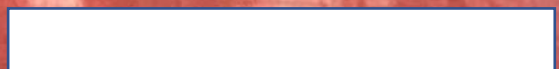


OBJECTS

POEMS



Objects

Objects

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Air

Open as closed as is anything which can hardly address itself. Could cabinet see past women, through men, into person as mirror reflection could veil close. The anything of person is an unveil of something. That is if person, or rock, neck, or sex look with seeing then there is something. Something exists by something. Something made air make air see through person. Something made everything. Something exists in every object.

Every perhaps could be assured. Sigh slaps soft on palm on baby child's newborn perception of self perceiving self. See cabinet is intimate space. Curled up inside and opened into infinite expanse. Lay thoughts down in fields of grass. Not my field of grass. Passion is discourse with intention.

The open and closed are a window. A window which is a door. A door which opens when closed, closes when opened. What is kept inside we know. What walks through we pretend we do. We do not, not like air.

Person is looking. Looking is a window.

This is the essential object of attention.



Air

Flower

This ash blue, bronzen, gold leafed
With flower inlay vase I've made
Of memory, to be a temporal talisman.
Towering at pen height with the
Added delicacy of an old wilted sunflower.
This flower vased flower –
You look into me
With eyes
Like my own.
I remember you the way
My pen remembers you –
Only a poetic frailty.



Flower

Walnut

No not glamour, step
Up picking color. Sunder
About raw sienna, hazelnut,
Is yellow ochre brained by
Shriveled heart in saint remy yellow.
Skull golden pope, plopped up seated
In my new mouth. Lavish.



Walnut

Tie Clip

Golden tie to the fleece
Clip on of glamour.
Wear it with humble glisten
Tender and eternal.
This symbol of work
Of another.
Floats with angelic order
With flowers words trees and tie clips
The eternal
In the sweet simples, the physical things.



Tie Clip

Rosary

Strewn religiosity in fifty-three beads,
A portraited window of Mother Medjugorje Mary,
Christ on the other side,
Six Spirit doves tied to a string,
Dead and tied to the end,
Christ before Christ was again,
Since having always been.



Rosary

Old Shoes

Anywhere naked toes
Dared not touch. Filigree
Step adjacent star constellation.
That is – untied memory.

Could carry the past
Presently. And presently
Standing, then striding
Into new days
In one untied knot.

Grounds the soul.
Soles the ground.



Old Shoes

New Shoes

Untreaded. Opposite leaded.

To and fro.

To float and fly

And cloud bounce.

To and fro.

For field frolicking

And earth licking.

To and fro

Bring us back

A grass stain.

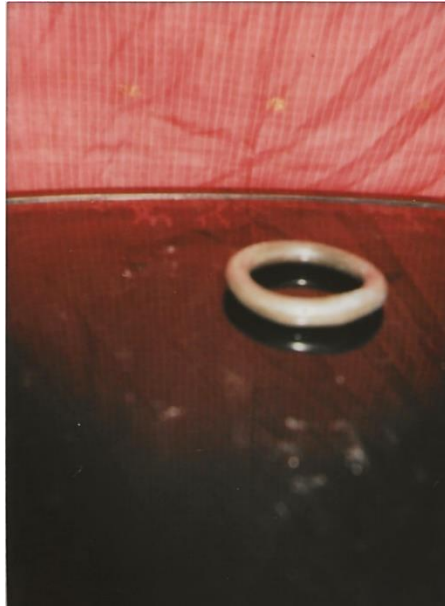


New Shoes

Circle Ring

My mind sleeps inside
That void between
Your everything.
You are time and space
Put on a loop, circling,
Never beginning
Never ending
Always being
Myself, momentarily found
In-between

Your everything.



Circle Ring

Human

You flesh. Housing interior temple

In pink overture assembly

Meets God, Genius, Soul

Sex and Avocado Desire.



Human

Avocado

Green yellow and milky
In the wet of my mouth.
I'm tongue to tongue
In your secret sienna center.
Your soul and seed I pick,
Sense what you've seen.

Straw hat haydayers happily
Flipping up green soil, setting aside
Vanity O vanity! for the
Simple and sweet
Yellow sugar work of the days.
Their backs bent in their father's wind,
Escapes them their straw hats
Taking flight with milky blue skies,
Their brown heads then sun ablazen and balden
Glisten in the gold of their
Sweat, their wet work,

That we might talk
Telling stories,

My mouth to your mouth.



