

To a Fog-Covered Moist Carpet of Precarious Rivers, Pussy-Brambles, Eucalyptus, Moss and Cow-Dung – Dead and Alive, Uneven and Unordered, Just East of Tilden, With a Fence Around It.

You move in the gazes that turn intent
 from the side, toward me,
in the smile that pulls in smoke
 and in the deliberate long puffs,
in the delicate exact turn of the breasts
 with the hand to the chin
 and to the back of the car seat
 that served as a couch,
with the forearms to the calves,
in the blinks, the finger tips, the strolls,
 and the statue of liberty pose to the West,
in the urge and in the way
to soar within the flesh –
 that ride on the witches carpet:
ambiguous and sneaky
complicated and useless
requiring order but demanding that it not be form,
for even the best shoes wear out,
while bare foot prints on the shifting sands last forever –

Finally you move in the unpracticed purrs
in my tense, tired lap, so that I may realize
you alone.

A Poet Drives a Truck

Transmit and reflect light with a steady glow.
 Inspect the equipment routinely and thoroughly.
Explore alternate routes when feasible.
 Let the eyes range over the land, the sky,
the near, the distant road, and the mysterious
peripheries.
Transcend rage and panic with humor and consideration.
 Tell the truth especially when a brilliant lie
seems more appropriate.
Look flowers in the eyes.
 Frisk about like a dog unbound.
Sniff the night perfume of trees.
 Listen to the songs of birds.
Let them take wing in the breath and soar forth
to the moon.