

Toward The Future Thunder

—*for Gerrit Lansing*

Walking with wings on our feet
Guarded by the golden chariot
Of the lost sleeping lion
Roiling like ocean clouds
Toward the future thunder of
Your harbor home.

You walk with the gait of a gardener
Open and true.
Your breathing is freer
Your heart keeps time unconfined
Free to roam through unchecked clocks
And stopped watches dusted with stillness

Well Wishers

The coin falls
eternally, no splash
can match the scream
a quarter makes
when it is tossed
by a wanting hand.
The black stillness
Is a quiet dark mirror
Reflecting the silent
Wishes
Long forgotten
A girl with a garland
In her hair, kneels
Fawn-like beside
The stone wall
Picking flowers
For her crown
She came to me
In an envelope
At the Edgar Cayce
Center in VA Beach
In a clairvoyancy class
I stumbled across
Her in my mind
As a Puritan resting
Beside a butter churner
To coin a Hollywood
Phrase,
With a small dog licking
Your face,
I wish you
All the time.

Wishing Well

Lighthouse eyes shine
New York City
neon winter blue.
A monk among us
with strange invocations
who robed us in words
Sitting on the Senator's
Louisburgh Square doorstep
On Mt. Whoredom
Sharing stolen chocolate covered
secrets from styarbucks
The downward tree grows
earthly in yr heavenly hands
Regarding the city from the grand
of the bricked Sears Tower
The Charles River ribboned
Under the Smoot and Longfellow
Swimming back from
Kettle Island I caught
a tiny glimpse of you
waving from the Magnolia Beach
on the Fourth of July
as holiday boaters
aim recklessly for
my unseen, bobbing head
floating on the sea
You carry the secret
of the fisherman and
his catch, the sinking boat
and the sea, the land
and its pinings, in the palm
of your soul.