

The Rope (A Dream)

Stand so close,
To see,
Something....

And so few have been there...

In a garage in a marine climate
With its soft shingles
And ashen beams,

Without care...

Over a few hills,
The rope
Like a sleeping child's hair.

Of the scalp,
In songs of moonlight...

1

What are the pleasures of a young man?
how are they assigned?

Does spring hold a light?

Does the old man in his mittens and stocking cap
 envy the babbling toddler,
 does he ever hate god?

Is maturity just an alley for the walking dead?

2

When he was slightly younger
 He whipped his hair around like a banshee...
 Gazing through oily bangs like a dead son, cousin...
 Walking train tracks south of skyscrapers
 In a fantasy of disease and darkness,
 Provision of knowledge....
 In sleeping spruce mists,
 Hearing the notes no one else could,
 Strumming the chords that correct bullshit...
 A dream in the sky of the Anemoi...

4

Every time these words come up
 I pin them on the fridge,
 Communication styles pass
 Silently.
 Cold- dawn- breakfast on the couch.
 Dress-shirt pit-stains, no way out.
 Thirsty flowers held back,
 Under a box on the passenger seat....

6

I'm on a street I wasn't born into...

Visiting a friend

The warmed and gold faces in a row...

An evening...

Families on porch-steps,

Picking and poking,

Or just breathing...

Then i look to my left and see

A train car

With the words: BUILDING AMERICA....

And I snicker with my feet in an oil-slick....