

Aquafox

the little baby purple
plastic sea turtle
ran past the smashed
bottle of best foods
 mayonnaise
in the cherry beach sand
its nasty cap unhinged
it was real

Punto Com

how long
hypnotized by the rails
how deep the cuticle
to the nail
vaunting its crescent

there are the pigeons
and propensities
the melee sitting still
sans hands wringing
incivilities

I'm having
unconversations
with numinous rocks
on the mound
taunting farce

inspired by real people
and the whitish tail
that closes space

enticing a string
to a luckless button

Directions to a Secret Location

they are said to be folded
into an origami of a jumping frog

to make the bell-like sound
of a clàrsach
when the paper's peeled back

the left hand playing the treble
and the right the bass

when the lake went dry
and oil drums appeared
I knew not to look there
the snitches
with their tongues cut out
or to ask any questions

the celtic harp society
will douse the exit-only sign
of a rustic belfry door

when goosebumps
have their way

and the chestnut grove
shivers all its leaves at once