

Jason Visconti

THE SANDMAN

The great bandit of sleep comes as a reminder
versus the sandman, whose slits stay closed.

She heaves
her body weight without a sound,
not even
the soft tush in a cushion
or toss in the grass
can't arouse him.

She's an obtrusive instrument
in the sandman's band, whose tickets are signed off
for the small hours,
violin elbows relaxing,
the piano flying beautifully away
with the beautiful, everything deep and blue
in the Milky Way,

the way the lamp proposed.

A LETTER TO THE MOON

I have included you in my records
just in case I survive. I want
to make myself clear, make you
happy, a happy moon
in the opposite sky. Good riddance
to the sun, she could never
bare her scars, self-induced
like a teenage girl
falling for spite. Even stars
don't break my heart like you,
the way you float
elsewhere to elsewhere
undefined like a ghost. No, even
the birds, they don't cry out nearly as majestic,
for these weary moon hazy eyes
though not quite magic.

IS GOD A POET?

If he is,
he says the first thing
he believes.

He's natural, down
to the ache in his knees, clenched fist
of his delivery,

blood
of his sons and daughters.
The marrow of the soulless.

He writes with his back
turned to the Universe. Too much for a poem.
He takes in the fame just a little

to start up his system, play
Heaven's poet again.