

trptych

day
neon encircles a clock
adjusted for daylight savings time.
alternating purple
to pink and back again --
always loud
and if it could
make noise it would s
till be quieter
than the espresso
machine.
and gaia looks me in the eye
as she pours
boiling waßer
over indian tea
leaves/ she smiles
to show a gap
between her teeth
like
Our Lady of Perpetual Sexuality
and a mole on her lip
like mrs dimaggio.
bare shoulders
and bare face --
haire like bob
marley only blonde., neon
encircles also her
head and the alternating
pink and purple halo
along with the æther
of coffee and tea
reinforces the deity of gaia
and
i know why the earth has been given to her

trptych

afternoon
where my queen
of cups are you now
and wherefore the
distance between?
shattered glass
reminds me of some
distant
realm and i pray.
i get on my knees
and beg the u
niverse that the hanged
man may greet me
uninverted.
i look for a star
a two
a lady in a garden of pentacles.
my thoughts are always
turned back to them
the three sisters of
luck
love
and lust
who have turned their
faces
from
me
i take a deep breath
and turn over to
reveal my future
the five of cups
and though three have spilled
two remain

trptych

night

\the words of a man standing

in a shower

rise with the steam

and heat

and float like music

to your ears

he feels the amazingness

of your touch

or the feeling of just

knowing how two can be one.

blending himself with her,

he still recognizes

that one is one

and a separate identity.

he rinses and scrubs

and needs to be one

before he can be

and he

needs to rinse his hair until the water runs clear

but he looks at his hands and the suds are still blue

and he knows of two

or three

or four

more

he needs the colour of his hair to fully adhere to

and seep into his skull

this one needs his hair

to grow in such a way

that it is of no consequence

if it does or does not

but these roots are still

tarnished

regardless

and tomorrow hell be coughing up the blood of

misplaced trust

it's putrid and disgusting mixed with oatmeal and broccoli

and refried beans all stained red with blood serving as a

reminder that sometimes its just better to stop.