LARRY

We all loved Larry.

His draft number

was one. That was just like Larry.

Larry could do minute immediate percentages

for anyone who wanted them—he could do this in broken TV, in Latin—our slang—

When time came for

boot camp

we all got in the car to take him because where were his parents

Buzz cut, khakis, passenger seat—

On his jean jacket a peace symbol over

his droop-tight scrawny abdomen.

An upside down

flag he'd embroidered

to the right pocket the jacket

he tossed back to us a time-lapsed crumpled blue cape floating mid-air in the car when

he grabbed his duffel and

went.

We had rolled up the windows smoked pot

all the way to the airport

because this was the way Larry wanted to go. Dust cloud fog haze

on a parallel plane, his friends semi-transparent and aloft

when he got out

of the car

would all be slow-grinning and waving goodbye, goodbye, when he walked

into departure in smoke this was the plan. Throughout

the trip Larry

was solid, his agate blue eyes and their something pliant took our love

in, spread it out all over

the car. The love pooled in our sandals. Larry

smiled, laughed, turned

to the backseat and back to the windshield a boy who moved

with the cadence of

loose puppet inside a newborn bucking bull, wahup wahup

& the yet to be discovered synthetic substance we all

seemed to be living in, seemed our legs

were sticking to the vinyl

that's how young

and intertidal

we were.

We didn't

understand

anything

but Larry

did.

A few days into boot camp

Larry

went awol.
Canada.

What was Canada? forest, motel, motel & motel

a long extended hitchhike Lake

Louise, Lake Moraine

eventually

wouldn't we all hear if had he made it a neon wilderness asylum fatigue Canada

we who had been driven by which one of us was driving

back home and fallen

quilt after quilt bed-deep that night

into the hormonal tangle of sheets in our parented houses,

and waited for

something to happen until we all went to

college.

Our music

was lunar. We had come to know

afterimage We had come to know Larry as form gone unaccounted

and so came the exile of ourselves summoning ourselves

and we had woken suddenly in the middle of a frozen lake

holding a single long iris

and were able

to change directly from a solid into a vapor

without first melting

invisible invisible invisible

my love

was this love was this

terrible as love

trampoline and mineral and no more neutrality

SOLDIER WITHOUT A NAME

You knew him well, intimate as a locked room mystery he lived next door,

his brain had spread before it tore he took to the mold empire poured

black, white, green flage thick he grew thin, scarred

carrying shield, sword, rifle, bayonet M4 carbine XM7 red dot optics he was old in

young soul sold to run to hide to snipe unmoored, the money, made

over his body muscled, strewn, sunk, piled, poor—

JUST AS HOT AS IN THE AGE OF THE GREAT RELIGIOUS WARS #2

The lyre a wind gone cello
storm a long vowel

hummed through string (the band plays a glacier set)

while phones pulsate and are

sex-positive no matter who is holding them

rio
under bridge

I miss black smudged ink on my fingers from coated paper

Tinge of excitement once my feet get near riversand a clear cold water ache

Over trenchless sewer lateral

I am lucky to live in a light-filled house

and with the people I love the exquisite loneliness

of DM-ing

my far friends

just across the bridge its wooden slats flip-flopping the once-horsed street I would walk

to see could I bring myself over the glittering waters

thrifted lint falling out of one's once-stitched britches

Violet storm clouds rising cello-clap struck in air

The bridge tensile, riven
swings a portal wide:

the Earth is pretend complacent

a sleeper cell

deep cover

inactivity

warm days of

forested understory

Discovery the shadow the hand makes across paper

and the dappled light from the summer

walnut tree What is evolutionary

need for a convulsion

before being fed

I must combat melancholia

commerce

when it is vowels I love to open and stretch

partial in placid waters

The arthritic raccoon who has made safe passage

across asphalt pure daylight

A polyvocal hiss

A tenebrist halo

is this not another great religious war

In barely sunken submersed strata pissy clay

I sit passenger seat of a dusty black

American flyplane I beg I to not

eat country speak nation

Traversing watery thin blocks of ice

or sleeping on mats

of fibrous cloud and sanded desert dust

People are ghostful, fleshed in their mysteries

all flint and chalk they stir a hot bath

with your hand

I bow kneel seek specks of quicklime tributaries at sacred sites

The hand under rubble surfacing alive

Lotus flower on the lotus pond

People die upon eating

if not given sugar water first