

INVERSE HEAVEN DIVISION ONE

In verse heaven division one
there is no memory, there are
water, wheels and mangrove trees.

Charges of physicality.
One plane positive poised to bond
with negatives who come through by

water. Beginning in Brookland,
land of love and vodka tonic.
Water with an acid reacts

with the blood. Without water I
die, without water the form dies,
with water forms may overflow.

It seems to have no form to name.
If I start human from water,
I may act crazy or off course

It is a human doing this.
This poem's form is supposed to be
uhhh iambic tetrameter.

Now you know this I can fill it
with water as you do drinking jars.
Filling is the singing. Singing

is participating. Water
rises in my brain with a charge.
Look up! I may be a light brigade.

Why my heavens are divided
by my personal dilation:
see flowers called morning glory.

A sphere, an atom, a blender.
Pure water can come from boiling
if you have the proper glassware.

And I often wondered how I
ended up here? What sort of wheels
aligned and deemed it time for me

to experience the times of people?
What cart delivered me from a past
which had no place for my mind's

future? For my eyes to see clearly
how not to embody disease.
The outside out, the inside in.

People survive under bridges
in packs with alcohol; no fixed
place. People at home all alone

like me eating television.
Who's poorer me or street people?
Street people, naturally, I think

I can go inside. I am in,
hidden from authority figures.
Refracted cases rule here.

Not for me to be a ruler.
I have been near this; a near miss.
The wheel moves from running water.

From rain I'd say we're all
just okay. The behavior changes

but the names all blend. A person
can change their name
and what they say is changed.

In rare situations something
begins to adapt and then thrive.
From a new name informing others.

The red mangrove does this;
it lives in salt water. The author
of me and my name's electricity.

INVERSE HEAVEN DIVISION TWO

The family was uncertain—wind with sand,
within the staid breath, shuddering

a flame flares then falls like a shield before a cup of spirits.
A complex comes up to a desert; a fine c.

Add water from an amphora.
Someone summoned as by ship. Division Two

up for the ashes. The ashes had their time
by the flame. I cannot speak of pure carbon

only what is bound here to be burned again. A cup
of spirits convinces one to sell their dearest treasure

for sight then for gold then for wine then for more time.
What fox, this soul thief, shifting fur

and see the dough creep.
Guile in a hard landscape.

What family remains composed the jar,
a Lot. A cock with hens. A Lot.

If the father is uncertain,
possibly cuckoo, do you

blame the daughter who turned into water
to summon a ship?

Separation takes these creatures from their storage,
takes these girls from being creatures.

There is no one who can say you are mine
for me you were made.

He turns into a millstone who says that is so.
He loses his treasure, his anchor and his soul.