

When Trees Walk

Collected Poems

By

Michael Hawes



“Say not, “I have found the truth,” but rather, “I have found a truth.”

Say not, "I have found the path of the soul.”

Say rather, “I have met the soul walking upon my path.”

For the soul walks upon all paths.

The soul walks not upon a line, neither does it grow like a reed.

The soul unfolds itself, like a lotus of countless petals.”

from The Prophet (Knopf, 1923)- Kahlil Gibran

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This book is dedicated with love and respect to my wife, Leonisa.

You made all the words possible.

To my family and friends, the author would like to acknowledge the very important role all of you have had as inspiration for articulating inklings of the sights seen on my soul's journey thus far.

You see the image of a walking tree on the title page and perhaps an analogy may present itself to you in the interplay between my words and that picture. I have been very fortunate to have had extraordinary folks and events in my life that helped me begin to find words to describe that Tree. It is an analogy similar to Gibran's lotus in the title page quote.

The Tree stands tall and bears foliage, flowers and fruit. Among its deep roots are worms, fungus, rocks, crawling things, darkness and decay. Simply put, the nourishing fruit, the fragrant flowers, the colourful leaves and the sturdy trunk cannot exist without hidden roots.

It is my hope that you will come to examine this collection of poems as a survey of my walking tree from root to crown. I am beginning to learn that to acknowledge entire things rather than only pleasant pieces of things is a far healthier practice than dividing the world in twain. How else shall we come to love one another and by extension, ourselves?

Finally, I wish to thank the spirit that moves in all things for her unending patience.



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When Trees Walk

.1512

Drinking our coffee in Thule,
vaping Sweet Vermont Azul,
Dixie admen never err
while we graze digital air;
a silent imp anchors and ports his oars,
to pilfer with rancour, our mental stores

.A A Ethyl

Wise Dukes

Parthian Shot

Stolen Creek

Vinyl Booth Blasé

Dengue Bowl

Oiadosa Diet Daze

Oy, Bind Me Fist!

Monte Zero

Skröw Kapp

Bitter Widow

Fiesty Maxx

Going Coastal

Herbal Easel

Jugo Dye

I.Q. Trimmings Estate

Dotted Fins

Case Lot Fad

No Ado

Musty Hall

Cowper's Rusty Fox

Hero Aid

Oui, Amor

Ninja Tea

Paw Paw Jar

Hymen Opera

When Trees Walk

.A Hame Sans Égal

Crane of ages
the frogs you skew
a tibia tax long overdue
and your swanish groom
in his duckweed soup
builds an ear raid shelter
as raccoons snoop
silently among the reeds
and resident jays
broadcast their deeds

.A Jade Cave

A mountain of jade obscures a vault
where a poetess jots her theme
of tired children striking flints
to ignite recurrent dreams
of a lonely clever mountain girl
who's tears fall on the rocks
turning them to beryls
for her private stock

When Trees Walk

.A Love Of Apricots

Sudden rain on the roof
inspired the aloof
rural Emir Idi Qat Mai
to fine his Canton sixteen pies
so a baker was paged
while he was shaved
and his love of apricots
satisfied that bagel tot

.A Northern Breeze

In the quiet at the river's edge
a northern breeze ruffles my hair,
rippling on the water and sedge,
I breathe the brisk October air
in the trees, many coloured leaves
a slow autumn blaze, flicker fair
I see a mountain with a mist clad peak
in her woods, bears feast ere first frost
past cedars dark spills a fern edged creek
over pristine falls and then is lost
warm days are gone, it won't be long
till silent white covers rocks and moss

When Trees Walk

.A Rose Thorn

A rose thorn tracked against my window
Giving form to the night wind
I realized that one can hear
Tiny clouds bump together in the sky
City lights produce a sound
Similar to water freezing
While a good woman's eyes
Sound like snowflakes melting on wool
A smile is acoustically akin
To a snug button being fastened
Objects trespassed or violated
Emit the growl of a small dog behind glass
An honest man's face
Transmits the creak of a chair spring
Hands, at the moment of ecstasy
Sing like shoots pushing through clean soil
Amplified many times, thick and green
Closed eyelids become a symphony
Describing the sound of milk
Flowing as a single unit over smooth rock

.A Safer Zen

God abide this gentle tide
thy ruined ledger mend
prithee heft thine avowéd birk
and bestow a safer Zen

When Trees Walk

.A Swede While Standing

An Irishman with a pipe once said
that all Welshmen adore their beds
but a Swede while standing will build
in the Cherokee piney wood hills
things drawn by Germans in guilds

