

DEAD FLOWERS

Temples. Tree shadows, purple yards, twilight stars, yellow guns.
 Street car shadows... still branches.

A car turns. a dog sniffs, there's a face in a stain, a discarded bun, penumbras by post office columns near a courthouse with dirty windows. A homeless sleeper leans on a bus bench. a tree is still. odor comes from a restaurant, a hat is caught, a cup leaks, dry bread wait behind a bench, a one-way street sign is stuck in concrete. A cushion resists idiotic winds. Traffic flashes.

Rocks are in pockets. Sweltering heat sleeps. someone is eating grapes, there are unusual dreams of loved ones, planes flying upside-down, circles of architecture in sky.

"Africa is calling."

Rusty plumbing. Cracks in walls. a lighthouse. calling out, falling, Berkeley reject, sex-party smiles, bent wrists, cell phones on sidewalks. Struck June. Everyone with hair... Out of sorts.

My life to this point.

A pink light from a fire station. silhouettes in windows, soft evening walls. High light. a yellow smile.

Dead flowers.

"Mr. Green-nickel." a crumpled napkin in a parking lot, Samba music heard, burning mouths seen and red tears, xylophone notes heard, shines on car seats seen, TV screens, a boy in a green shirt.

"Mr. Green-Nickel?"

"Ahora..."

Gentle breezes felt, a reflection of a van in a window seen, a lamp hanging (sad, drunk and dark reddish-brown), a fig tree in a pot with sad dry leaves seen, a hat on a chair, a painting of sunflowers.

"SALSA BAR," the sign said.

"I'm not hungry." But he was... under a white beard, a smiling face (hers), fat with television. He took his green shirt off, a wheel spun behind a boy talking to silence. A girl wiggled, her neck long. a wheelchair. a walker. mirror-like shine on painted floors. a kid with a straw in a drink cup.

“No composting.”

She looked down, innocently. a girl w/ a long nose & shaggy blonde hair, dry. (she had a face with a heart).

Dark lines crossed windows,
black lines cut through white squares on a ceiling.

A boy waved his arms. he looked as if he was ice skating. A kid held a paper as if burning.

“Push for me,” said the yellow barrier, a sound seat. a smiling girl. a silhouette in a night window. Bars across skylights. “Michael Crabtree.” Shoes by a sofa. Tattooed cherry blossoms.

hands holding plastic buckets.

“Refreshments,” in green. “Blueberry Pomegranate Smoothie.”
99 cents.

(a scream)

A pink dress, a chrome light fixture.

“ATHENA” Starr. head-ache. air vent. Children playing, a floor bouncing.

Photo of a leaf. her foot inside an oversized shoe...

Girls jumping onto leaps of faith. pushing buttons. a 3 o’ clock Box, 11 kids.

“She had no humor.” Pepsi’s got a lot to give. Closed Monday, shadow of an old woman, a large red truck blocking a parking lot staring into space. A cartoon rocket in cartoon clouds... Shadows on a wall.

She sang along with a song on a radio, pushing buttons and laughing.

Hair dyed black.

She was guilty. She was happy...

Spackles of light & dark were spread on sidewalks near a post office.

An inflated hand was bloated & bleached white. There was a shadow on a door, a penumbra, & yellow bumps of plastic on a crosswalk,

black pants staring straight ahead.

“Photogenics”, a sign said. A radio moaned, a top-hat painted ghost-silver, a cabin in the woods, fires in the air, a white table cloth.

“Hurt my heart,” the song said.

“I know it’s dark...” It’s through dying. Cue the rain.” Gravity pulls the Beatle, a license plate on a V.W. bug, great poems lost...

“Judge a lake.”

A tumbled down cottage with sagging doors, dust window sills, refrigerators unplugged.

A flattened cup blows down an alley. Revolutions start from my pillow...

A toothpick in a crack in a road next to rotting bread (with blue mold), people in trucks with engines running...

“Come on thieves,” said Mr. Dreary-Time-For-for-rain.

An urban net,

red in a puddle. “All Sales Final.” A boy in an oversized red shirt. east bound.

His target... kisses.

“Rocky!” said a man in black, out of step.

Way out west there was a shiny bumper. She smiled under straight blonde, wheat-colored hair. “Tufts buy an angel.” A boy’s hair is up in back.

Spirals in an afternoon. Ghosts before breakfast.

Blue eyes are unperturbed at what she’s seeing. She’s walking quickly on squirming feet toward the children’s home. “Some of them are smoked.”

“Tell baby to stop.” Moving pictures.

“Turn the volume up.” Before you, a weathered house. w/ startled Chevys... and a Red fence. Dead flowers.

“The top of a weasel to you.”

I stand in a window looking at clouds over an ocean.

Cushions, a thimble, a candle holder with no candle in it, a sock, a hat, a dish w/ something blue stuck to it, a dead (stuffed) bird, a painting of an ear on a wall, a yellow kitchen on Page Street...

Her window looked out on someone’s backyard. There was fall grass & pale dead weeds, a rusty weather vane (a rooster, I think), a clock registering air pressure hanging on an old cabinet, one part for rain, another for wind, sun, moisture, the wood of cabinets grey (used to be brown).

On the kitchen wall, a flight of metal birds (left by a previous tenant).

She found them in a hall closet, liked them, put them on a wall above the kitchen table by tapping in small nails using a brick she found in the back yard in wet grass.

She liked them at first but now she wasn’t sure!

When she looked really close she could see their eyes were glazed over with a metallic, serene look she didn’t like.

“All is fair,” said love and war.

The Monkey House was out of order.

Lines in the street crossed. Some parallel.

A squirrel chewed a hole into a neighbor’s house. dried leaves were blowing, making scraping sounds on sidewalks. I heard sound from back of a brake pedal. When a foot was taken off the accelerator to use the brake, instead of clearing the brake the top of the foot hit the back of the pedal & made a “thunk” or “shudder” sound (or both at the same time).

Natalie Wood ran up the concrete steps. She saw her parents who had come to visit her at the asylum where they'd put her in, "Splendor in the Grass."

A disturbing black & white photo showed a pretty blonde girl of 3, a bullet hole in the middle of her forehead, her eyes dead-looking eyes, open & blue, staring into emptiness (not seeing anything. nothing registered).

A malfunction in the monkey house.

The rain came. The outhouse door had a crescent moon in it and was tipped over into the dust in Bodie, California in high desert.

"Gone to Lunch," a sign said in a cracked store window... (but really they'd gone gold-hunting). A rusty 1929 truck looked north-east toward loveless hills, stars all night long spinning overhead to make me dizzy...

"Loveless hills..."

Red valley. her hair blowing into my mouth, gulping words. A dead tree leaned left, tall weeds growing on the side of the road. A

closed restaurant, white teeth (shining in dark), intense eyes, a camera in a ceiling, a microphone. dark. A silhouette moving in front windows expressing wedge-shaped light and shadows. A white stripe on a lawn.

5 spokes.

Cartoon bells. music saying: "I think you'll like it... You'll really like it." a grey-haired lady reacted... "O, yes I like it..."

"Something we lost..." (sweet innocence).

A tiger's shining yellow head heard a child's laugh. "Twelve-forty," someone noted. blue berries on TV. Greasy stains (two) next to each other on a sidewalk w/ an unusual red curb.