



WITH LOSS OF EDEN
D PRESS ~ 1992 ~ ELLENSBURG

COLLAGE BY THE AUTHOR

THE END

it won't matter.
We can settle on a small
farm in Berkeley

just a radioactive cow
and a few chickens.

DIRT

Dirt makes me itch.
Concrete hurts my feet.
Kindness is an official bitch.
Lawn's order, every street.

ELEMENTAL

Two friends
near
this fire.

You here,
I there
in a garden

of fire.

GREAT

Joaquin sings
of Lily's graces.

She brought
the house down.

The house had beams
metrically spaced,

columns of concrete
delicate as bird legs.

A structure,
a broken shell.

BIG FOOT

One drop goes
a long way to ease
the friction.

100 billion barrels,
ten to the tenth power
while the answer is hair

warm nights in fur,
and the best investment
is Sasquatch.

RED GIANT

Hard to see

the truth. Shaggy Curves
in a fuzzy country.

Realm of the densely packed.
In turn, a town with streets
that aren't on any map.

DETAIL

Birds that lay
in Euclid's branches
have a view of May.

Spring blows and sucks,
sucks and blows
the eucal blossom.

It's always ragtime,
suck and blow.

OLD GROWTH

Mother's gaga,
limbs tied in tape.

No cedar to see, dear.
Can't dial 911-rape.

SLASH

Hands at work,
sound of saws,
a drape of smoke.

Gaia grotesquely
posed, tossed flesh
that terrifies.

ON THE BEACH

The beach at Miramar
is marked Right to Pass
Revocable At Any Time.

Rotting pears, banana skins,
oil derricks, old derelicts, all forms
of rubber, wood and steel.

ripped to elements,
stripped of character
and dipped in tar.

EREWTHON

Zeroing-in on
the many that are one,
a place

where the parts
are not knowable
from the hole.

Halve what you have,
enough is enough.
"Good morning, nice day!"