

# A Day in April

on lonely Mongolian range  
an ascetic staffs his way toward mountain  
like ancient Mises of the Greeks  
yet I am home alone braving the music  
a treble clef of cloud  
unmoored from all horizons—  
a mirror and coffee stains—  
scents of gasoline waft from the street  
and spring sprinkles of rain  
dodge the sun—  
crickets in the mist click song  
a counter intuitive symbol  
or just a dog barking two blocks down  
my own erratic blogging on to a date site  
as all the past rolls into one silver moment  
announced with sirens or bells—  
i do not say that I am power  
(ink pen exploding)  
I do not say my anus  
is the center of my flower—  
a homeric epic—Aristotle corrupting  
the youth—and Greek style?  
a kingdom, a kingdom for a horse!  
why am I here (what evidence)  
what shall become of me  
(a moon stranger than stars)  
and how to answer when a young man  
asks are you a cougar:

*A shape with lion body and the head of a man,  
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun . . .  
moving its slow thighs . . .*

when we decipher  
magnetic vibrations from snake mounds  
vibrato musings of the universe exploding  
characters from the color purple  
or just an eccentric neighbor  
(a grandma needing Depends)  
we'll find something significant  
in the taste of an orange  
emanations from the stillness—  
original sin—the frog of primeval garden dew