

# walks from to walks to

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## **dogs' gods**

high god of Cynics, Anubis: we've learned  
the creed of dogs to their crosses bound fast  
their growling teeth gnashing with barking bites.

what did Anubis once do for a dog?  
—fill water bowls in Osiris's house?  
—netherworld tours, mummy dogs on two legs?

what dog crucified in Rome prayed to his god?  
before Anubis, Cynics growled and gnashed  
their barking teeth howling with snarling bites:

with no dog letter prayers could not be growled.

## **filling thirsty moats**

her cups held more spirits than Dylan's drinks,  
his oxygenated pints of beer the same  
discipline of drink (but for the proof—

and the volume). Dylan tossed thirsty gulps  
to drown dead his cruel exile from green youth,  
refused decades' distance from his green child.

Caitlin never lost her tongue, it grew stiff  
and grew more stone than some men's coddled spines:  
her tongue stayed sharp but for blunts from her bites

and burns to her teeth competing with thirst  
intended to drown escapes from green pasts.

### **uncertain silence**

the silence we hear this rain has rehearsed  
for rinsing those corpses hiding outdoors  
(more than we know do dead lie afield).

this silence the rain leaves for the alive  
doesn't last like that that covers the dead:  
our silence can be glimpsed through windows brief.

rain in all truth washing away the dead  
is rain when seeing silence we look through.

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hands slide into gloves unseen  
eyes disappear behind glass  
the crank turns the flywheel spins:  
every octave has dropt low  
sub-sonic shudders within—  
die Zwischenwelt und Nungeist.  
die Nunwelt und Zwischengeist!

whatever may have leaked out  
the odd leakt in to replace:  
'twixt attraction and repulse  
racing from red desert rusts  
velocities steered to sink—  
in this unique and fresh day  
beheld only with fresh eyes.

our alchemists are alive  
the ones before Marlowe born  
those who've given us today:  
'twere their eternal intent—  
ACCELERATE WHAT GESTATES—  
to hasten every event:  
so now hasten this world's ends.

there'll be careless days again  
brilliant clouds will cross bright skies  
strange waters will float downstream  
much less tumult to go 'round:  
some vegetation will thrive  
some animals may survive  
most cities will lose their voice.

no one dares to breathe one step—  
anvils droppt could have sure aim  
to punish future intents  
(no tomorrows guaranteed  
ever offer money back):  
may sun and moon walk us through  
the speeding moments that can wait.

