

Blue

R.e.m.

Yellow circus left the stakes a broken ropes world's useless mug
The ties that bind, ha ha
I can be bad poet
Street poet
Shit poet
Kind poet too
Subway
Almost 4AM
Halloween night
Had enough to drink to make my own party
All my fellow writers in half costume, half asleep
Half silly, gone to seed
I don't mark my time with dates, holidays, faded wisdom, locked karma holders
Convenient
I am made by my times
I am a creation of now
Shaken with the cracks and crevices
I'm not giving up easy
I will not fold
I don't have much
But what I have is gold
I saw your face...
I sing in platinum
I dress in brass
I eat in zinc
Let it pass
Compare a toast
I like that
I understand courage

I still roll with the shout of a character I was married to today
I try to see outside myself
I understand the eyes
Excuse all the highs
Sorry
I am sorry
Ha ha
I like you, love you, every coast of you.
I've seen your eddies and tides and hurricanes and cyclones.

Low ebb tide and high, full moon.

Up close and distant.

I read you.

Look, the sky, the sea, the ocean, the sun, the moon.

Blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue, blue blue, blue, blue, blue, blue.

Naked and blue.

Breathing with you. Touch. Change. Shift. Allow air. Window open. Drift. Drift away. Into now.

I want Whitman proud. Patti Lee proud. My brothers proud. My sisters proud. I want me. I want it all. I want
sensational. Irresistible.

This is my time and I am thrilled to be alive.

Living. Blessed. I understand.

Twentieth century:

Collapse Into Now

Cinderella boy

You've lost your shoe

Cinderella boy

Your coach awaits

A sun makes shadows

All over your face

As you sit

Naked and blue

Into me

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