

Galena Spinel

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Instant Record

the rock doesn't forget
anybody's death
but holds it and goes on
and on its slower time

or
at best
converts it

Argent Growth

native silver
sketched like sparse-leaved pine

arborescent

for

identity without
a hand to hold

a guide

named and namer

turned the same

by the distant
Show

Ammonite

Aquamarine 5 digs down the sandstone dip
then hardened by iron
and left stalagmite (like)
over marlstone & Jurassic Blue
Limestone.

Last tower
over geode fields & flowstone planes
holds the curled tail
of the character that defied type-high
& lead discovered
by alchemists.

This text demands your knife soft wood
to spiral

Prima Materia

where the skin ends I can see

the loam

that I smell my nails in my cheeks

In the rose garden philosophorum

I grubbed to aquifer

for something more than lapis lazuli

and found a maggot shard enough

to make my pestle Cant

against the jagged mortar

to mix with linseed oil

preserved from light from breath

enough to glimmer on my brush

plastic-wood soothing scratches on my palms

but it can't correct my strokes

can't define the shapes

Processing

Geology is a descriptive, interpretive science, and conflict is commonplace among its practitioners.

I press the sand in the cup my palms
and pebbles when
I like their bands (rings I mean
for wishing wells
and borrow heat
through the glass
the window sight intense

no, this room
is too warm
open the freezer
let me expand
break
what you pressed me in

you dribbled in

I flew until
the stagnant rock

the stagnant you
you flowed into,
then learn to burn

you only do
until you meet my mass
and I will return

you only spin

we cycle , we do

Above the Not a Fire

walk unaware
land pond scum
and magma underneath

even I

walk feet
unaware
land cracked shell
and magma underneath

when it shakes

remember
no amniosis don't fall in or if it were and
magma underneath

no boulders have formed

but eternity might as well differ
as if it were
river
and magma underneath

Tree at Line

turn me to lava
I will flow with was magma
and not be burned

turn me to water
when I cross the shore
I won't stop or extend
 the line

turn to me
when your cheeks
shine to match
what I've become

I won't give you a thing myself
 but reflect
 the moon
 in trail

Anthracite

glow into crinkles
burn into eyes

but fold into shadows
a baby blanket

of iridescence

a burn

that only protects and could be hollow

or

plastic

in a photograph

so shallow human eyes
and

acolytes

perceive

Before the River

as if I opened blinds

I didn't close

corner eye says moon
turn to say blue

pause

not to remember clouds
but witness move

The sky is not the same.

Kettle Lake

left behind by a glacier I never joined or
cannot name
enough to have known I think

the last melt
the final ditch

I wait for your enemies
and fade into swamp.

Basalt Beach

where once I flowed
towards away
shot out of under with out of me the only light
now I
absorb
and wait for tides take
more of me towards away

Spelunking

the ocean has left

She has turned off the radio

when it comes back

it will wear

more limestone

more

processed shell

when it leaves.
when it leaves
in wider time

that's forever

in the ever

the cave can be named

as any place

when it leaves

then

memento drip

into stalagmites

She might

fall

on her spikes

Some Poor Girl

do not take this body home to encase it in a flag
if this blue-stretched hand could move
it would no more salute

the bullet didn't shoot her
but her camouflage

she died anyway

do not take this body home home is only yours
leave her home
leave her
w/the ones she might have killed
or rather miles away

leave her to
the arbitrary memory
of minerals replacing bone

What statue will not leave
a guide for some poor girl?

Blue Angels

Blake would've seen a reason for displays
like this, with eight porpoises too late to be stranded
by the same parent club, two states away-- the flight over salt, over
well, they aren't really houses
notched into buildings
even if zoned for sleep.

One by one in twos and threes, the angels come,
wings between the glass buildings
or perning over scales hidden by scales
of ordered waves
from Oakland-loaded ships
heading where

I don't know. But the roar keeps
in my ear as swords through air
of freezing fire, as eyes extinguished bright
and grey. This is a dress
rehearsal to understand the play--
no, believe it.

