

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.