

Andrew Baron

Division St.

Walk where they've put metal
arms rests in the middle
of the benches

and tell me we're not what we are

'You can't just have a bench
people might try and sleep there...'

and then
and then
imagine

sit where they've planted nothing
the place where everything grows
and tell me you're not bolted
from that weed

given fire and set loose
to go forge metal
and burn the benches
down around it

Petal Pusher

Waited here for days and nothing
rose

no blossom forcing petals
from inside

or drowned animal bloats from bottom
to surface

if this is spring
for blossoming or dead

then nothing sprung
and all things wait

in their various
taut

coils

Flight

Michael Jordan lives in your shoes
and if there was wind you'd
be gone

whatever happened to
is really just code
for all the times that's happened

the great liftoffs
your skinny older sisters in
the album years

the wind picked up and they
were gone

Natives

of where the lake by the time
I die will be knee-deep

and that scatters its own
just to pull them back in

with the lake tide
we camped once

at what had been its edge
we spoke in terms

of millions
of years

of cans of beer
exploding in a campfire we

can say only
that it matters to us

that instant in a ball
of fire

our precious fraction
of the universe

Grateful

as one is for words
as one likes to imagine
the dead

having used so many and having
given all of them
back

a Grateful Dead song
in a Chinese restaurant

I will get by

today, Friday
June 14th 2013
the day

one dies
the day

another gets by