

The Garage at Noon

The dark
inside the wide, open doors
is gritty
and does not look cool.
A car's been left on the lift.

White stucco is
brittle
in the sun at noon.

Up
at the side a piece
has fallen loose
to reveal
the dark under wall
like an ink blot
that tells us our secrets

and above the doors
a red flying horse
is poised and rusting, dented
on its flank
by stones the boys have thrown.

Still Life

It was believed
a sneeze set loose your soul
just as sure as a camera
could steal it.

Consider then that Tom Edison
made a movie of a man
sneezing.

We can watch him now.
The motion of that old picture
is still
the same, but strange
(as old pictures are)
over and over. He is only shades
of white or black, and to us
as to deaf Tom
years ago, the man is silent,
sneeze
after sneeze after sneeze.

We watch him now
and repeatedly it is still