

# A Mobile Alchemy



I seek out magnetism  
In small rocks:  
Mystery, repression  
Of a personal  
Diminutive  
Stonehenge  
Mobile.  
Pebbles washed up  
Gathered  
At the Jersey shore  
(or was it Brighton Beach?)  
Contribute.  
A child's alchemy—  
Cradle humming as a  
Rocking horse;  
And the landing  
The beachhead  
Synonymous with  
Arrival  
From where?  
My feet burn in the sand,  
Wade in tidal froth to cool.  
Look out for unformed

Jellyfish  
I vomit.  
Far away  
Talk about alchemy.  
Bulldozed  
In me  
Butterflies  
In star time's  
I stumble out of the  
Starter's gun.  
Big enough  
What we already knew.  
Move again  
We want to travel  
Without leaving home at all—  
Why the atoms  
Caught like  
Elastic web.  
Blocks  
Startled by the  
I tell you it was a  
Bang.  
We don't even use  
Yet I learn to

# Rare Book Renegade

Rare book renegade,  
Imprisoned in  
Plexiglass case,  
Dares a demolition  
Rubbing,  
A phosphorescent  
Pachyderm fossil paté  
Spread over  
Fresh flaky filo dough,  
Glow in the dark  
Like a batik rose,  
Enshrouds Ozone layer's  
Puncture wounds  
With balm of Gilead screen savers  
Startled out of sleeper mode,  
Favors a generous lay-away policy for  
Yves St. Laurent, Gucci, Versace, Ralph Lauren  
Clothes,  
Roundly boos  
Aficionados  
Of chorus line  
Goose step control,  
Hosts a *Nader's Raiders* ballet premier,  
"Pas-de-deux without airbags or condoms unsafe in any sphere,"  
At the Kennedy Center  
for the Performing Arts  
Lifetime Achievement Awards,  
Teaches  
Relaxation therapies—  
Breath of fire, heel, toe,  
Exorcise those demons  
Blow by blow,

Ferments a time travel luxury tax with a  
Karaoke version of  
Tenderly,  
Balks at the conversion of pristine flower meadows into landscaped  
Sand-traps, manicured putting greens,  
Promotes a rearview mirror fern forest gazing through crystal balls,  
Scores New World Order's solipsistic battle cry  
Claiming 'moral supremacy'  
In a fog-lifting special edition  
Of *Paris Vogue*,  
"An all-time low,"  
Next to ethnic cleansing, and transparent self-serving hype  
For one-sided nuclear non-proliferation treaties and  
Arms control,  
Bargain hunts at  
Backlot yard sales  
Flush with Hollywood pipedreams, feel-good endings.  
Future shock flies to the rescue,  
Tweaks eternal nexus,  
Seeks reclamation of ancient wisdom buried treasure  
Forsaken long ago,  
Fertilized and forgotten with repressed memory manure,  
Much amnesiac mulch,  
Much myth,  
More gore,  
Pray to be rediscovered,  
Re-harvested, re-buoyed,  
Before it's too late,  
Before the very moment vanquished conquistadors abhor—  
Advent and ascension of  
Saintly ghostly authoritative whispers echoing  
*Nevermore Nevermore Nevermore*

# A Boy's House

My father's stained undies  
Hang gliding from the  
Bannister of a  
Failed marriage

Ear pressed to an old radio  
Suckling faint muffled sounds  
Of the play by play

Lone Ranger with  
Lenny Bruce overtones  
Riddling teen brain,  
Station to station static,  
*Running Bear Digs Little White Dove,*  
Wounded Knee puppy love  
Broadcast jumble  
Combined with a weak signal,  
Eddie Fisher's *Oh My Papa*  
Pumping  
*You Gotta' Have Heart,*  
Some other tenor  
Thundering the theosophy of  
*He:*

Could He really  
Turn the tides,  
Hear a baby weep,  
Play pinochle  
At a local pub...  
    All the while  
    Simulcasting  
    *Bowling For Dollars?*

That hollering between  
Parents  
All that goddamn  
Discord

Drove me upstairs,  
Escaping into my Friday  
Cleaning  
Chores,  
Dust mop, cardboard,  
Rag in tow,

Drove me disheveled  
Down the exposed  
Backstairs,

Mischief in my  
Trousers,

To a cluttered  
Basement corner,

Squad pants issued white  
For Freshman football  
Yellowed,

Sailing in the lagoon  
Of a boy's private place

Soiled by stains of  
My own  
Choosing

# A Pirandello Moment

Last thing I do  
is claim it was all their fault  
things didn't work out—

That an evil spell left me  
incommunicado  
at the dinner party

If I am nucleus of my own atomic structure,  
If my Adam's apple original sin is verifiably mine all mine,

Am I not both operator  
of the Ferris Wheel,  
and thrilled rider in a car on the  
periphery?

