teachers restrained in their beating of us
& those who aggressively struck.
Chiffon portal time travel wormhole of silk
in the wardrobe a new poison apple
hemp rope to tie the robe closed as you go to the window
champagne in the land
& the sunrise obscuring the teacher his
hair in the glare his
face in the case & our Narf.
This is an impermissible navigation of social space
it goes on & on
of all wild horses asleep of Apollo so still upon
bronze summer doors to the break of dawn break
in the caretakers heart
& the teacher?
I make it rain on him.
I make it so his is the last voice I
hear when I think
because he can only just change the world
he instead works to make it much worse.
Anna Nicole you have floored me & now
we are moving too fast for the turn
of the teachers who turned us on sweetly
who let the whip go
in a dead-winded day & it sill flew away
grown-ups, in between
maturing & babies. Grown-ups
in between
maturing & babies—
ace breast of the boy pierced and merry with arrow
would make him sing nothing
would make him
no joke.

Easter Avenue

This is the Slumberous Shore
beaned hard in the head by its fear
in the hand of the Noid
nearly holy deer turn from the liturgy
flee through the field's wildflowers past wheat pasted promos
like wax wings
in the idea of Icarus
I fear a fight with the Kid's of Hot Heaven.
Clear life of mace
& my eyes will not tear
& my cheeks will not blush when I leave you
because I am always leaving you
ahead of me, Easter air, cool open seas
I am breathed through the Aprilkreis alehouse
The floors flower darkly
What are today's chores?
What will make me seem only a child to you?
Tinnitus eclipses my tendering ear
Quiet chariot, ride by the gunned lilac sleigh
I will keep myself out of that beautiful ride
If only for one other day
If only for I am still teething.

A Wreath

To hang from the walls
I'm going to need nails
those can be silver or blue.
If I fail to fix the wreath there in my face
where I want it
to be as if love's mother tongue
the living, walking definition of a sweetheart
who hated to always be noticed as such
imperial yeomanry does it.
I don't think the wall is a soft enough spot
neither my gallery thigh
to protect us from the evil eye
from the wicked people
from wild beasts
and from all others.

I wanted to be
like the wreath in its circuit
endlessly circling back on itself
or the princess who chides her own blood
its Victorian rose,
& the baby's breath there not dispelled.
To be held in the bellwether shame
of an unflinching beauty
horseradish more bitter than juniper berry
the People's Republic of Meat, Cake, and Wine
for which she would give up her life.

Terrible Radio Days

What I want to be easy can never be easy
I'm sorry I learned the word 'rose'.
Oh throw just a little less petals around
I hate the black grate of this table, the church
& the untroubled trees that occlude the stained glass
no wind falls inside them or me.

Fritillary light of the refuge
the national poster is near
of survivalist bells
at the letters high heat
who would ask for the milk of mad cows.

No rough fax of air born savant tremors penetrate me
the linden's still limbs are my sleigh
sea shell to work on my throat culture Mary idolatry
body of robin's egg blue
there's a dark needle falling to hear in your grooves
the resilience of its nesting arm.

Cypress Street

Laurel ships slowly
genteel animations evolve into apathy
sunshine, I play my guitar.

Easy care willows make engineer's weep for the days
of a landlocked Arcadia, Boise cascade
of reluctance
to flourish so simply.

Though my eyes are closed & my head is thrown back
I am lost from an intricate pleasure.

The blood/brain barrier blazes are cool
I spit in the spring water bottle
on Holderlin's birthday
my love's truest sea.

Honeysuckle

It's like there's cayenne in the petals but things having quit their embarrassed desire
to find themselves real made the flowers vanilla.

I think about drinking one of those vanilla beers with a blondish color
like a bean turning sour, or dying,

the fact of its shade is delicious, to gauge my feelings on the strangeness
of the "resistance Mickey",

Mercy, the storm never coming ashore, its hot and about to rain anyway, hard
on the courtyard with weed-riven bricks.

Despised by the gardener, loved by the lover of sweet smelling flame who for nothing
would stand by its side

A regular pleasure with penitent manners that bows as if splendors were wakes

The gardener would cut it back dead so appropriate leaves, so appropriate flora would live
on the wildest hill its domestic,

The airy reactor of moonlight that wets fissile air as it moves through the yard, charged
with the work of deliverance,

bombs. I wonder if I should go in, turn the lights on & all of the faucets, the fans, the tv,
& the radio, tea-kettle, toaster

The sugar pill melts in the heart, & changes all the locks.

In A Light Rain of Gold

As if wanting only
 to hear from you, you
could be anyone now
 in my present
 to which no belonging belongs
neither purely an absence
 or full branches waving or full
to love's
breaking apart over-
 culled from a prettiness easy
that wouldn't persist
yet my name gets to hear
 itself there
as if having heard from you,
 finally,
I.

I am seized
by the wrong tree
 as ever
& you got it right
 I am barking up those
branches gilt-
 flakes are falling
from my noises
shaking those
 branches are full
 over-full
with impurity raining
 down now in a light rain of gold.

"In a light rain of gold"
 is exactly what I
saying wrong
 mean to indicate
 tree-like
& so said before
 a gold burr
got the best of the throat.
 It remains to this day
shiny itch
 is champagne
if the early thaw
 longed for
arrives.

Verisign
after George Stanley

In Verisign, company of root name servers, digital certificates & managed firewalls
an un-bonded name I encoded myself through the screen

and thought of my mother and father who gave me that name
my father who loved novel gadgets & died before seeing the Internet

I wish he had lived a millennial life
& acquainted himself with encryption

I imagine my father had founded that service
where names & their various charm-bracelet numbers are covered in unyielding noise
there I might see not his name like my brother's, but another he'd love to have left me.

I wish that my father in his disaffection had joined a cabal of anarcho cyber-punks
having rejected the terminal privacy guiding his earlier efforts

I wish I appeared in the world as a stream of bad data
pirated, scurrilous code

& that eventually I went to work at Verisign
& pounding out opaque security protocols, I came across a line
a deformed string of alphanumeric instructions left there by some other writer—
maybe my father
& it was not my name nor his nor familial monograms hidden therein
but one fatal error derived blast of meaningless letters—the name
I could love

It is never like
I never said it or ever
a way away, you have to live.
Life is a python rhapsody elegant syntax
& power, & Apple.
It is never like
there on one shoulder
the countervailing angel sings through the wind
you have to live
go into all the world & be just like them
or trying, die here
the shenanigans hurt
she never said let them eat cake.
A 6 by 12 tent
in the gallery space—Vatican City
of not having said a damn thing there of any real consequence, shining
she always spoke
the most beautiful tongue
I feel like we don't really talk anymore
but we have a prosaic order between us
& anyway, you have to live

The Happy Life
a version of Holderlin

The meadow, I'm nearly there even already
tamped down and devout
no thorn can harm me my clothes catch the wind
my happy head wanders interiors, what
could be inside as day melts away.

Its a picture of peace
the green tree guards the sign of
a tavern I can't let it go
for solace on afternoons noiseless to me
are the worst but don't ask
if you want me.

I am nearing a stream by the prettiest road
like a bedroom it follows the river
tall there, and crazy
an intimate bridge
climbs through the woods where the wind gets around it
and smiling I crane my neck up

I spend the afternoon
most of it high
sorrow abates absent reason.
Landscape,
your streets they run evenly
see the pale moon and the wind are made up
nature too
very easy beneath shady mountains.
Now I intend to walk thoughtlessly home
and stare at a bottle of wine.

