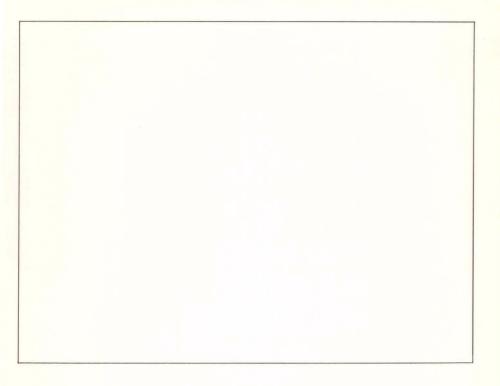
Richard Naster / FIVE POEMS

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 sweephand 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.

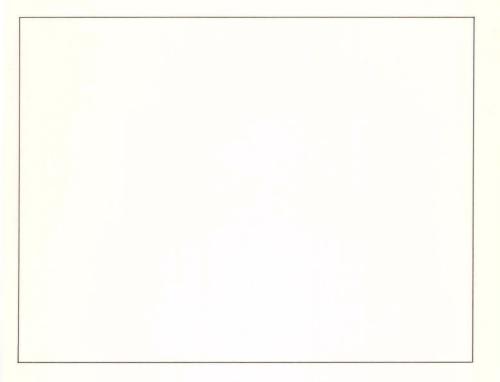
archaeology

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.