

Fingers (II)

Certain cigarette tips, filters to caress from films of the '40s right down to you & me,
scents caressing more sensuous, the bad habits' blessings no pumice has scrubbed-----

Fingers, I know the church of them, the steeple which shall protect, shield eyes,
rub heads &, between cracks, catch fluid.

Fingers, the blood pulse:
thin skins of berries carrying systems of light, planetary, inside.

Yes, meditate on that to wipe out the meaningless, the violent, the mindless...

Friend, could your fingers ever be like those?
I've asked this with a razor cuff-tucked above my veins.
I have asked this while turning the pages of our life, rewinding scenes,
the film's travelogue of talking interiors.

Trust you? Trust this?
I survey scrupulous views using your flesh to write on as you've made scripts
from my soul. This pen then, the jetting ink, is the transfusion & tourniquet,
a hand solely of faith amid the lack, to put the life of my most true fingers in
as a pacifist's.

Howling Moon

Transistor:

all the good, the A.M. buzzing, all the nostalgia
songs for all the world's insomniacs
to croon with into the morning whose blueness
grows from peepers to sparrows, the wilderness
as cafe & this skylight, the main menu
where a lone wolf moon howls of breakwaters
& tidal sweeps, but does not devour
or find itself consumed by a thing.

I & the moon - we still have that much in common -
but where is the song for this, the one my headphones -
no - do not orchestrate, & why, for that, even in sleep,
I am still dancing, a wolf on hind legs?

Mist 3 A.M.

The droplets, these strands, are all 'n all a sort of necessity,
this luxurious coat of wet breaths replicating flesh
as second-hand skin. Here seconds & phantoms consort,
& one becomes them certain as the clear tears
parting in a gash for the shafts of moon.

Sun is another shift where dew flowers reveal gems
of the night's voices simply. Those messages heal us:
angels fallen & broken from boulevards split by the crash
of dreams lifting straight into fog.

Such coasts! Such assumptions!

Comb them for your spirit calling through the throng.
Comb them anticipating your song
carrying another's needed by the lessons
of living as membranous, as transparent-----
you, of the shell-sheen,
you, the dipped litmus scraped off for the coming morn.