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.