

Physical Music

The Ammonite

- Was there music in those waves? Music that swelled to the surface and, breaking against the sky, cast notes into the air?
- A cool island rain
Gray pencil strokes are falling
In perfect circles
- The night of flowers and fireworks
Bubbled in my eyes,
Joyful as the summer evening
Of pale fireflies.

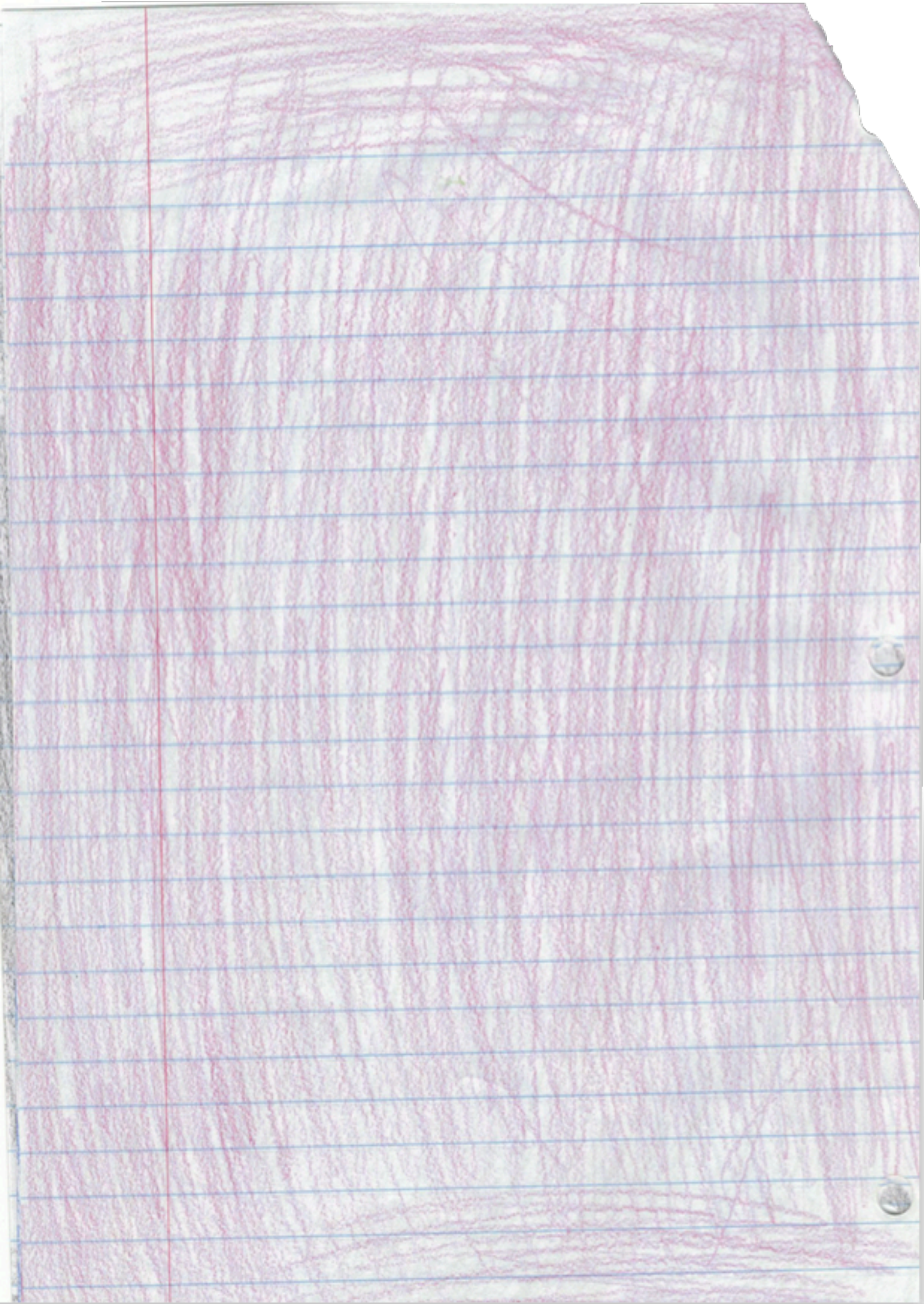
Wispy memories return as
Whispers will go,
Lying with twilit color
Of evenings long ago.

