

After the Oracle

First

Time in a long time

The depth of impression

Is straight ahead

Overall condition noted

Continued

Change

The angle of approach

The beam always widens

And light sabers

Surround the doorways

To save us

I'm turning the poem

around in my window

for joy

and there is

no text

begging to drop by

allowing for such a thing

so hot

that setting sun, rocks

held by taught strings

the silk

of furniture

is burned alive

by a Futurist

a linoleum cut of a gash
clean the spit valve
(not often)
Kit caught his Bus
Emeryville
Before a train to Portland to read
Tell them all Hi
I cut the small
Black shadow
Of a jet and
Am moving it about
The sky
In the postcard
Mt. Olympus (blue)
Bailey Range
From Hurricane Ridge
Right here with you
After all
Night

Cedar Sigo 7-20-14