

Alex Schmidt

It is just a Few Days

of rain and flowers
will begin to grow.
Your eyebrows will
color in like the whites
of your eyes
before Bacchus. It is
just a few days of congenial
anxieties. Assume
your worldly desires
with a purpose
and suddenly
fingers will sink
into your shoulders, love
will mist your lungs.
It is just a few days
a few weeks
and a few years
will seem like seconds
your arms will not work
and the landscape will
take on circular
epiphanies. It is
just a fair measure
by which you exist.

Mustering My Rivulets

First, I was called upon
the witch doctor

which wiggles like a booger
between my legs.

Second, a pink smoke gurgled
under the door.

This was my father.
I find his attendance not much

more than a curiosity
for a weakness in my arms.

Other enchanting spells
followed, the windows

puffed and banged,
wall warts and ceiling mar. Today

the identities of my universe
are cast about

like leaves. It is time
now I must pool.

Not with foods.
Not with pressures.

Like a rhizome in reverse.

Song in the Key of a Certain Breath

Inside your throat
is a stairway

leading to the center
of the universe.

But no one could tell
just by breathing.

Yet when looking
into the bosom

of the donut shop's
cashier,

the brilliant woman of your dreams,

a salient energy
wings

up from your knees,
a dump truck

chock-full of cream
revs in your gut,

and a powder
takes the air.

Somewhere a Carpenter

I put the lumber
in the refrigerator. Yellow,
Yellow, Yellow, you are my fellow
bleached as an old dusty guitar
I sang to it. But
I am no musician
and the lumber didn't fit.

Then I hung cabinets
but oceans of water surged into my face
and dragged me off.
I am definitely not a plumber.
I do know

the plums, but I know
the cherries too. And it's the beech nut
of these sandals pulled from the sky
rammed onto my feet,
my musty burnt-umber hair,

and this now water-logged chair
that lead me to believe
I could build you
a kitchen. But as I was carried all the way to Judea
I found myself to be
a handy smithy
with ponderous shoulders

forced to join with the red boulders
to mute the surf
which allowed me to forge an old jalopy
from an arroyo
into the world's shiniest golden boat.
Then as this boat's captain

I was prompted by the puffins
and their pataphysical blows
to the mutant clouds
that hung above me:

Look, see!
Ideas! Ideas I tell you!
Of biscuits! Sunny side up
and creamy grits!
Isn't the great North Sea beautiful!
Look at those big metaphorical globs
of ice!

They were nice,
motivating birds. And how nice it would be, I thought,
to crash and sink into your icy bright thighs
in the sea of your sheets

with a continental feast!
Love, Love, Love,
soft white glacier of the mattress
please rise and come with me to breakfast.
Let us sail the seas for brunch.
Lay your body along the prow,
and I will secure you with a few
nails from my pouch.

Gynecological Sermon

When our penis
slips into a vagina
star belts sweep our scalp, wrack
down our spine

a blindness momentarily li f t s

and yet our presence
is the departure and entrance
of vagina

while everywhere we go
we grip a penis
and hang from the Milky Way of our memories
find comfort in the fractious
deluge

of its words
the vagina is a telescope of nerves
a visible wind
it reflects the heart like a dewdrop

the ether
a sufficient vagina of light in our backyard
is not a reverie
but our shadow

The Wind the Seamstress Makes

I'm sure you know of many reasons
to die. And you can tell them to me
if you want.

But among my rib cages
the distant baaing
of clouds
ignite ever thickening

dimensions
and I must follow them.
I do realize the difficulty in this,
beyond just

expecting them air,
of which we're usually unaware.
But it's airiness I've come
to trust.

Sure to attain
quilting skills as cavernous as air
takes a while.

But like the possible expectations implied
by apes
toward which I sense

a great affinity:
their naked dreams
nudging through my hairy limbs
and neck,

who's to say there's an end?

It is

my birth

why I sew.