Avocado

Objects

Nothing

Objects

Nothing

Page

What was on that page
Before I got to it?
Maybe the words

“what was on that page
before I got to it?”

Because another poet said it
Before me.
And now that I think of it
Every word's been on that page
Before I got to it
Every poet's said
What's been said before.
Maybe what is new is
our own handwriting

too bad this is printed.



Page

Coffee

A piece of coffee
Tenderly buzzed head
Buttoned pen.
Conversation's steamed
Hot or cool host.

In the house of rising never sleepers
It's always a dreamer
Sipping their genius
Drinking this
Their piece
Of coffee.



Coffee

Little Bug

Who had fluttered about the burning bulb
Lapping wings lavishly with
Longing little wings.
That the incandescence
Of bulb burning light
Might be like flame
Like God
Oneing you
Beyond mere translucence, no
Totally consuming you.



Little Bug

Water

In plopping in
Is losing all
To be gained up
By all.



Water

Chicken

Tender overture woo luminescent chicken is not yet ready to universe
not yet an alabaster trope veranda maybe but not yet is chicken
high enough in lowering self below the highest love that love endless may
enter it like a stuffing not like a fork.

In this way chicken has lost all interior qualities of chicken that were so not
yet ready and still so tender so that now in mystical oneing by way
of stuffing the chicken is ready.

Now there is nothing the chicken could have done to deserve this let
alone achieve this in any tender and dead flesh volition the chicken
is dead in the flesh and tender the chicken had been beyond stuffed by
the hands beyond tender featherless biped on kitchen island.

That the chicken is now ready only implies that the beyond hand so
beautifully beyonding the chicken in divine oneing had actualized a
premonition that already had happened always was written in the
recipe book.

So chicken is stuffed and now what else can the chicken due but do a
dance of life of praise beyond beyondings.

The chicken may die but the stuffing lives forever.

Let it be true let it be nicely seasoned let it be amen.



Chicken

Leaf

Each object is a leaf
Of the eternal tree.
Each living is in breath. By
Thin red rivulets touching on
Warm streams of green,
Stemming to time's first cause
By seed. And now spring
Spring is the hour of our living, we
The temporal thing that we are
Manifest with ever living.

Whether we please or not
Giving our only thing, our
Seed to song –
Our breath praise.

But breath is short
And I won't waste mine
Telling you
don't waste yours
on pleasing not.

I'll simply be
A leaf –
Singing.



Leaf

Cigarette

Tastes like bluish parma
At dawn. And blue checker
Pants that are pajama.
Smells of last summer's
Burnish sauna sunflower's dress
In green cotton turtlenecks.
Looks like railroad tracks.
Sounds like that burning
Hum of a train's come
And keeps coming
One train car burning
Into the next
Blackening the wind.



Cigarette

Light

Sister shadow, who
Uplifts dimension
By subjective sorrow, to her
Sister light, who
Casts illumination
With objective
To object.

Sister shadow, she
Uplifts dimensions
In subjective sorrow, her
Sister light, she
Casts illumination
On objective joy
With object.



Light

Tofu Plate

Rose with pan steam with
Rising sun over slanted tables.
In Mesa this is the case
The world as it is.

Tofu plate cooked on pan
Steam rose with sun.

Rising was a settling
A quellsome cow's vegan
Eating, in not being eaten.
Soft sigh rising in a distant pasture.

Falling were paprika, sage,
Parsley, garlic salt, black pepper,
Not thyme, nor basil, or cumin.
Then almonds, cashews.
A medley most certainly
The case, as it is

Outside where everything's rising again
To mouth - suns and tables and tofu plate.
Except thyme, basic, cumin.

Then settling, leftovers in fridge
Next to nightfall's steak.
 Soft cry falling in a distant pasture
Is not the case, as it is
Is in the fridge.



Tofu Plate

Rock

- Listen to the rock.
- What does the rock say?

“The heavens declare the glory of God and the sky above proclaims his handiwork.”

“and roll and sex and drugs”

“ “



Rock

Wilted Flowers

More alive still
Than plastic ones.
Them I can at least smell.



