

The Shredding Sky

Snow fills
the visible world,

A barren tree,
shed of its
white leafage,

A rainbow purse
on a long cord,

A burst of color
in the shredding sky.

This Living Hand

This living hand,
across an open book,

A sleeping animal
on a bed of leaves,

A naked woman
on a couch,

A body
on a battlefield.

In Bitter Cold

In bitter cold,
the windows
rattle,

Ah,
the fire.

Sunshine

Sunshine,
through the glass,
warms my neck,

A cat, curled
on my shoulder,

A soft scarf
that purrs.

No Flower Awaits

No flower
awaits being seen,
no flower sees
who sees it,

Its indifferent divinity
feeds the eye
and makes it
feel safe.

Tremendous Sadness

I feel
tremendous sadness,
with no place to put it,
so I let it go,

Still, it hangs around,
waiting for dinner,

But I have lost
its appetite.

This Aloneness

This
aloneness
follow me
everywhere,

Even into
her embrace,

As light follows
the setting sun.

A Bear Sits at My Table

A bear
sits at my table,

I lock the door
and refuse to leave,

Slobbery old bear,
I wring him out
in the sink,

*Is this
what it means
to die?* he says,
in his fading growl.

I kind of hate
to see him go.

A Driver

A driver
unlocks his car
like a puzzle,

Then steps
inside it,

To solve
the journey
ahead.

A Man Offers

A man offers
another man
a petite.

Someone,
he doesn't know who,
has given him a month's
free coffee,

He speaks of war,
doctors, and old age,

He says he can't remember
Emily Dickinson's poems,
anymore.

As he leaves,
I thank him for the petite,
and he smiles, surprised
by the memory.

Old Man Lays

Old man
lays his
book down,

Like someone
coming off
the road,

When here
at home

Is what
all the books
talk about.

My Brother Sees

My brother sees
our dead brother's
name
on his email list,

*I took his number
off my phone,
a while back,
I say.*

*It takes time
to let go
of a brother,
I say,*

*More time
than we have.*

Sadness

Sadness,
in the face
of joy,

The sun
shows its
shadow.

On the Beach

On the beach,
a small woman
leans over,

At the water's edge,

Her tall husband
walks steadily by,

Each one,
alone and
together,

At play
in their age.

What if it Rained

What if it rained
every day?

*Look,
the rain
is out today.*

The Words of Poetry

The words
of poetry
were once
a traveler's
comfort,

When voices
were far apart,

Now,
the stillness
of poetry
is called for,

Amidst
the current
clamor.

I Put On a Wise Man's Hat

I put on
a wise man's
hat,

To see
if it might fit
this unwise
head.

Exuberant Ecstasy

Exuberant
ecstasy
was once
life's
destination,

Until it became
and becomes
life's constant,
momentary,
arrival.

Looking for a Lost Sock

Looking
for a lost sock,

I find my
umbilical cord,

Ah, sweet discovery!

I Show My Hand to a Dog

I show
my hand
to a dog,

Who's already
bored by the
old smell.

I smile at a man
who's already
welcomed me
into his eyes.

Where Now

Where now
are the prayers
of sailors at sea?

I look for what
can't be seen,

I seek landfall,
from the open expanse
of the vast ocean.

I Read a Man's Melancholic Poems

I read a man's
melancholic poems,
and I feel my own
sadness,

The sun warms
my body, my mind.
and I become
the sun inside
myself.

A Man Says

A man says
he remembers
meeting me,
but not what day,

A survivor
of three wars,
he reminds me
of an actor,
who was born
the same day I was,
he played a famous
character on stage,

Now we four are joined
in the timeless drama
of memory and
imagination.

A Fascinating Mind

A fascinating mind
crowds the path
to the heart,
like a carnival
in the woods,

And who
doesn't love
a carnival?

An Old Man

An old man
lays down his tools,
his work done,

The same old man
picks up his tools,
his work just
beginning.

A Barista at the Register

A barista,
at the register,
new to the task,
another barista
assists her,

The line
is long and slow,
and then, the sun
comes out.

I Look For

I look for
my brother's
murderer,

but his
suicide
has left
no trace,

That terrible
snow we had,
melted away.

The Pupil Struggled

The pupil struggled,
saying *I*, then *I don't*,
then *I can't*,

Trying to speak
of endless nothing,

*Now, you've shit
in your mother's lap,*
the old teacher
said, laughing,

*It's OK,
your mother
loves you,*

*She will
clean you up,*

Try again.

The Famous Poet

The famous poet,
with his knapsack,
Is drunk,

Where did I put
my knapsack?

A Brick Wall

A brick wall
among the trees,

Snow on a grassy hillside,
a plastic Toucan, draped
in Christmas lights,

I imagine a lake
in Guatemala.