**Selling the House**

the house is hushed.
so many boxes,
black sharpie-labeled,
shoved,
stacked,
crooked;
the soccer trophy that didn't fit, wears a beard of the snow of our afternoon dreams...
the closets are emptied of clothing
and that radio your son stole three years ago
with the wires that hung down through the aluminum shelves like
the spray-painted, dehydrated tentacles of a jelly-fish....
they sting your mind as the filaments till your wrist......
the hanger bars at eye level hold you out..
the smell of
naked angles; the phantom wood-paneling.....
you never looked in the attic,
and your husband would have stored the christmas tree there,
in the dark,
if he was alive...

**The Wanderer**

I'm brushing my teeth.
I spit the froth in the sink and hate the taste,
I love this neutrality.
imminent reflections crawl into your chest to gestate in the night.

The wanderer takes the stairs,
so old,
man, lady?
dead or alive?
reason.
doubt.
reason part 2.

Fear and wonder at the whisps that are waiting,
fills all vision and never was….
all along,
missing your family,
missing your unremarkable job,
hatred of success.

The wanderer is a woman,
to me,
and she's hideous,
a burn victim...

America

Here in the highway galaxy
we fall in love with embers in leather jackets….

We found her naked in the pool,
blonde locks slithering out,
rolling softly in their tears,
jade………………………………
the pipeline of her back….

ray-bans crushed and lapping the crusted helmet of the drain….
Dying

The dying feel a breeze over their cheeks…
blessed-footboard! stay with me!
la terre mère!
direction, and, spring flowers..
The way children forget their arms and fingers in the snake hole..
tubes.
backlit swans.
away, sway the uteran poppies…
where flowing hair and wet eyes have never been,
through spring's orchards…myopic and flickering on the proud sawhorse..
and the pages;
stories of apples lay atop the gospels…
professionalism……

Grown Up

I was alone but in warm care.
Now I'm loving,
I avoid love poems…..
To kiss her neck is to lick a wound...
but really,
I don't drink anymore.
I was never a drinker,
but I came close…
rock n' roll mostly…