

Perspective

The Renaissance
had the right angle—
vanishing points
aimed at infinity
(too far for the naked eye to see)
everything converges
past haze, horses
fields, or merging armies clashing;
the clatter of weaponry
past the blunt mountains
cramped with commerce and refugees
or ascetic saints preaching salvation
it is easier that way—
man or mountain
from far enough away, merge
into a secret micro-dot—
God's secret eye.

Meanwhile

The old men protest
the visions will not come
easily. Meanwhile
the piazza is invaded
by armless mannequins
fragments of ancient statues
piled high to rot in the shade.

The Prophet's Despair

Even in heaven
the weeds push
through the pavement.

Rhythm

The prophets are content
to rock back and forth on their verandas
perched on their aged ambitions
relevant as mute bullfrogs
in the midday summer sun.

Geography

You lie in bed
more ways than one
dappled by light
still in the shadows
your face turned away
like a thief in the night
secrets
so deep within
your pelvic thrust
wet, moist secrets
kept well hidden
like treasures
in Egyptian tombs
beyond the nagging years
your topography
remains the same
untouched by desert winds
or withered oasis
you are a well traveled land
full of forbidden zones
overflowing with
caves of delight
you will not share.