Heated

The weather here ticks forward with the broken thermo-
static clips of mood, its scourge of air hard-boiling you
or me or anyone else who turns through the wrong side
of a word, the temperate season’s balance dynamic only
the span it would take a drop of sweat to hit the floor.

Stuck out, and wrestling with the microscopic trembling
of the world, we’re pinned against clothes swollen thick
closer than any cries of uncle could relieve, skin turned
adhesive gripped like a nose a crafty uncle seized. Funny
how more energy → the sluggish languor seen with freeze.

Different, though, isn’t it? I thought so too before I knew
its sticky ministries so hard to shake, heat so soon to haze
one’s thoughts like rhetoric, the pride of being right, until
its blunt rolling smoke-screens the sharp identity of things,
and what is hot and cold, or which of us is banking on the til-
ted side of being wrong is suddenly unclear; but when it cools,
and we find out the truth of it, I bet both of us will feel like fools.
Lizard

Sitting on his rock
without a tail,
having just escaped,
perhaps, some cat’s
flawed clawed attack,
he rests like worry’s
not for him, knowing
no tail goes for good.
Soon, he’s off, his loss
all but forgotten,
as I still wait and watch
for the parts of me
gone missing to
grow back.
No Time

The jig is up
across the world
grandma has gotten sick
projects are almost due
we’re late for what
we now cannot
undo

and now we find
near deadline
lacking time
so needing more
to focus us for what
we had no time
before.
The Ordered Web

The staffroom’s mostly keyboard clicks and shifts
Toward the printer’s nauseous gasp and heave.
Outside, the rain punctuates its ground intent,
Its tight, encasing greying-down to green
Tomorrow with the urgency of now.
Inside, the whole school wraps its arid rooms
In walls that leave the ways for leaving one
For all, and stretch their planned experience
To dot the battered blueprint of our lives.
The kids come hushed and shuffling down the halls
A whispered roar, tip-toeing tiny steps
In time with every day they’re here,
Caught like bugs in longing for the web,
Confined within each instituted year.
Where to Look

Last day, third grade, report cards handed out,
Kids shoulder backpacks, shuffle out at noon,
Giggling to where their parents pick them up.

One girl, living close, splits off toward home
   Alone, and soon is running in the house
   Clutching a fistful of columned A’s.

But coming in, she finds no angling light
From other rooms, no whispering mom and dad
   Too busy to listen—just the ache

Of want, of having to ask from home
Where she can look to find what isn’t found,
Where to look for home when home is not around.