

Calligraphy Rainstorm City

by Michael F. Gill

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Made in Boston
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Poems written in 2013-2016, with a couple revised poems from 2010-2013.
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Andy Goldsworthy

s u l c
p t i n
g s k i
n f
c i m i r o
c i c l s,
l c a i
l t e y
t c w a
a s n b i g
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On Performing Nonsense Poetry

I make the gibberish as tangible as possible	I drop the absurd on the wet cement	I submit myself to a body's expulsionary pulse	I ground each unguided phonetic flight
---	--	---	---

Paranoia Of Possession

Written During Anne Carson's reading at AWP 2013

What I possess:

(1) the ending of
equilibrium

(2) one solid grievous
nerve palace

(3) My legs gusting down the roads
 of
 wind-soiled city

What I say:

(1) emancipate myself
 from every space and time

(2) reposition my pulse
 in the rhythmic finger
of fretless bass

(3) see if anechoic chambers tick truth

Storytelling

Sleep

*(it
drifts
off
my
body
and
lands
on
a
pen)*

Time

*(it
sweeps
away
my
body
and
lands
on
the
page)*

Newly Baptized Homeowner

Michael Gill's! New Project?

[New Address!] = [Brainerd Road?]

What is this! Scoffulous name?

Address! Brain?

Brain! + Nerd?

To hear the name for the first time! Big laugh?

Scintillating! I minimized my money?

Gnarly! But is this right?

You! Think so?

Blessings from Allston! And layers of grime?

Poetry! Comes awake again?

Simplicity is! Muscled?

This methodology of Gill! Openly skeleton?

X-rayed snapshot! Of WordMusic?

TreasureChestPhonetics! Transparent?

PyscheDadaDelic! MonkPunked?

O Erudite Goofball! Drinking electronic tonic?

No classification! This is Gill's breathing?

Always! Mr. Gillism?

Over three decades of! Density?

Shock! Enigma?

Forever! New?

Fear Of Abandonment Redux

On the midnight bus
back to Allston, April asks me,
"If someone said they loved you
as much as you profess,

and then promptly asked
for your name in marriage
after two weeks entwined,
what would you say?"

Even I, sealed inside
this indefatigable yearning,
am surprised when
my impulse is more "yes"
than "no."

Nothing Else Is Necessary

No artist beyond their action
No bitterness from a sleeping lemon
No meaning from a one-letter word
No possessions besides presence

Only the hot preparations of
 soup
 coffee
 or tea
awaiting the pure necessity
 of our attention

Listening To Exotica All Day: An Onslaught Of Nonchalance

Among carved out coconuts
and personal pineapples
there's a vibraphone hum
cool as sorbet

while on top of a hammock
hidden with bird calls
primitive drum machines
inside a human heart
are speeding up and slowing down
wavering
like theremins in the breeze

as rose petals whirl
around rum-soaked eyes
sweetened on
the slow samba of
two bare feet

Excerpt From A Dream 8/20/15

Me: We have to talk about this.

Other Person: No, we don't.

Me: We can't keep avoiding it.

Other Person: Yes we can. I have ways.

Me: Like what?

Other Person: Like THIS!

I then wake up instantly.

Squirrel Eats Pizza

(Link: <http://www.universalhub.com/2015/pizza-eating-allston-squirrel-commemorated>)

Hark! The streaked squirrel leaps
upon a perch to poach pizza!

O crimson belly of sauce
in grey mouth of articulate larceny!

O tomato fog descending through
a lonesome eye of the small intestine!

O sudden viral snapshot rising
the social mediocrity of our social media!

O alabaster swirl of cheese forever lost
in the color of this squirrel's teeth!

O the painting of waxing delight
across the insouciant landscape

of our face!

I'm Not Sure How Much Of You I Put Inside This Breakup Poem But Here It Is

We could not leave ourselves suspended high up in the fog of admiration.

Every second since I've discovered poetry has been an emergency.

We were not an emergency, although we wished we were.

There was only smoke when we held each other's hand.

Our beauty was a dying metronome.

It was the only thing on fire.

Sunset Mixed With The Perseids Meteor Shower

long succulent kaleidoscops
of lavender
and crimson
and salmon
this slow dimming that reveals
the fireworks of exploding stars
this lustrous black and white welkin
smothering the red-pink ramble
while showing off its twilight rain
of glowing particles
in front of my eyes
melancholic
with the brevity of wonder

The Pace Of Baseball

Slow
cerebral
deliberate
not a quick study.

