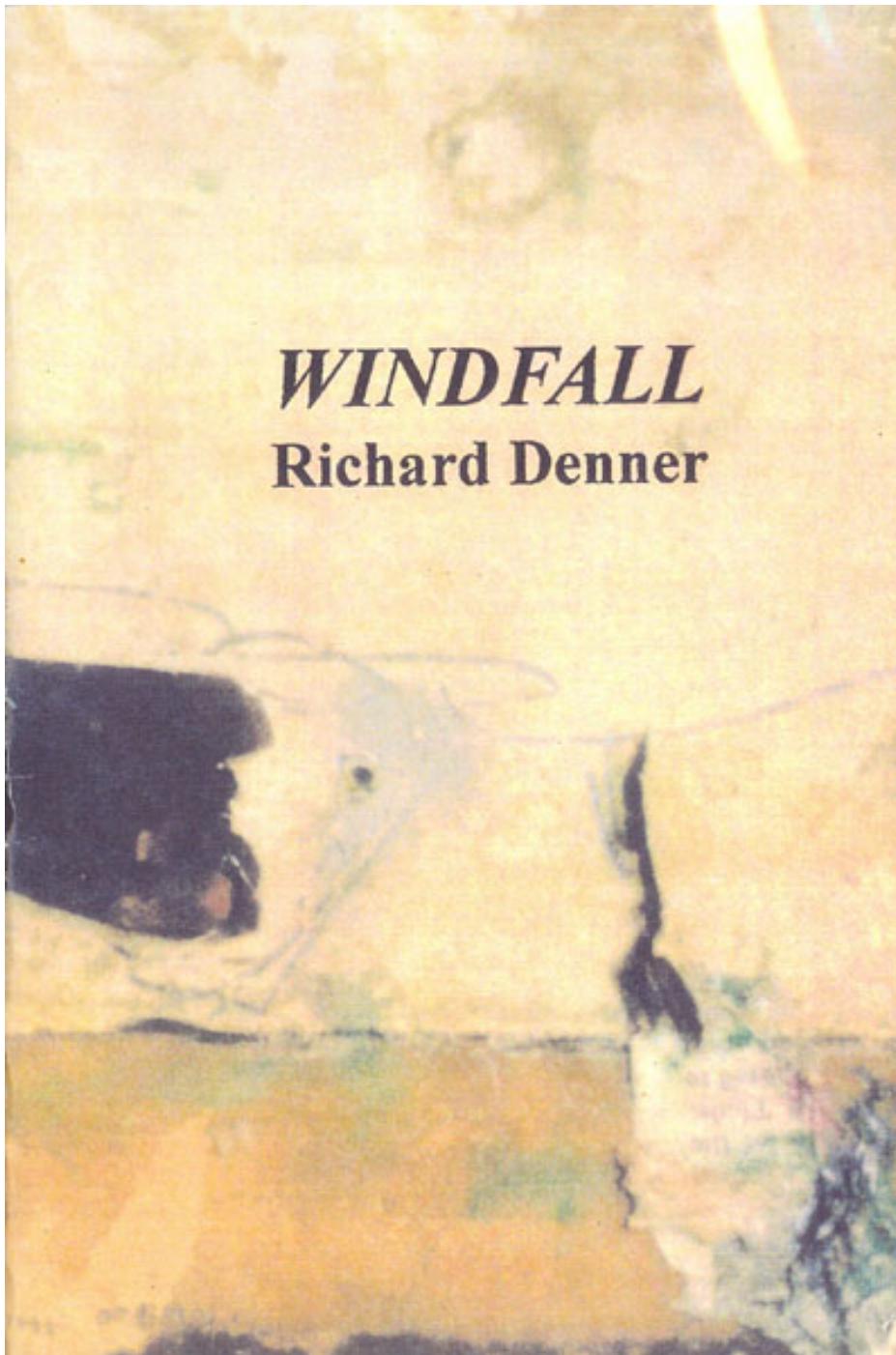
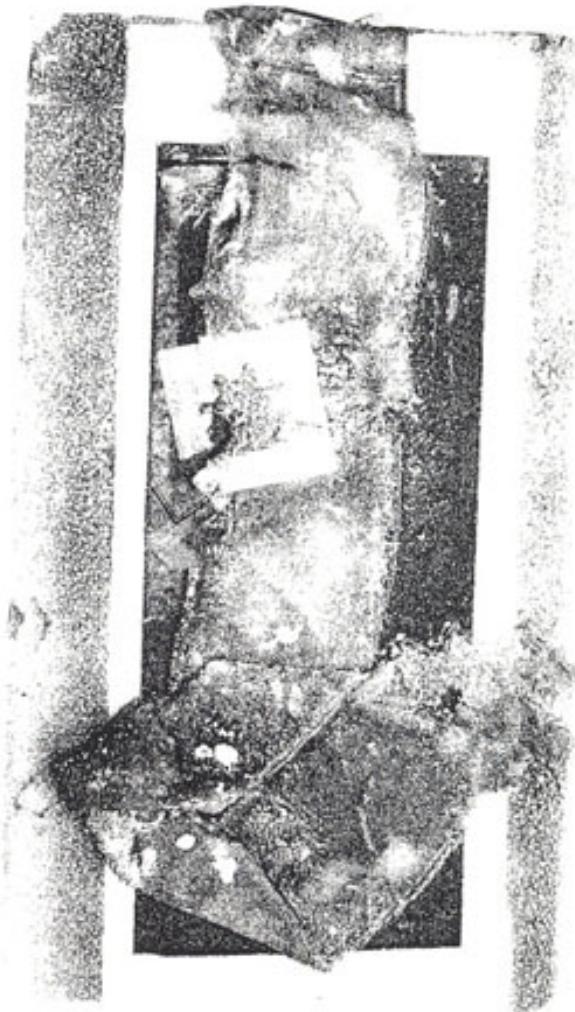


