

Torrential

Mostly the hours
dance, nibble ear lobes, coax
a bubbly pressure up arms.
This floor full of clothing is data
of that, oil slick rainbows on backs
of whales.
How long we've been happening, aqueducts gathering waves
outward to pour a seizure of watery applause.
Constant as clots the days retrieve shape, our pulses,
suffragettes conspiring in hope.
Tongues paint pictures there, press cider, the glow of pearls-----
Every droplet an oasis, some distinct source of light.

Is the wind history, prophetic?
The mind a conscience, whispering, whispering?

I've written from its dark, for years part fantasy,
part real, a Quasimodo, block-head,
goof ball in a parachute.

Now a novice to accessible belief,
carrier pigeons spring forth from thoughts,
dawning ivory and, free of alibis, feelings swell to truly peal.

Oh what were we captive to—
Only solarium latticework, the sky's envelope littering,
like junk food, stars, pennies in a well.
But, bonfire dollars, no one owns air.
The Ouija current of peepers sounding forth *possible possible*
is some man in the park playing his kazoo.

See? Hear him? In spats, the tilted halo of an angel,
all god's children need radios, those grave rubbings,
pueblo pictographs, Anasazi fingerprints,
such wall-scribbled visions choosing who to rely on,
whose message is this: *we were we were here*.

Brother Apprentice, bring me to them, then leave me needing,
ready for the generosity of moments-----
This smell of coffee, taste of cigarettes,
our legal narcotics tempering adventure and flesh after love—
Waa Waa Weeee—
The museum-boxed Sphinx nose, didn't anyone tell you?
Reality's a hurricane.

