

Street Doctors

Find Him

selling bonsai trees for a quarter
on the corner of Tenth and Myrtle-
mouth surrounded by scabs
and/or chocolate ice cream.

He is in everything
broken,
so don't let our Free Association
of Wise/Dumb frighten you,

we physicians who transmute the helpless
aching Jah,
who walk the city stroke as it hisses
through the master grid
and ease the constant hemorrhage
of His diaspora.

Some of us walk with canes
to tap and take the pavement's
pulse,
and some lay and seem unconscious,
they apply a compress with their ear
upon the ground.

We dilate
one another's eyes to see.
We reflect
on pulse and reflex knee.
Around the clock
near Tenth and Myrtle,
the host diagnose
continuously.

Pulse -
that seems to syncopate
the pigeon's breath
and sheen, and
flutters in the wire maze, and
fences in black
laughter's cream.

Pulse-
that seems to syncopate
the pigeon's breath
and sheen, and
flutters in the wire maze, and
fences in
the lover's lean,

like that arise of sun that sets with steam,
the backwash of a hobo's dream.

Sisters, read your meters with fidelity.
Brethren, talk composed.
For every mouth like a chalice
wants a little wine.
Sometimes I think of our devoted reservoirs,
and city swimming pools.
Or further,
God bless the horizontal form.
Vexed no more, ripe
with maximal prestige, those fallow hours
console their man in drift.

There is an end of the vision.
Stevie saw it:
a rhythm conjugal
as wedding rice, beaten up
like Baby Dodds.

Our heads,
plastered with show bills,
make fantastic musical machines.
Lovers long and savvy
hit the high hat crafty.

The very abundance
is so profound
the cherry trees sigh "yah"
instead of making cherries.
How exalted is the ewe lamb
in our Shepherd's arms!

Yet experience means learning
that life sets traps -
death, and bitter breath and more.
And it's not these are not real,
but because of them
we just Houdini.

Even in poverty's handcuffs,
we put in a quarter for a Bible psalm,
and make discoveries
at the street corner's
gouged eye-sockets
as we let our skills linger
tend not to tease the lead singer
so long as he put out -
lay it down, and is willing to dance
on salted ground.

We spread high-fives when someone treats

the stroke in time,
And like to be high in the heart like Valentino,
and single - the mind responds
to that dash and tingle.

But we raise our heads in alarm when we hear
those pockets jingle jangle
with car keys and smell the ink-taut
plans of nuclear 'contingencies.'