

Dale Jensen

Image

wiTH a cLiCK
the iMAGE is born
alMOST aLIVE
aLmOST squiRmING
then the cameRA StoPs it cOLD

An Afternoon's Visit

It no **AnswE**RING the telephone
an**D** **kE**EP the do**o**R **lO**CKed

NO one seemed to pay **RIDE**s
the room was dense with comp**LE**Tely out of my ele**ME**nt
LeATHER got stuck down they could chew

a**F**ter th**AT**
THE ghost of a lit**T**le **fINGE**r
The **rIGH**T sleeve got up and **LE**t's **fiG**ure some way

su**CH** a **prIME** visit **LIGHT** **RE**TURNED to my planet
c**Ou**LD have keyed **YOU** in one window but
No **rEST**ing on ima**G**inary **EM**ptiness
WHat You do **FLESH** **BLO**OMED

A Living Leather Graffito

the day my new shirts got their diplomas
my foot goes on vacation
a car reproduces itself in the coffeehouse
a woman pushes her own severed head
across the street in an eighteenth century shopping cart

a round multicolored graffito
bored with the direction of the road
writes itself in leather across the side of your car

you look at its loops and your bell whistles
what language is it in?
are those letters from a real alphabet
or were they written by a duck?

now out in the middle of the street
the head tries to direct traffic
which now slowly turning to vegetation
sits down dreams of vacation as a long salad
hums softly to itself to the rhythms of broken wishes

Glass Elegy

this house its 1910 box architecture
i not only learned but
mowed then lit its lamp fresh

all these people i hung out with are dead now
there's supposed to be something else like a
life expectancy but when you're on your own edge
what is it that you can expect?

no story of anyone's childhood
no old watch glassed over by ice in the unshoveled snow

then was busted for kiting checks
the big eyes looking in through the doorway
her sister dead ten years ago i
saw in her obituary written two years ago this week
how forty years before she died she'd
dropped out of high school then too
a play house life divorce children electric cancer
from the door another stare-down the tombstone

not quite like my friend the drummer
fastest right foot in the business
most normal looking guy in the world
dead huh? yeah
copd playing drums tubes up his nostrils

keep working at it yeah
two good cards here looking in through the doorway then
don't look in there it could be you
that exotic final scene you may see in the mirror
i am mighty hear me roar look out for housekeeping time
keep your head down working keep the eyes
on the top of your head open god
the leaves sprouting on that tree over there
it's still alive
they're so beautiful