

Pacific Rim

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I took a picture in Brisbane
of flames upon the water
Brought it back and sailed it on a string.
Saw a lace of foam at Big Sur
Folded into a vestment
 If it becomes a cloud
 we can fly into cool mist
Coursing through the droplets like a stream.
I had a dream last night that the sea was boiling
Black as pitch and red as a cardinal's ass.
The windows were hot to touch
Dolphins screamed from the waves.
I rose into the air
Leaned into the heat
Above short-circuit boards
and plastic melted streets.
Altitude turns to vacuum
sucks the air from our lungs
voices smoke from our tongues
 while the time burns away,
 time burnes away,
I washed that time away.

Waves drag their fates
on charcoal beaches and China plates
Nothin' there will do.
Feel like a fool that I can't fix 'er,
No cash, no elixer,
just a homeless skill, and a tinderbox lean-to.
Irradiating children, texting in style
While standing in the puddles of a garbage pile.
There's rain-filled pocks in the straight and
narrow
You can make about a livin' with a workin' wheel
barrow,
Sellin' stale cigarettes one at a time
Another splice to an overloaded line.
Well, the moon she fills, and blood she flows
Drift wood she dries, the wind she blows
Time gets shorter, the moon she goes.
Light anoints the lunar dust
Forgotten nails aspire to rust
Tectonic plates slowly crush and shear.
Time moves slowly, people move fast
Look, lightning's lit up our mast!
This vote is cast, the inaugeration's in arrears.

I took a picture in Brisbane
of flames upon the water
Brought it back and put it on the screen.
Saw a lace of foam at Big Sur
Made it into a collar for you
 If it becomes a cloud
 we can fly into cool mist
like nothing you or I have ever seen.