

## Wave

Sudden tsunami,  
this long expected great ocean blaze...  
the surf is flames, Davy, but nothing burns  
save for fever.

Where it's breaking is the dousing  
in an aria of sheets going over  
completely white-tipped.  
Stunning, Howard, that salve is  
absolute, Frank, for sores which tongues,  
tears, try as they might, could not wash away  
the salty crusts of.

Now, post-flood, a supreme calm  
is clean purity over trials of your last brave nights,  
& our days are such new sons, new daughters  
to name. Strange that Mother Earth, Father Time  
orphans the parents as lovers asunder via the sickness  
which smashes & smashes the shape of our whole coast.

Taking form again here is the survival  
of those who wash ashore,  
yet we do it Dave, Howard, Frank, for the memory  
of love's sake too tidal for anything else.

## Supplication

Now  
meeting only on plaster,  
my face a case of dust, these statues  
that you started leaving me  
to finish off

&

"Done with it!"  
never, will not  
be long enough  
between the floods & the clay  
that returneth back all of our work,  
all which was love as, coward, how  
I curse, deliver, now smash  
with fingers, knuckles, all in a grip,  
a slide, a caress

again on mud, on fluid, on rock,  
the skull  
beneath the muscle, the veins  
beneath the skin, my pulse  
beating your name as chisel, as mallet  
when my own all along really was splendid

& to whisper it is simply  
damnation, remembrance  
the least arrogant beseechment,  
dearest, dearest, that you will ever receive

From The Nudge/Nudge

The frame is pink,  
magenta at sunset,  
and our outlines?  
Orange, tremendous  
heat of summer seen  
beneath, between  
the window-figures,  
their beautiful deck view  
of cat amid flowers,  
the rolling ocean,  
and a single monument  
of haze-burned bricks....

All that warmth comes from us,  
and in the painting of you,  
angel, in a biblical sleep  
of deep sheets  
as robe swirls,  
your halo is the only light source,  
your skin soft with strong gold...

For the next canvas wings  
will sprout with the myriad  
reflections of water,  
a harps prism,  
glue-glitter sprinkled  
from some tacky five & dime...

Fairy dust, myths, mediums,  
the legacy of oil  
to sustain each day  
as tonight, meanwhile, mortal,  
I pray cancer shall not have  
my father by the throat.

## Albany 30 Degrees

Snow is the long voyage.  
Snow is the longing  
& it is warm enough  
for snow there, in Albany,  
the weather station informs,  
so Pete, Peter, Marianne, Marie,  
20 minutes from that city  
banked between tree-lines  
in your suburb, on your farm...  
Can you feel the soft immensity  
of this snow falling here?

Poignant is its lack of color  
gathering hues through the blank  
blankets, the textiles of stippling  
weaving the air's loom, the air's  
curtains of movement eyes find  
the stillest flight in,  
& gloved fingers catch  
melting lozenges of  
true as mouths.

Bowl round, how mine opens,  
a gull call of silence  
where flurrying paths stop  
at a single stretch of surf  
pulsing purple at the world's curl,  
its very tip, this jester's slipper...

Upside down the pen could turn it,  
& out would pour addicts, drunkards,  
tourists & fish mongers...  
Out too all the recluses, the artisans  
& broods of pilgrim ancestry  
adrift in ageless niche-work  
of home, home, home...

Echo, echo, echo-----  
The snow shapes my silence  
tide-ferried to every highway,  
every airport, every current  
which might bring you my call-----  
& here the snow,  
and here the surf,

they deliver the familial landscapes  
of antennae, vanes of compass  
needles, of barometer dots,  
& weather station scribbles...

Look, our screens are widening,  
& rhythmic calendars  
snow tick in unison  
'til you picture me as I,  
umbrella now,  
encompass you in return