

Moved, I

Shall not be
anything
but a Lusitania
behind these eyes.
Later, surfacing stories
of contraband dynamite
may only contain gossip's
perhaps-ness
that allies shall find
the sham of after legend
becomes mystery...

Legacies, legacies long
as memory's gaze, that searchlight
for truth's cargo, my passengers simply
innocents, unsuspecting & too
conveniently waylaid.

Know their voyage & its stance:
a vacation, waves, the tiers
of room service, the diner's bells,
the decks for sun bathers
strolling to taste spray in views
of stiller light...

Misbegotten moon
before a new sun's serenity?

No ice berg struck this, nothing neutral,
only nature in enemies man made:
the torpedo & its point
careening to swipe sides
& sink sink sink...

Here, reach slumbering depths now,
the fish for vision,
the fins through silenced
cries, the orphaning currents & the pearls
through which my submerged gleams see.

The Jesus Dreams

Painting my peace, a whisper
I became, each stroke a sort of plea
too needy for the animal rant
also inside clawing.

That duet was of a visionary
losing language for symbols more
like sores, the raw festering stigmata,
migraine on my eyes.

Putting up palms, slumber came
leaking through each nail hole
with the white figure on his waves.

Were they of wind or of seas?

I do not know, but he was billowing
with arms long as El Greco's & hands
ever reaching before that mouth of

smiling silence & that severely tender
look. When severed from sleep

was I cast into healing, sick & exhausted
from all that long sight?

I do not know but spoke my own voice
eventually through the canvas,

making peace.

Avenant
(Character from Cocteau's "Beauty & the Beast")

As the beast you were best, beauty
in the royal curse of horror & humility,
your anguish the gallant magic
transforming pearls from rope.

Magnificent was the passion then,
a stallion with no rogue's core
though often we find it's rough
diamonds we like best, diamonds
& rust, an alchemist's labor...

Avenant, is this your greatest trick,
a tenor out of early death at last
clearly rising?

Here now how I listen, primitive
peasant, clawed, fanged, & fur-robed.

You could be nude there & the heat
of your skin would shear, blaze me
down, reveal the human-eyed monster
to the better spirit underneath.

Avenant, you'd like me best that way,
skipping unzipped through rough

Metaphor's truths.