

*The World  
Exactly*

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CUNEIFORM PRESS

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For my father  
whose perspective  
allows both  
flight & stance

I  
Can-  
not  
accord  
sympathy  
to  
those  
who  
do  
not  
recognize  
The human crisis

— Jack Spicer

## CONFIRM HUMANITY

Soft greys break  
in stratocumulus developments  
nude light backing forms  
Yesterday desperation took hold  
of a man in a market  
as he eliminated himself  
on the aisle with Charmin near  
What measures value  
of existence beyond  
judgements and conditioning  
The House  
will vote today  
on conduct unbecoming  
to the forty-fifth leader  
and chief. Despite the storm  
which has only dampened  
miseries of the street  
sky's illuminated  
golden peach  
with aptitude  
and transformation

## ELECTRIC SYSTEM

We've got King tides  
and Alice Coltrane sweeping  
up the mood. It's Christmas Eve  
and Japantown is overrun with littered  
umbrellas and nitro puffs. Safeway smeared  
with footprints and a Salvation  
Army Santa playing a recorder  
with his little red collection bucket. An emergency  
landing at SFO. Rain is still pouring  
through a hole in the roof. 94-year-old  
landlord stopped in yesterday to say hello. *Shit*  
came out when he saw the gape. *Get an estimate*  
Rent hasn't been cashed making the account  
seem inflated for delight. Santa Tracker  
is running despite the government's  
shutdown over a lack of empathy and an orange  
man's temper tantrum. The spirit of giving  
doesn't live in everyone. It isn't supposed to  
Our shoulders are strong, and we will  
continue to carry joy into the night  
across borders of religion and race  
because that one wish is the persistent hope  
that we make it to know love in its  
boundless array of faith. That we make it  
to know love

Oh heavens

high above            how  
orchestrated  
are    your    hands  
for this l o n g  
n o t e    to carry  
                                 til morn

How reflective

                         the night  
   sky  
when it's  
                                 weighted  
   with such of

s t a r s

the gods are angry still  
it'll be a slow moon  
   to rise

## WHAT BETTER TIME TO OPEN UP THE ZOHAR?

*for David Meltzer*

Lorca's in the tub singing  
about the rescue of America  
in some gospel sounding croak  
I'm staring at the framed Berman  
image for Luna's cover recalling how  
it functioned as some sort of 12-step  
program's guide during a bad run  
How you chuckled with sincerity  
and good tales of bad runs  
of famed poets. Spinning  
the light to assure I knew I was  
in good company. I'd give a left  
just to be Lamantia hiding from you  
on the other side of the street  
It would ensure that you're still here  
and I could tell you of Lorca's songs  
and how she views the world exactly  
the way you would've taught her to

