Moving (II)

This landscape is a Chinese screen:

mountains of mist, the trees as twigs

soft in autumn distance.

Their shed leaves are the colour of comfort

where grey-blue pauses on the tongue

of God, & horizons, steppe-like,

fleece that profile.

This is the swathe of a cut sleeve,

the kimono silk draping with wrap around

*Possibilities* the further one drives-----

Boxes, baggage, furnishings schooner-curved

for the faith of prairies, latter day.

I lean to you, brother homeless pioneer

housing apartments of transition to match

our lack of cash, our get-away pluck,

& galaxies entire spin with these wheels,

pushing the way to be free

through fear

like a needle where

we cling to each stitch,

wind-threaded & tenuous

but moving nonetheless

Grey Moon

Grey lake,

how the choruses which lift from there

must come from sirens encased in tin.

How fluent as sardines must be their language,

& how fresh the water, how gun-metal luminous

bringing silences as dips…

Love, so your paddles gleam,

your arms being glaucous, dew-webbed,

the lunar sheen a beard for the lake’s face

that shifts to the veils of Salome’s…

I know the depths there, passenger here

in a canoe of dissolution-----

What the waves take & reflect,

spilling over to anoint the night’s locket

twin.

That moon has a string to set sail by,

gargantuan as Gulliver’s silhouette &

Bullwinkle’s hide. That moon is plucked

Nylon-woven into a big guitar of pristine

invisibility, & these woods too, they are composed

of it, as is the traffic towing its distances

to vanishing headlights, fading train whistles,

city noise…

The shades of such gossamer greys, the textures,

the tenderness is stark & compulsory

as love made while drunk.

But how soothing too the necessity of rowing

towards such shores, the oars their own destination,

as your arms are, becoming guideposts,

I am grateful to feel by.

Dalmatians

Maybe a new hy-

brid, we are & far

from mongrel, these dot

to dot spots of distinguished,

Mediterranean, they say,

the docs, our origins

date to & they know best

being the scientists

of rockets we’re the skin

satellites of

in our raised purple

metamorphosis, the royal

regalia of connect this X

to that strain of denominations’

whose co-factor’s a

guess except

we’ve got the marks, arf,

here we’ve got the virus