

A Resemblance

As a word is
mostly connotation,

matter is mostly
aura?

Halo?

(The same loneliness
that separates me

from what I call
“the world.”)

*

Quiet, ragged
skirt of dust

encircling a ceramic
gourd.

*

Look-alikes.

“Are you happy now?”

*

Would I like
a vicarious happiness?

Yes!

Though I suspect
yours of being defective,

forced

Scumble

What if I were turned on by seemingly innocent words such as “scumble,” “pinky,” or “extrapolate?”

What if I maneuvered conversation in the hope that others would pronounce these words?

Perhaps the excitement would come from the way the other person touched them lightly and carelessly with his tongue.

What if “of” were such a hot button?

“Scumble of bushes.”

What if there were a hidden pleasure in calling one thing by another’s name?

Unbidden

The ghosts swarm.
They speak as one
person. Each
loves you. Each
has left something
undone.

*

Did the palo verde
blush yellow
all at once?

Today's edges
are so sharp

they might cut
anything that moved.

*

The way a lost
word

will come back
unbidden.

You're not interested
in it now,

only
in knowing
where it's been.

Hoop

1

God twirled
across the face of
what cannot be named
since it was not moving.

God was momentum then,
that impatience
with interruption,

stamping time's blanks
with its own image.

2

Now her theme will be
that she has escaped
certain destruction,

that she is
impossibly lucky.

This theme should be jaunty
but slightly discordant,

coming in, as it does,
so late.

The character
associated with this theme
should be dressed
in markedly old-fashioned clothing —

a hoop skirt perhaps —

while everyone else
is in cut-offs,

ready for the barbeque.