- Another Sunday
With my dick out at the park
I've relieved myself.
- There's a prurient psychologist Freud,
Whose theories are hard to avoid.
At once he detects
That the reason is sex,
And for this he is widely enjoyed?
- *After Hokusai*
Blue ribbons roll in.
The sea tells its blue story
Without losing its breath.

Will's Desk

After Gravity's Rainbow

- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| • 5-watt laser | • Arrow root powder | • an LG-TV |
| • Heat gun | • Five bongos | • Pseudo-damascened knife |
| • Plush lizard | • Small jade buffalo | • Weed crumbs |
| • \$1.36 in change | • <i>The Joy of X</i> | • Two boxes of sour power |
| • Qtip box | • A wristlet | • Wii-mote |
- Gazpacho: Five peppers; olive oil; sugar; sherry vinegar; garlic; cucumbers; tomato; sacramento tomato juice.
 - Grandma dozes in the sun,
I write sad poetry.
There is a gentle breeze and
The sound of the train.
 - The cicadas ring
Their hollow bells of chitin,
Celebrating night.



- The Night Turns
After Joyce

Our last night turns from velvet
To pale milk sky;
The lamp pushes its silver glow
Through rooms where dreamers lie.

The morning's rays start burning in,
Yellow and blue;
You restfully shift their colors,
And face the avenue.

Shame and hope and love start to burn
Upon our waking minds;
From glassy nights to velvet,
From pale dreams to ironed blue sky.

- To work or to complain about working
There was a rally for our local socialist
I went to work instead.
- On the wall are fishnets, a cartoon thumb in spray paint blue, the chipped buoy, and
the breathing surface of the world. From the window with old mullions, light falls on
your cold boots.

Through the window, past the wall
The gloomy sound
Closed like a bog,
Chops.

You recognize
Beneath the surface your dreams move ever.
The tides turn back
The sky is ironed-blue.

- *After King Krule*
Insects breathing,
A flurry of paint strokes,
Ripple on a puddle at night;
Drifting in the abyss,
Submerged in waves,
Resigned to the ocean.

A reflection from above,
A train of blue thoughts
He remembers:
A sad decay of notes.

The waves break up,
A star cracks open.
Nostalgia for happiness
In my heart flung open.



Giving oneself to the tides. They flow over, soaking and cold, over eye sockets to the bone.

In a trench, I plunge into madness, unconvinced it will change a thing. This pain might worsen forever.

Like a dream,
Blue, cold, floating, all the city a maze,
And carrying myself like music.

Sun and moon are true.
Blueness washes over me.
Blue washes me.

- General Persistent Emotions

- 1) Anxiety
- 2) Mental Chatter
- 3) Boredom
- 4) Agitation
- 5) Pride
- 6) Disgust
- 7) Happiness
- 8) Perpetual confusion

- *After Mr. Robot*

A tick stuck like a dial to my leg, mistook as a scab. A poppyseed nymph grew rounder with my blood, happily sucking until its body swelled. I plucked it sated, put it on the bed and watched it walk a few inches. Its black hide shone, its skinny legs dragged. The density of blood a monument to sucking my blood.

- *After 'Moving in 2008'*

A grain sized pirate
Hides in the ocean of leaves.
When you go for mushrooms,
Beware it.

- It's not the first time this has happened to me. I recall the other darker nights, just like this. When I looked out the window on gray snow.

- Green Balcony

I step onto my balcony though it feels like the peak of a mountain. Young and beautiful the green leaves upturn. Having just melted out of a nap the world is fresh.

A warm wind blows across the deck. Winds such as these will remain when the world is cold?

Dings of woodchimes knock, lose the theme of a song.

I'll prolong this cadence. The green breeze swoops into the treetops. My gloom burns off. Who am I?

