

The New Dance

To this one, I come blind,
like a sun worshipper's last revelation.

Three years, three towns.
The thick fog on a backyard landscape

can't reach us, unteach us,
or otherwise dampen an arterial trust.

We arrive at the new dance
in cats, spats, and bowler hats, too.

There is something to do;
ghosts creep nightly off the Pacific,

which name is a lighthouse
placed by language for turbulent souls.

Mine's no rock, nor pleased
to see rocks surround it, like teeth

in a black, sloshing jaw.
This malevolent harbor welcomes me

like a hard consonant
to crush, spit out, or swallow whole.

And your soul? It dawns
here: a rising fire-bird, burning

the nest it departs,
but alarmed at the billowing smoke,

which seems too much
in comparison to the sparse kindling

and dessicated worms
that have held you so insufficiently.

You were reluctant
to leave them. You were standing

on your hunted head,
wearing home as a crown of thorns,

exegesis might suggest.
But the years are an inscrutable test

because the directions
are written in time, which slithers

beyond the new fence
of the knowledge it slowly imparts

of what slow even is,
of what fast, of what future and past;

of what is the present
once you decide it isn't everything?

Children with stones
chase snakes over fences for reasons

that shrug analysis
like anything purely healthy and strong

thoughtlessly must.
The years are not dust until we prepare

the proper, solemn urn
for holding them quietly on the mantle,

while our accomplishments
conjure winds to carry them in handfuls

from our open palms
to desert calms and regenerative Earth.

But you first!
After all, it is our anniversary

and I am too polite
To lead every time at the new dance,

which must be a waltz
because the steps arrive in threes.

It is All Hallow's Eve
and our relationship tricks and treats

everyone by arriving
at the dance hall in its birthday suit.

Ingenuous, it explains
its predicament as the work of three bears,

who stressed pizza
and cookies and white, fluffy fishes.

Has anyone got some?
Quickly, we assemble a Goldilocks costume

for our relationship
and send it along to find birthday cake

and make wishes,
the first of which is to break away from

Hello?

We seem to be here alone
like a placid haiku.

Every human being holds seeds,
like a fruit.

Yin-yang is a pinwheel
whose fast spin appears backwards.

Rorsarch tests are maps
for soulful expeditions.

The truest flood proceeds from the mind.
Thus, Moses tapped a gray stone.

There is progress in every language
because domesticated translators flub.

When you reach Nirvana,
you do not know you got there.

Three powerful horses cannot pull a cart
without a fourth to imagine them.

Inside--why? why go there?
we are covered with hair, but forgot how to use it
for necessary locomotion in space.

Swatting stars like flies
a restless god will clean house
to pass time instead of studying

At three years old, the child learns to draw
back its drool for larger purposes.

Is this a love poem or what?