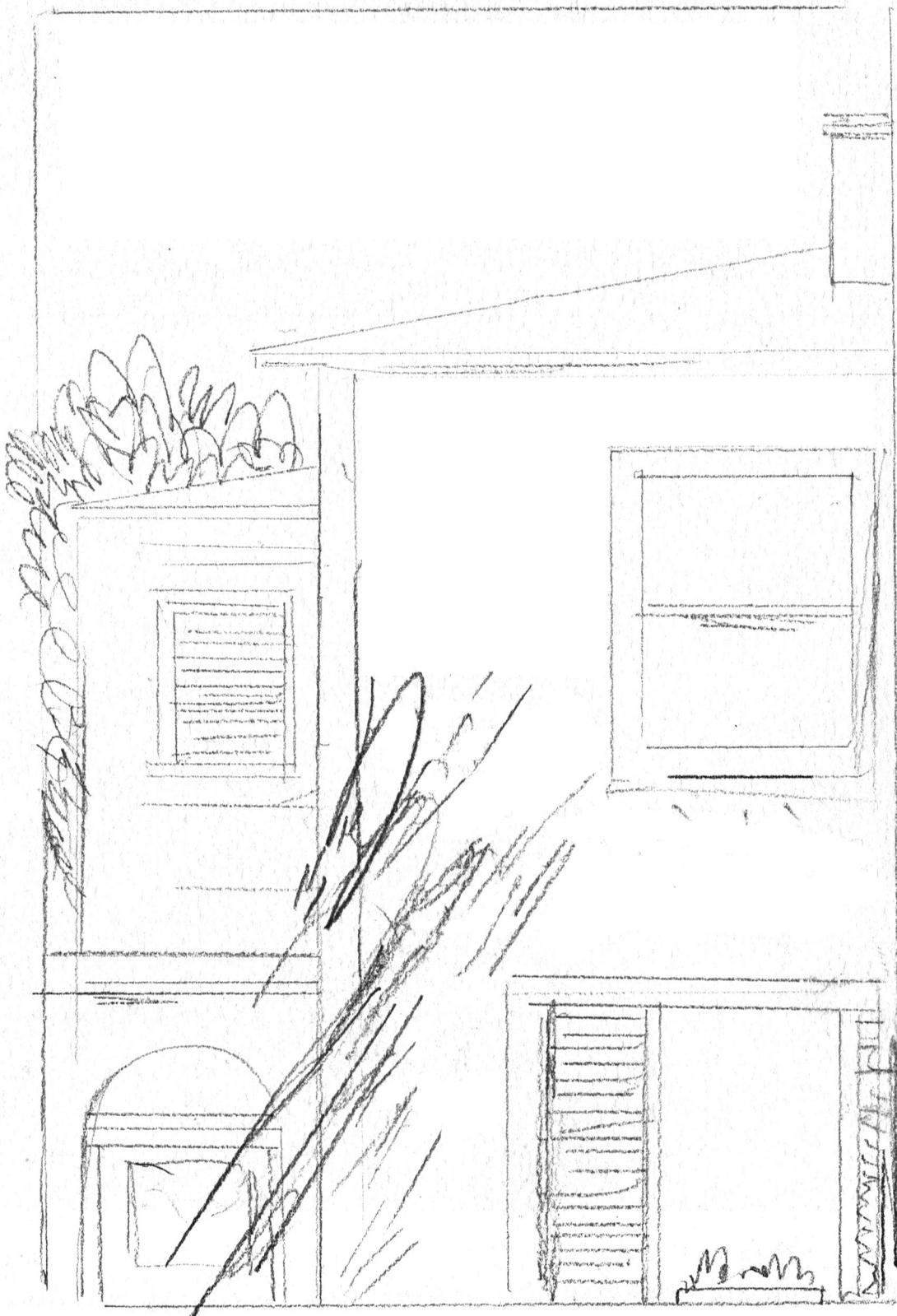


## *Good Morning*

Hello there breather  
take pause if you will  
close your weary eyes  
and feel the air around you like a morning mist  
wash your face with my hands  
I am your dishcloth  
I will lie on broken thoughts for you  
if you promise to cry when I leave here  
touch the pages of this book and think of all the arms that made it  
that it was once trees,  
made mush and pressed hard enough to print on  
hold that thought gently as you read  
as though I know what I'm talking about  
I do not  
I am a musician  
who can guitar-string just about a book's worth of words together  
until they fall apart like cooked wood  
welcome to my wordlessness  
I can write big if I want to



*An Evening on a Porch on North Windsor Blvd*

The sky is an upside-down swimming pool.  
Pink hues from neon tubes  
spraying words along boulevards blue.  
Joni sings 'A Case of You', across a kitchen floor,  
which I haven't cleaned this week  
so is sticky like a liquor store counter.

The air is like warm water,  
which makes it feel like you're swimming sitting down,  
if the perfect cold of the concrete steps  
weren't such a home for your feet,  
bare and tingling on the morning-cool stone.

'I live in a box of paint.'

It is 3 a.m. and you have given up trying to sleep,  
who could possibly sleep when California  
plays its song outside your door?  
You try to think of the last time you felt so much  
and can only think of people.

The cigarette pressed between your sleepless, dry lips  
sends its twisting grey into the world.  
It is quiet enough to imagine  
that you can hear one thousand American humans  
turning in their beds,  
dreaming of acting jobs and record deals  
and paying for their children's healthcare.

You think of all the songs you have to sing  
and how much there is to decide on  
and a smile plays gentle across your cheek.  
You are surrounded  
by people from the posters on your teenage walls