

*Letters to Sherpas seen sliding down couloirs, Rebel fighters in Satanist heatwaves,
Suburban moms with their overhangs aching, and a Morochuco whose belly heaves¹*

Dear

greenhorn, petrol-gamboling with your gauss
weaponry – I see you've bit the floor
with your fiber strippers, and mauville
slippers. I'm thinking of you with
my blood-fist chock full of
liberty.

Dear

flâneur, blowing off true, bright steam
nightly on the computer – who are you?
jaded giraffe, ironic iron-miner's climbing son,
now big city boy (you could've climbed Lhotse),
girl, an hour's bar dart: you're a night-light eye
surfer.

Dear muja-

hiding, slippery in love like fires in Karachi,
versed in Nordic speak – violence as communion;
tired of commanding as Arusha tires
every morn after that *azan* (I've heard),
all ending in fat bucks blowing up
in the primal mountain's
shadow.

Dear

cowboy, versed in the arts of escaping an age:
long knowing the ease of avoiding confusion,
that high Tuvan whistle piercing your drums,
perforating villages with nighttime seed,
not stopping, not starting:
fugitive.

I kept the fire up an hour
but now my yawn is burning down
Letters written, unwritten;
gulf-Stream Express
Sends them out and leaves sleeping
for the wired pensters and dreamers.

Dear All,

the gardener is gestating at you

¹ Not in that order.

He wants to tell you a story (en
espagnol) with tea and milfoil exactness;
Oh, you've closed your blood-red door;
the truck stands idle, deep drink the boughs

For Now
they're content in dirt gore. It's no coincidence
Plastic cups and heroes are sordid and
common these days: there is no
Reason for either, they're like Venetian canal
men who hear and smear dirty secrets,
Collecting hairs as tokens for shade.

Things Broken
know how to be unbroken, need glue or a
Name to fix the broken portal (groin-punched
history) all in flames with your hoard,
Heard. Somewhere citizens parcel bombs from a
lorry.

Tom, Careful
with the nitrite! say the wizened hardliners,
Harkening for days when the troublesome
troubadour crooned. *he taught us a
Ribauld song. We could draw cartoons of prophets,*
there in the broken keep, in the armpits of the
Donjon, a place where sewage rested and jittered.

Thawing Now,
that keep of history, exposing the ice;
Cups are unearthed: clay, wooden, epic;
these names are key carded in plastic,
Mounted at the museum of pedestrians, the rock
is set with the powder. Lockerbie is another
Girl. The lake is unholy, and full of fire.

Somewhere, Someone
writes: "mold brained westerners... water is
Sacred! Nature is sacred! he
is communicating with spirits! this is a
Ritual!" call the postman then,
burn the letters, tonight we'll
Sink somehow, someway:

Yet in these letters is my disappearing,
like two germane alpinists blown straight off Gasherbrum,
Sent into the global made-sense-of-it-all,
that sharp cut of grass that's so instant and so clear.