



## John Estes

**He leads the way for his sons to follow**

This is how I

move

through scenery

watch

him sway honeysuckle

snapped

against clapboard siding

chained

by the neighbor habit

flung

a blast leaving no one

dead

thank God thrown

clear

but not clearly

**Nothing the matter with the instrument; it's the body.**

The reason, according to the junta, officiously on the record, for vaccinations.

The reason the garden chives turned yellow.

The reason, like extinct primeval lizard-like monsters, for school.

The reason, as an article of untested faith, to favor the one before the many.

That reason alone becomes reason aplenty.

What nation, like our little house without a guest room between us, can escape—once reduced by its folklore to an object of study—being mistaken for mere geographical expression?

We have, between us, one uterus too many to trifle with gravity.

We count this truth, the reason we fear and stay in hiding, first among equals.

## Tripping the plexal chakra

No room for conscience  
objections when up river  
the lady waits, saffron  
situated and filching from  
somewhere a bright livery  
(or mantle?) of pulchritude  
(or is it beatitude?)  
that relents: okay, this is it.  
Look, or never mind. Yellow

is as yellow does, and blows  
to the solar plexus—even  
of the quiet kind in palliative  
energetic ju jitsu—correct  
logjammed transmissions,  
jimmied portal doors.

The fundamental problem,  
I'm assured, is communicative.  
Google "fix inverted kundalini."

But first, leave the intrinsic  
city to its easy believers.  
Does it sound banal, silly—or  
disastrous enough to consider—

to hear the alcoholic ghost  
(with respect, let me say spirit)  
of a diabetic Indian chief  
in a nicotine fit needs whiskey  
and a smoke to coax him  
out of my atmosphere?

One never forgets the day one  
first learns the dead orbit  
our hypostatic bodies.

This mystic seer, turned up on  
his rounds of the Irish back  
country cleverly disguised  
as a Catholic masseuse,  
does not joke about the dead;  
I'm not one to argue. Pay  
the man his 20 punt, my tiny  
voice advises; but follow  
his advice, in case.

So that's how I ended up  
on Healy Pass, high above  
the trickling Kenmare,  
appeasing the ether  
with a bottle of Jameson  
and a pack of Silks,  
stock-still on crushed

gravel bowed to a concrete  
statue of the Holy Virgin,  
a traveler's waypoint  
or pilgrim's shrine that is,  
I'm assured, a door, a window,  
a tipiflap to the Pure Land.

Go. It's all one can ask.

Whether I saw the glowing  
wheel or touched the love  
that moves the stars,  
I'm sure I never felt better.