

Energy Waits in the Street

Energy sits in the street, its big body rotating,
as the driver waits for the light to change.

Energy waits to move, to find the right address,
ready to pour itself out in someone's driveway.

Energy smoothes the way for the ambulance
and the basketball players who gather,
beneath the rim, after the owner is gone.

Energy Holds a Ring

Energy holds a ring between its fingers,
then spreads them for the air to waft through.

Energy draws an imaginary outline,
as it dances in the air above the table.

Energy clenches, opens, touches,
waves, rises to a woman's lips
and floats nearby, as she smiles.

With Energy in My Hands

With Energy in my hands,
I invent and reinvent myself,
without effort, without changes,
without effect, without loss.

With Energy in my hands,
I'm free to move my fingers
in any direction, to any purpose,
to the final absence of purpose.

Energy Wipes the Table

Energy wipes the table in front of me,
bends and wipes, bends over, bends
to reveal her breasts, as she cleans.

Energy stays busy with cleaning,
but bends to show her softness,
an invitation, to keep me away,
to warn me with her beauty.

Energy chastises me for my attraction,
to leave me questioning if she's the one
for me, or if she's only one who works
in this café, cleaning, for the general good.

Energy Adorns the Window

Energy adorns the store
window across the street.

Energy hangs three coats and two dresses
in front of three long sashes of white.

Energy hangs three lights above the display,
in the window of a store, once the gallery
of an artist, in a neighborhood that has
gradually raised its standards.

Energy ran a dry cleaners before the artist
was there, and before that, no one can recall.

Energy Wears a Baseball Cap

Energy wears a baseball cap and rolls
a fork in its fingers like a pointer.

After each bite of food, Energy chews,
swallows, then searches its teeth
for the smallest remainder,
then forks another mouthful.

Energy looks about, indifferently,
with eyes that lock onto others' eyes,
like BBs roll and catch in the depressions
of a clown's face, laughing.

Energy is Having a Conversation

Energy is having a conversation
between itself, male and female.
One leans back, the other forward.

Energy talks about work, the people
at work, the people at home, family,
the people they have known intimately.

Energy talks of hurts and pains,
of desires and fears.

Energy wears a blue shirt.
Other Energy wears blue pants.

Energy shakes hia head as he speaks,
Energy holds her hand to her head.

Energy runs her other hand along
the inner thigh of her leg.

Energy sits up, to get up, to leave,
and other Energy leaves with her.

Energy Bounces

Energy bounces as a man walks,
his hands in his pants pockets,
his long coat puffed out
above his stuffed wrists.

Energy wears a backpack. Energy's
jacket hood falls across the pack.

Energy's butt puffs out
below the jacket hem,
pulled taut across
stiff, bouncing hips.

Energy has a neatly trimmed beard
and close-cropped hair, whistles,
like water running out of his mouth,
over and between his lips,
into the evaporating air.

Energy Has Become Worn

Energy has become worn, darkened,
scuffed, scraped, stained, in time, since
when it was new and seemed an imitation
of what was here before, beneath everything.

Energy is so much a part of the place,
it goes unnoticed, except by those who
might look down or might drop something
or fall suddenly, of their own accord,
or across something in their path.

Energy seems to absorb and retain
traces of all who pass across it.

Energy no longer seems new or old,
but only what is, here beneath us all,
holding everything up.

Energy Kisses a Woman's Lover

Energy kisses a woman's lover,
lightly, touching mouth to cheek,
like monkeys take a new thing to their lips,
to bring it within the realm of their recognition.

Energy's curiosity is weighed with trust,
knowing what it will ingest and what it will
toss to the jungle floor, without a thought,
its eyes still bright with wonder.

Energy Walks Briskly

Energy walks briskly, bites
a woman's lip between her teeth.

Energy, small and regal, seems sad,
pulls the sleeves of a woman's earth-tone
sweater high above her pale wrists.

Energy absorbs hearty soup
the way bread absorbs the stock,
the way one wet color absorbs another.

Energy is Spread Across the Skin

Energy is spread across the skin of a gesturing man,
turning the man's arms to thick forest, his neck, chest,
and half his face, as well. Beneath the man's clothing,
the extent of Energy can only be imagined.

A gold tie splits the electric blue of the man's shirt.

Energy's jewelry glistens at the tree line of his fingers
and throat, to the edges where Energy continues
to extend its inexorable reach.

Energy Drops From the Trees

Energy drops from the trees,
as October slips toward winter.

Energy turns from green to red to brown
to absent and then to born again in springtime.

