



NEW GRAVITY
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Cover photo by William Morris

NEW GRAVITY

Out there—
you walk on air
in your new gravity

No matter how
heavy
you'll keep it up

ignoring signs
moving with your heart

.

A new gravity

Disagree, it loses
authority

.

Overheard—"Those people,
are you one of those, too?"

A leaf, you move out
into the open way

.

You have important things to do
and don't want your life wasted
on detail

Live deep—summon

laziness,
a breeze, the shape
it comes forth in

.

Some go
the way you think
they might

So a leaf
in a warm wind
starts out—these are
orange rocks

These are also
rocks—that's
the sky

and that's
also a flower



Æolus operates—
lips moist, veins
filled with sunlight

Wind strikes a chord,
skirts bellow, and bodies
dance whether they want or not

.

Wind affects a single figure—
so many measures of one scale,
then so many of another

Wheatfields augmented w/backroads

.

Fields come to meet me,
wires loose, the light harsh

I await a late bus

.

A sorrel gelding dreams
Hind hoof cocked under an apple tree
Bright apples against the leaves

A herd of herefords steam and stamp
Chew their cuds and crap in place
Magpies pick the warmed grain

A John Deere tractor lugs up the track
Meeting a girl on an Appaloosa
The ploughboy raises a finger to his cap
Eyes clouded she trots pass

.

Overhead
green shadows follow
the late afternoon

To my eyes
a field between
two firs

I listen to grasshoppers
Their thighs make clear sounds
in the stillness

.

The bobwhite bobwhites
and a bird called purplewreath
purplewreathes

Another, purple crepe, purple crepe
the chitbird's chit chit chit's heard

One sings drinkyourtea
one, takeoffyourunderwear
it's spring

.

I hear voices, I see visions
but no matter how disordered my senses
I'm no fool—
or, if so, in the grand tradition

Knowing all lovers change
although I'd be the last
I try again to impress
my heart in yours

Let me move within you
by the reading of my gift

At rest, I stay at rest
until you enter

Do you have a date?
In a manner of speaking, you say
leaving for the Corner Stone

Sunday night at Rodeo
down on all fours in the shoots



The grass was brutal
compared to your caress

The mint rank
beside your scent

The creek's chattering
overwhelmed our words

Earth loved us

.

You will fulfill your goal
and be acknowledged, although
you may absorb much that is wrong

You will, by instinct, become an artist
if that is what you want
and be remembered for what is yours alone

.

You've got that bod

.

You are sensuous pleasure
your lips are loved
your clothes, doubly liquefactive

You were made to be laid
no matter some find that shameful

You have a rare, divine gift
to give love, transforming
what is base into grace

.

Hand on hand
smile on smile

I think and think
I do as I do

Unhealed, the hurt hurts

.
Everything in the past
was in the future once



What's next?

"Tell me," you say
"It's not just DNA."

.
Cool your feet in the Yakima
Salute the sun
 heat and dust

Let it pass