

Oh My

The peril of the pigeon can be anything.

On the surface it seemed vague, but in reality it was meaningless.

Like two birds that take turns spooking each other off a branch,
as a little girl I liked to hide inside the rain.

The irises, the giant yellow ones, are blooming too early and will probably be killed by
the frost tonight.

My new password came very suddenly: zinct with numbers I will never tell you.

Later at Eddie V's I had a vodka martini, Tito's shaken with three blue cheese stuffed
olives on a tiny, black skewer.

The small Cambodian man advised me, "Try to avoid the land mines. Stay on the
pathways."

If I slow down, just quiet for a moment, it will expand into infinity.

I had given up reading Yoko Ono's headline "War is Over." Later, maybe, after the
frictions no longer glittered.

There is always at least one woman who follows me to the car and tells me how it
happened to her.

The loose crust at the surface never gets its due so easily swept from the stone.

He appeared in my life and the sun came out from hiding.

*Developed by attendees at Poets & Writers Live: Inspiration, at the Blanton Museum of
Art, Austin, TX, on January 9, 2016, facilitated by Carrie Fountain.*