

**Miniatures**

**by**

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## Crystals

**Shadow Song**

You  
In me

Cry

Never  
Forever

Neither here nor there.

**Hospital Poem 1**

My beloved's skin is yellow, red and purple

Sunrise if it brightens

Sunset if it darkens

My eyes are tuned to tiniest gradations

**From the Hospital Window**

Slow wash of blue on black

Touch of lavender

Then red

This morning opens like a winter flower

**Hospital Poem 2**

My beloved's raw purple flesh  
Oozes thick yellow fluid:

It is not amber, gold or honey,  
Doctors say her skin is weeping.

**John's Song**

No tongue to touch you with my speech,  
Words ebb and flow as water through this skull.

There is no tide to bear me whole to home.

**Blindman Love (with Richard Lovelace)**

Her scent is ripe mango  
Her voice is night breeze

Through thin cloth  
Her nipple

Strong delicate fingers  
Touch me to touch

Softer than flower  
Wet virgin skin



**Untitled**

In a chrysalis together,  
Mouth to mouth suspended.

No name for who we are becoming.

**Untitled**

Intimate spy  
Screams

Whispered  
Secrets

Feeds her  
Doe naked

To carnivorous  
Shadows

**Untitled**

Winter flower  
Flaunts its wounded green

What can snow do but torn it into snow?

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**Night Life**

My clothes  
Flow round and round

Wet and soapy  
Sloshy juicy sound

They miss your bras and panties  
Lovely sweaty socks.

Nightlife now  
Is lonely life for me.

**Untitled**

I am raining  
Drifting through the night

Starless darkness  
Your eyes were my sight.

**Photograph**

You and I  
Bone gray

Frozen  
In spring

Hand in hand.

Not to touch  
Or lick

A door  
To flower flesh

Forever open and forever closed.

**Untitled**

With you  
I play young

Although my own bones ache...  
Surprising sudden pains  
(Sharp needle jabs).

I have no diagnosis yet,  
I will not let them look inside.

**Bob's Song**

Mom said:

“Each girl friend  
Uglier and stupider than the last,  
You'll end up with a monkey.”

She had a gift for language.



**Workshop Note**

Perhaps eliminate  
“Give it a chance”...implied by “let it grow”  
also

“Thank you for celebrating” and “By the way”

Then the end  
Would read “from someone, anyone”.

O.K.?

## Windshapes

**Untitled**

You had my eyes  
I had your shadow

We were in the middle.

**Winter Workshop**

Naked words  
In windchill

Numb  
Or feverish

Language breathing.

**Untitled**

This window  
Turns away from life

Cool weary sky  
Grey wooden walls

Indecisive hint of snow

**Untitled**

Winter beach.

I see,  
A bony feral cat-  
A woman running on the line of tides...

Three paths,  
Six eyes,

A single whiteness

**Untitled**

Suddenly holding,  
Oval yellow round red:

Ghostly whisper, "lemon, apple"

**Untitled**

Love can bite it's paws off.



**Untitled**

Spring  
Seeds  
Planted

Only  
Shadows  
Grew

**Untitled**

Snow

Perspective lost

I leap

This moment's edge.

**Untitled**

Nameless  
I heard  
Ghost clouds  
Gray in  
White snow  
Whisper  
“Winter  
Poet”.

**Untitled**

Offering bread crumbs.  
Words migrating now.

**Untitled**

Each green moment now  
Is out of time

Exile song  
Between the shopping malls

**Untitled**

Daughter, observe the line:  
Keep behind me on the sun set path.

**Untitled**

Red leaves  
Brisk wind

Last dance

**Untitled**

Snow  
Foot prints

Wind



## Notations

**For Bob**

Icicle  
Melting:

Dream ice,  
Blood ice.

Amoebae  
Swim  
Lungs.

Blind skeleton  
Dancing.

**Untitled**

As  
A hunter  
In buffalo skin

Crouched  
To fool  
To kill

You  
Masked  
See  
Unseen

As we  
Your prey

Show secret faces  
Tell our names.

**Untitled**

We love you.

We believed  
The map they gave us.

We sent you  
On an open highway  
To a noble city.

The map was made by spiders

**Triangle**

She gets lonely  
He is half a ghost

Twenty four seven T.V.  
Keeps her head on straight

He looks at her  
Her eyes glue to the screen

She says nothing  
He can hardly speak

Box yells "scumbag"  
Box yells "weakest link"

**Untitled**

First sight  
Sees farthest,

Not detail,  
Extreme and purest vision:

Akhnaton,  
Pythagoras:

The world as light and number:  
Shadowless eternal ground for dancing.

**Descent**

Skin, sinews, muscles, reflexes, loosen.  
Associations tighten.

I answer wife to husband,  
And to butter bread,

My birds all fly to nests  
Above green water and brown earth  
Through solid blue.

**Untitled**

Numbers

Are not native  
To physical and mental spaces

No shadow  
No patina,

Each appearance  
Mistranslation

In the ebbing flowing  
Inwardness of vision

Like and unlike star crossed lovers.



**Untitled**

Your face, body, gestures,  
Hard and graceful:

Your trumpet voice,  
Resonant tender  
Jazz flow.

Now booze scarred.

Still hard,  
Sharper,

Yet not you:

Knife

Whatever hand

Will grab  
Will stab.

You are  
Too cold  
And dead  
To weep your broken head.

My tears.

**Ralph's Song**

Came back before  
Won't take bets this time

Cat has nine lives  
I know three strikes you're out.

Lost name leaving  
Weeping for the mouth

**A Painting for Carol**

Secret garden  
Trees in moonlight

Mirror in mirror  
Dream in dream

Marble  
Colored glass

Reflected twilight,  
Greece, Tiffany and now.

A woman  
Shows a girl  
A beauty  
We can't see  
Beyond the frame