

Raymond Farr

A Sparrow Now That He Thinks of It

ART's pointless perspective
[the allure, how are you?]
upsifts images
frozen to radios

Sexism's mnemonic doll head
[in situ, a dark one]
jots pint-size, aspirin-like haiku
never sweeter than Suzie's suites
of sonic booms
in metaphors
to chums, Javier & Manuel
on myspace.com

& Lorca (on fire
in cubby holes of identical
squash patches)
(a sparrow now that
he thinks of it)
wrestles the evidence
alar upon twos

can only remark
how late his dinner is

Stage Prop Clouds. Creak. In the Wings.

The pilgrims huddle.
Over there.
Beside Walmart.
Out of luck.
In jars.
Made of walrus.

The story fails.
To progress.
Because of.
Punctuation.

In Tampa.
Lorca.
Wallops oysters.
On concrete.
Counting.
His fingers.
At six. Before nine.

In one. Of his dialects.
He drives up. A Lincoln.
But. Ends up. A poem.

In the other.
He's Whitman.

Stage-prop clouds.
Creak.
In the wings.

The Slow Oslo of South Florida

lewder imperatives
grow smaller
than rooted

steeple fly like texts in collage—
a polemic
dashed upon Hillsborough Ave

the locals here butcher the Joneses

yet what I write—
the slow Oslo of South Florida—
contrives an unwinding
more birthing than solar

more charade folk
than Lorca

more mania
than clockwork.

**Garcia Lorca's Dolorous Copious Causeway
POETICS—**

His words at
The Pier veer icily
gabbing with Dali
Lucy
& stick fingered
Ricky Ricardo
burgers & fries
at Busch Gardens
wilt with the persistence
of memory
strictly a poetic's
dogmatic affair
emphatic
in the breach of
often a node
canters towards
spans a December
traffic jams jam
Dale Mabry up
every word
a nightingale
posed upon tarpon
& skirted in red
Lorca remarks
how bluer horses are
than torch songs
imagines a bridge
fogbound
in tempo

A Whole While of Horse Power

For some it was Apollo—
men golfing on the moon at last
& conjunct with

unsamenesses at Ybor City
MONKS opposite
the CIVILIZED Tampa Bay ruminant like madmen

[Upon this continent...
our ZOOM lense
paints wallops [a whole while of horse power

For alone-man's
a wash board is the fracture of ice

His sod rites
speak Darwin look astronauts look upward

His round up
writes Lorca

All bonkers
itch fly down caught upon sheaves

It's Lorca than It Ever Was

Some arrived
in plank ships of potatoes
arms loaded with suffering blood
at Tampa Bay

Coming over from
the olde language / the olde worlde w(e)ary
their plank ships strained
at becoming—

One version of Abigail

Whitman's cigar / Lorca's approach stood by
apprehensively

multinational...
ahead of Subaru...
on yr left...
as we stroll...

& Garcia Lorca
looking dandified

[if I know him at all]

surrendered his cravats
stating—

“It's Lorca than it ever was.”