

Are We Made

of subatomic particles? The theory
Goes - yes! I'll tell you a secret.
It isn't important to understand
What each piece of us is.

We understand what we can.
What we are ready to accept
Comes to us like a child
We've known but never held.

In the nearness of that body
That belief, we move upwards
An interior ladder towards
A tiny square of light.

Everything we've ever done
Rests on that small plateau
Bathed in light, full of
Life's distillate particles

& there is no need
For forgiveness
As the particles
Form around us.

Love Song Time Machine

& a sky
The color of memory
Washed out by frequent viewing
With veins of cobalt
Lacing through past Winters' blessings
Of summer's wrists against pale sands
Essence of baby oil smearing skin
Through long blank stretches
Filling the drum of your ears
With the buzz and hum
Of unknown insects
The narcotic of gauzy cotton
So soft the skin subsides
Into a subtle wave of pleasure
Soaking you into an owl's
Haunted who

Folding Clothes

Makes me think
I shouldn't wear
So many clothes



Jeffrey Joe Nelson

FOMO

For Luna Eve Nelson

(who constantly teaches me new things)

So many foes, too many.

Aren't we in a sort of paradise?

Perhaps a paradise toilet

Of our own making.

I'd like to think of paradise

As a place where missing out

Doesn't matter.

Being missed, however

Is something else all together.

Or the other shoe missing

That makes everything

Harder, especially

Walking.

Something about gardening past sundown.
Arcane passwords to get one through solid rock.
Why doesn't the chocolate syrup freeze?
Very few things freeze during these mild winters.

Temperatures flow through the head.

Can I cut a thing that is hard & crunch it

With a very big knife?

Is this man playing guitar or flute?

His singing so soft as if the finest sandpaper.

A plumb line anchored to a piece of you

Stretches through my head to the other side

Of understanding. One day, you say, we'll travel

From place to place, never worrying about jobs

Or paychecks or bills. I think of the Big Rock Candy

Mountain, the cops with wooden legs, the trees

With cigarettes I am not so interested in.

Getting back to that plumb line

When it vibrates it parts my hair down the middle

Like two wings about to take off

Into the wild blue yonder. Hawaii, is where

I'd like to hang out with you, find a waterfall

Watch the surfers, maybe try to get up on a board

Myself, long and wide, arms strung from stern to prow.

Irony is your father in the hospital, unable to rouse

himself

From the coma of old age, that age we'll all get to

If we're lucky or just plain unsure of when

The darker rooms open up to the latest machinery.

For instance a thermometer for our thoughts

A kind of mood ring one wears like a crown.

The Guy with the Fucked-Up Eye

His potency increased

When he shares your eyes

As he speaks opening his mouth

A sore like an opening of his mind

More present than myself

& the thousand creatures

Inside me, the thousand roads

Inside me, the roads of a thousand

Wonders curving into this body that is your

body

As well, the pain & fire he spews

Is the pain & fire inhabiting parts

Of me, fir tree, pine cone, barn swallow

Golden Rod, Hyacinth, Dogwood

Flowering pink & white, face of brick

Threnody of wind, rain then fog, cycle

Of the moon, each day I rise

& am given a new slate

& through the twitching of his

Blazing eye I see my two children

Awakening to times unwell

Struggling to meet the gaze

Of his fiery eye & move on

The key he claims

The key... & as he raves

I turn to walk away

& hear a bird I

Can not see

Did You Have A Question?