

Michael Starr

Small and Knotted

I want to be small and knotted
Like a threaded needle through arteries
Or flickering x-ray vision--
The dark side of the world:
They really did conspire
To crash it all
Their fate is for you
It's on the menu
But what else? When the ribbons too are tied
Thin like the grain in your meal
Too soon gone for a beggar to help
Too soon remembered for a lost friend
And all the in-between
Venetian lovelace on the veranda, and all the in-between

This crushing is done
I'm here
When the wind kisses me
No one will know
And it's better that way

July

Am I a glance to hover at?
Hovel, I meant to say hovel.
Not that I would enter one
Of my own will,
But that, to gesture,
I mean,
It would be devastating/tragic
If you knew how much
I desired you
 And your painted red roses
In a garden we made up
When we were children.

I don't happen to be the luckiest man on the Earth
But deep inside its core
There is a Cretaceous world
Where I ride a tyronosaur
And hunt wild bison ancestors
Keeping the species equilibrium of our mutual future
Out of balance

I am not reckless
But I hope to stampede over your car
When you are racing together with your mind
Down the 101

In a wrecking ball
There is a crystal which consumes the concrete's negative energy
Upon striking
And to tamper with it
Is to dampen its soul

I hope one day you will find out the secrets of July
My stampede awaits you
And your lucky one strike romance

January

Tip your cup, glass jar ramble
Hit up, stable and sutur like the priest
Stable, scintillating but touch and mouth
Open, abating still, wonder
Crew came about, wistful
Wanderers still
Crumbs for the cookie cutter
Put in a bread basket and spread across the ocean like ashes
A cremated baguette
Starving birds dying over the ocean mid-flight
Name, say it, say it again
I dismay at the thought
Bubbles of joy and
Letters, holden on to the strongest rift
Crawford sinks, sinks his teeth
In mighty, stable rivulets
Like the crown, all affording
Nature
Or soft
Rocks
To hit with
So to sit still
So naked but in juice, lichen or autumn
Fragrance
Abating, journey
Nary a wander, nary a traveler
Lithe stubble
Lit me a mask, lit
Me a candle
Lit me a voice
To sing free and to sing
To my mother that I too
Am dying
Over the ocean, mid-flight

Through Town

Free range
Walls up the walls up
The gander on the skirt around
Downtown, it was about dusk
And the roiling in the air
Drunken neighbors, bar-to-bar
Hoodlum elephants swinging their trunks,
Clinging to their desperado image
I cling, too
To a different song
Whether we are capable of standing in the same unit
Whether we would be found in neighboring carrels
Is questionable
And so much for unity
Development, mindfulness, cohesion
It's a feint drawn by the artist
Hues of impressionism staining my shirt
I walk on and the din lessens
It's smoother here
By the shore
Walking along the planks stitched together to allow me to do so
Wondering how long it will last
Before someone collapses with the wood harvested from a forest
From another continent
Into The Ocean
Which?
I turn
And there it is
The palace I was looking for
Overlooking the crest like a judge on their dais
Mindful, timely, heartfelt
It is just another place
So I enter, going unknowingly and uncaringly into space defined
Many years ago, by unknowns and unknown folk
This gutter, I sink into it

But without remorse for the splendor I am supposed to feel
Awe, weariness, dread
The cocktail thickens, and it turns into an alcoholic smoothie
As I travel, foot before foot, the balls begin to harden
And I am hardier than before
Wondering why all this had to happen
Why all this nothing is so everly present before me
And only me, for I am the one that sees it between myself
And the other
A cleansing stanza for the sinuses, skin, heart
Like lukewarm sewage water, the best murky brew
Sure to fix the fix
And just like that
It is gone
No stationary objects resting
Resting on, resting on that crest, resting on my chest
Disdainful of my presence
And so I am lost
Again, the usual
But it is where I am always
And shall be always
For there is nothing in my way

Something Sentimental Should Be Happening

The light of a round citrus gaze
Cradling the orange in its hull and
Straw lemonade licking at my hem
Drawing in cold whilst vividly tucking in the children
And a gust of frost
Over the window is scrawled the message
To leave a place dying for solace
I, too
Am a hempen blanket catching a fever
Too soon relinquished of sadness but
Narrow in mind and craving autumn, again

Lacking the derivative nature of standard algorithms
To say that something sentimental should be happening
I compute to the exact distilled point that a wreck of them,
Really, ought to
Caught up in the crest of seasonal vigor
Remembering only holds so much sway with my wisdom
My fog is timberline and native
So much sway with my solitude
Neighbors bugging the rest, or savoring moments in their yards
Happenstance is the denial of fortune lavished on them
Wrecking balls stole my identity when they were brought in, again

This tune,
I've heard it before
And it repeats like the record was homeless and finally found
It loves its owner tenderly
But stolen are the notes that key in on the violence
Once spoken liltily
Contrast, too, native, and delightfully rancorous
Full of rain and sorrow
For rest is autumn's last relish
Crow hums at the tree trunk
I wonder what it's thinking

A Modern Descriptor

I am

The gull whose wings are snared in one of those plastic soda can connectors

I am the oil in the ocean that soaks itself calm

Mass catastrophe

I am point blank neurolepsy

An 80's rock gig for the psych majors

Who want a career as pill dispensers

I am rote and mundane

But in a good way

I will stay on this planet for as long as I live

And you can't make me not

I say things that move rocks

Over shoulders and under hens

The squeaking of a frog

The churrur of a squirrel

And what are the ones on the ground?

Say what you want, but those things won't go away

Just because you closed the window blinds and closet doors

The bunny out of the hat has a lot to tell you

And I am the side character, fresh out of prison, who will mend

Broken bars and reincinerate the Amazon after it has grown back

The Library of Alexandria after it has been restored

My luck is a chime with one missing

Nicks and dents

Out of tune

Singing like a coin whistling through the air at high velocity

Swirl me up, I am your diet coke smoothie

I am your pillow for a nap

I am your replacement lens on the DSLR

I will rob you

And make you cry

Until you pay

Unless you forgive me

And perceptively chime in during the conversation to make valid points

This world is due for an overhaul

And the vicious will have to embrace cognition to be in demand
To be marketable
This is the nature of economy
This is the nature of the passenger seat
Rhythm, style, and upholstery
I'm in your TV, cleansing your soul
Brandy, a harmonica, and applesauce
Wander often, stray dog, for your last days may be simultaneously your coldest and warmest
The bowl of water is outside the coffee shop in the ritzy downtown district
Meet me
At nine
And we will sow mayhem