

Engaging Screensavers

I

Outside Studio 1-A strolling under three layers of Moulin Rouge
a Tamil looking boy clicked his forty-five heels
 & perfumed the *Fountain of Four Rivers*
 with little red station wagons
 a daisy short of Duke
An apprentice lover not quite ready for the tumors of a degree
 paints the water-hard district yellow
 inhales the Green, never forgetting to swallow the blue
Walking Santa Monica Boulevard blossoming allusions
 contusions intrusions the best of protrusions
 a flock of spandex angst living the lust of balls
 pearl-hard jewels sheered from sheep dogs
 embellished origins & insertions
Perhaps a writer in the making he watches colloidal tribes
 page luminous Isles of Circe
 paragraphs to thumb to tongue

II

Under mist of hose lace to pose his tongue craves for a walk
 along the master blacksmith's white-hot anvil
Against insolate flames Szechwan thongs he beamed the Borg
 from one part of the collective to another
Espousing the prime directive "Your ass will be immolated"

III

His life a Matisse palette petunia rhododendron wisteria
Ipsilateral ornaments trembling on the bowstring of Fauves
 pimpled with *Le bonheur de vivre*
Smacking cheeks hard against Peter Pan bone
Whenever Ulysses comes

Everywhere timbre approaching promising nice
Water lilies voicing wanton vice
Grippingly said with verve & spice
Here take your chance with my Long Island dice
Dante's dance for a world boiling wild rice

IV

Rising like Witch Hazel the Lady of the Lake when everyone
pours Starbucks asking why he returns to

Spin dry the subterfuge with Downy Fabric Softener
Vacuum cornered pansies
Wipe the scythe of stiffened hairs

Perhaps he is a writer Off the Wall

V

Revived by sirens skirting violins silly putty awakens
 Already handled already shaped
 as bow ribbons tightened with a disturbing pith
Birds sing from solstice to equinox
They sing before the dawn they string just after sunset
They sing out of burgundy unfolded beyond the exotic lips of the purple strip
 Up out to quench the night
Whispering from costume designer shops Ritz Carlton suites skyscraper
 penthouses whispering everywhere Et in Arcadia Ego

Forever in passage forever untenable daisies blow
Shifting under sonnet storms of an untoward you
Penetrating voices maternally lectured to

Come daisy close the box gnawing at lessons of un-love upright like
 five thousand years old Stonehenge breasts
Come let us light your broken cigarette under the street lamp
 of your denouement your corpus your wreathing plot
Come Hermes stand amongst our accordion hedges of lilac pixels
 laced as one last short drag