

Going Along

I'm thinking about the old farm again,  
the humid summer rows like fields of hell  
where I planted a weed hook in my shin.  
It wasn't like I lived there,

but I escaped anyway, went every direction  
the compass could conceive. Dusty and tired  
along the road, I met a woman once or twice  
but hardly need to say how that turned out.

I think, therefore I'm thinking more,  
and every time I'm starting out, there's something  
brings me back—a little rain, the flapping geese,  
the neighbor's Newfie like a leashed bear cub.

All this rain then hail and snow becomes  
a vision of hereafter with leaves and cars  
and darting wings. I almost didn't come back,  
but then I came back.

The doctor recommends some tranquil recollection.  
Searching and searching, I've tried to stop,  
but it's a real no-go on stopping.  
The neighbors' dogs give meaningful looks.

Meanwhile, my paperwork is in.  
The only thing's to go back where I came.  
Trouble is, that's an expanding blank  
with an even blanker blank inside.

That must be where I'm from.  
Fill in the blank, and I'm no longer home.  
So let this going along get going along.  
I could tell you stories, like the time

I slept... but there I go again,  
like a bawdy economy coming unregulated.  
Let's put this intimate future on reverb.  
The dog across the street turned around twice

then sniffed my way and lay in the shade.  
I barely know how to be in touch again.  
I'll go on. This is to no one in particular.  
I'll wait while everything dies.

Elsewhere

You always there before thought,  
other myself and to, and there,  
if I stopped believing, would the moon  
shine more brightly? Would you reach me?

The river curves its question, running  
beside the traffic, headlights coming on.  
I find myself elsewhere always  
before attention begins, then elsewhere again

beyond the elsewheres I've named.  
Now that I'm the age my father was  
the year he died, I can stop proving  
that I exist. Why do I still ask?

When my father came up the river  
as our hometown Santa Claus  
in a vehicle that rolled onshore,  
I was there beside him, his helper

handing candy canes to children  
lining up to tell him their desires.  
His death in winter was a thing that happened.  
It had nothing to do with me.

Chris Farley Enters Heaven

A trap coincided with its springing.  
A love sighed how many years?

How many years have I been rising?

A dissonant note in heaven's choir.

Who will be light,  
light enough, light of God?  
Have not risen far.

I don't know what "prayer" is.  
Rising is what I do.  
These wires raise and raise.  
What the heavens do me for.

What is this "resurrection?"  
I don't "know" what that "is."

First was something nothing  
's what I hear, then something something  
in a flash going eons of awesome,  
what I hear. A singing blooms across my sight.  
What other is there singing  
bringing in the sighing sight, a spiral  
crystalline bloom across the stars?

More sleep fills the song tonight.

Morphine sleeps the song.

Morphine. More sleep.  
The song tonight.