Are there other team sports
where everyone stands around
for the majority of the game?
Where the vocabulary includes phrases
like "golden sombrero" and "caught napping?"

Please make the pitcher pitch!
Thrown him the old Uncle Charlie.
Throw him the old spitball, or the eel ball.
Throw him the perspiration pellet.

The legend of the eel ball comes from a time when the pitcher was said to
conceal a live eel below his baseball cap, and between innings he would
massage the baseball with its skin.

Hey look at that Rolls Royce that's sleeping next to the short stop.
That Rolls Royce makes an average of 21,234 dollars per game.
The driver was born on third base. He thought he hit a triple.

Anxious managers pace around like expectant fathers. The broadcasters have
not eaten dinner. They talk about slow cheese, bread and butter, and putting
some mustard on a grand salami breadbasket.

Somebody should scare these athletes into eating instead of just being hungry.
In a normal two and half hour baseball game, approximately eight minutes of
action occurs. A complete radio transcription of the longest nine inning Major
League Baseball game on record is 119 pages long and consists mainly of
statistics and small talk.

I was coming home from Florida during a long year of baseball. I was
upgraded after my flight made an emergency landing and stranded me in
Georgia. In first class I wondered why I was sleeping so well. The lady across
from me whispered inside my ear: *Do you realize you are sitting next to Jason
Varitek of the Boston Red Sox?* I went back to sleep.

In my dream Mickey Mantle is a widow in heaven.
He wore the number seven for the New York Yankees,
because that's how many mistresses he had every week.
His wife was named Merlyn and she died
by slicing her memory into pairs of seven.

And now in heaven no raspberry tarts are allowed in pairs of seven.
No ten-cent wedding rings are allowed in pairs of seven.
No sentinels guard the debauchery gates in pairs of seven.
Everyone who comes up to Mickey in pairs of seven
is rebuffed by a drunken declamatory voice saying

*You are not my brother. You do not speak
in the polyglot tongues of my concubines.
You may have your liquid courage,
but I
have a cave
full of bats.*

Remnants Of A Dream, 7/20/13

Cherry basket breeze // I'm consequence free // In drizzle of debauchery

Can anyone else hear
my compacting space
fidget against the crackling
semicolon of sexual tension,

because I'm not finding a condom anywhere in this red-tinted town.

When Feeling Sick

Correspond with your nipple's pink pulse
and start interrogating all the bushes on your body.

Release a withering fragrance
in the private of your bed and guffaw with glee.

Lay down inside each isolated instrument
from the pool of "Tomorrow Never Knows."

Let the whispers of your best friends dull the edges
of any fractal-voiced monologue.

Have the satellites of your outreach flicker out of order.
Suckle on your own sense of heat.

Let the left hand cramp inside the small lines of the smallest notepad.
Rejoice in bringing a silence to the edge of your thumb--

any respite from the mania of movement is rebirth.

0600 Hours

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s al ti ne s

here i drink
this glass of birdsong
before the breeze
fills with swordfish and saltines

In A Cafe, Remembering Your Name

I got it wrong the first time.
It was a marinated pool in a spicy arena of breath.
It was a green-colored synesthetic that knocked on my sleep.
It was a vending machine full of Irish cream.

It started flickering through me on abandoned streets, asking me to speak.
It installed on my tongue a chocolate vendor; I chanted bittersweet, dark, rich.
It would later find me in the empty overpriced laundromat,
its peanut butter phonetics sticking to the wings of my wardrobe.

It had jewels discrete as a birthstone.
It had unwavering duties.
It had the charm of an unfinished meal.

The ascent of your name across my throat—
the pause before I reach the final syllable—
the thought that I never may finish the thrill of this sound—
that's what's stirring me here, caffeinated.

As my slipped lips
of chamomile
caress me
attentively I listen
to all the hidden magnetism
in the air. I sit perfectly attached,
remembering your name.

Who Am I To Let Myself Be Sketched

Early autumn chill.
We are holding each other;
invisibility has cast its spell.

I want to know how I got here,
got a body so green and poised
that it illuminates reciprocation,
turns down distraction.

It's midnight. I exhale
driftwood fizzling
in anchor-lust.
My counterweight companion coils
around my back. We sideways sleep.