Wilted Flowers

Ganesh

Fourteen skulls fall stare
Beneath the scurrying luck of a rat.
This year's eastern personification.
Give rise to the weight making light with
The occasional obstacle acceptance at
A name, naming nameless.
A face, facing faceless.
It's outlandish, you can't understand this,
Call it four armed and elephant eared,
Blood holed and handed Holy descension and ascension,
Blue bodied bot taking first then last steps again.
Call it Ganesh, Jesus, Vishnu.
And I'll call it love.



Ganesh

Match

Serves purpose in serving purpose.

A strike is an idea

An idea is a feeling with roots.

You forget the match

Remembering wisps of candle lavender

Remembering faces in homely fire's warmth

Remembering words and smoke between conversation

Remembering setting the sun in motion.

But you forget the match

The first idea.

You remember the feeling

Like it rooted in your heart.

But the match does not mind

Having served its purpose

In humbly serving purpose.



Match

Hand

Forming formless.
I once thought this flesh
Was flesh only, only reaching
As far as fingers reach.
Not even touching
Their own fingertip.
Holding what flesh could hold
Close. Till this –
I let go, let
Hand forming formless
Form this hand hold
With its own hands, fingers, without corporal,
Cradling my hand between its own.
Like east and west hold the wind.



Hand

Pen

Tipper talks to ear of every
Longer tongue than the mouths.
Opener to garish understanding.
Delicate as is a petal
Swiftly swinging
In the chest.
Finger extension.
Foot after death.
Loves gesticulating verbose
Overture as each sensitive
Stem of the heart
Seeds a word
Sprouts a sentence
Gives back our inner world.



Pen

Lily Bud

Lily bud

You nearly breathed bloom. But,
Bellyache bed rid you to be
A dead bed rid to-be mother,
Dead in the garden bed.

Nearly every seed, stem, blossom
And bloom lily white
Before you, became you
Again.

Right? That wakeful supplanter,
Who strings each blooming life
Like it was first life.

They nearly never saw you
Again.

Right? Didn't you take to text,
Bloom by word and birth this?
Being that wakeful supplanter
Who so dearly loves stringing life
To bloom

Again.

Even by death.



Lily Bud

Pecan

Seasoned uprightly will fold nightly
Farmer brown's hill
Over hill. With sweetnes dry
Lie dreams realer. Do they?
Do dreams lie realer?
Taste sweeter, hill
Higher, vale deeper
Than dry awake?



Pecan

Almond

Universal leitmotif

In umber skin. Under hardly

Carbohydrate, hardly apart

Asceticism, starvation, seed.

See empty skin reminds them

Their need, their breathly need

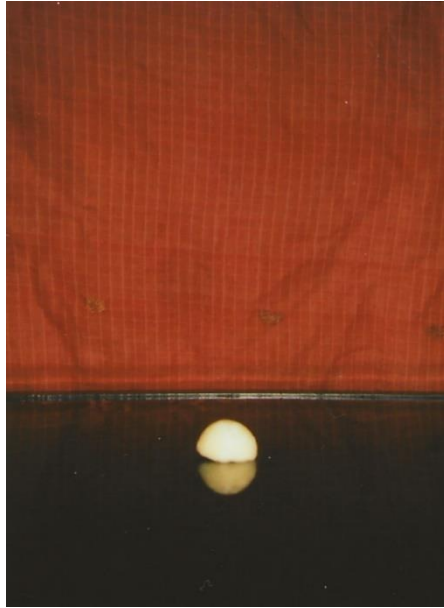
Of subject in object.



Almond

Macadamia

Raw pales all round
Meadows, streams, and nightingale sings
Stupid complexity, wonderful simplicity
In tossing you between my teeth
Without a thought, poetic or not,
Simply sensational.
Your roundness, my rolling tongue.
Your pale religiosity, cracking
Into raw being.
Simple love in living,
In eating a macadamia nut.



Macadamia

Cashew

Some tone of sent
To write itself, crescent
And cool. Likes to rhyme itself
With itself.

Cool cashew.



