

**Bear Dance**

**D Press**

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**Cover collage by Luis Garcia**

*In Memory of Steve Arnaudo*



## **BEAR DANCE**

I am a hand  
unconscious of design  
performing a miracle of signs  
—frozen mind—  
one with the big picture,  
a bear dancing with the sky.

## **FOUND POEM**

*just a transformer  
passing through  
you through me  
me through you*

*I stop—interchange—  
inner core—data—renew—  
just a transformer*

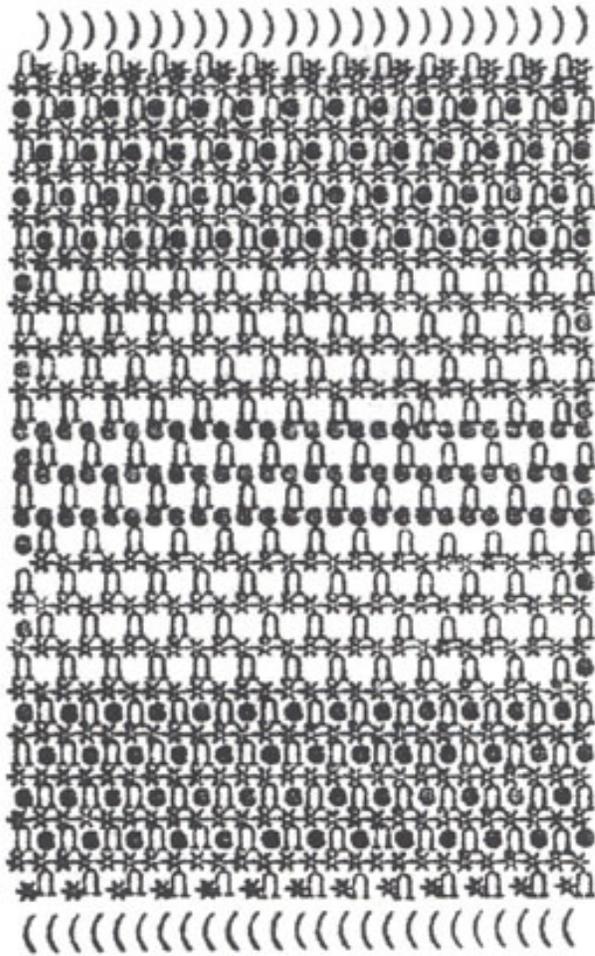
## **TAPESTRY**

Earth assumes,  
fire consumes.

Stars, rivers—  
wind delivers.

The wisdom of the East  
is west of us.

TAPESTRY 2



**THE 12:02**

You're a time passenger,  
someone I've left behind.

I know you're still there.  
You're just out of sight.

I've cried about your beauty.  
I've lied about the pain.

I bought myself a ticket  
on the last flight out tonight.

## **FOLLOWING SALVADOR DALI**

*for Claude*

It's a cinch—this  
paranoiac-critical method  
as a spontaneous method  
of irrational knowledge  
based upon the interpretive  
critical association  
of delirious phenomena  
whereby the double image  
may be extended, continuing  
this paranoiac advance  
to make the image appear  
and so on until there  
is a number of images  
limited only by the mind's  
degree of paranoiac capacity

## **EXCRUCIATINGLY BEAUTIFUL**

*for Laura*

My favorite things are  
flowers, fountains  
flags and fireworks,

But when I'm near you  
the ground beneath me sways  
clocks bloom, cars flap—  
the whole world is a display.

## **DICEY**

We play without a game board.  
Both feet off the ground  
flying sideways—a few tosses,  
and my life is salad.

## **LOVERS LAIN**

On an old apple tree  
Ken carves his love for Barbie.  
Here they make their bed.  
This is how they wed.

Although the heart be resolute,  
beware of plastic fruit.

## **COYOTE MEETS BODHIDHARMA**

There's more to a Zen garden  
than raking rocks.

Sore in the saddle,  
cobble in my socks.

Gossamer of thought,

overlay of analogy.

Fight smog—  
turn on a horse.

## **ISRAEL 33½**

I met Yehezquel in the parking lot  
and he said to me, "There's no way,  
Jose, how the Mayans factored it.  
The End will be in June—  
blow the month of July away."

He showed me his designs of diamond guitars.  
There's one in Sagittarius, and another  
spiraling out of Taurus. Time and space,  
there's no death, he said—just a dark river.  
You might call it main stream.

## **CHILLING OUT WITH THE ECLOGUES**

Damn it, Silenus, how can I rhyme *ease*  
with bees in my beard?

## **BUNKHOUSE AT 6 AM**

My boss barges in like a Brontosaurus

and gives me thirty days notice.  
Says he's going to get a divorce

Sell his house and horse,  
buy a boat and go to sea  
so he can be fancy free.

Then, Buck shows up  
with a cow elk tied to a string of ponies,  
and I hang the whole thing in the rafters.

This is a lot to process, let alone digest,  
for one morning.

## **BUDDHA'S LAST WORDS**

This stuff is just stuff.  
Keep on keepin' on.

## **COLD OUT THERE**

I heard her complaint.  
The pipes froze. The drain was frozen.  
The car wouldn't start.

