Protector #2 Your Personal Amulet

This sonnet is your personal amulet
To be worn in instance of need
Or constantly held in the mind
Occurring here and elsewhere at this moment
This sonnet is sent without cunning
To cull a particular phrase from your lips
To enlist another protector
In this age of malcontent benefactors
Against an ironclad schooner
Feudal kingdom
Dismemberment by jubilant crowds
Strangely indifferent faces
Heat and dust besides
Suicide implicating others

Protector #3

Before the hermit people
When angels were robots
To operate happenings
A huge asteroid swam bravely through the water
His praying mantis–like jaw in the front
His sharp intertenacles broadly its engine turned on
They all turned on his boosters
Horn with a lasso on it in the tippy back
A “wavery” is a huge underwater cave where water bats live
On the rocky bottom sometimes water spiders
Suddenly a water landscape invaded
They were trapped
They had needed a very large breathe
Robotic-like forms formed in the water
Two-Fourteenths Sonnet

This undressing at security checkpoints
Would never have gone over with the Victorians

Sonnet of Baron Marc Selys Longchamps

Ascidian Heart

Manifests its presence by noises
knockings, a polite tangle of speech
Temperature below that of incandescent
Etruscan rooms lacking thought

A circular disc, usually wooden with metal rim
for discrete distance
A rumor or piece of gossip, often untrue
a sheet of white paper blotched and scrawled

Dearest secret, exquisitely wretched
flinty, impenetrable embryo blossoms
voice, a reed, white tipped
faults of love, one thousand to be well

One balm corrosive
vicissitude, tears of tea
6/14 Donne Sonnet

I am a liturgy worsted made cupidity
Of elixir, and angelica spumone
I am a minute orb made subtly
Of rudiments, and innocent goblin
I am a little live oak made cupbearer
Of Elizabethan and angstrom sprawl

Sonnet Written with Lee Ann Brown

"Where does the vision take place?"—Nathaniel Dorsky

Are you going back to only
Drink deep of Miranda's hand
I love that sound identity
Momentum of milk
Close your eyes
Close your eyes again
Open your mammary memory
The way we examine our children
I feed in the night with a milkstick
A thief in the dark
Up against stained-glass windows
Were you dreaming in Germany backlit
It seems like a real picture
Vision taking place in the dark
Sonnet of Aristotle

Galileo wrote of the Grand Duchess

Of spiders that are smooth and weave
A close birth
She allots to form teeth and tusks.
I mistake every plausible
Experience of the senses.
The sun itself is expressed by dots,
Essentially a collection
Of longer-legged photographs.

Individuals form a chain and each clings
to the shell of the one beneath
As practically all theories
Confined to wilderness areas.

Whether the earth rotated or was at rest
Or else
Glottal Sonnet

I grew up getting in a car
He's clearly what they didn't
He goes the way three times as long
While I wait
A face looking out from a photograph isn't
One in each hand, walking
These are my last
And canceled singing
Crowding a "holded" flower arrangement
Stranger's breath on wrist
A shadow sits next to me
Her book my uncle
Small towns being
Festive water

I'm a bunny
in a human suit
so people
don't try to eat me
when I go shopping
Is it not winter
at his house?
Daytime never ends
What is that living
in our curtain
gray and yellow and red
Our neighbor rakes a tree
Does an apple cry
done going down?