

from "BONE HUGS BEST LOCATION BLUES"

How much sulfur is required for Smell-o-vision?

Is a steel mill better imagined?

Is St. Theodosius Cathedral

church by day

progressive club crawl end spot

til earliest

light?

Skinny filaments of gold light outline

hovering clouds of pre-grunge Fagan's

a decked out sky ready for a weekend in The Flats

jazzily punk daybreak

soulblues polka varietal sun plunge

hoppish hippish gospel in the AM reveal

Ohio Players Zapp featuring Roger Bootsy Isley Bros.

funkin all ways back 2 you through your nitelight

The Agora a dream you read about in **Scene** but vanished from before you could catch

Devo in Cleve OH

Now Little Jimmy Scott and Junie Morrison

could snake charm rivers from Dayton on down or up

the Cuyahoga included

Sing it Junie:

listen to the water side of you

A striped city

so stylish

Black East White West

swirl in between

Hungarian Chinese Lebanese Puerto Rican pockets Polish

Jewish sleeves a Little Cuba marrying White or Black

became Polish or Black Southern or Italian inflected Cubanos

from "HAINT BLUE"

Eat fire, did you

Like La Wanda Paige's Vegas good times

Or did you freeze years ago

Catch a subtropical hard winter

Huddle up with Sanford and Son

Become a Pure Process

Stand up coffee ice cream cone

With salt pepper sprinkles?

We have yet to notice your hand-picked replacement

HubCap Man/Coffee Boy of Peanut Hill

Lotta reverends down here

Are you one?

What was your need to decorate with metal?

Pretty heat trap of snowflakes protozoa spirogyra

Endless wheels of patter

Spokes speaking

Hubcap home

Deflectors

Erector set reflectors

Interceptor of the vile eye

Reel or will in a wheel

Shine design

Obelisk a disk

Invoke a spoke

Wall of wheel

Droning door

Winding woods

Slats singing

Shekere shingles

Revolving roof

SYMPATHETIC MAGIC

No pictures, no video. Please honor my quest to be unremembered, unfixed in time, unreflected, un-captured through a pinhole, lasered, over/under-exposed, covered in shadow, birthed on shiny paper, worse yet in cyberspace, a wholesoul, un-inclined to leave the body in snaps and shots, in flashes. I am allergic to digital damage, fragmentation, removal of parts and selves, leaving the body by iPhone.

Feel me now this place where we can eyeball us/become the lowest down blues, sanctified bolero, bata drums, massage you from your tree roots sucking your soca toes, kneading calves, hammering Congolese knees, urging your hips to intelligence, shaking, swaying to “in between the beats” with everything you got to shimmy with. No anorexic groove here, this is voluptuous funktified pathos, an emotional transmuting samba.

This small room is our soul. Right Now. Shared oxygen, sweat, enough salt and smack talk spice up the margaritas. You bite your nails. I ouch. You savor liquor, conversation, ice. I relax. I know the conversation’s gist, thought my name in Bennet and I’m soooo not in it. The stage is you. I am on. You are curtain. Your teeth are lights. Specials. I feel my light in your laugh. Glasses off, I know you by your outline, your heart. No need to see features. I feel your heart with me in this performed journey.

I’m a soul thief, caught pilfering my own anima. An enslaved to gaps, too shy to be fine, wiggled out perfectionist meets image control freak goes cuckoo. Crazyed after a wedding or party or reunion or chance get together with friends at the pier, I call everybody, “Please do not post my picture on social media. Please do not post my picture on social media. Please do not post my picture on social media. And do not put me in your kitchen in a digital picture frame. Do not have me blinking with the stove timer. Mirror crash. Obscurity wish—to be un-remembered.