

When The Missing Wind

I.

these yellow lines driving unconscious
some point towards

pussywillow
FLASH GRAIN

II.

mud in the bedroom
she
won't be holding your hand with children
she
won't be rolling around with the wolf
meat-drunk

III.

sometimes I'm a firestarter
lugging dry leaves
in bags on the side of the road

IV.

baseless calls. I fell
in the ditch
features smoldered
rubbing eyes
a quick western wash will do
SELECT START

V.

it was Sinai
the hospital on 100th

I can't be that type of angel

Let Me In flapping,
you will understand

VI.

you almost went under
looking too hard at yourself in the water

it was not a scratched knee from the concrete
or the flipside catamaran,
the Encino pool,
the Pine Brook jacuzzi

VII.

house lights

that *flicker* with our thoughts

VIII. mom was an abstract dancer in this new york production. it was sexually revealing, but everyone said what a great job she did. i was wondering if it was so fantastic, or if it was because she was so beautiful and the dance was erotic—
i was living in west side new york, or maybe it was seattle.

after the play, i was with mom and A.C. and we were driving and A.C. made me cry with lyrics from a folk song that she or Janis Joplin had written. i had already been on the verge of tears earlier in the day.

IX.

you still ash-dance over Manhattan
she is a mother the diorama dream

X.

Glen Spey, Glen Spey

first moments of reflection
etched on the brick red picnic table

but under the sheets
knowing
you are playing

XI.

we had resolved this years ago
it was a crawfish
not a snapping turtle

XII.

So now what?

there's marvel in that punch
a sack of small red onions
(it's summer)