

She said she was washing her wings
 in the dirt, tired of sitting the light
 for the rest of us, tired of lifting
 her beautiful self above each
 melted Icarus, over rooftop ledges,
 spires stiff with inspiration
 poking the guts of the red city sky
 and that is why she peeled the feathers
 back from her shoulders, squatted
 on the sidewalk with the dog tuds
 and broken glass, gazed with longing
 at the crowds drifting past,
 raised whispers of pain into broken
 music and slowly wiped her fingertips
 across her filthy skirt; she was
 washing her wings in the dirt.

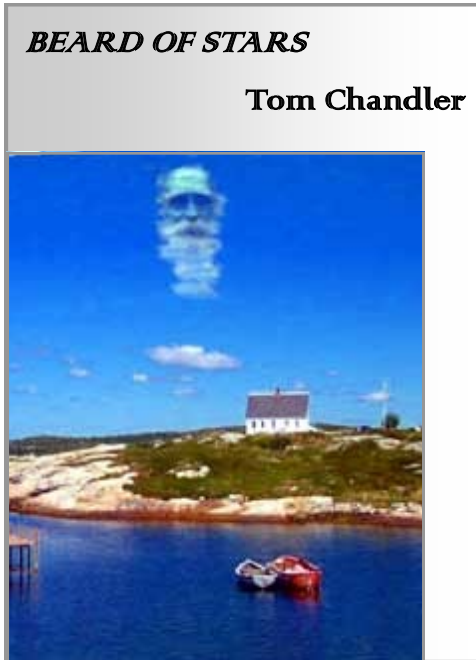
MRS. IMPOSSIBLE

He gently swatted
 the mosquito that bit her knee,
 so softly she hadn't noticed.
 Later, he searched the ground
 where she had sat, found the
 tiny crumpled body, froze it
 in an ice cube which he saved
 for cocktail hour.

PROGRESS REPORTS II.

This thousand year old oxygen
 tastes like the inside
 of god's morning mouth
 his big snoring face pressed
 against the vaulted ceiling
 I stretch both hands above my head
 to touch his beard of stars.

ALONE IN LEON CATHEDRAL AT 7AM



TREETOPS

I love to watch them
 plunge in the slightest wind,
 nodding their answer,
 so agreeable
 on clearly blue days like this,
 handed down to the world
 from somewhere
 clearly not the world
 but another place
 completely,
 where so many days
 with exactly three clouds
 sliding toward sunset
 are gathered
 that one slips away
 and becomes right now.

Summer turned to night
 and lightning bugs
 were floating at my height,
 a skyful of sparks
 that winked and disappeared
 and reappeared like stars
 across the backyard;
 I could catch one in my hand
 and watch the cracks between
 my knuckles glow, amazed
 to hold a piece of light
 I could carry through the dark,
 as if my fist was a tiny house
 where people were laughing
 in the kitchen.

LIGHTNING BUGS

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please recycle to a friend

Cover artwork by Tom Chandler

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BEARD OF STARS

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