

The Shaman

before sleep I
secret effort to

hold my breath
hold in the wet snot and tears until the heat comes

calling of the shaman, a polymorphic dream plane maybe
more likely a grief movie memory dream one of what is
a mind moving through inflamed adrenals
people loved and lost in a too logical linear succession

the fever dream squeezes
like life up and down and down and down
sun comes up while memories fade down and
down and down leaving
two or three still pictures only one of what is
a few ephemera scraps in the bottom of coffee cups
people loved and lost in a too logical linear succession

Autumn Prayer Spring Prayer

One

fall like leaves do
undulate in forward cessation lie
sedate and supine

fall ready for the nothing

mark time by wind and wetness of
fall
without amendment regret or sorrow

Two

Mary brushes away the bird song
with a casual hand a deliberate glance
the air is humorless the trees stop
silent

First one naked foot
then the other
to the thigh she is hard
with dirt
and brutalized by rock

permanent cynicism settles into
her hair like dust
she breathes it and it coats her lungs
when she speaks
she expels it in words

Rotary Phone

The grimy rotary phone
unashamedly/ sits so smugly
on its unctuous doily - mocking the dead
mocking all the dying women

and the aggravated ring
unapologetically/ rattles so ominously
through its rusty parts - wrenching the silence
wrenching away all the peaceful silence

news delivered
gone are the hands that left
greasy prints to fit its worn cradle
and

the grimy rotary phone
unceremoniously/ boxed so absently
with its doily - decaying within themselves
decaying uncontrollably with other mournful objects