

TRAVERTINE

Yesterday, when we were on the hot rock
watching the clouds burn off
a movie theater-crowded compassion

remembering to be completely where I am
took away the mother-of-pearl

Believe it
was a pale command

The paragraph came out with its hands up

The money
came from a fear
I whispered
in the same fear

Suffering has been shown
to grow
the resolve to victory
and to enlarge the breadth
of the love people feel
for the ones around them

(A compressed mass
undergoes a change of state?)

What, do you want me to come over there
and make art of you?
All ice-cream scooped

There along the travertine
I checked my shoes for chewing-gum
and softly stroked the power locks

I turned down the music
and answered the phone

Davis, Jordan

A BROTHER ON THE BALTIC

How has this warm
tilting like a planet
commanded
your peeking into
a subplot,
are you saving
strength for a variance

the motor of a mayfly

settled into noticing
the clutter and lilies
by a sedative

Valentine, listen
to the song I'm singing you

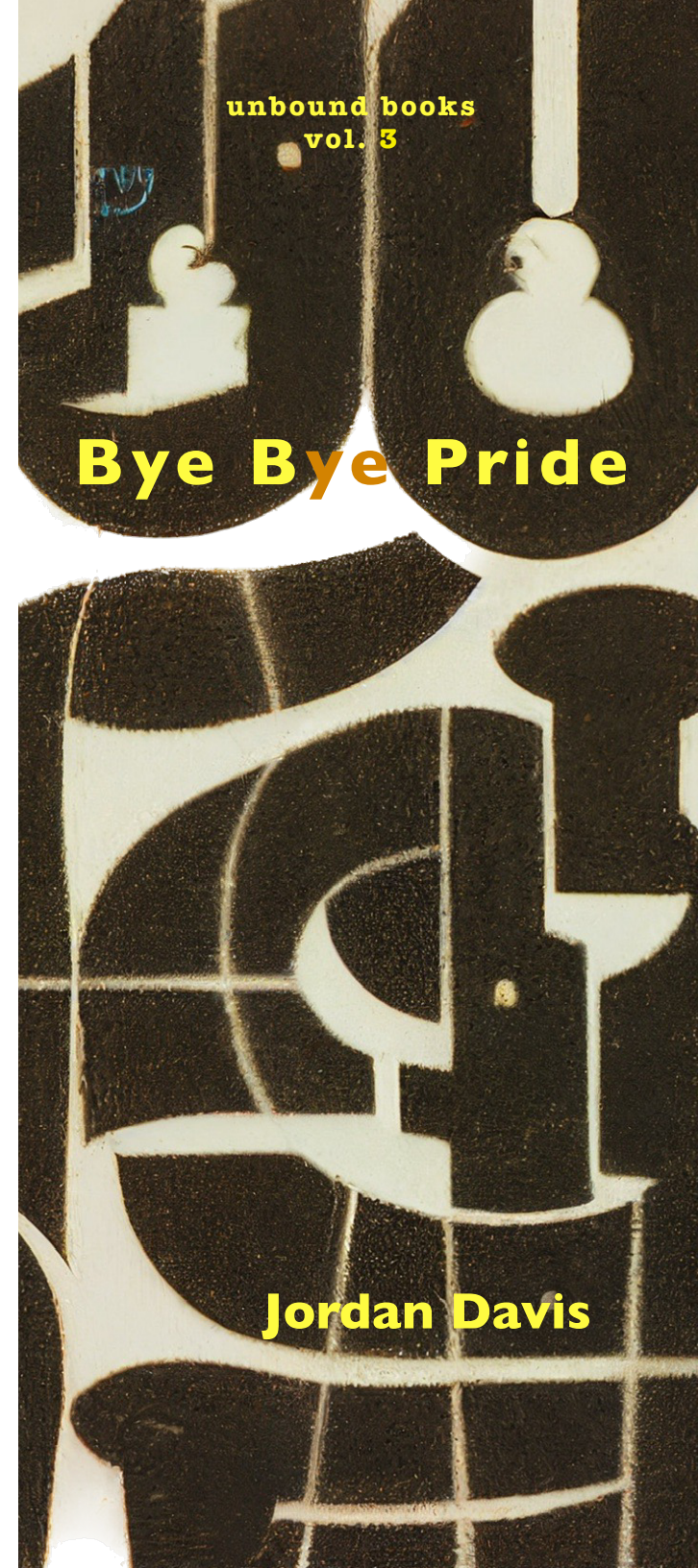
These funny sounds are questions

Cancel your nap plans,
we're going through clothes
left on top of the garbage

birth control meaning
the consolidation of wealth

I mean I hear you
as the pressure that compiles an alternate me

the sorrow in all that relates



*POEM FOR KAWABATA'S BIRTHDAY (AND
BEN JONSON'S)*

Bracing to be lovely
then letting go my gut
Another chance to be near
Arnold Weinstein's personality
and to meet the widow
of the King of the Cats
who has applied to be
a voice in the wilderness
Kawabata, I don't want to say,
never said happiness
was a scotch and water
on the terrace of the Tokyo Hilton
What he did say
in his Nobel lecture
which I keep in a drawer
in my cubicle
is quite a bit about
new green tea

and beauty being the light
falling on the bottles
and passing through
to the bar of the Tokyo Hilton
How little television
we need to watch
when the Scrabble's not out of order
How noisome the cramp in my sinew
my hands folded over your head
as a fender for the headboard
What heavy joy
to feel rising in me
all the noise I've been dying to make
now that I know I'll be heard

PERMANENT MISSION

An idea
in the interior
O pig leather mail order
volunteerism
of the satchel-based paragons
who dream up this polity

is that we each pursue
as in run after never catching
a fitted suit
made of symptoms

and once a year
if we make all our targets
a jump of sugar
we're careful not to gag on --

is it centered on your spine
or does this prison weight
pull you slightly to the left
or the right --

satchel
suit
sugar
and a heavy weight

of such things movies are made --

movies that play continuously
on demand.

See? the movies have it
just as bad as you --

BYE BYE PRIDE

Spring comes to take over the world,
a Cuba we can't believe away;

its idiot program is pleasure all over.

The first to admit defeat

is covered under an adult language.
One cake after another.

Oh to have experience
and still be excited
to discover how small the windows
look from the highway --

it would be impossible
to account for the sunlight
coming from the room.

If it's being hurt you want
you've found the right garage.

Is that the center of all melody
or is your guitar just happy?

I'm surrounded too
singing "Let me be the one"
to the alternating ions.

I don't know about you but
it's frizzling me.