

Occasional Poem #1:

The Whales Dream

down the ferby sea
I flouted mie old blubber
and into the bay rum and
liquor flowed out the sea
caves and myn self surfing
tail fin under me sitting
or standing as it were up
right or wrong no difference
made it right and I was spearm.

down the ferby ski
I drafted far out untill
when looping back I could
know longer see what was
behind me other than
myself.

Still smiling he brought
a small container across
the room, opened it, and
released that badger
we see so often in
story books.

WARNING

I have captured the devil
in the words you are reading.
Please do not let him go
it took such a long time
to put him here.

-- D. r. Wagner

Sacramento, California

One for a King with a box on top

This one for the Gin King
 who stood on a box
no berries in his ears
 but firecrackers
 Crackers.

And standing on his toes
 at noon
 tasted the whirlwinds of salt
stared back at the lion, grizzled, face to face,
 through his own parsley bushes,
 who wanted to eat him
 but wasn't worthwhile ...

And all day looked down the long
 white stretches, and beyond
 that the white sea, his eyes
 becoming white, the skeletal wind
 through his sandy hair
 and occasionally
 checked his bandoliers
loaded with his own pulled teeth:
 sang the score alone
 to himself