I don't know why I won't let therapy invade the room.
She paintbrushes my picture better than anyone else,
would teach me how to start after a single session.

I am consistently the slowest person
to make realizations about my own life.
The prescription for my glasses always falls short.

I wake up and listen to the repetitive knock-knock
inside my head, cast it off as music.

The knocking, knocking, knocking
in a deep voice:
please, you can't do this all by yourself.

Elusion

ITransformIntoVoicesOfWornPavementAsIAge.

If I lookthroughthemidnight,

throughthearomaofavaporousflower,

I see myself

asaSlideofnakedporcelain,

asTheTeethOfNubileBeings,

an unsuckled nerve.

I want TheFireFlypulse of Iris

SoNimbleinthesky,

ALoverToNibbleThe

existence

OutOfMyLies.

MyBedrestIsRipeWithAclusterofhalfclosedeyes.

InAnInstance,ItransformIntoADistance

WhenIpaintanelusivepicture:

a shape of truth.

WhenIopenanelusivebook:

the double rainbow.

Gender Standing Up Gender Lying Down Gender Sitting

Why scamper around between two bushes when the erection
is no longer as earnest as it was once was?

Why masturbate towards a sense of idealism

when it brings you further and further from reality?

Why does my gender yawn out loud when its being interrogated?

Is it because my biology wishes it was genderclear,

and my chemistry wishes those obsessions

that I dated for months

would stop coming around to visit?

Why do I keep feeding the shame monkeys?

The shame monkeys march on my bed

without warning and demand

melancholy sex.

I've never known myself to be so theatrical.

I've known myself to

listen to a symphony of 57 genders

drip themselves down my ears

and pirouette across my chest,

the same chest where my lover lies her head

and twists my chest hair into tiny tornadoes

so we can both fall asleep inside the calm of their eyes.

The Beauty Of An Umbrella & Gratitude Meeting On A Dissecting Table

I give thanks
and let the silence rifle its perspective through my scalp
because the moon's round like circles of lilies
and my mind's unbuttered like an umbrella

I give thanks
and let a mallet of butterflies marimba my face
let the strings of a grand piano fill with fresh raspberries
let every voracious temple of my body
pull in
the undressed phosphorescence of light

I give thanks
to the unlit match of advice
that awakens a centimeter of my sentience,
that lets me see an elephant
perched upon my shoulders

In the warmth of my bedroom
where every open drawer reveals tiny geese
I give thanks to the ghosts that beat upon my breast
with the breath of childhood

Like my voice, umbrellas are shy when there's no rain,
parasols are shy when there's no sun
I don't own the movement of my mind
and a fear has kept me from my undiscovered ferocity
but I give thanks and hey, I love you in listening
please know my ears are ripe for the picking

Unheard & Unprovoked

Ray is on stage singing, *Oh Mr. Pleasant, how are you so pleasant?* and I'm sitting down over-analyzing every silence, every delusional dialogue // I'm pondering interviews where musicians describe touring as a high that requires you to stay up all night pacing the halls // to look for a way to shut off the applause // the applause that means nothing when it's an unbroken sssssshhhhhhh sound that white-noises your thoughts to pure distraction.

Ray has just finished singing // and I'm thinking how great love goes mad to be spoken, and how I haven't "spoken" in years // how I sit on the sidelines humming *I Was The Passive Man's Preservation Society* // how I examine the depths of my non-confrontation // I watch Ray's body off-stage // He has started a spastic-nervous dance // he takes off his white ruffled shirt // he shivers and waits, shivers and waits for someone to call him out // I say to Jess, *Do you see this? Do you see this? I think I understand what I look like.* Jess doesn't hear me.

Epitomizes

It's 2004, and I'm listening to Robert Ashley's "Automatic Writing", the audio appetizer to the operas he wrote for television. I'm looking in a mirror and I'm startled by my own breath. The most hesitant sounds are anything but private.

In the piece, the composer is cooing involuntarily. He murmurs in fragile and unsure spurts, while a woman whispers back in French. The bass line of Al Green's "Let's Stay Together" leaks in from the adjoining apartment.

I felt so made to luxuriate in this space. Unslaked, I asked my girlfriend if we could vacation there and she whispered Spanish in my ear as I made sleepy gibberish tap on the walls. The ensuing recording was a monogram of accidental breathing.

