

this is a poetry chapbook  
by  
a poet

Intended to be printed out, stapled or paperclipped in the top left corner, and eventually meant to become stained with coffee mug rings.

**It's *always* muses**

It's *always* muses getting called  
invoked by heartache or passion's flame  
by poet's needing inspiration blown  
down the spine to the fingers' deed.

But who are those poems *for*?

If just for me, I do not care to write them,  
so this direction herein I shall no more pursue.  
They are for *someone*, though. A  
reader who would some moment find  
to sit before a sequence built for  
some amount of uplifted contemplation.

Then who are they *from*?

I felt a shudder when I wrote that,  
and now that shudder is heftily writ.

It's always *muses*, damn it!

But what if, I take an unpopular position,  
and say: this is from *me* for *you*.

I have drawn from my life's mental coffer  
and holographic representation of every  
silly *wonderous* magnificent *horrendous* glorious *unspectacular*  
thing or feeling, and if you thought as  
I explained or wrote or said ... if you thought you  
heard me *breathe* or shift my position and creak  
even just an imaginary bit:

for that moment I had a legacy  
in your shared imagination. And because  
you came along my journey with me  
to *this* point,  
it was time well spent *together*.



**Let me see in**

Let me see in, Poet,  
Please let me see in.

Why do you call upon *me*?

Let me know you, Poet,  
Please let me know *you*.

Why do you *need* this?

I may find myself, Poet,  
I may find myself.

What have you *not* found?

I don't know it yet, Poet,  
I don't know it yet,  
so let me see in.





### **It's not the Lighthouse**

It's not the lighthouse I was expecting;  
having put the lamp to light and  
hoping for ravens.

It's the darkness I feared;  
having spilled on my back and into my vision  
and down through my nostrils  
and through to my lungs  
and out of my pupils,  
shot out feelers across the faces  
across ten thousand disgraces  
into the heat of temporary embers.

It's not the Lighthouse!  
Run from the light! Those are rocks!  
Watch your step! Do not fall!  
Don't drown again and again and again  
in the spray like that day,  
fall instead into ink and blink and belief:  
fall into me.

It's all calm. Sometimes happy, sometimes sad.  
Life is an undulation. Don't trust the  
Lighthouse.  
Your eyes will burn if you stare  
into the ecstasy for too long.

Turn away from the Lighthouse.  
Face the other way.  
Watch the shadow you now cast,  
with the flame and fury behind you  
and the field ahead of you, with  
the shape of who you may become  
dancing among rocks, feathers, and dragonflies.





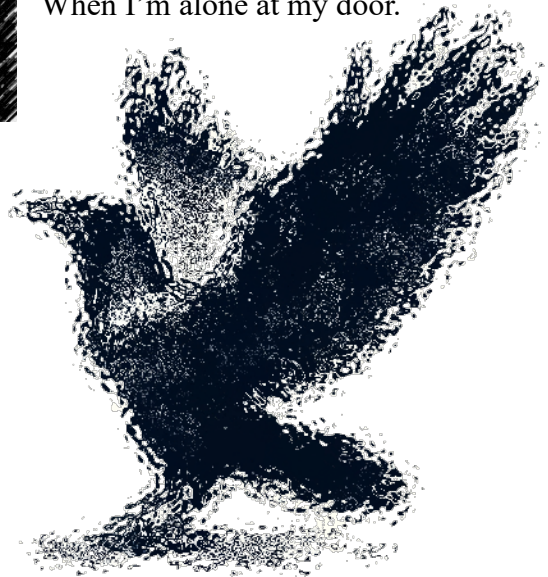


### Raven Seeking Redux

I saw you, my maiden,  
In the astral above.  
I kened you, my raven;  
Call to your love.  
And though I have known you  
On those shadowy shores,  
I can only call to you  
When I'm alone at the door.

Though I have my thoughts  
And my heart's harp to sort,  
All the threads of my plots  
Are my soul's last resort,  
And though I have seen you  
On those ebony shores,  
I can only call to you  
If I'm alone at the door.

I lived you, my lover,  
In another time and place,  
I breathed you, my raven,  
Like the Ocean's Embrace.  
Call to me now, love,  
For though I have held you  
On those somber shorn moors,  
I can only cry out for you  
When I'm alone at my door.





### Hallway Famous Bread and Circus

Bittersweet?

Where is the sweet succor  
we called for, then?

Transposed, juxtaposed,  
interposed, posed like the model  
calling for buyers on the hang.

Sharp raven bob,  
callused disregard on the frontier  
gloss and shimmer kiss the flash  
that can only come with  
Hallway Famous.

We didn't reckon, and wrecked in  
minutes, hours, days of gaze  
on borrowed music only part  
put to the Crucible of Limerence.

*Bittersweet?*

I'll nod a hearty Agree;  
for that must be what life *meant* us to be,  
and I so crave to give *us* the game.

We could have cashed in, serving up our  
sackcloth on the empty runway, just us,  
naked, but for what they wanted to sell  
on the hang of us.



“Stone and Feather”





### Hamlet Sisypheus

I'm going to admit  
to something I've been  
holding very close  
to my chest:

Every petard I have  
*ever* been hoisted on,  
has been a petard of  
my own making.

I've tossed boomerang-words  
to all directions of the wind  
and they wound back  
to wound in their  
initial indestructible  
indiscretion, but only  
after first having  
wreaked wrought havoc  
on bystanders.

The many paths to the Mountaintop  
are literarily littered with headstones  
marked simply "Hamlet: a prince."

I never made the claim to have  
made it to the top; far too many  
versions of me laid to rest on paths  
past for that *now*.

But I'm still pushing, and every  
time I come to some moment  
of Classic Indecision, slaughtered  
by the dramatic irony of it,  
I return to life—*somehow!*—leaving  
behind another stone,  
the residue of the last petard  
smelling like a children's Hallowe'en  
firecracker smoke and spume gone  
terribly, terribly wrong.  
I pretend that Today's Edition  
might trip me one less time  
or at least bring us to  
a creek where we might rest.

I've tried *other* options, and to  
my unintended horror, found that  
these other options led to headstones  
with names, *other* than mine,  
yet hoisted on *my* petard.