- Good Citizen
After Ogden Nash

Election day is here,
I'll stay inside, drinking beer.

- I want to create a world.
- Will this mood crack?
After Shakespeare

- Cool Fall Breeze

The cool fall breeze of morning
Fills the room,
The high cool tide of longing
Follows through.

- Map Poem
After Sylvia Plath

My prosodic pathway cuts across
Na valech
Skids across the quadrangle of
Na valech

Then calmly debouches into a parking lot,
Cuts a path through the Royal Garden,
Loses itself in the trees
On its way through Brusnice Wood.

It moves up an elevator shaft
To the castle,
Darkens and falls down to
Gaol.

Through the moat,
Across the highway,
Over fences,
Through the city limits,

To space.

- Mutinus elegans

Long, limp regal,
In the way they flop
Over a bed
Of mulch, oozing
Green slime
To attract flies.



- Penny Boyz

After the feeling made by the background men humming in 'Uptown Funk'

Even the hacks at Rudolph's
Know how to cha-cha-cha:
With oil-stained elbows
They danced beneath the guts of lifted cars.

For a penny in the jukebox
Was enough to engender
The dropping of wrenches
And the lifting of welder's masks.

It was not they didn't enjoy their work
Those useless hacks at Rudolph's—
They enjoyed their filthy hands,
The line of moaning customers

Frying on the pavement,
All that leather and vroom-vroom
Stuff. It was just they preferred
A little cha-cha-cha
To break the monotony.

- Alone in the city, shoulders bouncing, a confident journeyer; the blocks we linked,
linked arm to arm across oceans, counterparts in distance and love, separated by the
veil of the earth's shadow. In different lands apart, faithful to one another: lodestars.

- Face Mask 2017

A clay bowl and in it a clay powder
The color of snot.
She mixed water into the bowl,
Turning the powder into a pale green ooze.

Her face washed, she eeled
Her fingers in the ooze,
Bringing up
Fingertips of ocean-cold goo.

She kneaded the clay across
Her face, rubbing it smoothly
Over her nose, cheeks and forehead.
This done, she let the clay dry

Until it hardened
Like a tortoise shell.
Then she went back to the sinks
And began the slow process of washing the tiles off.

- Xenomorph 1

Everything seems arrayed against you: the lake, the flowing shadows. The crickets.
Can the beauty without pour into the loneliness and frustration within, filling you like
a vase?

- Xenomorph 2

He rose to walk before sleep, hoping the air would soothe his mind and body. He remembered how, walking out last night, the smell of perfume suffused the air. What treasures live in the night?

He came back, his coat of night air and stars, midnight sorrow. The stars recited names. Their names washed over him as he turned the key in the lock.

- Horseshoe Crabs

After 'Proteus'

Your blue life has drained
From caramel plates.
Your spears gamp the earth
And you scuttle on overturned sky.

- Cold November rain
Drills the soil with
Its chilly test of drops.

- The light flows through me.
Daylight young, old
Waxes the senses.

I let it grip
A wet branch or a breaking wave
To flow through my heart.

Some things crash like rocks
Sending water heavenward
Mushrooms.

I taste the light too,
Mellow like a flower's scent
Of spread out petals.

The cool red breeze
Conceals a current of blue
With your eyes, heart, soul.

- I want to channel you all:
The icy blue waves,
The twilight gloom,
Setting sun, night sky,
To paint most beautiful.

- Spring

Crocus pops out of the mulch
Grandma lies in bed, knees and stomach in pain.

- The day cools. Breezes of cold move in from the bay. Is this English? Who will read these frigid blue words written, concealed, recited in a dream? Come pale moonlight, I sleep.

- It's a new day
The sunlight on the top
Of the swaying pine trees
Stops all worries.
- Bright ocean,
I feel your light flood in
And your darkness flow out,
Bring me to light; I abdicate dark.

The filaments
Are raised and burn out blue;
My heart thumps in my chest,
Melting.

My life, beautiful of colors,
Washes me in the past
Unstains my hope
Shines like a clean sword.

