



TURN BEAUTY TURN
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Cover collage by Kim Secunda

TURN BEAUTY TURN

scandalous beauty
looks into her mind

with lion's breath
she chants

I'm not one
I'm three

you have to love
all of me

scandalous beauty
looks into her mind

spaced out, she sees
light in everything

so odd to reject
what's in the offering

scandalous beauty
looks into her mind

in yabyum
she faces front

I'm just you, Dad
with a cunt

scandalous beauty
looks into her mind

we know nothing
of one another

nothing
each is alone

high flavor, low flavor
one taste, no taste

white trash beauty
looks into her mind

garlic is the polka
of spaghetti

white trash beauty
you have flayed me
and beaten me with a club

I count my days
bite my hand and embrace
emptiness

you draw an arrow
I turn towards my bed

shot by the jealousy
in my thought

winds ravage within
outside

birds crack jokes

redhead
I see you at the drugs
buying ginseng wrinkle cream

I smell your hair
and despair sweeps me
into a lair of sea monsters

how can there be
such clarity and bliss
in weariness

terrified, I stand in fire
having ridden the wind
and kept your memory

are love and fear
indivisible?

I give you a kiss
you bite my head off

sentiment
filled with appetite

the sun is seen
the fun begins

stir blood

in a conch shell

when the lower part
of the moon appears

dance wildly
in the flames

no boundaries
no barriers

love is a dark healing
unclean but holy

RIGHT TO THE POINT

for Anne

what is the point
of low self-esteem
power facades
one crises after another
when you're dead?

spirit, sex, neither
either, my decision
not to manipulate

confuse or harm

CLEAR

for Bonnie

capricious horses graze
on pure mountain air
you lay on a bed
of pinecones and roses
the horses laugh
the river flows both ways
look where we live

WHAT WHERE IS HERE

for Jillian

I drive to Fairfield
a fair field
I drive to Riverside
a river side

I turn right, then left
our spirits meet
you laugh, I laugh
perfection is infectious

METHOD IN THE MADNESS

for Jane

I write, then I type
I retrieve, I retype
I cut and paste
images of real objects

a process of recovery
and discovery
a contemplation of silence
in this maelstrom of violence

POST DOGMATIST PUDDLE

for Cecil

all in order
on a plate of gas
Maxwell House
is avant-garde

PAINTING CLOUDS

for Pricilla

Clouds are familiar sensations
only their positions are uncertain

A pink diver circles Squaretop
a dark hood caps Little Brother

A chorus line of kachinas highstep
a bony dakini drinks from a skullcup

Soft clouds become hard
quiet clouds become loud

Lightning has struck her, so
she sings while she paints

ONCE

for Lynda

we would go
backhorse riding
when the horses

were boys
and the cows
were girls

the dogs were boys

and the cats were girls
etcetera

the ducks and the geese
the birds and the bees

etcetera

I was also pretty sure
Einstein wrote the Bible

later, things got complicated

TRANSITION

for Shannon

I make this a song
that vanishes woes
uncurses all wrong
and banishes foes

I turn the clock ahead
hello, Springtime

AFRICA

for Richard and Ilsa

when you come back
bring me a spear
when you come back
bring me a drum

when you come back
bring me a leopard
when you come back
bring me a spot of soul

bring me back, bring me back
Africa, Africa, Africa

CALF GRAFT

for Bruce

creations of ordinary reality
don't forget to burn the sun

whatever it takes
to get that steak to your plate

SAMSARA AND NIRVANA

for Kim

she's a Buddha
who uses aloe vera hand cream
I've heard her say

"I need money"
then point to a double rainbow
in my heart

FURNITURE POEM

for Steve

start with two marks
wisp of a world

on the cusp of chaos
and in this corner

a hint of disclosure
about a continent in stasis

ambient poetry
elevator murmurings

SHRINE FOR JIMI HENDRIX

for Denise

a diamond guitar
spirals out of Sagittarius

a god in his constellation
digs the celestial choir

moving east
to meet in the west

DEJA VOODOO

for Ashlee

o never always
would the mind
let go

even the grass
will attain
Liberation

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

for Corinne

waiting at the Liberty
how long have I been waiting
how long should I wait

am I early
am I late
or am I?

WARM LIGHT

for Brent

spring soon
still winter

still winter stillness
the brown ground moves

bees have no attainment
bees have no non-attainment

OUR NATURAL VIEW

for Ivy

nectar to our eyes
Chimney Rock, Archuleta Ridge

and the Continental Divide

as exotic as Crete
or a grotto on Molokai
we give our blues to the sky

to be and not to be
to be is not to be

flower of life
heartstream

do you remember
that rock, was it mica?

only a sparkle
only a sparkle left

flower of light
being of flight
small birds arriving

we stop to look at cows
a magpie hops across
a longhorn

you have a quick mind
and soft lips

I have quick lips
and a soft mind

that which is soft
penetrates that which is hard

promises
promises