The Wave

semaphoring chorus*
THE WAVE

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The phrase is coming vastly cardboard on the wave
one wave equals two in syncopation
the phrase is venting. Where is
the crest inside the water rising?
Say you won’t. Then the only resource
is the television’s question blueing lazily
Public access to our enclosed frame, take off your glasses and “sea”
or Bob Dylan, a friend of mine, once whispered so I could almost hear him
But I could hear him saying in a whisper, “Whisper”
And I wept. Thrushes in the avenue
They were not brown but blue
the mouse
What’s phenomenal is brevity as in mou for mousse
or a for alphabet, phoneme
without a gleam
a tooth decays, grows weary with misuse.
What is the use?
What should we use it for and why?
It’s only paper.

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Is this just the red blandness of a fold? in fire watching
the rimmed wind roll mountains downhill
the valley groans—again—no r.s.v.p.
Please call while the poet is in ill health and whistles “help” as a structure.
The call was whistling in a rapid gusto on Tuesday afternoon until—
"Dialogue stunts my ambition, and I want to connect to the afternoon sagas—the soap operas—but please just shut up, I want to see if Nancy kisses Mike."

It is hard to kiss a boy while riding a 10-speed bike.
In other words, the bike becomes distracting and one wants to taste the spokes instead, as rapid and wiry as the spin.
The grass that comes sidling in fall is gray before it disappears.
The mass that comes is white. The grass is green.
The Mass that goes is white. We have the new, black Mass.
Black priests, black cross, black grass
Like Ignatius Loyola—black Pope—who visited me in a waking state or what is better known as the dream of Chuang Tzu’s butterfly, and said it is opposites.
A stunning effect.