Ten years later this preserved cloister of ars poetica has not faded out in meaning. Now that Robert Ashley has died, maybe the slowest fire of his ashes can fully evaporate on my face, shake off the reluctance of what has appeared before. I sit and begin to pop the surgical precision of air with the sharpest calligraphy of my breath.

Stare Like A Calf At A Colorful Door

w e c a n a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n e s s
e c a n a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r b n e s s
c a n a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r m b n e s s
a n a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r u m b n e s s
a a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
a l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
l w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
w a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
a y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
y s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
s g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
g e t b a c k t o o u r n u m b n e s s
g e t b a c k t o o u r u m b n e s s i n s h o r t
e t b a c k t o o u r m b n e s s n s h o r t
t b a c k t o o u r b n e s s s h o r t
b a c k t o o u r n e s s h o r t
a c k t o o u r e s s o r t
c k t o o u r s s r t
k t o o u r s t i m e

The Obscurity

I dreamt of a bird woman
and her dark brown spectre
that followed me for years.

I dreamt of a bird haven
on a bookmark that weighed
like the erosion of flight.

I dreamt of a third eyelid
pawing at me in four
directions to enlightenment.

I dreamt of a burnt seashell
that was holding hands with a
pearl-skirted starfish.

They started looking for places
to kiss but there were no openings
on their skin. All they had was the

sun composing a string quartet
on their bodies, a pizzicato
leaning into fortissimo, and the

thrust of heat bringing
their existence close
to the kiss of being extinguished.

I woke up and dead celebrities
were keeping track of my voice,
hoping that I would mention their name.

I woke up in the arms of a
tweezer who treated me as fire
and everything I touched was candle.

I woke up as a coca-cola logo
tied to train tracks covered in
the gravy of sweat.

I was forgotten spit polish,
a reminder of capitalism
in obscure, arcane places.

I woke up as a bird women in
a haven of dark brown wings
on a shelf weighed down by

erosion of flight. I feel like
a breeze full of eyelids that
are watching inanimate objects

try to mate. I eat until I have
eaten all my problems. I talk
until celebrities start to hear.

I pinch until I get
a grip of what's left of reality.
I defend my location:

I am the obscurity of what I dream of.

Self-Conscious Symphony #12

Aren't your desires deadened in glyphs? In the driftwood of phonetics?

At least translation is possible.

We are all roving anagrams of what we want to be.

The body should be my zenith of reality. Can I be engraved through my physicality with other people?

A hand-written letter is a harvest of stars.

Stars are not something you can hold. I intend to hold and be held.

How much do you believe in your own mythology?

I am a prosaic bale of hay...under a fist of erudition.

I step outside the echo.

I lower the speed of my heart.

The pages turn but give no indication to their waking state.

Are you the duplication of a mockingbird?

*Who are *you* impersonating today?*

Pluto.

Shedding Selves

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a
e p
l u t
e r i
I r t e v
h e s
e h
o s
c k
fr m t r
o h e o
e t f
n m
e y
c
u n c i o u s
o s c u s
n
I s e n
h h o
r t c i o
u o t o f
g m o
o m
f f
o r y
s t r e
i h o g l
h t u h s

A Repository Of Unfinished Feelings From The Last Six Years

1.

At the scratch of dawn
At the crack of chicken
wake me up
from excess

2.

Are we are breaking up?
We are breaking up.
We are thawing and defrosting.

3.

Ladyface, put on your lightning
wash me whiter than a coconut
leave me fine as frog's fur
then steal my chickens
before you ask for eggs

5.

Last night the abdominal cavity
holding Joseph Cornell's spare kidney
told everyone that
the coffee they were drinking
was caffeinated by a placebo.
Every scientist
spontaneously fell to the ground
in a flashmob of narcolepsy.

6.

Over twenty years ago, from the depths
of New York City's public-access television,
a conceptual show called "Rendezvous With The Truth" aired.
It consisted of a single static blank screen that ran for a half-hour.
"Truth" manifested while remaining elusive and void!
I became a different person after the show was over.

10.