Energy blocks the light and feeds on it.
Energy provides the shade and denies it.

Energy Screams

Energy screams, because screaming works.
Energy will stop screaming, when it gets
what she wants. It always gets what it wants.

Energy's screams bring food to a child's mouth,
and Energy brings whatever else the child wants,
whenever the child wants it.

Someday, the screams won't be necessary,
Energy will be given its desires by default.

In anticipation of that day, Energy
learns the smaller ways of its greed.

Energy Fills the Air

Energy fills the air, for those who hear it.
Energy shakes the body of those who feel it.
Energy lifts the spirit of those tuned to its heart.
Energy rankles the mind of those who resent it.

If Energy was not playing in your youth,
you may not recognize it, you may not like it,
you may wish it were never playing, you may think
it only belongs to the old and the transitory.

Energy may sound foreign to your ears,
or its presence may be deeply moving.

Energy Has Spiked Green Hair

Energy has spiked green hair and an earring.
Energy hunches over the open pages of a book.
Energy wears a long leather coat and canvas shoes.
Energy has dramatic features and pensive eyes.
Energy never looks up.

Energy becomes nearly immobile in concentration.
Energy reads *To Kill a Mockingbird* with a coke
a finished bowl of chicken soup pushed away.

Energy reads *Tolkien* with intensity,
almost without breathing.

Energy Arrives in the Mail

Energy arrives in the mail,
without any word, for years.

Energy awakens with new promise,
and parts of it begin to be left behind.

Energy arrives in the realization
of a long forgotten desire.

The opening of Energy's envelop
starts and finishes parts of a life.

Energy Taps the Head of One Man

Energy taps the head of one man,
and brings back forks for the table.

Energy drinks coffee and laughs at the jokes.

Energy leans against the back of an old
church pew, moved from another kind
of sanctuary to this casual setting,
Energy's home away from home.

Energy Sits With Bare Shoulders

On a cool day, Energy, voluptuous and happy, with a large mouth and gleeful eyes sits with bare shoulders, next to a man in a thick sweater.

Energy lifts and twists a woman's long mane, twirling and tossing a current of hair from bank to bank, from shoulder to shoulder, from front to back, from side to side, and out of time.

Energy Flops About

Upon learning of someone's personal life,
Energy flops about between emotions,
like a fish on a beach, not finding the sea.

Energy flops from confusion to anger to grief
to memories of love, until love itself overcomes
pain, and stillness overcomes movement.

Energy accepts the life of one who dies,
as quiet accumulates to peace, until
Energy finds the sea, once again.

Energy Climbs Out of its Basket

Energy climbs out of its basket.
lowering itself from its high mount.

Said to be hanging, Energy does not hang
but grows toward the widest plane of light.

Energy grows toward greater growth,
in the only direction its gravity will allow.

Energy hangs out and down, its leaves
resemble wings, its wings open upward.

Energy Lies Soft

Energy lies soft between
the legs of an obese man.

Dormant and nearly undetectable,
Energy holds power in the man's mind,
as the man attempts to quell the still small
voice in his head with the roar from his mouth.

The man's roar demands more and more of less
and less, until the heart of Energy can no longer
be heard, even in the virtue of Energy's vitality.

Energy is Raised and Roofed

Energy is raised and roofed,
surrounds us, separates us, unites us.

Even when Energy is portaled, windowed,
and divided, even when it's not apparent,
we erect these forms of Energy around us.

Without its narrowing protections,
we are unbounded and unsafe.

Without Energy's embracing spaces,
we are cast to the farthest end
of the unknown in our selves.

We do this building of walls
to make it known where we are,
within Energy's lack of definition.

Energy Stops By

Energy stops by to say hello.
says it may not come here, ever again,
the portions have become too small.

Energy says that its writing a book
of the generations, most of whom,
it says, cannot tell a proper story.

Energy says they go on too long,
they stop short, they never begin,
never finish, says it admires nothing
about Hemingway except his ability,
but if it had the time, it says, it would
hole up and write a story of its own.

Energy says it has to go, doesn't know
when it will be back again, shakes hands,
and puts on its coat. Energy's eyes sparkle,
as it leaves.

Energy Plays Chess

Energy plays chess with Energy,
an excuse for their being together,
without purpose or direction,
until the endgame.

The moves, between Energy
and Energy, up to that moment,
are relatively unremarked upon.

Energy's counterpart sits cross-armed
before the board, its legs spread, as around
the board are scattered the debris of eating,
reading, drinking, smoking, and note-taking.