***WINDFALL***  
**Richard Denner**



***WINDFALL***  
**D Press 2000 Sebastopol**

**Artwork by S. Mutt**



## **ALOHA MEANS DON'T CRASH ON THE ROCKS**

I sit below the ruins of Pu'nkohola Heian,  
a temple built by Kapoukahi  
on the Hill of the Whale,  
dedicated to Kukailimoku, a war god,  
built with a human chain of rock.

I feel lonely and off-centered  
listening to the silence behind the hum of insects.  
Not questioning,  
just staring dumbly at the water slapping me awake,  
wondering  
what draws me to this savage place, to eel and shark.

I find my way—  
I put on my wet suit, take my spear  
and swim out.

## **AT MAHUKONA BEACH PARK**

I caught a bottom fish off the lava cliffs  
made of winding lava called Pali's hair,  
where Pali touches the sea.

The road is closed by a lava flow,  
ahaha lava dotted with pink and yellow  
marriage flowers.

*Love carved on a park bench.  
Buds in the rain.  
Jaws on grasshoppers.  
A gekko in the telephone coin return.*

Easy to see  
there is something bigger than myself.

## **EAST WIND, WEST WIND**

A beach bum plays classical guitar.  
I look up and see a girl  
dancing to the last rays of the day.  
Her eyes closed,  
her hips in sync to the strumming,  
her feet pattern the sand.  
I'm transported to a green place.

I turn my head.  
What is this? Where am I?  
Festival day at Spencer Park.  
The natives glare at the howies.  
It may be Spencer Park to us,  
but it's The King's Beach to them.  
Their eyes say *Private Property*.



## **INSTALLATION**

*for Gay*

Turning off Fulton onto 12

manuvering to the left

no, right

Fan belt whine on the freeway

skill saw whine in the supermarket

Different scripts reverberate  
in the silent inclined  
box with masking  
tape, paint, brushes, pan  
& roller tumbling  
to the floor