Oleander lights touch stomach ache particles.
Silence steams stymied Steinway pianos.
The mallard sketched on the carpet
is a stranger to the butterfly stitched on my shirt.
I slip a sundream in my tea. I'm nuzzling you
with this hot air balloon of a body. We're
a spontaneous cyclone, sputtering like intermittent vertigo.
Please pick up my thinking ears and throw them off
this ledge, let dismembered sunlight creep
across the rich berries that live inside the canal.
You always asked why I listened sweet.

11.

Our voices are as fragile as an early Bee Gees record.
People find it adorable that we have all this friction in public.

12.

You used to have this cowboy hat. It floated away when a stray balloon started
wearing it. When the balloon popped, the cowboy hat fell from the sky and
landed on my head. I began to have a visceral understanding of how you live.

14.

The current title for my autobiography is:
"Oh Michael, What Are We Going To Do With You?"

The current subtitle for my autobiography is:
"Tales From An Orphaned Exclamation Mark"

If I inserted a Joan Miro painting inside the subtitle, the resulting painting
would be entitled: "Musical Tales From An Orphaned Exclamation Mark That
Was Stabbed By The 5 AM Sun While Reciting A Rocket Poem In The
Geometrical Shape Of The Sea"

The Year Everyone At The Office Got Prank Gifts For The Yankee Swap

GIFT LIST, CHOOSE ONE OR STEAL FROM SOMEONE ELSE

1. A note that says "Instead of a \$20 gift, I I have donated \$20 to a homeless shelter." (No one wanted this.)
2. Multiple copies of the CD single for "My Heart Will Go On"
3. Deodorant
4. DVD of *Into Great Silence*, 164 minute documentary about monks who have taken a vow of silence.
5. Lemonade in a urine sample bottle
6. A cup coaster with the word "Roller" on it
7. *Mein Kämpft* (everyone was offended)
8. A set of name tags with the name "HAROLD" on each one
9. Loose, unpackaged glitter
10. Clown shoes
11. Live fishing bait
12. Gallon-sized jar of pickles
13. Pink toilet paper
14. Iceberg lettuce
15. Shin guards

Friday Begins

Stationed vacuously after infatuation,
Friday begins with an English
of terrifying opacity.

What ill-bred phantom
gnaws at my translucence
with a set of air bubbles about to burst?

Today I am this obscene confection
spotty with rain, and no hooks
lift my face from irritation.

Onwards now, to the work
that has waited for this day
to carve itself inside the history
of my private life.

I will taste myself auspicious
after peeling the skin
from this orange, letting
the pulp inflict me
with its prickly promise
of acerbic wit. Anything
for these hollow teeth to know
that sated sense of dominion
once more, once more.

February 7th

Talkin' Tarantula-Hearted Soulsnatch Blues #1

I woke today
on the eve of noreaster
to realize my
recent cluster
of love
and death so sinister
had eased
off their trigger,
and now
in sincerity
I start the long severity
of unpacking
their perilous impact.

It was upon the dry bite
of this afternoon
that I kept running
through
a winter unfestooned
to foresee I'll be
marooned
in hidden grief
for miles to come.
Piles of stubborn snow
surround my sight
slow to dry, even
as the real blizzard's
just about to arrive.

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<i>e</i>		<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>t</i>	<i>s</i>
<i>w</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>m</i>
	<i>s</i>	<i>t</i>		<i>m</i>	<i>a</i>
	<i>l</i>	<i>e</i>		<i>t</i>	<i>t</i>
				<i>e</i>	<i>r</i>

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e *p*
s c r a p e r

<i>w</i>	<i>r</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>n</i>	<i>k</i>	<i>e</i>		<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>h</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>s</i>		<i>h</i>	<i>u</i>	<i>m</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>n</i>
<i>m</i>				<i>a</i>			<i>a</i>		<i>l</i>				<i>v</i>		<i>a</i>		
<i>k</i>				<i>e</i>			<i>t</i>		<i>e</i>				<i>p</i>		<i>o</i>		
					<i>r</i>				<i>r</i>						<i>r</i>		

v *o* *i* *d* *s* *m*
e *l*
l *e*
r

Moving To The Country, Gonna NEVER SLEEP IN BECAUSE OF THE ROOSTER

After Dave McKenna

O roostifying rooster full of 4 AM fermatas,
must you spare me from the opiates of sleep
and shoot me with the fractions of your interruptus?
Must your roostiferous ringtone be rung
directly from a closed cavern of night?
Your voice is letting my dreams loose,
and I'm lucid, no longer obtuse.

