

A Mobile Alchemy



I seek out magnetism
In small rocks:
Mystery, repression
Of a personal
Diminutive
Stonehenge
Mobile.
Pebbles washed up
Gathered
At the Jersey shore
(or was it Brighton Beach?)
Contribute.
A child's alchemy—
Cradle humming as a
Rocking horse;
And the landing
The beachhead
Synonymous with
Arrival
From where?
My feet burn in the sand,
Wade in tidal froth to cool.
Look out for unformed

Jellyfish
I vomit.
Far away
Talk about alchemy.
Bulldozed
In me
Butterflies
In star time's
I stumble out of the
Starter's gun.
Big enough
What we already knew.
Move again
We want to travel
Without leaving home at all—
Why the atoms
Caught like
Elastic web.
Blocks
Startled by the
I tell you it was a
Bang.
We don't even use
Yet I learn to

Rare Book Renegade

Imprisoned in
Rare book renegade,
Plexiglass case,
Dares a demolition
Rubbing,
A phosphorescent
Pachyderm fossil paté
Spread over
Fresh flaky filo dough,
Glow in the dark
Like a batik rose,
Enshrouds Ozone layer's
Puncture wounds
With balm of Gilead screen savers
Startled out of sleeper mode,
Favors a generous lay-away policy for
Yves St. Laurent, Gucci, Versace, Ralph Lauren
Clothes,
Roundly boos
Aficionados
Of chorus line
Goose step control,
Hosts a *Nader's Raiders* ballet premier,
"Pas-de-deux without airbags or condoms unsafe in any sphere,"
At the Kennedy Center
for the Performing Arts
Lifetime Achievement Awards,
Teaches
Relaxation therapies—
Breath of fire, heel, toe,
Exorcise those demons
Blow by blow,

Ferments a time travel luxury tax with a
Karaoke version of
Tenderly,
Balks at the conversion of pristine flower meadows into landscaped
Sand-traps, manicured putting greens,
Promotes a rearview mirror fern forest gazing through crystal balls,
Scores New World Order's solipsistic battle cry
Claiming 'moral supremacy'
In a fog-lifting special edition
Of *Paris Vogue*,
"An all-time low,"
Next to ethnic cleansing, and transparent self-serving hype
For one-sided nuclear non-proliferation treaties and
Arms control,
Bargain hunts at
Backlot yard sales
Flush with Hollywood pipedreams, feel-good endings.
Future shock flies to the rescue,
Tweaks eternal nexus,
Seeks reclamation of ancient wisdom buried treasure
Forsaken long ago,
Fertilized and forgotten with repressed memory manure,
Much amnesiac mulch,
Much myth,
More gore,
Pray to be rediscovered,
Re-harvested, re-buoyed,
Before it's too late,
Before the very moment vanquished conquistadors abhor—
Advent and ascension of
Saintly ghostly authoritative whispers echoing
Nevermore Nevermore Nevermore

A Boy's House

My father's stained undies
Hang gliding from the
Bannister of a
Failed marriage

Ear pressed to an old radio
Suckling faint muffled sounds
Of the play by play

Lone Ranger with
Lenny Bruce overtones
Riddling teen brain,
Station to station static,
Running Bear Digs Little White Dove,
Wounded Knee puppy love
Broadcast jumble
Combined with a weak signal,
Eddie Fisher's *Oh My Papa*
Pumping
You Gotta' Have Heart,
Some other tenor
Thundering the theosophy of
He:

Could He really
Turn the tides,
Hear a baby weep,
Play pinochle
At a local pub...

All the while
Simulcasting
Bowling For Dollars?

That hollering between
Parents
All that goddamn
Discord

Drove me upstairs,
Escaping into my Friday
Cleaning
Chores,
Dust mop, cardboard,
Rag in tow,

Drove me disheveled
Down the exposed
Backstairs,

Mischief in my
Trousers,

To a cluttered
Basement corner,

Squad pants issued white
For Freshman football
Yellowed,

Sailing in the lagoon
Of a boy's private place

Soiled by stains of
My own
Choosing

A Pirandello Moment

Last thing I do
is claim it was all their fault
things didn't work out—

That an evil spell left me
incommunicado
at the dinner party

If I am nucleus of my own atomic structure,
If my Adam's apple original sin is verifiably mine all mine,

Am I not both operator
of the Ferris Wheel,
and thrilled rider in a car on the
periphery?

