

Takers of Attention Lake - as the Hadean Marker States

It is a beautiful night
and the ice storm is in the house
It is a beautiful night
my dog presented me her hyena face
She held a ball coughed up by wizardry
five days ago
Go home Go home poor dog
it is a bad bear
who swallows the whole night

Low Texas Blues

I played my guitar
so blue the sky took it.
Cried and moaned
till rain ruled over me.
Tune my mouth old girl,
and let me hum my end.
The body moves aside
for the real king.
Come on Jesus, break open
your case and play.

Drafting Into Eros Then

As Gerber daisies
for dark roses exchanged;
and our slow quitting pack, one by one,
quit for wine.
This is just a Texan
stranded at the Hudson depot.

There was, hold his hand,
a composition under Billy Fury,
who sang under a stage name
he detested.

There is, behind this foggy mirror,
a beauty, a curious filly.

There is perhaps a fat woman,
mother of four, looking
at this fat man.

When we found each other; your wisdom
to give love on foreign shores,
the bus ride to Chicago;
found me anonymous, and sober,
and mottled in ruddy somber Fall's
device of passion.

It was almost religious, almost a revelation.
Now I know reality was surely weeping,
loosening his leaves.
Your leaving was a mocking wind.

Your taxi lurching
as I sought to say goodbye,
no doubt your instructions
were to take a line of verse
and wrap yourself in pearls.
Here a little, there a little.
Here a line, there a line.

What flowers would I give you now,
of knowledge or preferment?
It is almost an embassy in letters
twixt two continents of love.
It is almost yoga in the bath,
saddled as I am with age.
It is almost love.