

HIS CASKET WAS COVERED WITH SUNFLOWERS

maybe it's the inevitability
of death that makes us crazy
religion no answer
no one knows
anything
about
god

those who say they do
most certainly don't

art comes close
the Dutchman came close
so close he went over the edge
& shot himself in a wheatfield

everytime I see a sunflower
I think of Vincent Van Gogh

SNAKE EYES

big noise in studio
things knocked over
as I lie on the bed
I get up to check it out
spill beer on my t-shirt
there it is along back edge
on my writing table
under the Aboriginal Madonna painting
green with a yellow belly
green laced with bars of blue
gazing at me with swaying hypnotic eyes
pink tongue flickering
he's after the treefrog that sleeps
behind the Black Vincent portrait
9 more live in the kitchen
I like sharing my house with frogs
treesnakes eat treefrogs
swallow them alive
I chase him out
with the long-handled shovel
wondering if he'll return
if he does I may have to kill him
I get nervous with snakes in the house

sometimes poetry is like wrestling
with a demon

I react
to angst
with art