

All adjectives are metaphors.

Strike them from our records.
Grant them no place in repentance.
Only then may we be reached
from the other side of sound
where the clanging is no longer of
the opaque of the
grappling, of the
grappling with its hooks, of
the grasping at
enough of the
no more of these
devils hooking into
clawing at
clawing at laughing
laughing at
the so much of things life
leaves
dangling

(for the beamish, mazy B.M.P.)

Dandelion

Dreams are not free, but freedom is.
All you need is balls, a pair like a bull's,
round and smug and full up of the stuff of heroines,
brewed in a cauldron till
the steely strength of these two hanging improprieties of
a metaphor are forged. And when they're yours,
oh my what dreams will come—potent like
gooseberries, dripping like blasphemy, and all yours to
blow off into the wind in springtime, season
of migrations, hunting time for the dandelions
whose halos indifferent children whisper into
with unspoken lips until their wisps
flutter away
into long oft unkissed
gales.

Want

the space between
is written on the body

where our entering
gets taken for
a deciphering

and our exiting
for a conclusion

and what is there to decipher

when
I translated you

out of an original
whose language I learned

only after