



**Constructive Rest**

**D-Press ~ 1998 ~ Sebastopol**

## Collage by the author

### ANGELS

angels riding turtles  
angels flying kites  
angels necking in the park

the lady at the county office  
accepts my application  
although my registration is invalid

the UPS man's clipboard buzzes  
says he has a problem meditating  
boxes backed up Pagosa to Omega

angels riding turtles  
angels flying kites  
angels necking in the park

### DUET AT SUNSET

*for Heidi*

I heard a mother sing  
I hold a Symphony that brings  
Me peace and gives me faith  
A dream of many colors

The wind stirs up and hollers  
Superstition!  
Feel free to go a new direction  
Here's a chilly kiss for comfort

The mother retorts  
Be still, heart  
My songs are nightmares and prayers  
Painted with the hues of Windy Bay

## **QUE PETITE SIRAH, SIRAH**

*for Mike Dunne*

I hear what the guests say  
Big, dense, robust and rambling  
Where is his modesty?  
He shoulders the food aside  
He's got too much muscle for the table  
Too full of himself to sit with us

But who knows my real name?  
Or what's behind my ripe berry smile  
Go on about my tell-tale peppery spiciness  
Say what you will about my grinding tannins  
I may not be supple on the dance floor  
But I'll leave the party with a royal flush  
While all the zinfandels rush for power

**CONSTRUCTIVE REST**

*for Pamela*

This is magic.  
It's the technology  
that's real.

The burned, twisted bodies  
are real. The beauty  
is monstrous.

No, you can't blow it up  
even if it is the damned home  
of the atom bomb.

Your feeling is a path  
and when the path splits  
sit until the mountain crumbles.

Stay strong.  
Stay strong for the child of the world.

## **A HILL CALLED BRINGER OF LUCK**

starting with day A and proceeding to F and backing  
back to B realizing F leads to U if you mean to get to C a  
Chinese box where you let me into a room with a door I  
can go through but you can't and I let you into a room  
with a door you can pass through but I can't

starting with pieces the book Pieces and your face the  
typeface I said I didn't like it the boldness but your face

was receptive and I liked it especially the freckles on  
your nose E dim of ME freken from ON freknur you  
perusing poetry and I assuming the role of the dark Host  
of the Ethereal and it was slow and easy standing there  
imagining a secret place at another time I get out of a car  
I get off a horse down the street from the Silver Dollar  
we enter a Quonset hut with a false front

you touched the omphallus of my heart and the current  
was sufficient to set the wheels pinging a new beginning  
merely by placing your hand on that slim volume the  
waters rushing apart and we begin to step out on real  
ground

I feel like I have the hands of a chimp signing to the  
barman for two beers finding seats by the ribs of the  
beast I take off to take a whiz wondering if I should  
leave you alone but noting the flag pinned to the curtain  
and the dark faces I know we are on native soil

the head is full of patrons pissing away the night four  
dudes at the bowl and one peeing the length of the  
trough three guys in front of me putting theirs under his  
arc and I try not to get hit thinking what a shot of the  
pool cue to find this corner pocket I observe there is no  
subject there is no object so I zip up to an accordion and  
guitars

I get out of a car I get off a horse on Umptanum Ridge  
and smoke while you change your shoes I wear galoshes  
lore on how to live in the woods and I step into the creek  
and feel the firmness and rhythm of your grip

you are a stranger in the twilight apprehensive I might  
strangle you with barbed wire in a hollow by a snag  
while I'm nagging myself for not bringing a compass  
since I'm into true north and I want to tell you about the  
Big Dipper how the Indian see a great bear looking for a  
place to lie down and the French see a casserole and the  
Egyptians a hippopotamus with a crocodile on its back  
asterisks the casserole the possible exception expressing  
ancient and astonishing wisdom

we have to re-evaluate the past but that seems like a lot  
to lay on you our first date so I talk about the contours of  
the land and you about the bouquet of bullet holes in an  
enameled stove and your childhood in Illinois the girls of  
Fairberry wanting to be on their own going to  
Bloomington to work at State Farm my grandparents  
lived nearby in Chenoa and the summer nights full of  
fireflies whose tails we pinched to make engagement  
rings and wearing sheets in abandoned farm house rooms  
like Klu Klux Klan and when the gypsies camp by the  
river and set up a sideshow my uncle makes them  
vamoose and my destiny goes with the fortune teller

the Queen broods on her Byzantine chalice like me she's  
dreamy like you she's sympathetic to the man of  
dejected aspect deserting the cups of his felicity and all  
that I possess house and archives is riot reflected in the  
Chariot reversed

our treasures and our hearts are there when we begin a  
short hike that gets shorter and shorter as we climb scree  
it is wise of me to show you sage by rubbing the leaves  
in my palms no matter the waterfall is out of reach

hunters shoot at the cliffs kids roll rubble from a cave the site of the archeological dig is a mystery nature at her best is a blast of sage

I get out of a car I get off a horse and walk beside you a woman a man talking about rock we stop by a standing stone describing the basalt formation in antediluvian times but it leaves out how each star of the Big Dipper of each constellation has several kinds of influence each star has a form in the landscape

driving along riding along everything shimmering the branches in the field vine maple? elderberry? wild rose sage rose rose of the desert a red shimmering along the road I saw it and you were happy I saw it too even if I didn't know what it was