



# NIGHT DELUGE

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**NIGHT DELUGE**  
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## Cover collage by the author

### **NIGHT DELUGE**

*for Beryl— who brings it on*

I see you in white shorts sitting  
in your white Pinto on red upholstery  
me wanting to kiss you but standing back  
awkward

I see your hand outstretched  
returning the money I loaned you  
wind blowing through as I bend to take  
what you owe me

I don't know who is served  
by me going broke in devotion to you  
yet it's a wonder you haven't told me  
to shove off

Hard to have it like you like it  
when nothing's real until it's real  
and then it's real forever—I pull up  
on my Harley

just when you think you're going  
to get some rest

and now you're cruising without a clue  
there's another gear

## **BY THE NUMBERS**

"Numerologically," you say,  
"Jell-O is a 9"

I feel displaced  
and circle your room  
asking your opinion of the wine  
giving you back  
your things again, this flute  
this tower where I've been captive  
for a thousand years

Easy to get caught up in it  
until I think there is something  
I can do  
"I can understand," you say  
"your love and hate"

## **LOVE'S WAY**

Two eyes look at two eyes

two hands play a simple air  
the wind, hot and dry  
blows through your hair

.

Love's way is a ricochet  
if you'd allow a kiss now  
it'd be synchronicity

.

We conjugate the tenses  
of the body's language  
relax, love, it's true  
love is senses—nonsense  
and double sense intensely

.

I fly high, I fly low—  
questions in the sky  
answers in the snow—  
love is not less for falling

.

You're hot—you'll be hot  
when you're 50  
saying, "I'm hot, god, it's hot

this house is hot  
this cup looks like hell  
and I'm drinking from it  
but it's cold and wet"

## **CHANCES**

Life is huge and cruel, and  
at best we get a chance to dance  
so, let's turn it upside down  
life's up, down and crosswise  
no one knows why  
but you and I  
so why hide behind disguises?

.

Love of love makes the poet mad  
he dies and makes death wise

.

I called my love false love  
but what she said then  
"Sing Pine, Sing all a Pine"  
Let no one blame her  
I invite her scorn

What next? Who knocks?

It is the wind

## **CHART**

He wants to know what time I was born for an astrological chart. I thought I knew where I had put my birth certificate, but when I look I can't find it, although I find the kids' Social Security cards and the numbers I need for my loan.

He's saying a Gemini generally has a lot of boyfriends and goes steady with one (if not two or three) each week, something about searching for a soul-mate or an elusive other side to myself.

He's laid back against the door of my closet and holds a glass of white wine. He twirls the liquor in the glass with the Gemini twins painted in gold and tells me what I need in a lover.

He'll stay up all night talking with me, want to take me to a double feature at the Liberty, remember the words to "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," tell me I'm the most

beautiful woman in the world when I look like  
a dead horse. This guy is hot for me and  
wants to wait on me hand and foot.

I'm chain smoking generic lights, and I can  
hardly breathe. I'm weirded out. I can feel the  
bones of my skull in my head. I wish I could  
dissolve into nothing in peace.

## **HERMIT AND TROUT**

I'm a hermit  
talking to a trout.  
I touch you softly,  
and you dart away.

I can't make you  
make up your mind,  
although I've caught  
your heart in a net.

You might love me  
since I'm the one  
you can love  
more than yourself.

It's September,

and the laughter  
of the leaves  
mocks me.