

Raymond Farr

A Staircase Twining at the Center

Part 1 begins: these pigeons
Are a concept's brawny synonym

They hover in the light near
The transom over the office door

The metal desks & a whiff of the ocean
Are the same as or equal to

Brand X with its coffee smells
I must tell you how I feel, ms bergvall,

About talking about poetry—
The ice bergs are hairless mirrors to me

They hand us Styrofoam garbage
A tree of blue smoke rises from them

Like a visit up the dying saint of
This stair case twining at the center

Of the same eleven small languages
We happened to speak back then

(& by back then I mean now)
But in a YouTube is a jail kind of way

& so we smother the moment
A scintilla of the human crawling

Out of everything we mock & like
A feast of blood oranges there is

A just-razored face coming off
In our hands & so we deny ourselves

Huevos & bark like canal dogs
At the bells in my head

A Light So Bright It Sears

There were Bison rotting
In an upstairs room & a boy indulging

His sweet tooth for carrion was reading
Crumbs of poems he thought

Were loud cars honking on
A boulevard—

Atomic wars intruding
With white light upon

The nothing that holds the attention
Of a sentence

Quite like a flash of light so bright it sears
A poem is a hawk we rescue by/from

Simply talking things out, says the boy
Namaste, murmur

The flowers in the boy's poem, Namaste!
& the poem is

The prayer we make of tombstones in
A city park—

Our own selfish cottage of death
A tumult in flames in daisies

Streaking Mountain Aerosol Blossoms

& rain is dirty when it comes—
A chorus of sullen black umbrellas

Singing with perfect pitch
What our hands tell them to sing

& our words when they come
Come like too many footsteps

They come like too many flowers—
The hot petals of a song 12 stories up

& they come like the crackle of old wires—
Circuits of mass & intent

& like hummingbirds combusting
In the dry August heat they come

Simpering & starved for an ending—
Silence & not the shaky din

Of some small talk—not this
Music chomping on the trenchant

Darkness of our ears

In Volatile Spring Time

A dork kisses a dweeb
& out of nowhere

Comes the awesome someone
Who waltzes a bomb—

What's it to ya!?
Nothing unless you mean every word!

& so we Google the earth
& things are a poem about a living computer

& every day we are fighting a cold
We stumble stupidly over Jodi & Kev

Making out on the floor
& there's a map

& people figure it has meaning—
Beyond This Point There Be Monsters!

The shriveled beans of our sex
Feeding like masculine pansies

On the somber nightmare
Of our reluctance—

Too many eyes
In volatile spring time!

& this means something
Like our lives to us

What We Try Saying Is a Good Thing

You dial up Jenny
Short for Jennifer

& get a recorded message—
The number you have dialed

Is no longer in service
& so you squeeze yr own heart

Just as hard as you're able
& a stool pigeon is driving you

& you're someone in a glass bowl
& you're thinking you're a gold fish

Cause all the windows in the car are up
& then a bigger fish happens along

& he's hitchhiking
& high as a kite

This desert is cursed, he says
His ancient futuristic fins

Rudely blocking yr view of the road
& the air is like fire now

& because of this
You struggle to breathe

You unclench
Yr fist from yr heart

& you tell him—
Get out of my car!