

Moveable Us

A pond relaxes into an art movement.
It pushes landward like a couch.

The indecent, clipped moons
inside the static multiply. Stitched
together with lounge chairs and rebel
orthodontics, inhabited by another's films,
by a language with pressure, staggeringly
avid square birds and sentient doubts.

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A woman tries radiating dogeared
quietude. Half-mooned and moody.
She thinks "breakfast," but the world
hears "steak." She thinks it's time to tie
the ribbons on the invisible revolution,
but the world hears "party time,"
thinks "breasts." What starts as
a "window" ends up as a hole.

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Instead of your mortal coffee, try to feel
the upright sidekick's psychic glimpsing.
Pour out the "meaning" in the "meaning vessels"
and press "go." Feel the change in atmospheric
pressure on your nose ring. Tabulate
the weight of your foster pit bull's shadow
with the power of your lungs. Revel
in the moment between, the arched pause.

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A man and a woman each create a sculpture
of a question mark for the park. They follow

the same model, use the same materials.
The man's sculpture is described as an abstract

meditation on the nature of looking. The woman's
is a political statement about the nature of seeing.

No one is exactly wrong. Or particularly
right. All art is context. All context is a lie.

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Sailboats don't need to sail to be beautiful.
A waitress probably should wait for a diner

to turn off the light, nor should a patient
be patient if she wants to survive

the ER room, but to dovetail from this—
You look down from your dusty book

and out the window. It's October.
Bus tires bloom with lilies of smoke.

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Sometimes we wake up in one city
with a different city flowing in our veins.

On these days language is a gold-plated
or mud-crusting hinge on the box of the world.

One moment, you are thinking of kissing
the person you love, the next he's you—

and the sidewalks are bursting with onyx tulips,
charred wicks, wobbling tree-shaped love.