

Good

the wind comes. And rain.
All night there is immersion, deluge,
a muggy distraction from heart sway,
dangling artefacts, gauzy repetition,
years dressed up like scarecrows
to keep her away.

If there was sun,
ripe berry of sky
a phone booth, enough quarters
I'd have to dial up a best-of-recollection
where instead of diminishment
she'd intensify, occupy me like ivy.

Lucky then, for the downpour
and wind to summarise
the physics of wavering,
the presence of her dissipated passion,
that state of her being underwhelmed
and I, the source of that.
Why imagine for a second it is safe
to take the scarecrows down?

In the 1st Week of the New Year

I meant to write a haiku
but already there was too much
to consider condensing,
like milk sweetened then canned
is an entire story
with a cow and a factory,
the little red and white label
someone dreamed up
while walking along, head down,
icy rain punishing and there on a step
by a garbage can, the flirt of carnations.

How could I maneuver
my boss' double heart bypass
into 5-7-5
or the headache rowing across my head
or the collective wail as if from the exterminated
carrier pigeons—*It's not safe to fly*;
maybe the haiku is not meant for this place or time
there is the measure it requires
to reign in the chaos
into a tidiness without the litter
of selfishness or, at the least, self.

So that already the first week of the New Year
is an epic
unrestrained with sides and frames
marching like armies,
tactical and opinionated,
conniving to meet and battle just like last year
and the years before.

No haiku today.
Too much I and you; and no route
to a cloudless view.

How She Gets From Here To There

I know this woman,
how she is not seeing

the track's end,
no, only another start

full up on steam
making herself over

at the slightest provocation.
Today, she is a bluebird

tomorrow, a freight train
moving far from the start of all this

to a new disguise,
a ruffled skirt of fog

a sunrise of ash,
three apples pinned on a tree,

hat in frost,
she has the warmest skin,

her heart is a round house
and she is in and out

before anything settles on her,
dust, a day, an end.