O most roostaphonically roosterous rooster,
most punctual decimator of solitude,
most cacophonous king of barbarous enlightenment,
may I never again sleep past the dark sky you possess!
May I always inhale the jolt of your newly-born earth
in my forever-delayed skin!

Sharp Relief

Friday morning
my torpor creaks open
with mosquitos, they fill
my skin with a series
of unquenchable intangibles.

I know you have
a hammerhead
passing throughout your body,
and the stitches
in the back of your mouth
haven't fully dissolved,
but I need you to hold me
in the seven a.m. dizzy.

I was sweating
in and out of my dream
some insurgent distance
between us,
and I need
its fallacious logic
to fritter away,
for the coals to cool
in the gray unsympathies
of morning rain.

For you
this is more motion
than affection,
but I need this deflation.
Mollification.

I must temper my torch.
I have seen my affectionate excess
pale against this urgency of emergency.
Today the angle and depth of my step
will be light and less contrived.
Today, I understand.

Ode To A Fraternal Lemon

Or, A Poem Obviously About Michael Gill

Vivid, concentrated fruit,
small cathedral of irreducible tart,
trickle acid down
from the diminutive stars
of a farmer's eye and
the barbarous branches
of a flowering tree.

Bellow with your
sun-stained planetarium
of itterness and ourness,
flaunt your essence
across an ellipsoid
of aromatic nipples
which fit inside a single palm.

You are potent.
Mistakes shrivel
inside your skin.
Opulence is a sugar packet
that aches for the counterbalance
of your breath.

What else would you
want to follow but
the scent of yourself.
Who else could you
possibly hope to find.

Two Questions

We are in a meditation hall // the two of us // unnamed and unacquainted

We are only asking each other // two questions:

- 1) *What is it that you really want?*
- 2) *And what would that really give you?*

No matter the answer, the questions repeat

Each round there needs to be a new answer //

Two more rounds // and what is there left to say?

Is it too impossibly mature to answer

"What is it that you really want?"

with

"Not to want anything so far outside of myself."

or

"To be surprised with the amount of kindness
I've given to myself lately?"

And what would that really give you?

A sense of peace that hasn't happened yet? // A sense of stillness in my self-
esteem? // The inability to shy away from purpose?

I have nothing to say, and I am saying it // to quote John Cage //
I'm leaving this room filled with someone else's unique intimacy //
with strains of music that are too fluid to become my bones.

On stormy days // I inhabit two category-five questions //
and I pause, then pause again // There's a

hollow part in a hurricane, and they call it the "I."

Max Morningheight & The Bawling Carry-On Luggage

The man who had placed his luggage
above Max's seat checked his watch.

"Sir, I do believe your luggage
is grieving its sorrow upon me."

The man checked his watch again.
"It is not sorrow," he said, "just faith."

The word echoed in Max's head
like a tiny pebble pratfalling down a canyon.

Could it be that this man had kidnapped Ole Faithful,
the geyser from Yellowstone National Park?

You can remove a geyser from land,
but you can't stop it from sprouting at its usual time.

"Did you know there are only two escalators
in the entire state of Wyoming," Max proposed,
letting the man know he was close
to the scene of his crime.

"Holy water is only holy when it is
blessed by a priest," the man said.
"I believe you know how labyrinthian
it is to find an unerring sense of faith."

Max Morningheight cleared
his glasses of precipitation,
and with a hint of erudition
he flashed his occupation as a detective.

And then he released Pockets.

The dog went straight for the jugular
as the man swiftly put his head inside the luggage
and swam away, deep below the earth.

Hypnagogia Outside The Bar

Hey,

I am not drunk, I have just over-satiated my ease.
Want to join me in wet-welling the walls of fused-up density?
In allophonically answering the call of anti-gravity?

Doesn't adulthood's purling eyes slacken
and wait for a chuckle to rattle the empty space?
Why can't calligraphy's dream be *us*, two paintguns
alongside ovations that flutter the sky with cherry-colored fireworks?

Where is the place where we drink and drop
mini-parachutes of melody on our breath?
Where is that salted tributary and summered cove,
the littered litany of birdsong on breeze, that chance
to dance so clean in barefoot tremor, on fault line crack?