.A Welsh Harp Song

In a sacred grove of musk apple trees
was an elfin band upon their knees
with foxfire fingers plucking melodies,
where a daemon cast jars of talents unused,
gifts ignored and genius abused
in his bid to dishearten a Muse
deftly weaving, as the shadows grew long,
a tapestry euphonious and magically drawn
from tangles of aptitude and a Welsh harp song

When Trees Walk

.Aha

Shakespeare awaken and grab your gear
before wild pyres divest us of kin
Two of Clots entombed me not
as sterile taxis begin
to traffik into Covid Zones,
Google Diets and Cellophones
with Apps to help us all relax
take our meds and pay our tax

.et Ainsi à la Page

Tant de mots je veux écrire
quand la nuit, ma Muse je désire
provoquer quelques mots sages sur les ailes
affluer dans mon cœur du royaume de ciel
venez à mon stylo et ainsi à la page
âmes d'encre pour vivre dans ma cage
là encore, courageux et fort ils chantent,
et chaque auditeur entend différemment

When Trees Walk

.Air Tire

Oh,
my teary elder
your dun fingers
sifting pea soup
as if antique swords
could mend years axial
in such a tepid haze
Oui
mon chat chimérique,
the dream badger
was the power

.Aixpire

Oily zinc mist hangs over the siege
while orphans in tents slowly freeze
Sandals on the ground guard opium bales,
craven rats presiding over mute grey whales
Boots on the ground, the politicians say
are arriving tomorrow but not today
Oh, my quaint and tufted pets,
sitting at your moon-meal setts
of tater-tots and mountain dew
or genuflecting in digital pews,
do you crawl in bed with a felon's wit
when déjà vu calls it quits?

When Trees Walk

.Albion's Chalk

If your rules are to be chiselled in stone
you'll require a saviour to see you safe home
For peoples of the books the way is long,
watered with tears but lightened with song
What if your codes on paper be writ
and the library burned, shall you forget?
If pressed into clay and kiln-baked hard,
can your children decipher the shards?
Recently some men chose chalk upon slate
From Tübingen to Balliol to Oxford's gate
Mercator's map showed the area to be treated,
invaded, monetized, taxed, drugged and defeated
Albion's chalk with a round table to erase
strategies that fail to keep up the pace
of Rio Tinto's precious mineral extractions
stars, bars and wars... merely distractions

.Αμφιτρίτη

A boy on the shore
surveyed the abyss
and his spirit flew away
in a state of bliss
o'er the moonlit shells
and mountains ground fine,
cast up *gwydr glas* orbs
and wood carved by time,
following a song
and seeking a kiss
to forever remember
Amphitrite's lips

When Trees Walk

.An Old Man's Face

A young man first will notice
the lines on an old man's face,
later will he marvel at
the story that they trace
When an old man sees the young
the first thing he will scan
is the life he sees before him,
then he'll marvel at the man

.An Ordinary Man

An ordinary man came to a deep mountain lake one Summer and sat to rest.

He saw his reflection in the water and conceived a God.

He returned in Winter, looked at the snow covered ice and conceived a Devil.

The following Spring he returned; rejoiced at seeing his reflection again and met his Devil.

In the Fall he went again to the lake.

This time he brought his family and many of his neighbours.

They built a fire on the shore to melt the ice nearby and began to dance when they saw their reflections as they had been promised by the extraordinary man.

Presently a wind blew across the lake and threatened their fire.

The dancers went out on the ice in a semi-circle to shield the flame, broke through and met
God.

When Trees Walk

.Ark Awe Even So

Ardeshir Miao Khenet
was a true Renaissance cat
his mother was a Persian
in love with a ginger brat
who busked for snails
and righteously wailed
like a feline alto sax
outside her leather zip-yurt
atop a low stone fence
she enjoyed his a cappella
that he had learned in Minsk

.At The Marram Grass Market

At the marram grass market
pettifogging pharisees
chanted dash board davens
over phallogentric pharaohs
spewing penny dreadful pentose
on an institutionalized insurgent
with a dog-cart doctorate,
who issued an encyclical en crouete
to a gerund guru
suffering consonantipation
whilst busily gifting gargoyles
with gutta-percha gyves
from the ghat ghee,
whereupon, said sage
et the leveret lexicon
of rat-run rhetoric,
hoping to induce
a vowel movement
and existentially
broke wind

When Trees Walk

.August Posse of Pintos

An august
posse of pintos
wrangled up a chili
to kraal in a cast iron pot
but fiducia jumped the fence
when cumincheros descended
and three ancho ponies were shot!
Garlic bugles called the onions to ring
tomatoes made paste and bravely gave chase,
cilantro prayed and started to sing,
venison lean and coarsely ground,
roped a ghost pepper of some renown,
tipped his hat and rode into the bacon fat
and after the clash had become serene
a mesquite mist pervaded the scene
as a lid descended to put them to bed
and they awoke to a yellow cornbread.

