This old hand,

Old worker, old lover,

Now, a fiveheaded lizard,

On the sofa's arm.

×

The painter paints flowers,

Raybans by his side,

Paradise in his eyes.

*

The breeze in the trees

Can't spell Charlotte Street,

Yet it goes where it pleases.

X

Old man steps,

One foot in front

Of the other,

The same uncertain joy.

*

I love her completely,

I only make it seem so,

By saying so.

*

The cold wind blows

in the old wood barn,

The old dog barks,

The cold wind blows.

Seeking my place

In the whirlwind,

I find I am mostly oxygen.

×

Joy comes into this

Paraffin heart,

Swinging its scythe of fire.

×

Unwound bundles

Of inspired breath,

The unfounded joy in my heart.

×

My feeding it is what gives life

To this peacock self,

That nasty bird.

X

Time takes time off

For itself,

All at once, in moving,

1 am still.

×

Leaves, blown by the wind,

Stop and stay,

Not far from home,

All ambition gone.

X

Old pond, not-as-old froq,

Koosh!

Timeless water, frog, in time,

Leap, splash, Kiss.

×

My father

Handed me a big gun,

Told me

To shoot the sky,

1 missed.

X

He places his bag,

They kiss,

Dance a bit in the kitchen,

Papa's home.

1 asked if wonder

Would marry me,

Not twice, she said,

And laughed out loud.

×

Uncaring cat,

Fallen priest of peace,

Mad for love,

Runs into the night.

*

Stepping in some dung,

I go on my way,

Its faithful emisary.

Cat sits,

Before crossing the road.

Mr. O'meara, reading a book.

X

Cherries,

Hanging on the branch,

Do nothing to block

These thieving red hands.

*

Even here, on this rock,

Far from home,

The sunlight warms

My upturned face.

No, no,

You cannot have these poems,

They already belong to you.

*

Old goat

Wobbles as he walks,

Recalling a mountainside

In his legs.

×

The old days have died,

I visit their graves,

Each stone, so finely carved.

×