

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4

reconfigured

Undulated angular
hell blue half close pale skin
brown eyes, cheeks, her's
primary colors
zigzag streak of green undertone
at chin
as in background vista

Laurel branch
sprig emblematic blonde
intellect and virtue
twines around her confident pose.

Delicate of color and shading
red dots
silkscreened
as rain down from
a same sun
painted small square image.

Meticulous wave locks along snaky texture scales
right side of her head distract from
purple string in bust
blue breast of sky
cloud nipples of desire

Steel nerves Monolith slab
only some last step of stairs
corner red and black wall
--massive gravity sealant
without reason a brute fact
fell to ground floor
in the Hall of Witness.

He wore his
French style draperies in their wanton fullness
Right elbow leans lightly on book column
slender fingers,
left wrist bowed to hip
to behind
as in dance. Hairs bound in long tail
decorated by thread-tied necks
of orthodox priests,

Some details may defy description : full-length
lifelike pine
three folds of skin divide
horizontal chin as mask (off or
on), are almost torn to
indistinguishably near jaw pleats
immediately below the knee,

Horribly gothic elements show
man turning into wood like stoney
furrows; a skeleton for skin and organs
collapsing into immortality.

Apparently reflective
glass-eyes look forward
as far as root growing from the tree
and bottom of neck is drawn
backwards as surplus in defect of physics
as compensated as rich men in breadlines

One foot standing
transformed into a piece
of real rock where pillar is boulder
and ambiguity is a hard act to follow.

Matter fuses to theme, to detail
to surreal genius

in shiny sculpture in back
in its raised arms

Head constrained
too human features
the beholder as
mass different probably human though tail
might one thermomorphous
naive enlargement Mirû, bare dust

Abrupt reconfiguration
brushes rust to brown
marble chisels into mounds of snow
novels unwrite themselves
Genie swallows the bottle, Jonah
consumes the whale;
all that remains is Ken's body
with Barbie's head
mismatched metaphors for life
as told to a 5 year old
not wanting to sleep.

poem from his book, 'frac tur ede velo pment' (Plan B Press)