

La La

☺ the unlastin summer
and even whole seasons
of kisses
but especially the summer

Summer of gifts,
thanks
to the sky around sunset
for being
the colours
of your eyelids
closed
on the stroke of hip
round
and the moon rises,
slips its curve
round our fingertips

Summer of praise
for the ugly beauties
staggering by the streetcorner
haze of pain, stabbing
from we who do
not now, for the time
in any way
stagger.

Summer of forgetful paradise
laughing with the poet who said
“the dead on their milky shore
rock in unison
in marble chairs
and agree
that the great questions
were
so many distractions
to keep themselves
from falling too deeply in love.”

Verging close
to the vapid land of smarm
where yuppies frolic fulsomely
in the gardens
of a dream
so deep
beggars blink in disbelief
that they themselves are hungry.

Ah, my love,
summer of your body
and the beastly smells of sex
we took wildly to the wind

Summer of sleepin in
summer of some money.

All the same,
the abstract entities
brushed our fingertips
more real, for a time,
than a pearly necklace of nebulae.

Summer with the wherewithal
of zounds—
we visited the peacocks
and the potbellied-pigs
in the park and
walked among
 the
 squat
 nattering
 mallards.

Freedom in the air
to say and do what we pleased
though
we didn't feel the need
to speak out against
anything here—

o
career career
everyone can say what they're told to
career career

o
subliminal bliss of conformity.

All the same,
the grass was green fur

summer of orchids
as among a billion genitalia of Earth

the turning of the globe was all around
and gravity with mirth

yet another reason to stick around
in love's logic, if reasons were needed
which they weren't.

It'd be around sunset
I'd see you sometimes
as the night settled down
into the trees
like darkening angels,
and we'd lite
on each other with
all the gentle
savagery
of screaming lust

wed/lock our bones
into the grid
of the
roaring dynamo.

Summer also of used book-stores
and the musty smell of words
wafting off the page
reading to each other
breath in
out
turn them to something else.

Summer
of the stories of our lives—
not only of who we had been,
but of who we were
though I didn't
understand that
at the time.

Summer then of not now
without Tienanmin Square.
It isn't often
we know
to be alive
is outside the law
in any country.
Summer without bitterness.
The heart grieves for what is lost
the soul sings with what its learned
and is this not always of freedom?

Need it be
I don't know
until I need to?

Summer land of unseeing
from an island
oh so far away
from the beginning
of the nightmare of millenium.
Even the parking spots
say they're reserved—
is that our lot?
Do we become what we behold?

And it's like
quite a while
now since I
wrote what I
just read
and I see
the poem still
isn't finished
but I am.

There will be laughter
and forgetting in which
everything is unsaid.

So, what do you think,
is it a write-off
because it doesn't
end in the way
I even wanted it to,
you know,
with a sort
of resolution, reconciliation
of feelings, a resolve,
acceptance, that
sort of tone, tonic even,
or is this the way
we go from one
life to the next:
unresolved,
with no definite conclusions?