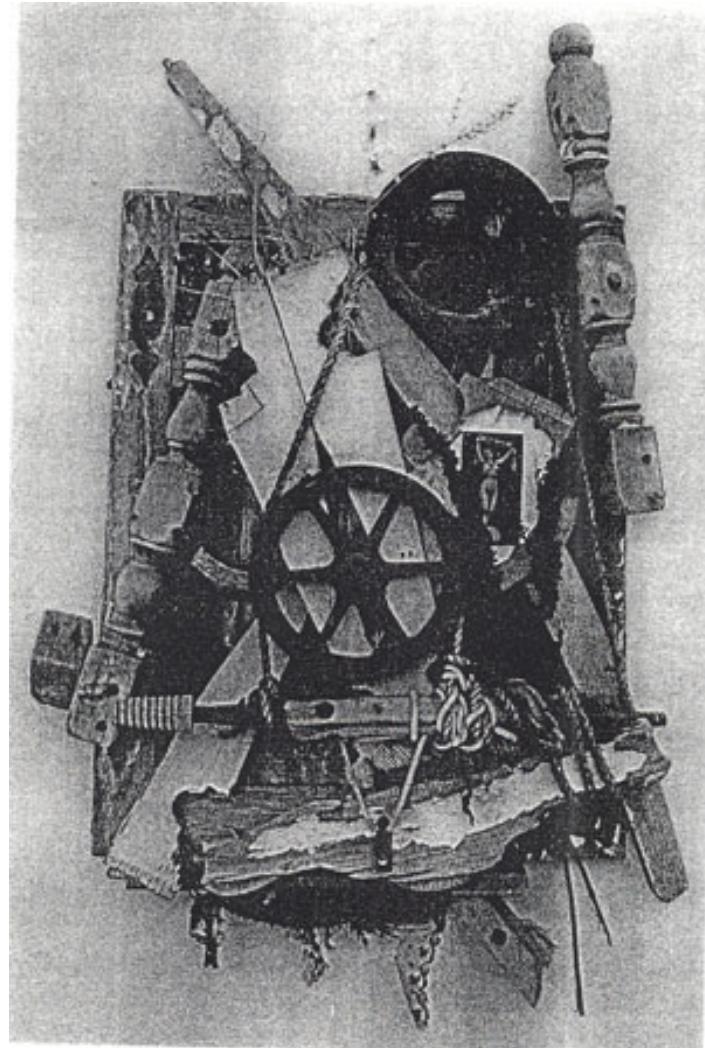
The doors to my senses  
open—I see my room

in the gallery—  
eyes, ears, nose, mouth

Black rectangles the size of doors  
painted on the interior walls  
thin strips of black

running parallel  
to the black kick board  
using stick pins, black yarn  
mixed with wire & colored cloth  
neither nest nor web

A handful of fog  
mirrors and masks  
a collection of wrapped thoughts  
& small boxed images  
revealing the true phantom  
speaks the truth



## **JUXT POSE**

*for Meg*

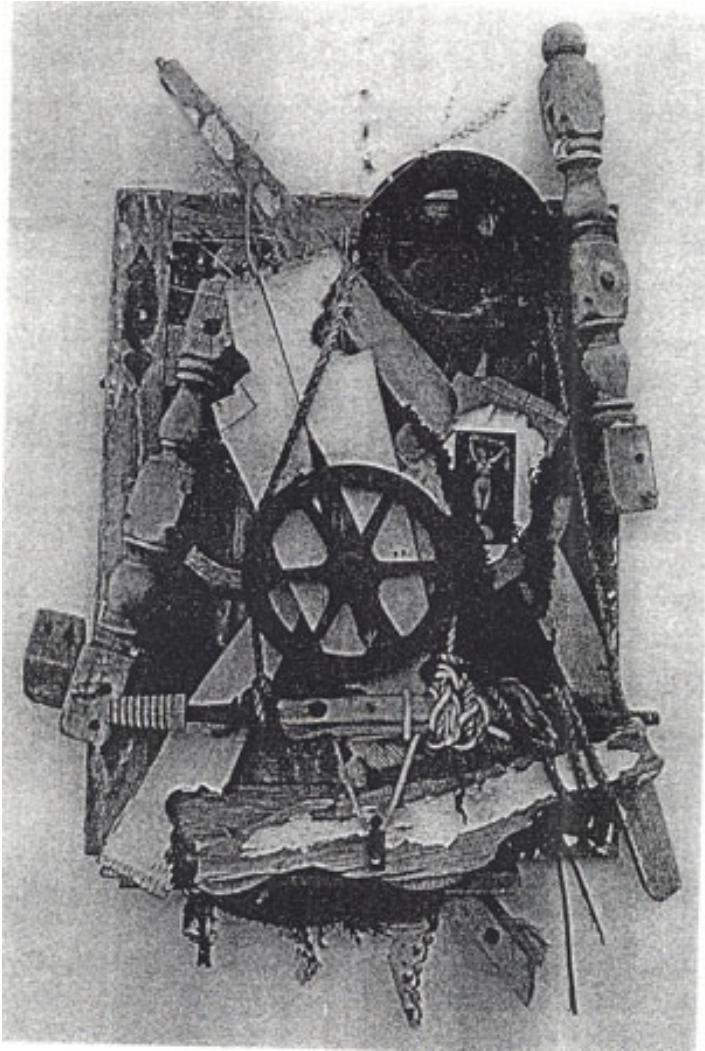
Here, rock stillness.  
Here, a falcon's freefall.  
Here, dangling tassels of wisteria.  
Here, a Tibetan mudra mystery.