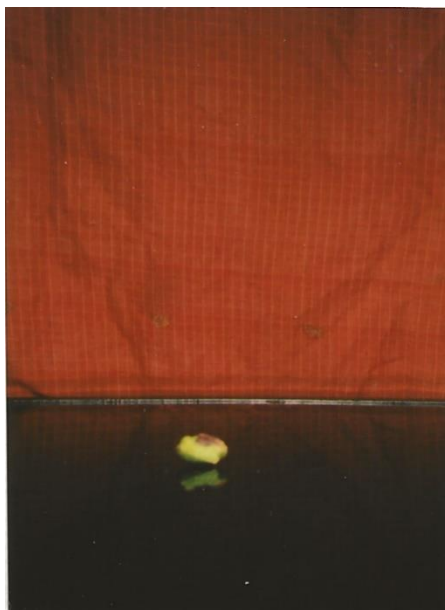
Cashew

Pistachio

Verbosely better said
Than eaten. When
Tastes best pronounced

pi – staw – she – o

A vast awe in the second syllable.
Expelling personhood in the first.
Beloved enabler the second.
And O, the O!
The fourth, O!
The O!

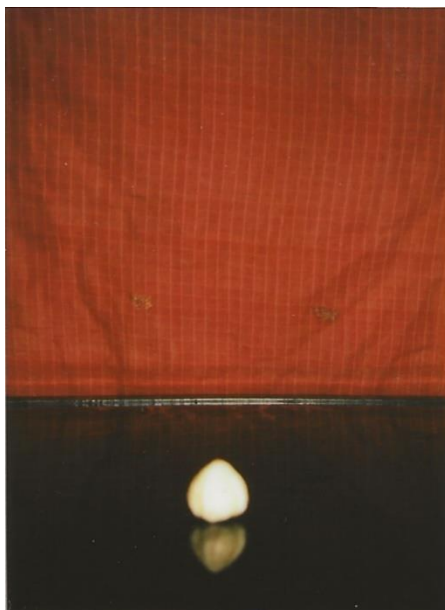


Pistachio

Hazelnut

Pyramid product of unknown.
Glimmer in God's eye thought
To make miniature,
Round the steps,
Let it be edible,
Tasteless

Pyramid in my mouth.



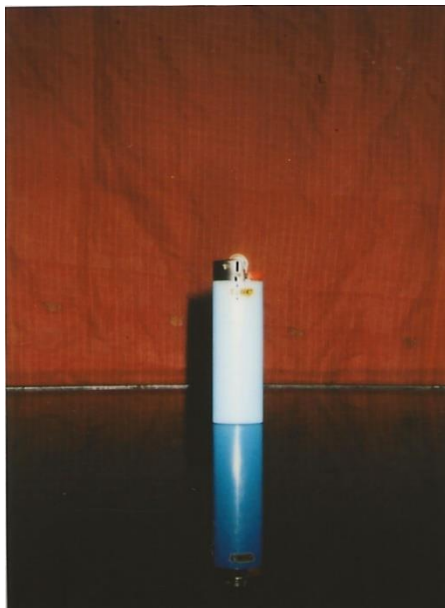
Hazelnut

Lighter

A click, thumb flick, and thistle sound
Woke the blue world air.
In a corridor of light –
Orange yellow white apparition.
A tabernacle rolled at your fingertip.
I was he who draws from water and unblinded.
 Not yet nameless, faced with faceless.
I was on high mountaintop, no home here.

You said do not. Just feel.
Hear, see, feel all there is here.

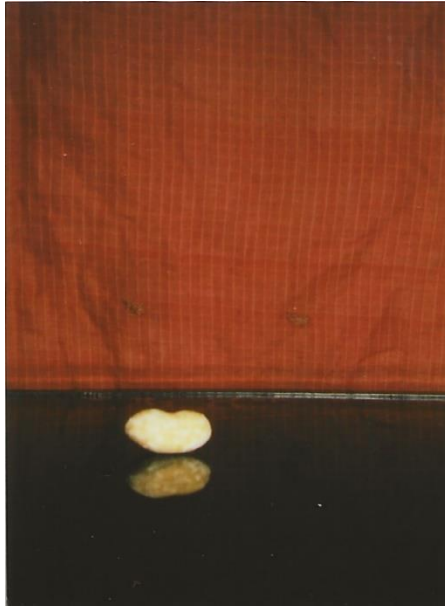
Hear, everything is music.
See, everything you heard.
Feel, everything fading.
Here, our names interlace,
But this place escapes us,
Makes faceless the mirror.



