

Cathy Boruch

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you

like the mixture of industrial
and skin wires on a mallet flowers
in a bin — there — done — that
kinda way

wave to me with your eyes
they... sea...me and make me soft
like the foam on a wave in winter
I can be... where I began... over
and over again

beautiful

faces in all the wrong places leaving
traces of graces they dis-owned...

until they wake up... head on tables
sweaty hair strewn across the eye
window eyes with the curtain lacey
lashes creating an noirish shadowy
halloween happy view of the floor

and there dancing across the floor
are the diamonds and rubies
stone gems of their soul... shining
glittering glowing all around and
about... all around the place...

they lift their head to a new angle
and the light seems to bounce
effortlessly off and dances from
stone to gem to stone... marking a
path of healing, of beauty, a journey
a map to a new freedom... the light-
less soul now sees and gathers one
by one the gems and follows the path
they create to a new understanding...
crawling at times, simply bending at
others but always moving to pick up
the beautiful gem graces that spilled
out of their person—psyche—purses
to the floor and polish them off and
put them safely back into the velvet
lined jewelry boxes of their hearts...

blood lust

there is no hole in your game
ready, take aim of your he—art—on
thank you's to the you know who
knows who knows who's...

paper trail to your successfully hung
banner on empty emotional walls
walking on the bodies, trading on
their time

how could they know vampires exist
in the light

tanked

so... this body... my body... it feels...
sometimes... it feels so separate from
me... like its running in and on and
on it's own... like I am only a giant
tank... a fish tank maybe... a place
where the ideas and visions and
dreams merely swim about... I rarely

ever know where and when they will
appear where they will come from...
I only know when they arrive when
they are there present with me be-
cause then and only then am I one...
with... well maybe myself but at the
same time out of the way of myself
and my ideas... my ideas swim
around and up and down and in and
around and through me... through all
the every parts of my body being...
swimming, flowing through my body
tides swimming around and about
controlling, contributing, circumnavi-
gating my person—personality...
watching where I step in case they
are in the bottom of my feet arching
my back as they swim across my
spine... through my belly my but-
tocks... don't sit watch it... my
being... till finally, for a brief
moment... they pass, swim brilliant-
ly... quietly... magestically if I am
lucky... in all the fine fantastical color-
ful extravaganza of a show girls
crown... they swim past the windows
of my eyes and massage my soul into
serenity... until they pass by again...
leaving back to the place of feeling
all the stuff they kick up as they pass
their time passing through the
essence of my being...

dragon, dragon...

the problem with a dragon... my
dragon... it was all about light...
I was attracted to the light visa
versa... but with the light from the
blaze of a dragon also comes a

long sharp swishing tail...
trailing it behind...
slapping... picking up...
all kinds of nonsense..

listen

soda pop top
refrigerator flip flop
block party rock till you drop
soda can can dance
there they stand
the standard above standard
grrrrrls in the hood
they have done oh-so-well
for themselves in their
hoody hood hoods
their imagination fails
to escape me
I am so happy
for the time
that they keep

trying to be

no wish too much...
its a rough and tumble
kinda town

I want to sit down
in the sun splattered shade
beneath a big old oak
rocking on a chair

sipping on a porch
the magical iced tea
lemon drink
that some wise old woman
made in the south