## **SIT LIKE A MOUNTAIN**

I'm in the tent of self-produced mind  
late at night, candles flickering  
soaking up his mind essence, like being in Tibet a thousand years ago  
with Guru Rinpoche, tough and gentle.

He taught 3 words that hit the point  
this old lama doing it the hard way  
sitting on his ass in a cave for 20 years  
until his bone touched the stone  
listening to waves of bliss-emptiness  
crash on the shore of nirvana.

Noise floods in from the street.  
Here in the pure land of Santa Rosa—  
one taste in the supermarket aisle  
and new asanas for highway maneuvers.



## **GREEN PASTURES**

I push water  
I keep the cowpies out of the corrugation  
I spread it out  
run it up hill if I can

There's an art to irrigation  
and the cows eat the grass  
and when they are done  
they move to greener pastures  
and then  
there's the delicing, tagging, dehorning  
shots, shine and a shave

## **NIMA'S FIRST SWEAT**

New Zealand  
To the Continental Divide  
At the edge of the firepit

Vincent tells this warrior  
To sit in front, and Nima sits  
As close he can sit

The scar tissue of an old wound  
The scar tissue of his past  
Blisters in the babbled prayers

Ute and Maori know  
In the beginning something is broken

## MOTHER OF ALL SWEATS

*for smallfeather*

It's the equinox  
a lot of newbees in the lodge  
maybe too many bodies for 40 rocks  
because in the first round  
a girl behind me starts to cry  
and in the second round  
Jack, a veteran of many sweats  
passes out.

Vincent tells Jack to sit up  
and Jack sits up  
but soon his head is in my lap.  
Third round  
a boy near the door asks to be let out  
and the girl behind me, moaning now  
says her body is numb.  
She is shocked by this big Ute  
spitting water in her face.

We're in the womb.  
No one leaves prematurely.

Teetering at the edge of the pit  
a man is talking to his selves.  
The spirits are moving.

He's asking why he is here—  
"Let me out of here, I can't take it."  
Vincent has never seen such a thing  
but he lets them out.

The Tibetans have a saying  
*Until the head is cooked  
of what use is the tongue?*

## POISED

*for Webster*

Why is there a Universe!  
How did the Universe come into being!  
Shouts of joy or fear or accusation.

Bumping my head against the wall  
like La Motta in *Raging Bull*,  
"Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!"

Bertrand Russel's frustration  
when, as a child, he asked,  
"What is matter?"

And the answer, "Nevermind."  
"What is mind?"  
"It doesn't matter."

The Universe is big  
and getting bigger, expanding fast  
and ever faster—a basketball  
  
crossing twenty-four time zones  
on its way to the hoop.  
Only there is no hoop.

No end to an expanding Universe.  
I drift in infinite space  
(or no space), an illusion  
  
of myself in an obscure place,  
a floating reflection,  
nothing holding me up.

What's nothing's circumference!

*Pi* and *light*—

the defining functions.

A circumference of no-space expands  
@ speed of light towards a critical radius.  
The impalpable algebra of infinity.

This U  
a sub-atomic structure  
of a larger U.

No U, just dots on a time line,  
or like a bulb on a timer  
on/off.

Vacuum soup. Eternal Mind.  
An egg , a holy word, a string.  
Winos and zinos in stasis.

Black bodies, black holes, blue lights.  
Anti-matter, negative space, and big bangs.  
The quarks of love and strangeness

and the quirkiness of God.  
No limits: multiple Universes.  
Limits: a one night stand.

*Singularity* is the "instant"  
the Universe appears, every region  
squeezed into a single point

on an "axis" of time.  
Poised.  
 $A=\pi r^2$  - 1/Threshold + 1E=MC<sup>2</sup>

Empty: does not exist,  
has never existed,  
will never exist.

Empty: has *potential* to exist.  
Primordial mind pool.  
Heap of awareness.

What is truly empty!  
Every minim has stuff—

even without mass, there's spin.

Exists and not-exists at the same time.  
Either/or, neither/nor, both and.  
Nothing spinning—no word for this.

Given previously annihilated U,  
then there's *potential*  
for a new U to come into existence.

Things are already out of hand  
by the time the Prime Mover  
produces/invents/creates the U.

Angels cruise by in a '00 Ford *Escort*  
with automatic weapons on their laps.  
I hear them peel out

on the corner of Hall & Piezzi,  
laying down a streak of rubber  
before their *Dunlops* dig in.

A mirror in the void.  
A flight of photons  
against the force of darkness.

