

POETRY NOW

for Andrew Carrigan

snow falls through moon light
smile on the moon
enchantment returns
i am on the moon
twinkling reflections

a horse neighs an organ plays
looks like it
the balloon ascends
my father is killed by a sack of sand
it's just something i was thinking of

"ballast" i write in the answer
smoke blows through
the flakes of snow
moon snow flakes
it can be no plainer

**IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND THE WORD WAS
WITH GOD, AND THE WORD WAS GOD**

the form of the word
is heated
and dropped on mind

the shape it burns
depends upon
memory and imagination

the perfect mix
of their solutions
is totally inflammable

so all is revealed
or we are
branded