

THE LITTLE BAY

He looked out to the horizon
his hand shielding his eyes from
the outpourings of the setting sun
but there was no insight.

At his feet the water lapped and licked
sensuously, he thought, patiently.

He was in the wrong place again
in the midst of another love-making

water and sand each other's
whispers, each other's return
washing each other, smoothing,
and in the sameness of the act
imperceptibly changing.

Even here, in this lonely place
not even discarded by people,
just not noted, he was the one
incapable of changing.

GUILT

Mock not, Tiresias, blind poet and sage, the worm of fear.
The exalted seem shimmering mantles suspended in judgment
to me in my blood-chains, to me self-trapped, self-caught
by the secret of shame that siren-like circles and taunts my path.
O, how I evaded, danced to its distant pipe, crushed the tune
always knowing that in time, early or late, the tune would ensnare,
strangle and choke me; accounts must be settled, stolen merits
returned and I stripped even to the marrow of my most intimate
bones I ask myself, was this existence really mine
to dig up, build and play with at my will, brazen in the face of God,
or will my restitution demand His very breath from me?

LANGUAGE LESSON

Use them words proper like,
feel them seep through those
dirty paws of yourn, yes, seep
Those words is your sweat'n muck
No, not them that's glued on't
back of your eye-balls, yes, balls
They'll cause permature blindness
Words got to be prop'ly fingered
don't be afraid to touch 'em, yes touch
wash 'em, if you must, no, use your own spit
tidy 'em up a bit and sniff 'em
What you mean, what they smell of?
The human afflatus, that's what.