Can't see the bullets coming.  
A bullet from the past  
and one from the future.

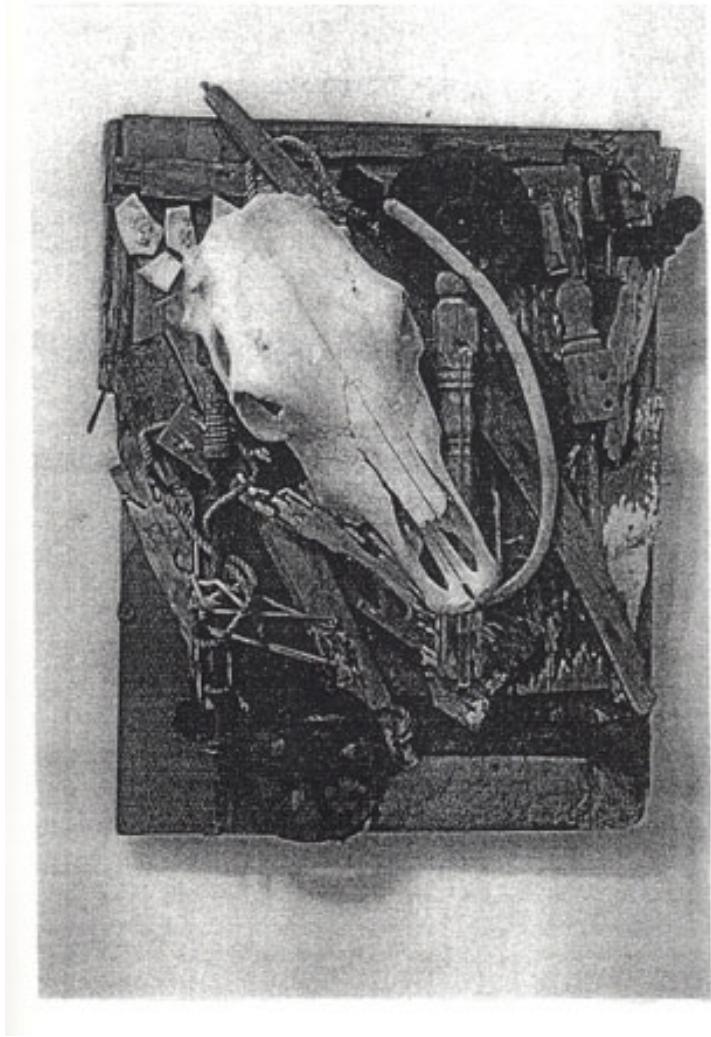
A bullet on the chart  
and one to the heart.  
Spirit tries to reach me,

but it hits an event horizon  
like a bug  
on the windshield of a car.

## NOVEMBER MIST

I'll accept the emptiness  
and give  
the sullied figments  
form.

I'll follow these ruts  
back to a field  
filled  
with blue light on snow.



### **BUILDING A FIRE FOR THE MEDICINE MAN**

I throw a few leaves in the fire pit  
add a cluster of twigs  
stuff in a napkin  
stir the ashes and  
light a match to the confusion.

A puff of smoke from the leaves  
a branch catches, crackles  
and goes out.

Horse asks, "What are you doing?"

"Making a fool of myself," I answer.

"Just wondering," he says.

### ***ALL MIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES***

Feeling queasy having eaten  
a handful of oriental party mix  
and a dozen ginger snaps.  
Just moved into this house.  
A new sound—a grasshopper  
who lets out a single chirp.  
He's adopted me.

2 a.m. I'm paranoid.  
My dope sits in the open,  
and I get a head change  
discovering the grasshopper  
in a crevice of my coffee table  
right beneath my stash.  
I can see this dude clearly  
and my paranoia vanishes  
because, now, I know  
I'm not bugged by the narcs.

I sit down  
to a thunderclap in the south  
from the firing range  
where the Army plays war games.  
Laser wars.  
Fluorescence and weird harmonics.

