would plant his heft of hope upon them
for a slap down sprawl on grease lick
over sop of tile and every time
he rose up on all fours and traced
the cracks for sound with cautious finger nails.

As if beneath
the topmost skim of hardness
webs worked by age were spread of veins
through gloss of white,
each strand a wither trail unending
that must be headed somewhere
from a start that failed somehow
in depths of milk beneath a glass that blinds
the seeker plunged in nightgrope after basic plans.

He stands
and clasps the tail flash
of another tune,
slime scaled, in both hands grimly
with an Ought inside.

-- Barbara Holland

New York, New York

Small Green Lights / Blink Cat Eyes

Look, my child
How we've structured the days
And made for your habitance
Cubes, cones and pyramids
Of strong/ stern materials;
And made for your enlightenment
Rolls, tubes of plastic / pricked
With apprizations. And made
For your embellishments / bangles
Bowllderized appearances.

But the nights?
Night has been difficult ....
The nights we cannot tame:
Even now, their long tunnels
Burrow our noon easements / and it is
Always the same: it is very black ....
There is the smell of mold and semen.
And at the end of funnels of dark
Small green lights / blink cat-eyes
And you must catch!