

## The Possibility Witch

This convexed love a rearview mirror  
fixed on negative space

subjects closer than they are  
stars turned inside out

fish heads on the half shell  
blind luck in the southcoast sun

roller coaster skeleton  
a carnival of old thrills

funhouse a vacant lot  
where the midway was

pulled over for of all things  
going too slow on the freeway

*mission viejo* doves and swallows  
last stop before the border

a soft lens on the pupil's black hole  
a no services rest stop

quantum entanglement  
right around the next bend

\*

Yet Further  
north of language  
schools and Bolinas

a busload of heads  
in profile  
at tinted windows

odd hours  
cuckoo clock  
times of departure

gift of gab  
behind the wheel  
navigating

picturesque  
place names  
picaresque lives

washed up  
between between  
and nowhere

in the beginning  
desire not instinct  
but drive she said

\*

I'm burning a hole in the seat of this chair  
you said, looking across the table.  
No smile, simply a statement of fact.  
Morning coffee in a little café

old acquaintances as if by chance  
coming in on different flights  
a city unknown to either of them  
where they speak a language neither knew.

At your hotel room door  
after I'd taken the bait This once  
you said and never to be mentioned again  
which I hadn't until now.

Naked on the white sheets you lay  
quiet, not making a move or sound  
while I tried to quench the fire I could find  
only as a smoldering in the your eyes

\*

Next stop  
Here Now  
On or Off

\*

Offwhite stucco ceiling writhing  
in Celtic puzzles and Chinese knots  
philodendron fingers creeping  
across a bonewhite wall

You someone else entirely

yet somehow someone I'd known  
as in the mirror I wasn't.  
Bach made it all reasonable

\*

In your more sentimental moods  
you liked to visit that old graveyard  
too high on the bluff to hear  
waves slapping the rocks below,  
gravestones too weathered to read and one  
with a hole through the granite and on either side  
windowglass circles so you can see her heart  
once loved and loving now shriveled and black

\*

Beef-to-heel to Connemara curls  
cloverleafs all over the map

whistling swans and Uilleann pipes  
air translucent wavering

where all roads lead to *amor inanis*  
calling on those in the land of the dead

\*

The best ever you said was on his Harley,  
head down behind the windshield, the hog's  
signature *suck-squeeze-bang-and-blow*  
between your thighs the two of you  
leaning into the hairpin curves coming  
down the long grade from the high country

\*

No, no, I take it all back,  
that couldn't have been you with the bronze sickle  
prowling the Navarro redwoods

or light as a feather in the Berkeley Hills  
Tenderloin Mission Dolores  
Land's End group grope

skirting miles of sheer death-wish

at the edge of the old haul road  
high above the lost coast

or gamboling with lambs on the Scotia headlands  
sapphire eyes too ancient to bear  
looking into for fear of drowning

dancing solo in a beachtown bar  
pretending to see only one eye  
pinned on your every move

or grocerycart bag lady  
ensorcelling Kwikstop gas pumps  
with blue streak logorrhea

hand in hand walking the dunes  
dark night winter squall  
tracks dissolving in wet sand

or under the space needle umbrella  
more than enough show and tell  
masochism to go around

and north of all that a shingle beach  
below the old-growth, July,  
sky severe clear, the pulsing

cobble and wave call and response,  
pterodactylan pelicans  
single file skimming the surface

\*

You came in wearing a mask  
the color of invisible

so where your eyes should have been  
all I saw was the open door behind you

so when your voice without a mouth  
said Am I too late?

I answered Are you out of your mind?  
Then asked myself the same question

\*

Midnight in the middle of nowhere  
high desert backcountry blacktop

still wet from late afternoon showers  
hundreds of red lights dancing

in the darkness down the road ahead  
(*For sure nothing human* you said)

that when we stopped turned out to be  
lunatic spectral red eyes

refracted by our headlights,  
thousands of newborn spiders

clinging to ghostly shroud lines  
suspended from the darkness above

yet another generation  
floating west in the humid air

\*

Contact lens in too long:  
eyeballs bloodshot  
white matter in the tear ducts  
— *as long as it's not green pus* said the eye-doc

*but give it a rest, don't set your beams  
too high, quit trying to tell what you see  
with only one eye on the road  
from what you're looking at or for*

\*

Between the two Quakers say  
is where love is.  
Between yin and yang says  
the I Ching is ch'i

\*

And there were deer in the old orchard  
does and fawns and they came to you

and you gave them windfall apples,  
lightly touched their foreheads

and they nuzzled your palm then we  
walked back to the car without a word

\*

Oedipus you may have noticed  
has precious little to do with this  
despite your proclivities  
my sibling fantasies

the Sphinx even less, though  
riddle-me-this love poems  
with a vengeance do pose questions that forever  
plague family romance

\*

*Walked away*  
*from another one*  
said the brakeman