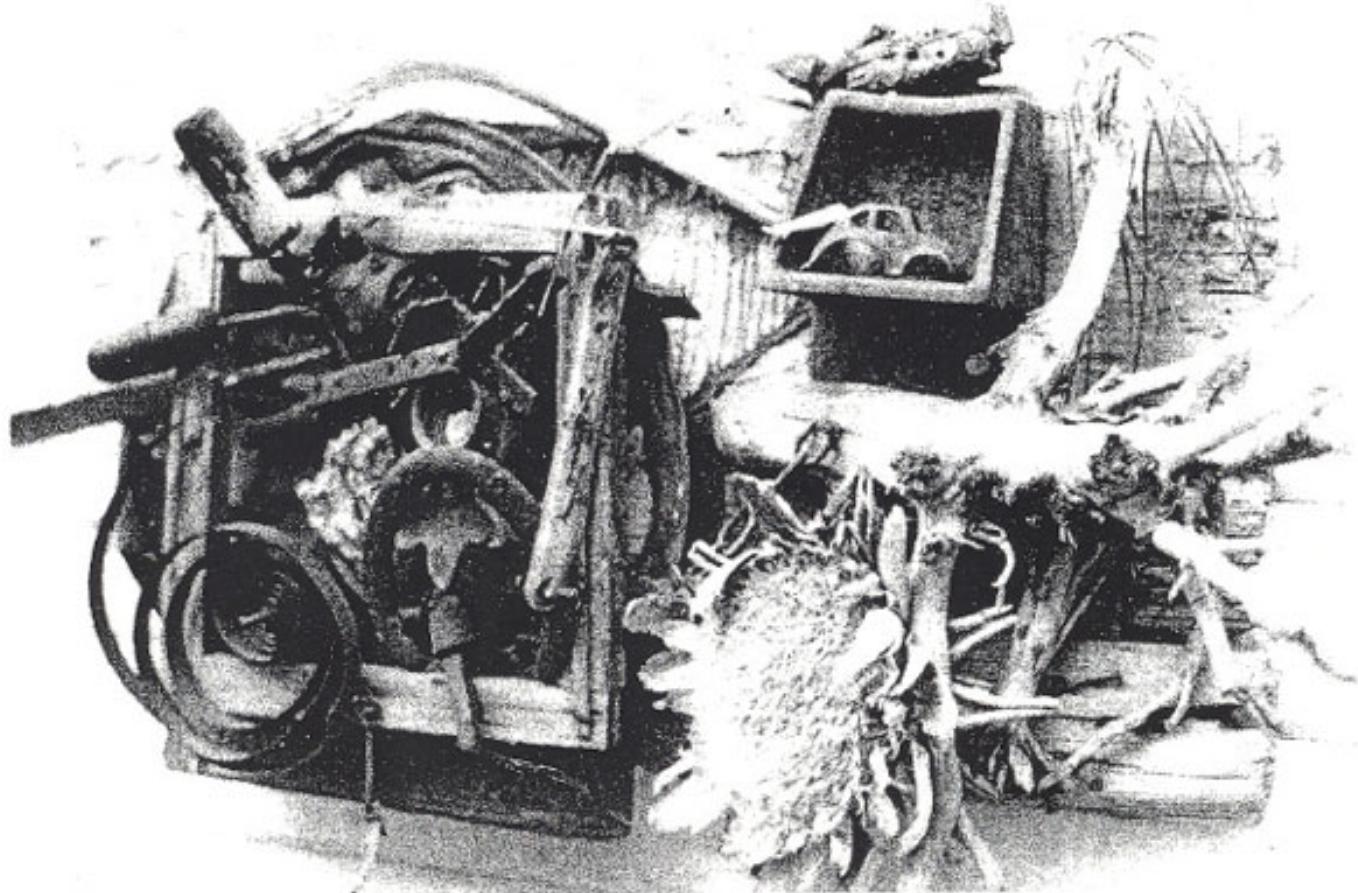
The wind picks up.  
A helicopter passes overhead.  
Sirens in town.  
Maybe they've contacted Venus.

I meditate on my psychedelic posters.  
*Andy Warhol and His Plastic Inevitable*  
*Plus the Mothers of Invention \$2.00*  
*Friday May 27 Filmore & Geary Streets*  
I'm relaxed and feeling a new groove.

The grasshopper chirps.

## **DHARMA TALK**

My studio opens on a gravel yard where prayer flags flutter.  
A jay drinks  
from one of my offering bowls.  
I try to teach this jay to chant without much success.  
He nods inquisitively  
then continues his way beyond training.



## **POSTCARD FROM THE STATE OF DISASTER**

These mountains—  
mountains  
mountains.

I read a note in a trail box  
that said there are too many rocks

in the mountains, so please  
dynamite these obstacles  
into ski slopes.

In the scree of time  
dynamite is a joke.

## **DISCOVERY**

Come to this.  
How to know?

I trusted.  
I dreamed a bit.

I'm a stranger  
even to myself.