

You Want It Darker / Nov 13, 2016

—on a park bench—downtown Pensacola—a guy with white hair and beard—strums a guitar—
baseball cap—they used to—hang people in this park—a tiny ant—visits a brown leaf—on the
sidewalk—another guy—sticks out his tongue—comes closer—sticks his tongue out again—some men
never disclose—their true ailments—are you dissing me, I ask—*I don't know that word*—a New York
City word—*I'm from Belfast, Ireland—born 1958*—skinny legs, knee length pants—how'd you get—
that black eye?—*Deborah did it—in the bar—last night— kaboom—I got woman problems*—he
smiles—two yellow teeth—alcohol problems?—*and weed and everything—what's your name,*
darling?—Barbara—*I'm Pete*—he reaches—for my hand—a Muslim college student—refuses to shake
the hand—of her bully-supporting roommate—the night after—the silent majority—she says—
speckled the streets—sporting red caps—like military uniforms—Pete's a poet—off to a reading—the
knicks are far from—high playoff peaks—after election day we're far off, too—losing Leonard Cohen—
you want it darker—he sings—you get it darker—democracy's *not* coming—to the USA—anytime
soon—when I pass—the guitarist—a gulf wind clanks—the flag's cord—against the pole—and his hat
reads—"I'm happy"—

One Bridge Down / Sept 12, 2017

—down the corridor—standing—in the doorframe—in a white coat—my ex—talking to a woman—a
new sequel—to wonder wife—behind the barrier wall—unnoticed—we make a tunnel—press the
button—on the elevator—slip away—cut off—the winds kicks up—powerful tidal surges—one bridge
down—everything south lost—finally released—from a Syrian prison—the activist brushes—her ten-
year-old daughter's—long black hair—now strands of white—adrift—we reconnect—with our feet—
on the floor—of the downtown train—unsteady—an aged Chinese man—looks for a seat—look
down—hide behind a cell phone—you'll never be famous—on instagram—and that's ok—emerge into
daylight—some days—forgetting—may be the only solution—

A Lot of Things / Nov 1, 2017

—a red and white striped shirt—goes round and round—slipping back—then reappearing—first on a model—then my daughter—then passed to me—my favorite—to brighten—one's own path—Buddha said—one must light—the path of others—in the filthy waters—after Hurricane Harvey—a young man—repairs a house—an accidental wound—enter a flesh eating bacteria—just like that—nothing brings down—a leek—like a few grains—of sand—or to wash—and wash and wash—sometimes—I look into—the crowded drawer—of shirts—and think—oh, let it rest—after the storm—the gorgeous wild—Puerto Rican parrot—white-ringed eyes—a red stripe above its beak—once millions—now less than 100—David Salle puts—a lot of things—into his paintings—watermelon—a kleenex box—we put a lot of things—into our apartments—but the *how*—he says—is most important—in this case—the graffiti artist uncaps—her black marker—and signs—the work of art—accidentally—near the bottom seam—with a black ink spot—and a tiny hole—

Leaf in Hand / Nov 11, 2017

—a linden tree—fills my window—with constant movement—leaves falling—branches reaching upward—a grasshopper—found—in the thick paint—of Van Gogh's—Olive Trees—on the path—of Buddhist—compassion—Rohingya village and trees—decimated—overnight—puffball mushrooms—mysteriously pop up—underground the roots branch—far and wide—like social networking—intersecting—with white supremacist—and bully fans—take a walk—up 7th Ave—to a street vender—purchase a basket—made in Ghana—upwards—a towering sycamore—underground—a network of old pipes—extending—across the USA—a \$300 billion dollar—war to decide—who gets the contract—iron or plastic—up the hill—and down the avenue—limping—with a broken toe—past brownstones—old trees—bikes whizzing past—a leaf in hand—a black ash—I think—

Coyotes / Nov 25, 2017

—to give thanks—artists, film makers, writers—some of the same—every year—no investment capital—sloshing around here—perched on a stool—Bea talks—about Al Franken—our comedian politico senator—the sacrificial lamb—the real bully—in the white house—cackling—as we chant along—with Katie Lee—*Homo sapiens!*—*greedy pathetic fools*—*I'd rather be a coyote*—we quit drinking—Bea says—then we quit quitting—what about Charlie Rose—and the women—who didn't look elsewhere—a form of prostitution—for a media job—the producers—infected—with variants of wannacry—for a minute or two—everyone in the room—is yelling—he's a patriarchal pig—women are lucky—they can complain—when harassed—men don't speak up— *to clear our passageways and to let the creator hear our prayers*—navajos run east—toward the first light—hollering—we head east—in the dark—on the F train—as it wheezes—toward Brooklyn—

Chocolate / Feb 20, 2018

—the dog whines—thumps her tail—pajamas—bare feet— tiptoe down stairs—in the frig—nothing sweet—no left over pudding —scurry up—on the counter—quietly—into the cupboard—a box of cooking chocolate—police officers—lie in wait—nabbing—the child—who sneaks—under the turnstile—unwrap a square—take a bite—uck!—put it back—into the wrapper—into the box—who took a bite?—who did it?—not me—not me—why so skinny—second helpings—for the well fed—a lesson well learned—early on—when they blow a whistle—we scurry to our feet—slam into each other—enough—is enough—why lavish a bully—with the acclaim—so clearly—he demands—the forgotten white majority—where are we going—our young lithe bodies—deep inside—these flesh bags—heart throbbing—climb down—to get away—years later—here alone—in the dark—me, me, me—throbbing—oh so loudly—