Blow winds, you crack nothing, nothing
startling while they're here,
disrupting the moon blanched by light
mechanics still can't match,
even as they grease the gyres.
The layers

could still shift and startle more.
No, we're used to that
and count the richter scale
from underneath our desks
and know how to pick up
knickknacks and rafters.

But the blue is broken
clouds meant

Night Sea

empty mind like empty sea not empty but no boats to break
surface tension or cormorants or gulls

maybe rain drop rings but patterned parts of whole the parts
gone from the waves new parts in waves but waves the sea the
whole the instant the change

and the waves of any void
in reflection enter less

(that's cloud-shroud stars
at darkest

and still the yellowing non-point particles
and still the polishing sands
and still the moonsnail

and predators up and down

even to eaters of the sun,
California Lotus

Street, or Broken Sidewalk

twitter pigeon
down the peacock ore throat
the seed
still

grows

Desiccation On Valencia

left

on the pale clay soil

imported over the sidewalk compact
where a tree must've been meant
and might've been
before I moved
down the block

not a pigeon but

its skin

I assume

under the feather strands

teased into down again

not even by the wind
but the wind by cars

and I am trying to ignore
the man who growled when I said
I had no change
for him

Collapse

the cleft web
the angled cleave expanded by
expanding when it cannot move
in eyes
that know how to explain
until the cliff falls
like a book
and opens up the sand
& shells that can't be found again

In a Blink

take a moment

an air in

a unit

two units

the chest

before the cliff

that breaks in the same

moment not now

but sort

but holds the

you're all just moment

layers

and

intrusions you read

that doesn't matter

Cliffs Underneath the Green Iguana Trees

clear me of this doesn't move
break me from my rock

but not

this way

this slow

you broke by ice

not melting

becoming
memory

depending

on too slow to perceive
to change at all

(have to

I have just a sieve

weaving & unweaving

I can't see behind my skull

can't hold flow

you

I thought this was the ocean
before you died

Cleaving

cleft by a river

not a river but
the iterations named river

(it wouldn't divide
w/o this change

but only run above our surface
no,there's no same

and our layers still match
at this distance

named the same but for

the paths of water
grown by ice

rendered

and the traces of wind

or whatever it drives

turning in turning by
the canyon we define

Pisolite Rain Cut

how the orange molds
its dots

untouched

drops once they melt from fall

rust

release the leopard in the beige

and the dark inside
their circles turned by texture
into more awkward centers

immortalized

until bounced from tension to tension that's all one wall
the ages back to sand
or pressure & heat

Velvet Malachite

gloving in the green into black

or is the color only flash
photography
reflecting in the sheen
and underneath

it holds

everything

over white and red
blurred into grey

blushing ashen beige
canvas

still

a

deposit

Hematite

you call me hematite

to say you had touch to want to talk

blush

that you needed the

the red against gold
my hair

means

heat

magnet
but

your yellow nails
could scratch my skin

if I weren't out the door already

if I let you

open the guide
to name me
and mark me

on your map

Microcline

only baby powder blue

in hexagons and awkwardly

moss green slice across

makes the post irregular

or steals the change

the glory burst

of many bursts

from the could be mineral

that could be seen

at in person angles

unless the cracks aren't really there

in depth,

and eyes climb into powder

Laboratory Quartz

you've dissected me in slices thinner than I knew existed
I'd thank you
but
you named them
seeds
dunked in water over crushed like me
in metal you shaped
with all your strength
and more
to prevent explosion
or simpler leak
and so grows a perfect me
a model dead
in weeks
and I've been through this all before centuries beneath

Mineralogist, 3 am

in the clear trigonal glare
pyramid
stare and turn the crystal
the light
relative to rock
even if
I don't touch
the study light or
the ceiling fan
I don't have the ladder for in here
trying to trace
inclusions
into illusions I can name
Say trying to shape what puts this perfection
under milky
It can't be scratched with fingernails
as hers were
as mine will be again I hope
Leaving it at her's too easy
but it can't just be mother
or goddess
sample's not from the Paps of Danu
but I grind the quartz anyway
smoothing the edges
I hacked
to bring it to my study my bedroom my loft

