

SAID JUST SO D Press Ellensburg 1982

# Junk assemblage by the author Photo by Richard Braley

for Luis

"Here's splotchy velvet set to hide a door in a wall and there—there's the man himself praying!"

#### **NOW THERE THEN**

Organically rising out of common motor pools of 5 we find a new world speaking a new language

Let's look at it—
sky cloud bird
mountain ocean sun
smoke house man
street dog bike

No Bike Riding
On the Sidewalks

While visiting our community
Please adhere
To a meatless, eggless
Non-alcoholic diet
And abstain from smoking

Mind-altering drugs and Unnecessary nudity

Dig in—be happy this bizarre circus stretches beyond metaphysics beyond meditation beyond your great grandmother's condominium



# **AMIREPRESSED**

or is this taking place in a little espresso bar along the peaceful Nile?

oh, I thought I saw

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two shadows
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I'm sorry— I'm sorry, too

too much coffee I'm damn jittery

.

we sit in a cool spot amid the burning

the moon trine Uranus

.

miraculous water partings, waves splitting

finding in the sand

the Pharaoh's grave a damn rib in her

icy stare



# RODEO OF THE EQUINOX

There's an urgency to his line, the tension meant to hold

a wonder. Orion lassoes an Atlas-bred heifer by the hoof. Nearly tugging free

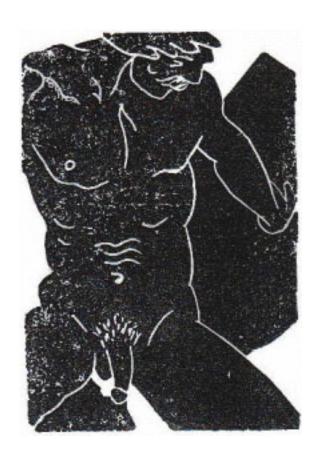
Sterope is tied hard and fast with hemp.

Not too shabby, all agree, and space is

taut in admiration.

The Olympian buckaroo puts a silver buckle on his belt.

Sterope licks her burn in the calf pen.



# **IT'S A MESS**

by the creek where I squat with nosebleed after smacking my face in the slash

a crisscross of firehardened

barbed sticks, o mama the dead forest

and the hills lush in bitterbrush and ceinosis sea of noses

o mama there's no hope for the trees

.

slashier slash rockier rock

this little unit has snow on it and's unusable

out of shoot #1 it's Flaming Hoedag ridden by J. Root

o mama there is hope for the trees

.

Orpheus instructs the treeplanters
Watch those scalps
Keep an eye on spacing
Don't plant too deep
No J roots
I only want to see asses and elbows

.

We plant ahead of progress rates into full pay with laurels

We're paid to plant a tree, and we'll come back and back again until it grows

The trees—
out of their depth
with this logic,

driven around in vans, debated about like dots on a map

.

Go Fir It Reforestation in the Land of Many Abuses it's well

trying to plant in a week what, destroyed in a day, took 1000 years to grow

#### AFTER THE VOLCANO

No need to go outside—there's

just ash out.

Quite a scene at Joe Albertson's during the ashout.

A man with a towel over his head wearing swimming goggles stocks up on beer, another wearing a surgical mask carries an umbrella.

It's dark.
We stay indoors and listen to Orson Welles'
War of the Worlds.

After the Martian smoke settles, trees drop their pyroclastic debris, and birds start a new day, although it's a bit gritty.

### WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

for Alia

Here it is, your birthday, and you're 34. Four is before five, bunnytoes,

and three is one before four. Remember,

too, I'll love you, never counting the decades.

.

I see you see beauty, as we

share sunrises, join silences.

.

Sounds pathetic, but back there

a goose merged with a gear, a tick developed a number.

### **OUR GARDEN**

At first, there was time, and we agreed.

Summer bent into autumn, then snow covered the rows.

If you go, I'll be left the coals that are the snowman's eyes.