

The Words

Words are flowing
in the streets,

Washing up
against the door,
over the threshold,

The grimey, running,
squatting words,

The little children
of us all.

Poem

In a Train,

On a track
across Nevada,

Slower
on the highway,

Sitting
on a rock.

She Said

*He's taken off
his underwear,
looking at them
on the floor,*

*He's running
in the park,
he's very upset,
I hope this helps.*

She picked them up
and tossed them
out the window.

She Burns

What?

Walk a fire
in my house?

Flames
in my doorway?

It licks,
it laps,

She
burns.

Henry Miller

In 1927,
his wife
busted up
the party,

Lots of friends,
spilling wine
and watercolors,

She walked in
and showed him
a steamship ticket
for the States.

She

Is just
a tiny
dot

On the
map,

And yet,
things
are going
on down
there.

Concourse

I sit down on a bench
in Golden Gate Park,

I watch a woman
undressed by the wind,

Trees run by me,
running like watercolors,

Desire like a bird
flies from my throat.

If You Died

If you died
in an airplane crash,

There would be
a tube of air,

On the way
to the ground,

that I'd wish
I was in.

Brief Showers

What I take for rain
is airplanes falling
out of the sky,

Trees burning,
cars rolling
across the city
like tumbleweeds.

Fortunately,
the rain lets up.

Dinner Time

At the end
of the day,

I go home,
I go home,
I go home,
I go homeat.

The Fence

There is
a fence
around
your love,

And I
have got
my head stuck
between the slats.

The Bee-Bop Bees

This new dance
leads to no new honey,

They laugh and sweat,
they ignore the figure 8,

They repeat
INSECTUS LIBERTATUM,

As they dance endlessly.

Poetry/Love

It's a simple thing,

You turn the house
on its side,

People adjust.

She Is

A fleshy
blue boat

Made from
airplane parts.

They Drank

He drank
from her cup,

She acquiesced,

He bled into her,

He gave fire
woven into
her wishes,

She entirely
drank him
at once.

The History of the World

It was a mistake
to include
so many people,

They kept
bringing others,

We ran out
of games.

You See

This horse,
my skin,

A picture
of a horse,

My
real skin,

A horse dream,

I lay my wrist
against your
bare shoulder.

The Box

The box
you crawl into
is the path
to heaven,

You rattle
inside,
running out
of breath,

You catch your
second wind
in love.

You

I
shy

Like
ice

From
your
eyes.

In the Sky

From here,
a look,

Eagle's wings
make noise
in my ears,

I see a small
moving thing

On the ground
below.

Bay View

I walk
on the bridge,

I stagger
across the bay,

I fall
down drunk
in Oakland,

In my
window.

I'm Hiding

Tell people I'm
planting myself,

Eyes closed,

A leg
kicks out
a root
in the
cool mind.

Small Play

Two characters,
a man and a woman,

Wearing mattresses
like sandwich boards,

Burdened,
having difficulty
moving,

They try to
hold hands,
and fall,

They have difficulty
reaching each other.

Sound Bathing

I am listening
to the gentle
radio at night,

The way I was
lying on the beach,
yesterday,

listening
to the sound
of the sun,

My genitals,
naked on top
of my thighs,

The sound
of the sand
lifting me
from below.

She Oils Me

She is
wandering
fluid,

She turns
my stairs
to ramps.

The Kids Are Drunk

And this
is how,

Someone
beats them up,

And they
get drunk
on the difference
between that
and who they are,

That's how
everyone
gets drunk.

The Poet

The supreme
actor,

Remains constant
underneath all
his disguises,

Can be
murdered
and resuscitated,

And still remain
constant
in his identity.

The Man Who Swam
the English Woman

With his feet
in France,
and his head
in England,

From her white cliffs
to her white sandy shores.

Nature

Fish
jump
in the
wind,

Sunlight
sings
in the
sky,

Birds
fly.

Inspiration

Washing
across my desk,

Lapping the walls
of my room,

My thoughts
are drinking
and drowning
for a poem.

Alone

I got scared,

All the times
I walked
to school,

The others,

Running on paths
behind the trees,

I fell in love
with the trees.

Headline

Icarus Missing

Dedalus
explains
the disappearance
of his son,

As a boating
accident.

Ripening

I go away
and come
back,

And
the pear
ripens.

Timing

I catch my
finest thoughts
in brief moments,

like my children,
turning to smile at me,

I go out
for cigarettes,

Waiting,
all day long,
for their return.

Two Ways

A glass,
the rain,

Long grass,
indifference,

Leaping
into the room,

Shouting.

Cells

Muscle cells,
tissue cells,
blood cells,

Everything sells
but poetry.

Photography

Killed God,

Too many
graven images,

Spreads out
the worship.

I'm Surprised

At my
connections
to the poets,

For instance,
Wallace Stevens,

I worked
in Hartford.

That Poet

He uses
imagism

Like a
like a
like a

Camera.

My Blunder

I wandered
foolishly

Into this
den of
lack of

Iniquity.

Letter from Home

*You know I
wanted you*

*To choose
a profession,*

*But prophet
and seer?*

*Shaman you,
my son.*

Grass Roots Survey

Would you
signify
by applauding
or whistling

Your approval
or disapproval

Of
what we
are doing
in Vietnam
or poetry.

1930s Depression Movie

The movie opens
with a blind girl

In love with
a horse,

And you
know

That
horse

Is
never

Going
to get

a decent job.

Her Voice

Is a
gentle
swat

On the
baby's
ass

Of
my
ears.

Note from a Poet

I got a note
from Tom Clark,

I can't make
it out,

It's signed
either

My best
or
I'm best,

Tom Clark.

Primogeniture

In the
Stone Age,

Ah,
to be a stone,
in those days,
was to be
King.

I Got a Letter

I got a letter
from the coast

That my heart
was a fishing boat
in the sea,

And I worry that
things inland

Have put wheels
on my wisdom.

She has the Eyes

Of a peddler's
desires,

Behind her talk,
I slowly follow
the cart of her
promises,

Every night,
I discover
another
bargain.

Homage to Robert Creeley

Taking an
habituated
form

And making
it yield its
particularity,

e.g.,
my wife.

I Stop

When I
think

That with
my five

I could have
bought

A poem.

Favorite Shirt

Wearing the kind
of shirt,

Old and worn,
and past notice,

Drinking,
lying down,

The drips
from the cup
slip warmly
into the cloth.

When The Angels Come

Upon the earth,
and they see
a glass of water,
they say,

*What a
glass,*

Look

*How it holds
that water.*

Life in Foreign Lands

In poor,
foreign countries,
people are pulling
their hair out
by the roots,

Here's a
beautiful wig
to demonstrate
their grief.

Overheard Poem

*My husband,
he was in the army,*

*They put him
in the cavalry,*

*He fell off a horse,
they gave him a shot,*

*I guess it
didn't work,
He sits around
all day,*

*Drinks coffee,
smokin' cigarettes,*

*He's a very
dead man.*

La Donna Mobile

La Donna Mobile,
the lady moves around,

La Donna Mobile
the lady is lithe,

La Donna Mobile,
the lady pumps the gas,

La Donna Mobile,
the lady drives away.