

Leonard Gontarek

Wild Flowers

It is rude to place
yourself in the morning
and expect illumination
by virtue of being there.

Rude and inelegant.

The leaves lift and click
into place. The mountains hold still
patches of snow and flowers that grow wild there.

You knelt before me in the bathroom
and took me in your mouth.

Religious, you said it was.

Overstated.

But am I one to argue
with the aspirations of the human spirit?

Field

I always hear pinwheels,
but there is no such thing.
Only milkweed releasing
tiny souls, forming a larger

one, I imagine.

Many blackbirds and one red one.

The trees, the maples,
evinced a scent of penny arcade

under stars, by an ocean, on a Spring night.

I have come to love this field,
letting go milkweed silk and sharp, dark birds.

I rub mescaline on my lips

and kiss everyone I can.

Message Error

I enter everything from here.

One star in the flat black pond.

I gave the dog something to eat
on the way in. He still barks

and his chain rustles like necklaces.

The planes go over, I trust.

The leaves fall down on the water,
turn much of it scarlet.

My father calls from the land
of the dead. I am afraid to answer.

I am afraid to move.

The windowpane pouring steadily

from the house into the grass,
a sound like needles.

It is expected to snow.

Figures at the shore, holding books.

Parts of them distorted on the surface,

part of them eaten by darkness.

The texts are fat as bibles,

but I know it is something else.

View of Owl's Head Mountain

This falls into
the category of
more information
than you need.

My master answers
all my questions,
dumb & good,
summarily, with the same point.

I wouldn't shit you.

Scarlet leaves drift
from the black maples
at night.

He sits on a mat,
cross-legged,
smoke leaking
from his nose.

I didn't warn you, you can't say.