WAKING UP

it's terrible
starting each day waking up
especially when she has just
fluttered to her knees
before the fireplace
slid her palms down her thighs
and said "oh, but
the gods do love you, andrew"

HOLDING HANDS WITH SELENE

after you've walked on the moon
what can you say about it
you've left all you knew
peeking out of your footprints
at the eerie landscape gray on black
back home you're heavy tongue
thick and stuck in your mouth
still people orbit like flies
unable to understand what you know

it's like lazarus raised from the dead
stunned in the blinding light
and jesus nearby whispering
"what's it like? what's it like?"

MAD MAGDALEN

oh he did it to me once

in a dream i think it was
for three days after in the shower
steam rose from my back and shoulders
and my feet never got wet

i still burn like crack
and have to have one or the other
all the time now

i ask everyone

SMALL BITS OF LUCK

small bits of luck that make the day
are too often overlooked
and so we don't arrange the circumstances
that make them possible
a waitress with beautiful calves for example
seems essential first thing in the morning
soft lines coaxing dreams into the
sigh of synthetic fabric
until caffeine stands up to even
throat and collarbone
urging us to overthrow the cold
hierarchical world of the first-born
with touch lightly tracing curve
"... if only the nation would learn to be fit and well there would be no strain on the Health Service..."