And wordless, he comes to sleep

A forgetting. A wash of brackish water. The deeds of one's youth, pennies in one's pocket could come out in the wash. Could be made a wish. Shopping malls tower above this example. Remember each particle of gravel, your feet tread the white line 'tween here and the calendar, a pebble of sand worms into your shoe. Raw carrion on hooks. To market, a conference of motors, a goat bleat din. Tomorrow's pizza party hangs on the edge of a discus. Thus and thusly. Any glass could be used as a lens, any wall could prop a clock. Sound and sense linger long after the other guests have left. Stoic faces, the pop and flash of a camera before our time. Cross another item off the list. Those high cheek bones, that posture, so becoming of a diary entry. So little separates us from the frames of ourselves. A pause going into the last deep tone.
noon roves from horizon to horizon slapdash
as homeless feelings leave handprint
smudges on the windowpane that
reappear perpetually when condensation
wets the glass a recurrence of weather
that turns and shimmies like a dance that
comes in and out of style over the ages
and the tire's rubber that once made circles
in the ocean turns and shimmies under
its tonnage of Honduran bananas

Meanwhile the minute hand runs
its laps hungering its own tail The project
of forgetting becomes more and more
dire as each moment rears and collapses
on itself frothing sea mist that prism-like
is a lens in which colors bend recalled
conversations reconstitute themselves in novel
timbres whole vistas take on different hues as
if playing dress up before a mirror

The sea never having regarded itself
as metaphor becomes cold and distant as
you frame it so it goes There
a school of clocks crest the tide
like boogie boards with each further
imitation fidelity to the master copy
weakens and all we have to work and play
with is semblance miming semblance
approximate feelings in the tide pool among
molluscs you can collect when they beach
and dry and rattle in your pocket walking
the tight rope from here to home

Remember the painter who unravelled
his whole life inland painting portraits of the sea
he is a mirror fogged by warm breath like this
we deny disguise artifice changing the lyrics
to match what we hear of the song
Golden Lucky Cat

The new year comes and goes littering the streets
with confetti. We barely understand, the primacy
of the color red, the nature of the project shiny.
It's all veneer, inherently a glimmer. So close
to death and even closer to the denial
of death. As the mud-splattered urchin sticks
his tongue out, hurling hand-crafted mudcakes into the empty
outside where the misread ocean forms shapes—curliques
and arabesques, gewgaws and flash—consequently
shaping forms just out of sight like the spider's web
spangling its diamond patterns above the doorway.
As you walk the pavement, accidents barely averted
multiply until you find you are walking a narrow path
through sopping overgrowth. It is dark. Nowhere to go but onward.
No map but the memory of spring flowers, the wasp stings
and improvised dances of childhood. Traveller, may you be blessed
with heaping sacks of gold coin and a friendly destiny.
In another life, who knows, you could have been
a census taker in Death Valley or a bank teller
in the long autumn of empire's decline.

Ah, Golden Lucky Cat,
may this year be as sweet as the sugared coconut
shavings spilt on the bakery floor. May bridges trundle
between islands like non-committal handshakes on
a commuter train. A smooth bland homecoming
is the most we can ask for our loved ones
at sea. Golden Lucky Cat, light the way to
prosperity with your dumb bared teeth.
Know All the Contemptible and the Mediocre

Or to pull your chair up to the set table, following the migratory patterns of ghosts, ringtone set to the music of contemplation, a 5-tone scale like the rungs of a ladder laid against the living room wall.

Trying to leave my body once, I stumbled on all the jagged names protruding from my flesh. Less than refined. *It is clearly written, little brother. Study carefully the literary teaching of a good person long ago. You must understand the reason of the contemptible, ultimately have no connection, understand the mediocre.*

There are many forms of grace, not excluding stumbling, using one’s hands to eat, trying to use one’s language as a wick. Still, it is stumbling. The ghosts fog the kitchen window.

Just think: all of the emotions in your pocket put together are lost in the shine of an old song. It is a form of indifference carrying the water of the ages on its shoulders.

Up the mountain, down the mountain. The metaphors pile up like unread mail until something collapses, the telephone rings, the empty pockets are tied into white knots, and wine stains the carpet.

The vague sensation of wanting something enters the porous space around the flesh, scaling.
Now he reads only yellow literature. The season for hot toddies has long passed, like a blimp trailing promises for a bounteous future. One day at a time. Locate yourself on the timeline using a complex system of algorithms. Throw the darts until your turn is over, snakeskin boots come back in style, frost crinkles white the grass. An inhospitable gaze is currently unexcused, which isn't to say inexcusable. It is mute. It smells like cinnamon gum right now. The night bird on Eckford Street comes back in the guise of a woman in a grey work shirt. Obviously, it's springtime. In a similar fashion, a subway car bears us from here to there like a day's box on a calendar come unglued. The want to handfeed the color yellow into the woman's eyes is a perfectly natural desire like thirst. Someone take all this agency from me, I'll just squander it. While away the summer. A waste of time burns on the lawn of the ages, while little squirrels pursue each other up a tree.