Dying a Motorcyclist

You had already died

when we met,

already dense like granite,

a statue shadowed by the froth of leaves.

Unable to reach beyond youth

-I guessed it-

an epic carving

profiled in the bronze cladding

of a palatial staircase, though

still you lived in the wildest places,

chiseled down

to few words and

a hot, reverberating sadness

that was your dignity.

You wore campfire clothes

color of thatch and mud

crannied with pockets.

In your *mordoré* eyes,

gilded raptors,

a feathering of fronds

induced by warm seas,

that last rush of enticement.

After that your tires traced a Z

in the mud, and off the caldera’s cliff

into the waterfall you went.

Eclipse

Summer stars revolve clock-wise

In empires of certainty

For eyes that are full of breeze

Tranquillized in foiled darkness.

Clear, the universal cave.

Intuitive, the cricket radars.

Seraphic the breathing,

Seductive the pathos

Of distance crossed over by proximity

On night’s tablet

Of all calculations.

Enlightened promise

Of coinciding minions

Drumming the tattoo of oneness.

The sky exuberates with shortcuts.

The moon butters up the sea.

A complacency all the way

To infinity’s fault-line.

At the eleventh hour, a quiet

Rebellion heaves at the core

Of peace.

The moon becomes

Half a rogue.

Night loses its bearings –

Four hundred Incandescent

Wings tumble -

Collapses onto itself,

Sulfuric with recantation.

Night forages through perdition

Siding with

Unabridged truth.

In the Silence After the Bird’s Call

Island mountain on an intemperate sea,

in a tapestry of fog

hollowed by silence: an armored safe

locking in enchantment.

Mystery guards the code,

prudence hides the beast,

mist fills my eyes.

How not to recognize

disguise in such torpor?

Inland from ocean’s recitations,

just after the Barbet’s overture

to my hopes beside a pond

as quiet as a dormitory,

I wonder: ‘is it so?’

Waffling through intuition,

my instant hangs on,

suspects a rainbow of skins.

Rafts of vapor lift me

to hyphened parapets of insight.

Nature draws clouds on itself,

paints in a youth

of mischief and coyness.

A careening in the branches,

a long tail act,

a mottled gymnast.

‘You’re still here’, sighs relief.

Laurent

Of that cool blaze between trident and chariot

beyond the frayed edges of purpose

and the inflexible timing of beauty

red boy with shoal green eyes

is forever maker and master.

Sun freckled, salamander slim,

woodsy beneath the *Mape* trees,

streamlined with island solitude

begotten by a Polish girl in need of time

a Frenchman failed to give her,

lost to them, elsewhere

in the mind of a dreamer

unburdened by age.

Converted to ecclesiastical ferns,

baptized in leaf fountains,

with a child’s limbs taking to

the black armored peaks,

fastening orchids to combed falls,

amphibian at sunset

when fish hop like hares,

at night sizing stellar carats

strung between sand-bottomed trees,

spellbound by the fey likeness of himself.