

Grant "Raindance" Gardner /  
TWO POEMS  
WITH MY FINGERS IN THE BUSY  
WINDOW LIGHT I LET THE BLIND  
DOWN A BIT

The horse leaps over the rainbow blind let down  
With my fingers to my thighs naked I dance I dance  
The world inside  
out.

After, thrilling skin and thoughts of myths  
My freedom begins to arrange the situation and things  
(like the light)  
And the powers in the glance fades.

It seems: One cannot sustain the crave for the always genuine.

Now  
I drink  
Calming  
Charming teas here

And at the same time

am listening to "Romantic Favourite Arrangements for Strings"  
I drink at a white table I think

the music!

I drink A

Bukowski sampler I C:

“Play the Piano Drunk/Like a Percussion Instrument/Until  
the Fingers Begin to Bleed a Bit.”

Brilliance of subtle craft there.

Brilliance of subtle wit there.

Or:

Brilliant subtle wit styled as blue jazz, as hair unkempt, precise,  
leaning arm

(The drunk end rhymes mere pathos in the end)

Here\*

...

I drink and *will* get to Turgenev if not this winter — next. 'Til then

Try not to hurry

This elegant worry has style

In the line

I drink of to my next one waiting next me shoulder muse

Like maybe

After

The next meal

Or

Like tomorrow

I may Dance “different,” yes

You may and you may leave the horse in the attic sky and the  
blind let down a bit from daylight.

## GHOST POEM

Away away

Out my window:

Eyeing below  
And

Away away,

A white house  
A woman ghost  
Crossing slow  
Her windows.

Lantern light  
Gentle as old  
glass.

The rain, falling.