

Pathology Reports

Father once said
Before you leave home, understand that
Words are hills between us
May I offer you what you cannot take?

Mother was a chef who couldn't cook and my
father a poet who couldn't write.
(A match made in heaven?)

Poetry is a virus you either catch or you don't.
Mother got it,
So father got drunk.
And I was left hungry to read pathology reports
as I travel between the hills.

Soft

I think that maybe it was a sign
that caused me to move
to the edges of the world
away from hard people
with selfies and political complexes
in braided conceit and calculation.
And now I can only imagine the way it is
back home -
soft –
no longer home.

There Will be a Sunny Day

I wait within coldness
Until the slightest hint of warmth
Which might be a wish for comfort
I don't know
Maybe it's a figment of my mind?
I can't tell the difference sometimes.
You know
When clouds are moving in
And I hope they've gotten it all wrong
When they say rain is coming,
Maybe through some miracle,
Something that has no explanation,
There will be a sunny day?
Then love can be a hero
Like the dearly departed
Are only in hiding
Within some kind of a joke
Which finds humor
In the warmth of a stolen sunny day.

The World Went By

The world went by "that-a-way"
It ran down the street like rain
Head down like the night
Counting other people's money
From an early retirement

A convenient diagnosis

With a secret covered in the old barn out back

Cursing the excesses of comfort

From a crouched throne

Taking childhoods away

Stealing the neighbor's cat

Running naked through the backyards of the old neighborhood

Chasing the muse around a mulberry bush

Breaking its own heart

Putting salt on everything.

Miracle

A lonely Pope steps outside the Basilica for a smoke,
lights up and rests against a statue of a long forgotten Saint,
taking in the preternatural colors of the sunset on Christmas Eve - in Rome –
while a solitary traffic cone sits in the middle of the vast empty parking lot -
attached to it - a wiggling, yellow crime scene tape
which becomes a hand bending down to pick up a dime from the warped black top –
which has - from his angle – taken on the look of an old vinyl record -
as it plays, quite clearly – Elvis Presley's Blue Christmas -
and suddenly realizes – that he has witnessed - a miracle.