

Noma

Uprooted, ever yet, you and me
And these plans I made
For me and you.
Mountaintop, I will pack my boots, and you in your bright red hat,
And race me down! Our wooden skis rattling like chestnut skeletons.
One day,
All else will fade, and we- you, me- will be bare as bones,
And from your hands, covered in earth, and dirt, and hurt,
Grows a home,
An always-moving sliver of sleep,
A crescent moon hung high on the back porch from which we hang upside-down like monkeys,
And I twist to look at you, because in a world of topsy-turvy,
Like the house turned on its head, you are upright and beautiful as ever!
And gravity is a chain that pulls at my hair, and blood collects in my eye sockets.
When we are ready,
We will retreat downward
Into the grasp of the desert's sweaty claw.
Dear, I'd trade it all, the film of memory
Wound tight as yo-yo unreleased,
Trade our wings, our wagons, erase any migratory trace of the Old Life,
And into sand we could sink, and our bones would become sand too,
You, and me, and perhaps this is fate,
Me, and you, deeper now, and I would grab your hand,
And your effervescent, butterflying, unceasing smile,
Stretched East to West,
Still luminous on a face undead.

August II

These long hot days
That look just like the others
Trapped in the basement
While the heat outside smothers
The last bits of life
That grow in the garden
Their roots to dry up
Their soil to harden
The sweat on my neck
Forms a film of sweet oil
Oh, press with a napkin
The places that boil!
Then float on through evening
Thrash in a soft bed
Love is a leaving
Home is a moss bed

How vibrant the moon
In the raw blue of midnight?
Yesteryear's musings
Awash now in clear sight
Meadow awoken
I'll sit still til sunrise
The hush of your breathing
The glint in your dark eyes
Now stretch and run off
Slip back through the crevice
Wait for your mother

To call you to breakfast
And I'll run on home
When I'm heat-struck and restless
But I linger for now
And alone in the brown grass
I think of what will be
The things that I will do
Like changing the curtain
That's spotted with mildew.