

I.

Your stare is Corpus Hypercubus
Suspension devoid of the lightness
Of yesterday's cotton swab. Brain
Is melting into papyrus smile. Oil is.

II.

Your interpretation of mine is subjective,
Dependent upon the little green sleeve
Resting close. Enter through the fourth
Wall to wade and splash the matter.

III.

His story is one that I want to learn.
Sweet catapult fore flight and then
A tentative glance behind. I've past.
Walk back into Dali's fingertips.

IV.

Wake up and paint me a new
Tomorrow where the spaces between
Have left no cushion for black strokes.
I'm fallen into habitual landscapes.

V.

Artist eccentric is what I will call
You now.

Scene it

Through the fourth wall,
Cookie cutter and lemon meringue
Bed posts. By it all
I can view what is mind
Scape.

Leap out window

Into the blue expanse
Dander puff free fall away
From tinkling Rembrandt
Smiles!

This is dance

That wakens what has been lost,
That noontime when
These toes could hold a blade
Of grass between them with

Out tripping into computer screens
And outlets.
When Matt and I
Dizzy dance that broke our
Shoulders into flight
Before the taste of honeydew
Fingers on the lawn
Because currents humming
Never reached our ears.
Swayed green cropped
And we skimmed the surface of
Cool moving sapphire
Like long-necked birds with
Ruffling feathers
Until night fell
And so did we,
And so did everyone else.

Back to gazing out
Instead of pecking in,
The fuzz is key to me
And you and the
Cookie cutter and lemon meringue
Bed posts.