A grain of sand,  
also the beach?

Tourists visit my  
scenic stretch marks

Tourists are the life  
of the resort

But I give meaning to their  
holiday

Garden possessed of  
all growing things,  
I am your witness

First thing I do—

Make sure I'm  
part of it

# Reactive Sonata

Shelf life of arm candy  
Bought and sold in the disco canteen?  
Your guess good as mine.

I'd like to share in  
Grey Goose's self-esteem,  
But can't quite muster the resolve  
To make an art of histrionics  
Or an addiction  
Of dreams.

Split by lack of comity,  
Cloud cover hangs over  
Hispaniola,  
Weeps at man-made divide  
Between neighbors of a  
Checkered Colonial past.

Swimming in history is mouth-feel  
Gone bad.

Horseradish, you are  
Bitter reminder,  
Mortar to bricks, Exodus  
To cultural ticks.

Seal pup prey  
Serves as comfort food quarry  
To polar bears  
Out on the ice.



Fresh air under the Big Tent fumigates  
Sanctimonious circus routines.

Blue Heron dons Shaman's skin. Indonesian  
Shadow puppeteers parade Prince of Peace.

Audition junkie, settling on a sensible career  
Path, forsakes the glow of footlights,  
Graduates cum laude from  
Vocational school.

Sun goes on and on,  
So does moon.

# Shed Load

I was told shed load,

That acclimates a lender  
Garrison—

Flip the one precipice

Pastel entropy.

So-called alarm system

Malfunctions,

Coated with

Lord's-prayer favorite

Two-toned partiality;

Convention leers at siren torso,

Taunting,

*Body's not the soul,*

Slaps flimsy numb moral fiber

Silly;

Frequent-flyer-miles

Crisscross

My aching

*Don't be cruel heart;*

After-hours hustler glowworm

Gallivants raucous cavalier

In colon,

Masquerades as stoned lightning bug

Cherub,

Scoffs at the idea of extant excess

Onstream capacity:

Payload ain't slackening;

Shed ain't out back

# F Sharps and Railroad Flats

*for André Breton and Salvador Dali*

Spaghetti Westerns are no more  
Fake than a postcard of Colorado  
Radiating hallucinations  
At a distance

Fibonacci waves exhale the mist  
Of a history of trouble up ahead

Alien fire  
Blows a kiss  
Through a funny  
Clarinet,  
Caressing spring shoots  
Sucked backwards  
In a river  
Of stammering ice

Halfway to a frozen sting  
A feather alights,  
Reversing the trend

Paris recedes as just a fickle memory  
In the green schematic forest,  
Oscillating deaf shadows  
On a Faustian trampoline

Hawaii's another trailer park story,  
Crestfallen clouds frolic then  
Vanish in the empty light

Eggs flying every which way

Jar the imagination's predictable  
Set piece

From its spiral DNA jetty's slow  
Ontological drift and decline—

A bridge to morning only twins can  
Climb without reasons or song or  
Lapsing into boredom or succumbing  
To the fear of being left behind

It's nothing personal that cats  
Jump mountains with their eyes

# It's No Go The Erasure

*for Cy Twombly*

I keep telling myself—  
blackboard sketch of a rose  
not a rose

Isn't it enough to drink  
day old coffee  
and be grateful someone  
was remiss  
in not removing the  
dregs of the day before?

Isn't it quite quaint  
to think you're Athena  
out of Africa,  
matching mitochondrial DNA  
and wits  
with Homer, Leakey and Zeus,  
sharing a common  
Ur-mother-of-us-all—  
claiming continuity  
and solidarity  
with the whole shebang,  
including  
mothers-in-law?

Isn't it high risk camp to jump the  
recalcitrant turnstile,  
monthly MTA card  
firmly in tow,  
no pending charges

of childhood abuse  
to refute,  
no Chinese takeout  
to go?

Look forward tonight  
to two channels,  
picture in picture,  
Mets' game or  
Pistons/Spurs

Talk is cheap,  
good conversation  
priceless,  
spontaneity and  
insouciance  
beyond compare

Give me games of chance  
or sports live  
blow by blow

)contest within the contest  
pitched between the  
fleeting  
eternal and the  
perpetual  
ephemeral(

Blackboard,  
flowering in text,  
cops nature's intention

Still a scrawl  
of a chalk circle rose,

Sorry,  
not a rose