

Richard Naster / FIVE POEMS

rousseau's dream.the begatting of the beast.

lurking i
behind tradition
obscured
by palm in this foreground.
you're distracted
by oranges monkeys afro-lilies and such.

plenty of time
to adjust my helmet
and smoke
skulk
load papa's gun.
pointing poison through the fronds.

this is not disney
petit battement
pink plush.

flatline.between visits.

oozing palms and this ragged mind of desire
a shadow-play from an ivory time.
in a white room
the sweep-hand buries the bulges and creases of little pledges.
i follow the spiral
of a cigarette on the ceiling, dripping
like the line of neck and buttock
and common need before dawn.
to fall backward
through enchantment
into pursed nectar lips
laced about my neck
tight and dragging.
lunging at shadows.
a moist kiss tolling in a mirror
reflects back frail suns.
shimmering deep in the walls and spreading.


archaeology

an arm is reaching up through the sand.
i dust your smile
kiss your swollen fingers.
you were once too beautiful to remember.

our mothers raised gentle sons.some lions.
some shed skins, some dive.
the lake is motionless,bleached.
you are stranded on a reef.
i see your lips move.

your steam has curled between my flesh and shadow
like the first snowfall
or a virus.
we are drowning or playing.
taking in water.
you are on the beach.waving.

some have skins that glisten like prisms.
yours is hair and loam.
you were not meant for swimming.
you are narrow in this body.
my tongue lies on the table.blue.



for the record

you have become this photograph.

the coal wind balanced on your back,
the calendar's diminishing eye
wedges you on an axis
between cycling chimps
and a lyrical escape,
follows you to an edge
where you look forward to history.

frozen.
there is no photo-finish.

necks and wire taut in your hair
gather in an arcane vocabulary
while i stare you down,
your icaran shuffle and its warm algebra.

crap-shoot.nothing to lose.

this burnt and brawling season
turned collar and flapping wheel
is a banquet of pallid magic,
a bouquet delivered by pirates
courting nervous ambition.

naked we shiver down
soiled and smeared with holiest intentions.
a drive with the top down in the rain.

our captains plead with us for vindication.
or pseudonyms
for a lullaby cradled patiently
between romance and soft massacres.
for a moment.

this is a rendezvous
where voices declare summer-love,
beat their breasts to pulp
assuring each that signing on
is more than just another flag aflutter.

tongues enfold luscious fruit.
we try to be manly behind our lips
and endure as best we need.
but as devoted to history as moist act
we are not watching.
we are a crime and its confession.