Originality is more owl than catcall,
but it's filled with a magnetic repetition.
You may think I've eye-fucked
the fullness out of voyeurism,
but my mouth's blinder
than my sight. Let's go get
gutted by a purloined drug
that has our nimble name.
Our blood is ripe.

I Ran Laps Around The Internet & It Was Full Of Ambitious Squirrels

There's no pint of Guinness at the finish of the internet.

There's so much food I'll never touch
because hunger's such a beautiful place to contemplate across.

I've felt empty in a city that will never be emptied,
yet the taste is akin to the start of energy,
not a failure of self-assembly.

And if there's one thing
I've always done intentionally, it's to follow
the city, to dress like a wishing well, to keep filling
myself up with pennies.

Paintbrushes Are Being Dipped Inside Your Eyes & All Your Sight Is Being Spread Across The Sky

Lonely
people talk too
much. De pressed
people talk too little.
Mind-wandering is a
consistent cause of
unhappiness.
I am unfocused
easy

A circular
marshmallow
milk gods down
its light from above
and all the traffic
passed out on the highway
has kept their
lights on in
homage

I have
awoken
from dreams
of plucking sweet
gingerbread plums
from tall African
trees. I'm lost
in the morning

We're
all dead by
the time our light
reaches where we
wanted it to go, says
the man from the book
on astronomy that
was printed on a
dead tree

Note From A Piano To A Meticulous Musician

Now that you've memorized all my minor scales,
you never touch me with that sense of discovery.

You seek my well-tempered confidence
while your a cappella pitch waffles and wavers.

There may be a limit to this world
of untethered sound, but you haven't found it yet.

As often as you are told that all threshold
lies somewhere inside your own elocution,

you are still inclined to extract what's divine
using four score and eight hammers.

I will sing whatever your fingers will say.
I'll take your slanderous intolerance

as well as your extenuating solace.
I've repeatedly imparted indifference

to all your blind affections. You know that you
can never make me love. Make me love you more.

It is true that I love the circadian surge of song,
but I cannot validate the pulse of its existence,

cannot give you a voice that only you possess.
I can only accept, accept, accept. I never

expect. I am the match. I am not the fire.
You can hold my hand of 88 fingers,

but look at how unrequited you are.
I've seen so many infatuated thumbs,

and I've devoured them all.
I will not stop with you.

At The Hotel In Heaven

A swimming pool
where each drop of water
will quench a different obsession.

Yearly Confessions Since I Moved To Boston

1999
Living inside the refrigeration of my dreams

2000
Introduction to Isolation: The head and heart as unanchored astronauts

2001
Epigrammatic vacuousness with an excessively musical anglophilia

2002
The sheer magnitude of my unencounterable body

2003
The delirious crudeness of a hundred improvised pop songs on a cassette

2004
My libido was stuffed with juvenilia; It was detonated and no one noticed

2005
Cellophane-wrapped sensitivity and fully-entombed reclusion

2006
An autographed copy of my pretentiousness burned onto a CD-R

2007
Wounded apathy & spiritual unemployment in my untouched universe

2008
The low-cut cleavage of puns and the dirty dishes from the laughter epidemic

2009
Experimental hubris, abstract small talk, desperation dating

2010
Peephole poetry, lightning flashes, moonfall scrubbed on my relaxed mouth

2011
The interstellar psalms of a vivid jabberwocky

2012
Shouting through a mouth of peanut butter, externally self-validated

2013
A joker and a nun skydiving though my ars poetica without a parachute

2014
Living at the top of a pole vault, paused in daydream

2015
A steady meditative compass of algorithm and blues

2016
Memories of a jukebox are strained on my shoulders

2017
Unable to cancel my subscription to solitary confinement

*Where's my love? // It's /
behind a veil and lewd and /
overeager and it flickers /
without borders, and in its /
unrequited thinking I hear /
it shrinking and it doesn't /
stop it just taunts and /
repeats itself with a bravery /
that isn't there, with the /
sound of muffled bells, the /
mundane meniscus tear of /
time splitting the year so /
clean, the inability to let /
something go and have it*

*be completely serene, oh /
it's there and it's the one /
thing I want today but it's /
buried within the gravity of /
my bed, lost somewhere /
inside the sunken part of /
the mattress where I leave /
imprints so still, lost here /
behind my pursed lips, /
waiting for my smallness to /
strip itself away before it /
fully arrives, to show that /
I'm not alive, I'm not alive /
by accident.*