

On the sofa the kiss you plant on me is Tulsa
precisely
an Olds with fins drawing forward in the spare-
grass Tulsa glare
a shellacked Instamatic of hot grill shot from the
hip the hip
a very happy occlusion
one freshly sprinkled shout of impatiens

The preppy hombre
ferred the sunlight on his shoulder
but didn't speak to it
trotting through the wrestling
signatures of such and such
I have been his age
legible in the roschach
insensible to the provenance
of flourish or giant
absence of giant Nighthingale
with a tweed lid in a cedar
closet The dollar vans are singing
of home on the Fulton Mall
The world has been resurrected
through its furnishings Bring me
back to see my kids and be confused
with the alphabet and the weight
of smoke Before the silver
peel away from the glass
bodies come to the windows dark
rain turn the lime flowers
to slime on your toe Reread
the dogwoods leaning over the fence
with some foolishness and the sycamores
in the throes of their holiday

the air comes back all flattery
and we fall for it
calling it grace
like the elderly the lindens
prayerful in the mention of sunshine
sloshing around in the film of reverie
on the big glass
beckoning for grace to rise
in us birdsong with its airift and frittering away
floating in this clear humor it must be a sign
is opalescence on
herringbone wavelets that shifts
under froth bandages
the smaller glee of a harbor in green light
when sails licked with phosphorus are heading home
let us be voice mail
in a cloudman's fancy
the instructions for dinner calling up the kind
hands of the waves
loosening his greaves
of eczema with kukui and ambergris
let us go sliding
out of the dream
the audio lashed to a small raft
nighfall filling the ears of the times