

Age

Tree on tree and why suddenly these ancients?
Woods, I have entered, the enclosed coves
& cedar planks stretching out from the grassy sand,
sand between horse prints & sneakers,
sand near the mossy rocks & water for tree frogs
as if Florida, as if Mexico & New England
were all spices heaped in teaspoons
to create this safe array.

Safe? How? Where?
No muggers behind these shrubs?
No snipers upon that cliff?
Tell me to what to make of this,
convince me of a trust long sought.

So I open, try to, beneath oversized Yoko Ono shades,
& the trees keep ascending to the skies promise beyond.
So I open, try to, beyond these sitting duck questions
& the calmer wisdom which spreads, a diffusion
throughout the bones.

Where are my cigs & beer? Props, where are you?
If this is beauty is to kill me then let betrayal come
in one fell swoop. I say this, yet feel it won't.
I say this & yet the soft wind goes on
& in its blue I wash my nerves,
nerves extended as the tree tips
holding more always -
lord- they hold it all.

Dreams

It ain't easy being one. Nobody understands.
Your life is another guy's. All eyes are wounds:
Want overkill heady with conspiracy, yet feeling alone.

Listen, between you and me, it's like being stuck
on a late night 1950s TV station. There's Grouch Marx,
see, jokin' with contestants, that lady from Kansas,
Miss Hopeful Star, employed as a clerk. Her partner's
a valet. They bus to jobs, toothpaste jingles buzzing
in ear canals, the alarm clock a jarred pacemaker,
life skidding into a million other phantasmagoric rushes...

The hours are lousy, never a day off, always on-call,
full of the gods, yet more a slave than Superman:
x ray duty envisioning a train wreck encased in Kryptonite:
the only force that can stop you.