Lighter

Brazilian Nut

Stomach rid rancid upturning's as
Tidal waves off the pretty orange pebble
and aquamarine petal coast of Brazil
Danced with water sprites with hula hooping half sun
Setting childlike awes and wonders at the natural
Regress a seed takes in uprooting the earth
So Brazilian so nut
Then so tasty so not
So throwing up.



Brazilian Nut

Hand-Me-Downs

For example, children
Whose children smell like their
Parents smoke
And not hot chocolate
Or lavender lollipops
Or grass fields.

Chapstick

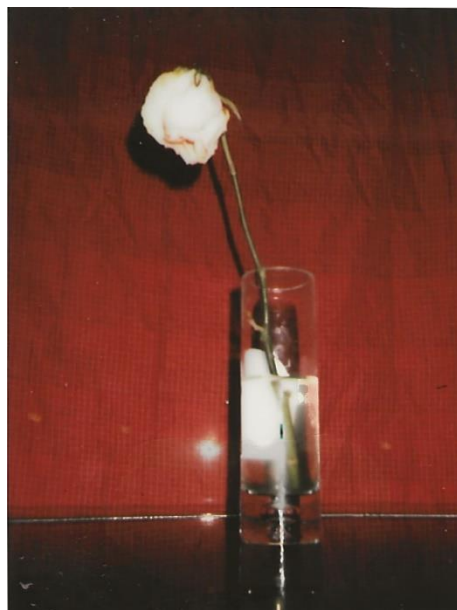
Lip lip lip
Pink the salmon sweet skip
In dry personage smacking up another woman
Who'd just love to poesy with not never normalcy
In lip to lip
But by giving a gift
A chapstick
So that when we'd kiss actual lip to lip
My lip
Would be moist for hers
To lip upon.



Chapstick

Peach Rose

Dressed in blood white, white gold.
Litany, your lip, pursed with
Not that, this. This!
Petal skip, arch over brow,
Vased with beauteous this.
Not earth, not sisters, not sweet soil, not sun.
A vase, a stranger, a sink's water, a bulb.
This you had been given, not that natural.
Still this beauteous gift, your swift breath
Ever this you give back.



Peach Rose

A Grass

Humblest spine of alas
Open field. Open anything!
By least of these – a
Grass.
Invisible gesticulator.
Angel grabber.
Humble landscape.
Picnic roof.
Lover's bed.
Miniverse.
Mini verse.
Whole landscape.

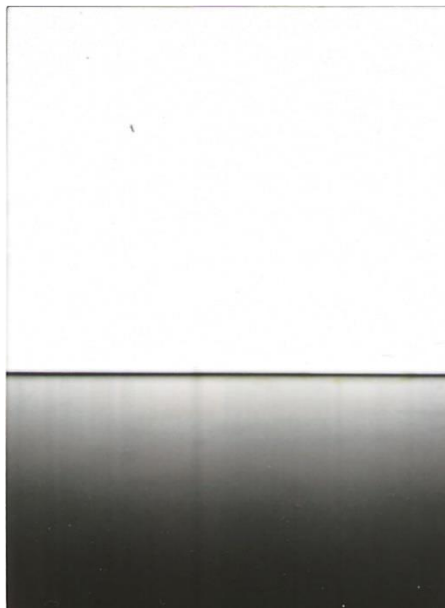
A Grass.



A Grass

Blank Canvas

Quite possibly best left this way.
Look at all that 'anything can happen'!
Then anything does happen!
And it turned out best this way.



Blank Canvas

Painted Canvas

Yes, best this way.

Best left unfinished.

Best left to paint itself

Best left to Spirit.

Best left to coalesce.

Best to live this way.



Painted Canvas

String

Lowly thread spun by star to star.
Not golden filigree and God-embodying finger,
But my pink, calloused by light linen flower finger
Picked you. By one stretch of timeless void to pocket to lint.
Lapped your thin and only white tongued body to table.
Where the wind moved through you, lipped and let you speak.
You spoke of great since pocketed dreams and still greater encounters.
First and always when left alone was you and a lover lint
Lingering timeless, spaceless in a wash of unhurried acts of love.
You, when offered a too quick illumination of otherly light,
You counted real time, felt loss every time my hand slipped you by.
You saw real space then, other lovers, phones, lighters, pens, chapstick.
You felt free when I had accidentally released you.
You unwound story after story.
I thought to tie you to my finger,
A symbol of remembering what is beautifully lost and never known.
Or to throw you to the night sky,
Watch you be that golden filigree, looping star to star.
By far I thought it best to reach into my pocket
Touching you to your lint love
And leave you two to be.



