

Rojeanne Allworth / FIVE POEMS

HEAT DEATH

In his son's face
I see the helicopter
split apart silver
and him a silver extension
of disconnecting machinery
spiralled to the center of the sky
and just the smell of every Spring
within delicate veins
the substances of dreams
are summed to one
then frozen
he could be glass he could be glass

Needles in a control panel
are intact and register
the speed of disappearance
mark that point in dying
when the temperature of the body
is equal to the temperature of roses
the mathematician knows
when the heat is precisely the same
the eyes are open
the heart shatters perfectly

AMBLESIDE BEACH

March, the month of the quarter sun,
hits the shore with a snow edge.
I pull my coat around me and face into it
hoping it will draw me into April.
Behind I hear the squeak of a swing in a playground
painted the colors of the first explosion
that positioned stars,
predominantly orange and chemical blue.
Out on the ocean light disassembles
on small fish that bead like snapped mercury
over fault lines. The wave
folds into a membrane then disappears
near my foot where whales will beach change their shape
to contemplate the cold on top of the mountain.
Doom button pushers will be amazed
at the mischief in cell division. Always
on the rim of my eye Lions Gate Bridge
where cars never stop to study the engineer's
fine diagram never get scared by the shift of wind
against an angle by spooks in the weld.
The squeak in the swing has changed its rhythm
separate senses meet at my spine.

PUBLIC SCHOOL AT THREE O'CLOCK

The children always run.
Feet, knees, arms
move in crazy pieces
that jerk and dodge
across a playground.
Graffiti screechers
batter at angles
taunting the precise.
I see the smash
of D.N.A. molecules
and hear the bend
of light waves
against a school fence.
In this geography of blast
the poem will play Gravity.

COMMANDER ME

The revolution is in his sleep
Count Me Out
he says from the lower bunk
 in the other room.

Hear the snap and scatter
of the divine rules to get to heaven.
I count the green green heart turning mandarin.
Tomorrow I will leave offerings
all he needs to know of carnivores
put a mirror to the thousand silver Zs in Zorro
multiply the orange in the Ms of Commander Me
give him all the Popeye inches he wants
who really enjoys a fair exchange anyway
bribe for a kiss
dollar bill for the corner store
tomorrow in the sun on the table.

But now through sheets of moon
between the dreamer and me
play the chimeras.

PARTIES

At the party
we descend by fractions
into circulating climates
of bravo color.
Faces get warm and shiny skinned
lean towards each other
close and damp and African
in the flight of intimate speech.
You and I may paint the Alamo gold
in this atmosphere of patios
of moons in chlorine pools
drowning without protest
in the adjective deluxe.
All wired up to the optic nerve
the pursuit of happiness
is one instant's picture
from a top hat
the ab ra ca dab ra
in the rhinestone smile.
Voila a ja da of love.