

Swim, Rode, Flown

Tim Taylor

Swim

In your stone soup, in your God's eye, in your bottom drawer, in your mind's eye, in your prayers, in your wildest dreams, in your heart (of hearts), in your stead, through salty viscous ogled Creation, arms athrash, legs lashing out, breath suspended and lungs pursed, go I, the rubber weather stripping and the suck of the seal when your door gets shut, the verymost fraying edge of a flapping summer holiday flag, the seam at the crotch of your grayest worn sweats, every dawn, every dusk, the thicker portions of what you once hacked into the sink, the lens of the diminutive machinery moving through a strand of your hair shed upon the pillow, the still sticky stuff of drying tape folded upon itself to hold an unmailed, unstamped, unaddressed postcard above your kitchen stove, la-dee-da, doodle-dee-doo, toward fruit gathered on a bright table in a sunny country where you have never been (where you will *never* be), flaking rust on a warehouse drain pipe in that morbid Midwest urban collapse, beads of residual moisture on the freshly wiped blue walk-up counter of a semi-empty August evening rural Tastee-Freeze, maggot mandibles

on animal flesh you have never petted (never will pet now), the spray churned from the propellers of a lumbering barge on a sulphur-smelling industrial river, go you, toward all this with eyes wide open, ribs wide open, breaststroke, butterfly, free-paddle (doggystyle), missionary sprung, charismatically bound, thighs aquiver, biceps taut, mouth panting and tongue shirting (hair skirting), estival to brumal, solstice to equinox, when we follow in our wake, ripples stretching to forgotten shores, eternal shipwrecks, lost philosopher skeletons beckoning, sockets hollow in grottoes gleaming cajole all lovers (nostril-flared fresh to room-freshener stale) to revel in whatever space is given, far or near being the long and the short of it, hard or soft being the he and the she of it, across surfaces muted and vulnerable, coarse and distressed, rough and ready, go we, the stem to stern passenger jet fuselage airstreamed in snowy Himalayan hush, the alkaline fields oblonged in lowest Mojave light to rival apricots held to sky, the splintered edge of bad driftwood art thrown back to the good seething Atlantic, along these we venture, seeking crowded solitude, hermitous company, believing in vanguard love, the singular stockpiled throb, positioning ourselves to do inventory, fretting that we have been given the slip, the world has gone origin on us, we are stuck in liberty as we search for independence, aware that we are the merry aire, we are the derriere, we are the very air we breathe

Rode

On my staff of life, on my honor, on my grave marker, on my hobby horse, on my wedding night, on my head (of heads), on my behalf, around the salted vicious ogred Fall, limbs akimbo, leaves dispersed, roots choked and stamen sapped, go you, the abstract pattern of vinyl auto upholstery on a just woken child's cheek in long travel, the raveled tip of string at the end of an inadvertently exploded

firework, the gap at the fly of my freshly laundered stevedore briefs, every now, every then, the thinner portions of what I often tracked into the house, the sensitive miniscule mike registering the woofs and tweeters of my veins, the tell-nothing pencil eraser rubbings from a mistake or a change of mind backhandedly brushed across my desk surface, yee-haw, whoop-dee-doo, away from afternoon porticoes and evening ballustrades where I have seldom been (where I am *not* soon going), mown grass thrown upon virgin pavement in plasticwrap Pacific suburbia, soot on an airshaft windowsill in interior Manhattan lifer gloom, slug slime along an ancient garden rock wall I have yet to climb (am not climbing soon), debris spewn from the blades of a Northern town tree mulcher, go I, away from all this with eyes half shut, navel pale, trotter, gallop, sidesaddle (Godiva-style), ninety-six slung, shaft and mound, plum quiver, pearl sought, sock-hidden toes and wrinkle-free clothes (tummy to sternum posed), Gulf to Superior, borealis to australis, when they trace our trajectory, projectiles arcing to happy havens, rainbow absolutes, fabled sages weaving their tellings, webs spun in public cornershops compel children (runny-nosed waifs to pierced-eared scholars) to play while the glory sun shines, speedy or slow being the hop and the skip of it, top or bottom being the she and the he of it, along terrain wise and wonderful, bright and beautiful, great and small, go they, the greeny pastures growing greener than greenest green, the saturated meadows giving way to endless days of bigheaded sunflower gold, the languid land lifting toward hilly copses of shaded summer delight, across these they range, prospecting whiter teeth, whitest souls, trusting in trench faith, the one way hoosegow shuffle, lobbying themselves toward solitary confinement in a mansion of many rooms, worrying that the capacity siren is about to sound, the concierge is sliding the hasp, they are abake in choicelessness on a plateau of will, unaware that they are the chained gang, the penile colony, the very epitome of ovarice

Flown

Over our heads, over there, over the white cliffs of Dover, over and over with crimson and clover, over the air waves, over the top, over our dead bodies (of bodies), over and out, above the salt-licked vacuous augured Apocalypse, wings awhir, talons tense, plummage ruffed and crest undone, goes he, the vacuum-snap of the unscrewed lid of the fresh milk bottle in the naked night kitchen, the sound of a celebratory watermelon dropped from a pickup bed onto parking lot asphalt, the indented marks on her shoulders from the straps of her tightest breasts holder, every this, every that, the fair to middling portions of what she twice backed onto his piston, the sensitive odor detector capturing wistful emanations of Main Street nostalgia, the discharged staples from a jamming kindergarten stapler, fiddle-dee-dee, tooralooralay, beyond Atlantis or Valhalla or Shangri-la or Eldorado where he often projects himself (where he will *always* be), meteorite fragments waiting to be found on the surface of the unspoiled preserving white Antarctic plains, uncanny maps of the Holy Land on the shells of Galapagos tortoises, American roaches scuttling across his bathroom mirror where he daily stares (will ever always stare), the hot air pumped out of the accordian vents of sub-Mason Dixon laundromat dryers, goes she, above all this with eyes squeezed shut, aureoles cloudbushed, flutter, swoop, lose-the-lad-o (Daedalus-style), cocky sucker, solar plexussed, glue juice, moisture vacuum, labyrinth delivered to ocean come (clam phlegm), Fourth of July to New Year's Eve, Halloween to Easter, resurrection of the bones, vanishing point to new horizons, ballet organique, lunar patterns in tree rings emerging, filamental scratchings urging creatures (fittest survialed to sickly weak) to frolic in the glowy night, snout to tail being the known and the strange of it, heat or

chill being the now and the later of it, over worlds brimstoned and forsaken, blessed and caressed, empowered and manifest, goes it, the Paul Revere and Sally Astronaut streaking pride, the challenger to champion harking that there can be no reconstruction without deconstruction, Exupery and Earhart twirling a desert island waltz, above these it does reconnaissance, charting sextant soundings, extant remembrance, relying on rarest hope, the absolute yearning non-prayer, adapting itself to flesh and blood, vexed that the Maker must serve the made, the Maker is the maid, it is spread-eagled in vulnerability on the cusp of a global ottoman, cognizant that it is the treasure chest, the pleasure nest, the very ibid vested incubator...we could fly, once we flew, have you ridden, you have swum, we once swam, could we ride