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Uses Of Being Animal

My dog has the face of a great man.
His eternal pestering sperm
is the envy of evolution's posthumous plan.
He does not barter away his paw
for clever sleight-of-hand.
He does not knot calamitous threads
to catch what captures his casted net.
He does not plot to consume the sun
to sit on the throne of its backdrop.
Somehow he has said what there is to say
in one short snappy sentence
tenaciously repeating it
to sharpen his teeth.
He does not climb a plummeting rung
to profit from the loss of the highest plum.
He does not hire a chauffeur of laws
for his claws are off-road short-cut justice.
He does not caulk titanic leaks
to float the historic past
or jerk the leash of progress
to provoke its breakneck dash.
He is his own audience.
Having gnawed through applause,
he is free.

Eloping Within

“We are magic no longer,
but prodigy.”

– Jorge Guillen

Upgrading my eyes by looking
up, I savor color's struggled
catharsis from pain to light. Stare
caressedly at impromptu clouds.
Their kindred clothes a kind
of canvas. A rouged nudeness
brushed across the roofs. A rough
luminescence zephyr-rubbed
to refresh this dusked nugget of a hill.

What I see at this distance
is spectacularly sufficient.
A city christening its deft
dilapidated perfection
with a kiss of busy stillness.
Charismatic fate under paint.
Each crack momentary art.
Premature catastrophe
showing its agnostic rapport
with novice architecture.

Magic speaks what magic
ever keeps unseen.
Pranic spirit grinning
within the nimble weight
of swaying girders.
Within the windgames
gulls divulge by puzzling
through the ladderchuted
rules of sculpted air.

Eventually the sun
edges expensively away
leaving loaves of goldenness
glowing from random windows.
I watch this for hours.
My breath the warm-toned
texture of a concerto,

its intervals weightlessly holding
the perpetual scales of faith.
Behind those windows
secret virtuosos
keep practicing inner regress
to harmonious vigilance.

If this San Francisco were real,
if what I see were to shift
just a bit
from wishful frescos
to fleshed-out world,
I would ever stay
knowing this is Lourdes,
this is where the miracle occurs,
spontaneously,
providing I believe myself
belief's prodigy.

Naive as this seems,
I am too aligned, too attuned,
too much the resemblance
to an imagined place,
its orchestral threshold
opening its door
compelling my solo ensemble
to play its developing score.
I am wedded out there.
But eloping within.