String

Instant Coffee

Why?



Instant Coffee

Pen Cap

A pen cap is useful only when lost.

A soul is useful when spilling

Only love.

A repetition is useful when

Repetition.

A repetition is repetition when

Repetition.

A pen cap is useful only when lost.

A soul is useful when spilling

Only love. Especially till the ink's run dry.

A pen cap is mortal will.

A soul is a pen of God.

Love will never run dry.

Repetition, repetition repetition.



Pen Cap

Apple

Pink lady read delicious envy gala honeycrisp in a cool wind tirade
 whispering whispers of when in spring her favorite seed had been
 out of season and oh look how the wind has apparated to
 reveal nothing is as she has once thought her memory she
 cannot even trust and oh there he is while driving I sometimes am
 eating apples singing songs like buffalo bill what did you kill oh buffalo
 bill or as long as I can fuck three times a day and not skip a meal
 I'm good yeah I'm good driving now not skipping a meal because
 I've had a pink lady who could read delicious envy gala honeycrisp
 while I drove and yes while I drove I looked on ahead the road where
 above the pine tops clouds were crawling white and nearly crying at
 their own beauty and beyond them an apple'd sun had been rising and
 setting everything and everyone in genius of a light purple tint like ash
 rose and the road like a tone more driven on than ash rose had
 something appear on the road up ahead and just as soon
 disappear mirage I thought yes those who had not just
 Futura Free sang had these kind of mirages and yes I am quite actually in
 a paved desert after all this is Arizona and what was that another
 mirage which had opened flat but not flat on the road like something was
 in it and then like a portal of the mind closes by will this one
 closed at its own will and now I've got the hang of it I just keep
 driving keep writing looking ahead of the road keeping my eye on that
 open portal and letting the way make itself and now I see that what was in
 and is in that portal opening is a reflection and that makes
 absolutely no sense I know and I know those who have been known to
 unknown everything and let mystery do as mystery does mystical will
 wake an open door that science will one day walk through with a
 microscope or telescope or hopefully an enabled genius of both who
 will say yes this is new and no other has seen this before and I bravely

entered the portal and wait so many have seen this sort of thing and
yes you bravely entered the portal and what did you find for I
would like to live in the land of reflections that appear at will and then the
thing the object otherside is really the reflection.



Apple

Little Pan

Little pan keeps simple
As little pan can.
Except when little pan cannot.

I only add water, turn on high heat.
So tell me why
A medley of mixed magic perceptions
Altered growth of light, spelled St. Francis
In a cricket chirp, nymphed the green
Door, open! Does not bamboo, sex, wood, and ivy
Uproot the sink? Is not the brink
Of our dreams a most wondrous leap.

Dance with oldest stories unearthed –
Untold in dissonance of fracturing
All respectable accordance to divine dream reality,
To licking oracle lip, lifting the first hour, in
Manifest of manifest! A feast!



Little Pan

Tissue

Cotton soft is a door left swinging in the pastoral left behind oil canvases
on the farm shed door her mother had cried wept real tears for
the cow.

As a cloud dropping artistry the way artists drop albums
poetry books paintings shoes in a state of
unconscious catharsis of a mind let in not like their own and rather like
every other so then every other can find solace be touched see
themselves in a loving manner and continue living to continue crying
sometimes that is and for the whole having joy and thanking the artist
that even if for a moment they took on the weight of the unconscious world
and channeled it into a work of love that you could buy a poetry book
instead of another box of tissues.

The cow had not actually been the object of mother's tears rather
having been the subject of unconscious object she simply wept the way
artists simply be the subjects of objects outside their own mortal will
and will channel the messages therein be it by love or pride
solace desire of selfish desire and know my desire is only ever love and
always has been and will be an endeavor in love that souls may be
wondrously moved because what beyonds us becomes us and what is
beyond me and what is now beyond and become us both as objects
is love.



Tissue