

Spider

I think of the spider.
 She throws out her line
 out and out, again and again.
 But when I try to sail out on my own line
 the basic signposts fail.
 The world hums and hisses
 with the question and the silence,
 a bird's wing, the center of a flower
 illuminated.
 I hear the cats move
 with their soft scramble.
 From somewhere I hear the yip of a dog,
 the slam of a car door,
 voices too far away for meaning.
 In here, the refridgerator clears its throat,
 a preliminary to a converstion
 that never begins.
 The big red chair is faded,
 staunch, sagging like a skid row hotel.
 The voices cease, the silence deepens.
 The plant in the window is crooked as a
 question mark
 blossoming into leaves.
 And the question is sharp and deep as the
 stillness of the night.

Fantasy for a Bad Time

I live in a big pink truck
 at the edge of the sky
 it used to be red
 but it's faded

I drink coffee and eat
 toast in my kitchen
 which is kept magically
 filled with the food I like

I have a dog
 to protect and keep
 me company and a cat
 to curl up in my lap
 and keep me humble
 and a parrot
 who swears he didn't do it

Untitled

I am the shattered image of the dishpan,
 reflections of bubbles and glass.
 I am your virgin whore.
 I crawl toward you like a can opener.
 I smell of disinfectant Unclean Unclean
 I cry.
 Even my mother couldn't love me.



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