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