

that way that driving is geometry....is choreography

rapid and temporary patterns that hover
above ground to become place

Point A

the open space perched under
a locked and loaded staple

the rush then the flush
down the angled cyclone
to the SNAP

abrupt
attached
arrived

Yield

i have sloppy symmetry
my steps,
my breath
each intermission
of a blink

predictable
until
the thought
of one
thing
redirects the others

and i'm lost again
because i need
my math to
be my motions

to your science
your sense
my tug of war dance

the
clutch

and
the
thickness
transcribe in real time
to
thoughts
of
linen
and
touch

you like
the push
more than
the pull

map the placements
of ourselves
to the softer underside
through slices of air between
the knots

Through The Yellow Light

i own the instincts and impulses
that fuel my lightness to regret

when i walk on just the beam of the lamp.
the source and slam of the
light are nowhere to be seen.

i point and shoot.
again.
again.
again.

and exhaust myself
to darkness

the shadow and the
source are the same.

you wish

i would just
shut up.
change the tires
and drive away.

POINT B

that thoughtless movement
on the board of the game

the brain
that moves
the hand
that moves
the piece

the strategy is
sugar cube crystals
that become fluid
at the outcome

it is not an addiction
to the memory of
the feeling of
the chemicals
with wins and losses

the memory is where
they takes place

DEAD END

'...what i am trying to say,
officer, is that i try to say what
i mean to say with precision.
that is all i am saying....

....no, officer, i did not end up ditched
on this dead end because
i was distracted by an
outdated map....

...yes, officer, i know i was still
singing when you tapped
on the window....

...i have no paper maps. i'm here
because most songs i hear, i know.
they are my maps and my earth.

...i'm lost because i don't know
if i'm trying to get to the first or
last place i heard this song...

...each place is my lifeline to getting
it right, because i'm always truinng to say...

... actually, would it be a problem
if i just stayed here for awhile?'

The officer leaves me with my Toyota
wagon ditched in the snow on a very
dark, cold night on a very real dead end
in a very real mounain forest.

I had been driving roughly. Sorrow in motion.
Breaking the bounds between me, nature
and machine. Trying to pummel and survive
things that I would never.

The heat is off and all the windows are
open so that I can FEEL. The volume
bangs between the thick snow and
the tin machine.

The song comes on, and I dance
in the headlights with relief.

I have a new place to live.

The fear comes in the memory, not the moment.

Right Turn

Dance is the art of death, because the whole of you that is living is what there is. The motion maps the time. You spend that for others.

I will often cry at dance performances, reading the feeling of a body without touch.

Left Turn

I have often described pie and coffee as The Best, the Most Heavenly meal-like in the Death Row Diner Menu category of perfection.

Says she,
"How do you think you'll die...or I guess, how do you want to die?"

This is not your standard pie and coffee query.

Should I dive in, or run for the door?

Has she asked me a question- too personal, or is it impersonal?

It doesn't seem right to ask, as in to seek a bridge, or thing in common...

More like a bad second date question or bad second question or just a bad second.

*It is something I know.
And it is the worst possible way.*

My fear of my version of the worst possible damage invented the fact.

*Wherein I fear the means
but not the result.*

*If it went another way,
where the means
were less terrifying,
would the result
become more so?*

*That pretend split second
where you expect to say - 'this is
not what i expected.'*

*When it is the unexpected
that has set
every brick
each stone
the hot sand
under your feet.*

*You move to leave
the things underneath you.*

*My move, here, is to say...
sort of unkindly...*

"I imagine my way to the Other Side is
choking on pie and coffee...."

as though the voice of Holden Caulfield
came through me.

Catch as catch can.

UTURN

That way walking with another
silently reveals the story
the pace, space and intent.

After each step
a piece

of the story
falls back
into the
air.

The pices collect and are
there for recounting, like a
song.

The perfection of the
quiet and internal.

Tasting nature.
A private
joke with the wind.
Getting primal
just enough to
filter and select
what I hear.

The hum of what surrounds
and wraps us both in becomes
right angled corners.

Just facts.

A loud truck spalshing cold
rian to our thighs.
Beown shit in the woods
underneath brwon leaves.
A car wreck two blocks up.

Things that instaneaously
merge the intent of arrival with
another outcome.

Speech is not the means,
now, to agree on the
shared experience.

It is that moment when
our eyes agree or disagree

that this has been worth it.

To get the milk. To walk the
dog. To watch those geese.

She asks, anyway,
'Was this worth leaving home for?'

I answer, 'there is a stone in my
shoe....'

The only way I know to end
this story is to walk ahead.

But, the person six yards
behind is the one who knows
how my story ends.

Have I lead or have I left?

RETURN

Triple tap.
Seat belt.
Lighter.
Radio on.

Locked in.
Lit up.
The right song.

For now, the narrative is the direction.
Floor it.