

Whether the Weather Is Wetter

The slope is littered with dead doornails.
The forest is full of peeping tennis pros.
I fumble about for furballs.

There are indications that my math is wrong.
I advise close friends to build huts in turkey hollows.

A young girl with freckles and pigtails
invites me to her room where she
makes love to me like a ventriloquist.

It's dark outside when I emerge from my catharsis.
I feel a hundred pounds lighter.

I feel an undifferentiated tenderness
in the form of warm water vapor.

I tuck in my sparrow and begin to sing softly.

Luggage

My laundry is limp.
The wrong finger points northward.
What is a three-legged word for soap?

There are unions and minions and onions.
The truth lies somewhere in between.
If you force me to do it, I will smelt.

My holster is empty.
My chaps are damp.
Dull spurs make a dull cowboy.

I want country singers to knit my socks.

I force-feed the dummy, then read his lips:
“Fight fires with liars.”

The night is young.
Sketch out a plan and stick to it.
I develop an interest in balsawood.

All Aboard

Monotony Beckons Like a Well-Made Bed

One dark night when I am out walking
I am approached by a poet who
shows me a book with blank pages.
He says he has decided to write his poems
with invisible ink to avoid criticism.
He seems a bit invisible himself
as he slips back into the shadows.

The Lollipop

Ant Men come forward with their hands upraised.
One gets the feeling they're not kidding.
They lead off in single file
as if they know it's time for dinner.
One can only imagine what goes on in their heads.
A reporter from the *Gazette* appears and takes their picture.
If this is news, we're in a very small town.

A Little Ditty

My next-door neighbor wears an inner tube
around his waist wherever he goes.
If there is a definition of courage, this is it.
I follow him with a pail of water and a green plastic shovel
hoping to lend him some credibility.

All Aboard

I look around. Zombies fill the car.
They're eating ice cream and smoking cigarillos.
This makes me uneasy.
Is this the way to Puntarenas?
Perhaps I've taken the wrong train.
I ask the conductor, "When will we arrive?"
He says, "You are already there."