

Knick-Knack Paddywack

This old man is talking to
himself and walking in the park.
I wonder if there is anything I can do

for him. He is so thin sunlight passes through
him, heading toward the dark.
This old man is talking too

much. He babbles on and on of people whom
he knows: one guy named Noah owns an ark.
I wonder if there is anything I can do

as he roots around in someone's shoe
he found. Over the voice of a faraway lark
I hear this old man repeating two

meaningless words from a children's song I once knew,
over and over and eventually joined by a lone dog's bark,
until I know there is something I must do.

Approaching him I sense something new,
I sense that this is his park.
And I think I know who this old man is talking to.
And I know that there is nothing I can do.

Sweet Renaissance

Red m&m's fall naked from the sky into my
 Upside down umbrella, fat peanut
 Butter filled candies.

Things have been weird lately, cows
 Hatching eggs, entire cultures
 Incinerating spontaneously,
 Stained sheets of

Paper coming clean despite
 Oscillations of lust by lawyers
 Emerging from harvard and the
 McMinnville institute of theology.

Ornithology is a dying field.
 Nothing can fly in this emulsified air.

Young politicians in training are
 Only able to think simply: cover
 Up your vulnerable areas,
 Repress your desires.

Green treats hail down,
 Enshrouding all in a confectionery cloud.
 No one goes to work,
 Instead they stay home, rediscover
 Their lost sensuality, themselves.
 A sexual renaissance spreads,
 Leaving the politicians alone, finally proven useless.
 Someone laughs as I refill my umbrella.