

THE DEEP

A reflection blinds a gardening correspondent. Shade requires a starting point. The elementary particle makes to leave and its extremities fill.

Aliens write in puns we now know are curly fries. Drive-up windows make this clear.

War with its lights out eschews imagination. All our buds lost their heads in the flower of their youth.

So we got this apartment on Jockey Street. They used to race horses there.

But we're not going to jaw about Ovid or the rosy steps of mother, her microscopic brand of honey. We expect you to understand.

See you over the next hill.

ABOUT FACE

No sooner am I out the door than I want to be home reading.

It was written on high I'd have thoughts in my head but no words to express them.

Eight hours ago my face was a full-grown narcissus. I cut off my nose to identify myself, strung all the hands I ever held around my neck and expected them to do their job.

I must spend a night under the enormous rock I associate with childhood.

It's not going to happen.

I love being busted in the mirror.

Then someone opens an eye in my head. Murmur of subtitles.

IRONY VS. REALITY

Life, as if you didn't know, is an open book.

Eggs possibly heavy at times.

Car crashes remain the leading cause of information.

Maybe your son is a physician, I've no idea how.

The imperial worm turns.

Great minds recycle the same petunia.

The time for flying slippers is past.

Hubble approaches lilac time.

If reruns have their way, you'll never get a second chance.

On the third day the drugs recognized no one.

Are we not the skins of a peerless punch?