

Praxis

"In the end the peasant may kill the professor..." J. Langbehn

The Douanier perhaps  
you doubt he was the  
Artiste-peintre (good)  
and when passing smile  
on your way to the ground  
floor. Now you are talking.  
(Un soir de carnaval coll. Louis Stern N.Y.)  
Why does the lion pass the negress by?

Hartford had a cay set out  
on his own account  
just for the good few  
who knew which way was up.  
NO CARS ALLOWED.  
All those sentient beings came  
who understand and therefore  
go everywhere: Gay ladies  
mauve hair vague men in  
jade ties drawn on buggies.  
Carib winds cracked the leathern tops.

Woman lain in multi-colored cloth  
nearby the round bowled mandolin  
of innocence, music draws the lion on to quiet.

The Blue Fountain Trumpet

What loose

vine unstrung the  
wet thrush wings

ruffling

scramble up together  
duskward gone on

dapple walls.

A white moon

climbs out across the night  
chilled millet fields

and cormorants

brush soft red light  
song through panting

cherry groves.

What you are

fragile jazz  
isolated star

prods the night away.