Unknown Specimen

you think you will know me
by the bend of the light
the difference in angle

you think you will know me
by the scratch of a coin
or a nail

you think you will know me
by the shape of my cleave
by the color I leave

scraped across a tile
you will name me
by pages of charts

you think you will know me

A History of Tools

15.

dawn stones in the river
or under where rivers are only in mind
and ages later stones between
copper found easier to shape
and the edge discovered addition of tin
by a name
unnamed
in agreed on minds
not curled runes
secret if understood
And network between the roots and loess tubes
only carries memories
until
pressure & metamorphosis
into recall , no
movement into stone

7.

sapphire brings sleep

kyalite expands in heat
replacing clay

give me a pillow

beach

where the slower flow of flame

froze faster by the tides

old as the moon

though not on this shore

where I try not to slip

on popping weeds

that aren't weeds in the sea

into pools

that only want my knees

0.

fish move eggs on leaves

no surprise

I've seen them use the hook

8.

accordion

accordion

accordion

(it had to happen some time

tune

scales expand

to layers

in chords

even plastic has a form

(roots grow where they were

Galena Spinel -43-

Childhood: Wyoming Ranch

try not to say throat surrounded by pink granite
what's left by wind
besides the houses w/windbreak woods
and tires on the roof full of cement

try not to say throat
near what survives the soil ground , air circles
cycles

try not to say throat where the bleating bleeds
this outdoor life's
everyday sacrifice
fades

Someone Cared For Him

plow my history for your blood

no my blood

leads the plow in misbegotten
tradition

the only kind

no hand to hand but the plow/

but ear to ear and

I can't make it grow

can't give my womb to sand

stand
alone

that system
doesn't matter

or does

but that's not your story

or mine

and if you wrote it
it wouldn't be

hers

and it's the same with me

Radiation

dark haloes mottle quartz

disintegration of thorium

disruption of zircon
structure melted nearly glass

who collects

another radiant nucleus

to collide
to release all
at one ?

Name The Rockies or Be

little rounds of green in larger granite boulders
the slopes into fields
gem & nephrite
the latter emerald tint
still I can call it undiscovered
in a fictional place now
when uranium pods & lenses unseen thousand feet
up
cause a shudder,
reader,
Do you?

In Black and White

recall mimics the erratic

the granite seat above
the layers grained

combined w/eyes analysis
where it wd've gone

w/a little more cold
a little more time
slow overall

isolated

agreed on
reference

or only where

teens smoke

Nephelite Syenite

salt and pepper
snow and soil
milk and soot
lace and pearl

ignore
for
yellow spores

creviced in
ocean sunlight patternings
confused w/seaweed stalks
by ever tourists

Waterfall

woman not a woman
has almost infinite cloaks

and I don't mean molecules
nor does she

but they still fall

and dance

 a matter for cameras
still out of the spray

(granite's slippery
stay away

Runoff

rain unseals the tiles the drop
 through layers
through ceiling refracts the four-way light of the stationary fan

 flash

in the corner eye
 erodes Inside faster than a Face
 unless it froze
 between the layers
 (no rhythm of release
 no rivulet , no 'v'

 still a change
 in human time
 in human space
 or human named Not

I Never Called You Mama

Mama will you know me
when I'm empty as the sea

when in me isn't me

Mama will you see me
when I'm just a place

, recognize my tears

Your waves

I curled in

three quarters round the

sun

struggling towards Seattle to be born

Traces Run Along My Spine

these are my scales drawn under my skin
my fossils in columns swirled in layers
you'll never decipher when you dig in

no, you won't wait until my death
I never did to bring these in
I can't:

they do not sink
away from oxygen not in me
but dig
themselves for something to breathe
when they've lost all themselves

not reptile brains
but childhood loves
and teenage loves
and young adult loves
and I love you
now