A grain of sand,
also the beach?

Tourists visit my
scenic stretch marks

Tourists are the life
of the resort

But I give meaning to their
holiday

Garden possessed of
all growing things,
I am your witness

First thing I do—

Make sure I'm
part of it

Reactive Sonata

Shelf life of arm candy
Bought and sold in the disco canteen?
Your guess good as mine.

I'd like to share in
Grey Goose's self-esteem,
But can't quite muster the resolve
To make an art of histrionics
Or an addiction
Of dreams.

Split by lack of comity,
Cloud cover hangs over
Hispaniola,
Weeps at man-made divide
Between neighbors of a
Checkered Colonial past.

Swimming in history is mouth-feel
Gone bad.

Horseradish, you are
Bitter reminder,
Mortar to bricks, Exodus
To cultural ticks.

Seal pup prey
Serves as comfort food quarry
To polar bears
Out on the ice.

Fresh air under the Big Tent fumigates
Sanctimonious circus routines.

Blue Heron dons Shaman's skin. Indonesian
Shadow puppeteers parade Prince of Peace.

Audition junkie, settling on a sensible career
Path, forsakes the glow of footlights,
Graduates cum laude from
Vocational school.

Sun goes on and on,
So does moon.

Shed Load

I was told shed load,

That acclimates a lender
Garrison—

Flip the one precipice

Pastel entropy.

So-called alarm system

Malfunctions,

Coated with

Lord's-prayer favorite

Two-toned partiality;

Convention leers at siren torso,

Taunting,

Body's not the soul,

Slaps flimsy numb moral fiber

Silly;

Frequent-flyer-miles

Crisscross

My aching

Don't be cruel heart;

After-hours hustler glowworm

Gallivants raucous cavalier

In colon,

Masquerades as stoned lightning bug

Cherub,

Scoffs at the idea of extant excess

Onstream capacity:

Payload ain't slackening;

Shed ain't out back

F Sharps and Railroad Flats

for André Breton and Salvador Dali

Spaghetti Westerns are no more
Fake than a postcard of Colorado
Radiating hallucinations
At a distance

Fibonacci waves exhale the mist
Of a history of trouble up ahead

Alien fire
Blows a kiss
Through a funny
Clarinet,
Caressing spring shoots
Sucked backwards
In a river
Of stammering ice

Halfway to a frozen sting
A feather alights,
Reversing the trend

Paris recedes as just a fickle memory
In the green schematic forest,
Oscillating deaf shadows
On a Faustian trampoline

Hawaii's another trailer park story,
Crestfallen clouds frolic then
Vanish in the empty light

Eggs flying every which way

Jar the imagination's predictable
Set piece

From its spiral DNA jetty's slow
Ontological drift and decline—

A bridge to morning only twins can
Climb without reasons or song or
Lapsing into boredom or succumbing
To the fear of being left behind

It's nothing personal that cats
Jump mountains with their eyes

It's No Go The Erasure

for Cy Twombly

I keep telling myself—
blackboard sketch of a rose
not a rose

Isn't it enough to drink
day old coffee
and be grateful someone
was remiss
in not removing the
dregs of the day before?

Isn't it quite quaint
to think you're Athena
out of Africa,
matching mitochondrial DNA
and wits
with Homer, Leakey and Zeus,
sharing a common
Ur-mother-of-us-all—
claiming continuity
and solidarity
with the whole shebang,
including
mothers-in-law?

Isn't it high risk camp to jump the
recalcitrant turnstile,
monthly MTA card
firmly in tow,
no pending charges

of childhood abuse
to refute,
no Chinese takeout
to go?

Look forward tonight
to two channels,
picture in picture,
Mets' game or
Pistons/Spurs

Talk is cheap,
good conversation
priceless,
spontaneity and
insouciance
beyond compare

Give me games of chance
or sports live
blow by blow

)contest within the contest
pitched between the
fleeting
eternal and the
perpetual
ephemeral(

Blackboard,
flowering in text,
cops nature's intention

Still a scrawl
of a chalk circle rose,

Sorry,
not a rose