

the south fourth kid

pieces of me mixed into
the dirt, asphalt and gravel-
pieces of me washed into
the gutter on a stormy day-
pieces of me drained into
the muddy san jacinto currents-
pieces of me delivered unto
the ocean where rivers
meet the sea.

01.29.2021

french hill cemetery

most of the graves are adorned
with solar activated lamps,
crucifixes and signs that
automatically switch on as the
sun goes down so on most summer
days it sparkles like the
fourth of july up on that hill
and the lights reflecting on
the lake below are stars
shimmering on the water.

02.23.2021

a separate reality

in a city called baytown
at a place called jason's
every monday for the past
decade, i've watched mary
martha, dottie and beverley
play bridge, sipping coffee
nibbling muffins and dealing
cards as they discuss their
grandchildren between hands
looking out the window at
a world they no longer
recognize unaware of a
stranger writing this poem
behind their backs.

03.08.2021

finding my faith

wildflowers of lush blue
yellow and red grow in
random rows where a white
wooden house once stood.
inside the house was a
family and inside that
family there was love. but
now there's just these
damned wonderful wildflowers
swaying back and forth in
the winds of march. it
ain't much, but it's all
i got to hold on to.

03.29.2021

reunion

the moment knows my mind
the silence knows my secrets
the wildflower knows my soul
the trees know my voice
the dirt knows my destiny.

04.19.2021

deep in the heart

sunday morning
san antonio
sunrise
ancient mission catholic
bells in the distance
low highway murmur
blue lights of the flour
mill flicker on
i sit twelve stories high
in the river walk marriott
balcony thumbing through
a complimentary book of
mormon and watch angels
handing out doughnuts
to the hungry below.

05.17.2021

bumming 'round beantown

eating a slice while
watching the rain fall
walking cobbled streets
in the moments after
the storm
talking to tarnished
green copper statues
nestled betwixt
skyscraper towers
stumbling down the
stairs to a place where
everyone knows your
name as long as your
name happens to
be "norm".

07.07.2021
cambridge, massachusetts

miranda

small town girl
sunshine dreams
hollywood hopes
vegas wedding
california divorce
one way ticket
back to the
green mountains
of vermont
wounded, weary
but now a
woman.

07.09.2021
williston.vermont

the sycamores on south 4th

how we've grown
you and i
though
the years have
been less than
kind to me
you've weathered
these storms
and stood watch
as i walk between
a dream and
memory.

08.07.2021

lee college jazz band-1988

there were about a dozen of us-
i played trumpet and drove the van
everyone was sleeping with everyone
everyone except for me that is
we took the rickety dodge to new
orleans, played on jackson square
one rainy weekend in november
a rather disnguished lady with
feather flying in her hat ran up to
us and exclaimed, "that was JUST the
way dizzy used to play it!"
and then we had coffee and beignets
and then we returned to texas
thanksgiving came and went
by new years, the band was no more.

10.30.2021

the imitation game

orion emerges from behind
the sycamores perfectly
on schedule terrorizing
the texas night sky
locked in love
frozen in time
and where goes orion
so go i.

11.05.2021

go topless weekend

they come from far and wide
once a year and descend on
crystal beach. by the thousands
in their jeeps destroying the
dunes and wildflowers. they shoot
pistols and rifles into the
muggy night air of galveston.
several usually die from stray
random bullets. the morning after
the methodists emerge after sunday
potluck and spend the rest of the
day cleaning up what the morons
hath left them.

12.07.2021