

Three Poems

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The Shape of Things

I veer toward lucid incomprehensibility and squint. I know nothing and
linger by chance in the pause. The nervous system assesses risk, to fly

or freeze, or measure the length of breath. Earth's axis, I'm told, is off,
the poles unfixd, opinions digging a deep divide among the metrically

challenged. I'm not taking sides – if you catch my polar rift. A poem tilts
toward verisimilitude unlike a chronic headache or chrome bumper replaced

by a polypropylene one for the way it gives. A poem promises to do no harm
and breaks a vowel of silence. Which is why I hear what isn't said and told

between lines. What's left may not be right. I sit to see you and you see me.
Imagine shadows and hair highlights lit. Imagine no terror of touch and learning

the names of trees: oak, elm, spruce, willow, eucalyptus, pawpaw, baobab.
Determining the shortest distance between points is pointless. Any spot

attracts meaning. I'd rather count sheep and walk the field between.

Somewhere In the Middle

As it was before resembles the velvet head rest yet the rest of the head angles down, the chin inching to the chest. Before the bear broke into the shed, the china was stored in the cabinet with the broken hinge. Before the official arrested my neighbor for not registering his car, the rust on the shed was scraped and swept into a pile scattered by wind. Before the store closed, customers roamed isles for poorly made goods. Before you agreed that downtown was disagreeable you lamented the ease of parking. I registered this a complaint but you preferred a free-for-all. Everything has a cost, I say, but you crossed your arms and threatened to leave by the back door as you've done before. What it was like before is unliking the way before us. Where're you going with this, you asked. I explained I'm going nowhere because I'm not returning to the way it wasn't. I stand up for myself while seated. I remember forgetting the flames and placing the resonant bowls and carved oak on the porch in the rain. The pain of dying is not worth looking backward. I wish the saying recalled my name, be it stone or wood, blood or sea. Once we were content with absences but now I dance gladly shoeless in the middle of this phrase.

How Much Is the Worth

Resisting the path is a path. Insisting the path is a path. Palpating a knot in the belly is a path. I will not say what guides you in deference to what

guides you despite misgivings. Burned before, I would rather you extinguish fires. I know what you're thinking is thought. Pushing away thought is a

thought. If you want to expel, I'll get out of the way. Getting out of the way like getting in the way is a way. Meet choice head on or belly first. My tongue

twists less than your misdirections but that's me being derelict with inflections. No harm intended. Saying what can't be said is hearsay. Refusing to say is an

admonition of guilt. You can't have it both ways unless both ways take hold and then you may as well stay for the night. Listen to the inner voice and

witness the childlike gaze follow you around the room. There's light, of course, but open eyes in dreams strain logic and requires preparation like meditating

on the ah, the oh, and the awe. Every word would like a word with you. Gather adverbs selectively. Consider replacements, blanks, and hold off for a vagal pause.