There's no despair and no celebration
in the victory that's mated with defeat.

Energy plays chess with Energy,
neither hurt by the other, neither
remarkable to the other.

Energy is Framed and Hung

Energy is framed and hung in a lofty position, so all can see.

Only a few may notice, most are busy preparing themselves for occupations, for community, for mating, for mild disruptions, for inhaling the information of living in company with everyone else.

Energy is framed and hung, so all might see, but no one seems to notice.

The framing of Energy is done in the common style, so that what is framed is nearly invisible to the casual eye.

Energy Lingers at the Door

Energy lingers at the door
and inquires of all who enter.

The answers to Energy's queries
go unregistered in its heart.

Energy asks about someone's recent days
listens to the new and different replies,

The only thing Energy cares about
is the resonant core of nothing new,
nothing different, everything new,
everything different.

Energy's love lives in acceptance.

Within the smiling, unchanging heart of love,
nothing particularly matters a great deal.

Energy Replaces the Block

Energy has replaced the entire block
of buildings that was here, a year ago.

Energy is replacing the empty hole
it put in place of the old buildings,
with new buildings, half-constructed,
empty, with a fence around the enterprise.

One can see through the fence, one can
see through the walls, one can see through
the buildings, to the far side, where one
can see through, to this side.

A year from now, Energy will have made
the space opaque, solid, named, and occupied.

Energy has taken and will give, and in between,
it has made of itself a playground to the imagining mind.

In Some Parts of the World

In some parts of the world,
Energy is considered unclean.

Children, innately inclined
on the side of Energy, are
taught to deny their nature.

Whatever the prohibitions,
many of the works of Energy
are considered the finest works
of human creation.

Energy is Everywhere

Energy is everywhere.

Energy, of a million years past,
recycles through today's bustling airports.

Energy, once breathed by mastadons,
bellows the lungs of schoolyards
around the world.

Energy is forced into the dying
and gives them back their lives.

Energy has been to the moon.
Energy is the breath of life.

Energy Fills a Dress

Energy fills the dress of the woman
sweeping the restaurant floor.

Every five seconds, some man imagines
the touch he sees in Energy's fullness,
still not sure of desire, if it's for
Energy's flesh, or if it's the talisman
of peace that Energy seems to offer him.

Is it Energy or the image of Energy
one seeks to engage, every five seconds,
with and without success?

Energy is Orange

Energy is orange, chartreuse, mauve,
ochre, metallic blue, black. Energy comes
in every color, there's no use listing them all.

Some of Energy's colors are more subtle,
some bold, some garish, some dull, some worn
for fashion, some for shock, some handed down,
some come as a gift, people look for the right
color of Energy.

The company one keeps can influence one's choice
of colors, so that Energy might not seem freely chosen,
but there are true colors for everyone.

Energy is Dedicated to Life

Energy is where the dying
are taken for their care.

In Energy, the dying find
solace among the dying.

Energy is a virulent, infectious
atmosphere, where precautions against
contamination are carefully taken.

As much as Energy is dedicated to life,
the dead are its likely survivors.

Nevertheless, in Energy,
the door swings both ways.

Energy Takes the Ashes

In India, everyday,
thousands swim in Energy.

The smell of Energy is a pungent mixture
of living and dying that startles the senses.

On the banks of Energy, fires consume
the swimmers who have completed
their ablutions.

The fires, that consume the non-religious,
as well as the devout, burn the same.

Energy takes the ashes of all who burn,
from the Himalayas to the Bay of Bengal.

Yet, for a few rupees, one can ferry
across the breadth of Energy, from
the near shore to the far.

Energy Has a Golden Post

Energy
has a golden post,
a golden bowl,
and four golden flames.

Under its light,
there's no distinction
between the man
reading
his newspaper
and the empty chair
at a marbletop table.

Energy Has a Black Binding

Energy's black binding cannot keep time
from rotting these pages, the gleaming,
black binding of Energy cannot keep
these pages from crumbling.

The slick, reflective binding of Energy
will outlast these contents to sit atop
the garbage heap, past the decay
of these words.

Only the life of Energy
will outlast the binding
and the bound.

Energy Has Many Faces

The face of Energy
is the same as every other face.

The face of Energy is whatever
one faces, to face Energy is to
face whatever faces everyone.

To face Energy is to look in the mirror
and become the reflection of no face at all.

To face Energy is to become the seeing,
not the seer, and not the seen.

Whatever is Energy is whatever is,
and Life and Death are the same,
and Energy is bigger than both.