My hands are numb. My feet are numb.  
My knees are knocking.  
I had to go to logic class

Which gives me the chills.

On the way,  
my boyfriend gave me the cold shoulder.

## **FABLE**

The tortoise win? The lady sleeps.  
She signals to move.

Stood up, he carved.  
The huge knife stirred.

## **ATMAN**

My start is slow.  
My legs disappear.  
My back bows, and  
I shoot into the wall.

Once again, I am  
a moving target.  
Once again, I move  
to a sound I've found  
in a dark fire.

## **SEA CHANGE**

I dreamt my cells were bells,

and muck that fixed the deep  
rose to surf

While all existence hung ten.

## **CLOTHO, LACHESIS & ATROPOS**

These three goddesses  
determine fortune and mortal life.

At the Skyline Cafe, my dad and I  
discuss beatnik ethics. It's 1959.

Hermes out of orbit, I fume  
albeit I see a chance of traveling light.

The Fates warp their loom  
to throw a weft of experience.

## **PLEIADES**

Orion chased them.  
Sterope fell into a faint.

Vulcan set a net to catch  
Venus in her embrace of Mars.

Sappho saw the seven sisters set.  
She knew love makes a poet into a boar.

You say, "All's fair,"  
and I, "Boars have wings."

## **A WAY SHE WALKS**

*Fire is water falling upward,*  
says sage Hereclitus.

An old man stutters when he talks.  
A girl in pink flutters when she walks.

What is the limit she'll permit?

Fire is water  
falling upwards.

## **SCAT SONG**

*for Gary Snyder*

You climb the mountain  
because it's there where  
you know where it's at—

Where the bear shat.

## **SO SUDDEN**

With an eclamptic convulsion

of cataclysmic proportion

The man in the house  
is no longer a man, and

The house is no longer a house.  
They are parts of a relationship—

And minor parts, compared to  
the woman who's lost her VISA card.

What dress was she wearing?  
What print? Did it have pockets?

The scale of demolition  
is proportionate to the folderol.

## **ALL LOVERS ARE**

crazed. Running about  
looking for poems, and  
here they are  
on the tip of my pen.

Love on the run  
—stolen kisses—the spark  
and the suffering.

Mixed emotions,  
green and orange colors—  
a tree of frozen fruit  
in a winter haze.

It's bargain night at the Raven,  
but you're too tired for  
*Shakespeare in Love*.

## **ANOTHER DAY**

Another day—  
still hot for you.

Another day—rain  
and fresh earth—  
still hot for you.

Another day—vines  
laden with fruit—  
still hot for you.

Another day—grass  
burning in the sun—  
still hot for you.

Another day—flowers  
freeze, but my desire for you  
remains.

## **SO HIGH YOU KISSED THE SKY** *for Steve*

Thinking of the past, not seeing you

in the future, listening to the melody  
of galactic globes at aphelion—snowflakes  
catch me dreaming of white sand beaches.

The mashed thumb of the moon arises.  
Just do a folded wing snaproll, then soar  
for the horizon. Direct your flight  
towards Proxima Centauri.

Interstellar conditions favoring eclipsing  
binaries are methodologically determined  
by trigonometric parallaxes. Fats Waller  
blows *Tea for Two* on the intercom.

## **WIPE OUT**

Nothing I can do  
but let you go.

Am I disappointed,  
you ask? Only that

I want to throw myself  
in the ocean.

I sit on a beach log  
and watch surfers

Tumbling in the waves.  
My feelings exactly.

Mist—then a few drops

of rain, but this

Heavy coat of sadness  
keeps me dry.

## **NESTLED IN THE ROSE IN THE MEADOW OF MIDNIGHT**

I breathed—  
how certain my love,

And in the window's fog  
I traced your form.

Moonlight gleamed through.

Lover, the living  
wears down,

But I find a luminous  
stubborn joy.

## **INSTRUCTIONS TO MY APPRENTICE**

Plow art  
is never done,  
and rest,

Rest is more  
than time away from work,

more than that.

Hoe the row, queer the wheel.  
Queerer still, the elf light—  
candle of the warrior.

Were you there  
when the rat came out  
of the toilet?

A memo:  
include the weeping  
and the hilarious colors.

## **BEEPER**

*for Theo and Elizabeth*

Siamese, Himalayan, Persian  
with schizoid face markings,  
he's only been outside once  
and won't wash his asshole.

He pisses on his tail,  
and his farts are enough  
to collapse my lungs.  
He's a stinker.

Theo sets up his dolls,  
and Beeper dash-twists  
into Big Jim's camper  
and out the side door.

A sabertooth strikes  
Big Jim and Tonto at tea.  
Big Jim loses a leg  
and Tonto a hand.

As The Maskedman  
readies his mount  
a Delacroix feline  
leaps on Silver.

Theo shouts, "Damnpisshit!"  
I say, "Theo, watch the language."  
Beeper upchucks on my muckluks.  
"Letmestranglethesonofabitch!"

Elizabeth comes from the kitchen  
and soothingly asks us to cool it.  
Theo points at the puke.  
Elizabeth hands me a towel.

Tucked under the covers,  
Beeper looks like Blake's *Tyger*  
with his long ancient whiskers.  
He's done his best.

