

Étoiles qui se suivent

le temps est noir
les amis vont mal
dans la cuisine d'été
seul j'ai froid –

dimanche soir on tend à oublier :
Constante intemporelle, voyageons
ensemble cette nuit

Sentiers qui se suivent
sans attentes
souvenirs délaissés
On ne sent plus la saison
salle à manger
neutre ou presque.

Automnes – ton herbe s'aplatit
ce matin y restait rien du riz
que j'avais répandu sur tes reflets

Let's Improvise

We fail together, you, addicted
me just not good enough
all that emotion
mole hills erupting

so lost in our little corners
angry for absolutely nothing
you now below
stone : i visited with your mother

when I refuse events unfolded
(it is this space – the between)
when cold solitude becomes
a norm
(sorrow pollinates the flowers i alone
care for.)

It is late and I've decided not to
contact anyone, this is where you and I get to share the open arms at the harbor
pay to get the good fish at the
decreasing price auction market

– poem for Yann Faucon

He Hates Art

At night he smokes three or four cigarettes and downs five beers of decent quality
In the morning he inhales breakfast and coffee and bikes to work, with the mentally insane
Double shifts
Every day he can and there's no shortage of insanity, he bikes home
He's fit
He inhales more nicotine
Drinks another five
Pulls on a cherry-flavored digestif
What am I going to do when I'm decrepit
His heart aches
and his mind wants to race
The amaretto bottle is placed back into the green cupboard
quietly for his home is at peace
less of a mess
than before

Looking to Learn

Four pictures in a different light
The swan studies her observer
The sun has set
She nests

Seedy underbelly you called for and today your moan still echoes as
the rush of daily events unfold • where were you lucidity and
forgiveness when the window gave onto laughter of child in a home
and warmth

Plainly put your high-rises never invited me upstairs off streets
named after countries

Now and Now and Now

The past is now slowly slipping away
From the fingers that wanted so much
Now the gentle breeze blowing pollen
Across streets becoming familiar

Nothing Comes Easy

All bars in Berlin are smoking bars, practically.

So yesterday I was finishing early and a waitress I work with said drop by around the corner we're having a drink. And I remember walking in, still behind the curtain that is right behind the front door, thinking it's still time to just go home. But there is nothing at home for me.

Anyway, I order a bio soft drink and the older barlady puts a straw in the bottle and hands it to me. Every table is manned and womanned by regulars, the type that keep their own personal glass behind the bar, and their regular seat is theirs so if they walk in and a student or someone that just happened upon the bar is sitting in their place the barlady tells the non-regular they need to move. Or maybe that's just how it is in these old-school treasures further East.

Either way, blablabla, we're making small talk, she asks if I prefer we speak in German, I say yes that way I'll learn, it becomes clear I can't hold a conversation in German, we switch back to post-American.

The room is a high school smoking room (back when high schoolers smoked cigarettes as opposed to weed): it's a cloud but I'm managing.

We have the conversation where I explain why I 'stopped' drinking.

And then I get to the bottom of my soft drink – why am I drinking with a straw anyway – and I give a hard pull, a crisp suction, to get the last of the surprisingly satisfying raspberry beverage but somehow I either don't put my lips around the straw properly or smoke had even gotten into the bottle and when the insufficient quantity of drink makes way to air I basically draw in smoke, deep into my lungs (or whatever it is you call those tiny airways – bronchioles).

And I'm a little queasy this morning.