It's In The Eye

The sky has a cage in it
and Vermont and Texas
kiss each other every four hundred
miles. Dorothy knew this

before *home* slid off
the tongue of the two-bit huckster
selling it. Made her stand up
in tight shoes that had the edge

of the world in them.
A diagram of the effect
Pluto has on the coastline of Alaska
killed her. She was folded up

and stuffed into a picnic basket
on the island of Baltimore
in the Pacific Ocean not far

from Kansas, an optical illusion
sometimes seen in cave dwellings
and sub-tropical storms.

for Donald Grabau

Map:

geometry
of spider threads
and there's

the spider

sand paper arse animated
by lice and pustules

bridegroom
come in search of

gas stations party rentals
& supplies glass termite
& pest control auto air
conditioning voice mail
power equipment signs &
graphics parasail/jet ski

WoahooHanoruruWhyteetee
hurahura girls

to carve a hole in
for the soap dish
the towel rack
the closet

Paradise

A-LO-*HA*

Short Take 16

There is an island, but it is a hat
and a photograph of
a hat, and breath—so tenuous—

overhangs it

as does an inkwell; no;

an octopus
in a black suit
                    sewing an umbrella

because it's a comical shape; no;
                    because it's a conical shape

and so pious

and so envious
of Aristotle's salamander:
                                four elbows

instead of eight—and a heart

that is its eyes' engine
                    all drawers
                    all handstands
                    and cartwheels of it

There Are Whistles And Heat

There are whistles and heat
and the dryer spinning.
Boys, loose from their cloven feet,
remember
to be merciful. No mother
forgives them.
There is half-light
and a half-step.

The republic of gloves?
A knot of appropriate sweat?

Miles of doubt have been left
on doorsteps.
Peek between the venetian blinds
and you'll see it.

How fleshy the moon is,
its testicles, its pianos,
its exaltation.
It smokes at the hip

against a backdrop of banana trees
spilled up
from a page that will,
at some later date, wander

in the company of pigs and sheep.
A good fit
but filled with amnesia
and a wasted life
in the tropics.