

TROPICAL GEMS

Open-palmed you show me your trashed knees.
Still coming down, taut sorrow spanning,

my lungs a dream box,
dumb blocks of space-pain.

I just float out. These crystal
rocks see the history, your nude
hand making treasure.

If you ever come back I will be post-swim pretty.
I will fashion the jam and special docks.

HIGH DESERT

Phenomena pheromones,
balmed herbalist
arranges the southwest apothecary

Period of synthesis,
style and thought as one,
cosmic avenue and yonder

At parties you get pulled
into the yard by drunken neverland,
distilled mineral, inland approximation

PEACH YARD

treetops of fig
overlook the orange owl and fireweed
of late capitalism

sweet collusion
cold burn

alpenglow alluvial
dirt strata amok
in wrecked light

you yank and you jam

IN RECOVERY

The bigots are talking about divine rescue
and tossing confetti,
stepping out of vanilla land.

Yawning among the UFOs,
we were young, sitting on the cooler
at that warehouse New Year's party, kissing.

Blueberry pie
somewhere in Bushwick, eroding
moon shading

your inspirational hair,
thin volume of gestalt theory
under your arm: I try to be

substance-over-style
although my soft grunge
kneads like mercy into the felted backseat.

A postmodern tabulation
in lavender-tinted aviators
I'm washed-out but I'm ultimate.

THEMATIC WHITE

Subsequent sounding,
what a set up.
Evening walk in the sway,
descended alterity. The sky

itself an independent form.
They always want
sigh
consent
sigh
ceremony.

You're hardly legible in those crafty coats.
Stable without your proof,
what's available?

This grid is wholly almond.
Holy almost.

NORTH LOOP

The light tricks real shade on survival
island, realms of coconut groves
take care beside an Atlantic as unlocked
as I am becoming. My pounded wonder
topples gold. Dened in doors still, the dark
rolls over the mood water to remove love.