

Owen Sound

**Earth Revolves Itself Once Again**

—after Pierre Reverdy

Resounding blooms  
Blue birds fly north.

In the backyard where everything seems to happen  
The squirrel darts through our leafless lilac tree.

Outside a woman is cleaning the table; a man makes fire.  
Water streams from a hose clearing the driveway apron.

A rainburst negotiates with a cloud.  
The sun abruptly with striking chimes.

## Resplendence

For all the good I do, I could have been a plumber.  
Steering dreamlike laborers into a corner to remonstrate.

Unclogging the copperworks with these poet hands  
Seeking gold among the spiders of scum and pubic hair.

The refuse of human detritus piles higher and higher.  
For all the good I do, I should have been a plumber.

Digging deeper to find, return to the owner, the lost ring  
Dropped down the sink's drain, hiding in the j-tube

Waiting to reflect light again, making glad the hearts  
Of the joyless fingers, missing the weight, the responsibility

Intertwined amongst the significant and its signifier.  
The shine is the most artificial aspect of a diamond.

**Oh I'm better now. Ate something that must have still been in love last night.**

Nothing is dead in the house today. Everything as alive as it was before  
Falling to sleep. The dust is a micron thicker and the hair on my head  
Reaches upwards another notch closer to the stars hidden behind the  
Glowing sunshine. We pretend to be alive when there is no work, live  
In shared bonding moments over food and television shows waiting  
For the other to engage in a flashes of sex before we watch a bedtime  
Detective show and curl back in the warmth of our day's reward sleep.

The organs churn while the belly turns to sour bells.  
The cello lows itself to sleep on the velvet couch lazed.  
Hoping to lull out dreams of days gone by, whistlestops  
And buggy cars roam the deserts of backyard forts.  
I hope these days remain constant in perpetuity.  
A hundred million billion trillion flashes recreating  
Lackluster, unrelenting peaceable moments in Kenmore.