.Aw, Que Rizos!

Sweet lady, tender a bid
to clear my amity pit
and trash the fusty plaque
that is inscribed, to wit:
"Whether heeding nature
or singing with the saved,
too soon after our salads,
all our mergers fade."

When Trees Walk

.Begs For Snow

The next-of-kin
told an elk-eyed femme,
"Shun a Czar who eats no roe,
who arms his tots with riding crops,
who often begs for snow!"

.Cicadas

Cicadas forever sing
the wisdom of my youth
Little wooden cup
a thousand memories
of my love
January night on a thick rug
happy crumbs
Rainy night my sore hands
a full mailbox

When Trees Walk

.Civix

"Don't monetize our Mother,"

to us you cry
such idioms evoke
water and rye
Whistler yearns
for legs abed
unmarked graves
sully your rez
if by voting
you could fend the axe
you'd all have homes
and Cracker Jacks
So, cue the poets,
and open the bars
watch us send
our toys to Mars

.Coo For Awhile Beta Jutes

Coo for awhile Beta Jutes
and gaze up from your cots
whose sad memory foam
holds all that you forgot.
Then, like daunting marmots, rise
and cast your oven mitts
at quango idiocy, its bespoke hex
and all the selfish bits.
Now, with mycorrhizal yarn,
the following words do weave,
"Tis a simple fact of nature
that bears cannot rule bees."

When Trees Walk

.Co-opt Index

A yeoman quietly unyoking
his Lord's spent mousing owls,
the essayist fears no equals
and repels dismissive scowls
A gypsy obscured by a hedgerow
baiting chickens with hooks,
an essay survives by its wits,
so unlike the money books

.Cordez Eux Tous Ensemble

J'empoignerais le moment,
chaque point parfait de temps
et cordez eux tous ensemble,
sur un collier dans l'âme profonde
Quand mon corps est trop vieux
pour accompagner mon esprit
et ma tasse est presque vide
et rien ne sera plus écrit
Je vivrai de nouveau ces temps
et je verrai son brun doux yeux,
je m'assiérai sous un grand arbre
récitant le poème d'un vieux

When Trees Walk

.Crossroads

On our short walk through life
thinking of what we don't know
people are always so helpful
to tell us which way to go
Like snakes at a crossroads
for the traveller they wait
at once they sense indecision
and try to decide your fate
Like snakes at a crossroads
on the traveller they strive
to inject a kind of venom
that causes the spirit to die
Like snakes at a crossroads
on the traveller they thrive
but for the weakness of others
they'd have to move on or die
So drink a thoughtful cup
at the crossroads ere you roam
have at least the right to be wrong
and the lessons learned, your own
Comprehend their purpose
and do not hate the snakes
they are essential guardians
of Sophia's worthy gates

.Dear Vikings

Under this brim
the boy within
doth evermore rove,
Ahoy from Quilt Cove!
On a barnacled skeg
he scrambles his eggs,
and with pulp Western zeal
he preserves his ideals
to light up bright lamps
on the exit ramps
for all travellers on
their way to Zen Pond

When Trees Walk

.Der Jüngere Sohn

Graue Wolken und böse Blitze
eine hoch raue Sägezahnspitze
kälte herrscht über den Fjord
in diesem alten Land von Thor
Zwei gute zu erziehende Jungen
Bauer Skår hatte sein Herz gerungen
ein Junge hat schwarzes Haar
ein blonder Junge macht das Paar
ein Junge steht mit einem Pflug
ein Junge steht hoch auf dem Bug
der jüngere Sohn muss bald abreisen
Wikinger finden ihr eigenes Speisen

.Doigts de Zinc

Avec trois doigts de zinc
et deux pouces de fer,
papa danse dans la bouse
regardé par la mère,
elle a mis sa jupe
et puis elle a fait
comme un renard dans une caisse,
ivre de Beaujolais

When Trees Walk

.Down The Rue

Down the rue
a coon pops its jaws
and another glazed ham
dives through a gap in the jute
sour mill fumes
greet tired coach riders
who snap dusty pictures
of alcoholic fishermen
filling blue tubs
with the grapes of truth
and exchanging their pay
for the wine of reconciliation
to become random lances
skidding through the Rez
as another bus thunders
past a cross on the road

.d'un Tabou de la Fumée

Les filles du harem
aident le fils d'un Raj
à voler des feuilles de tabac,
et l'avertir d'un tabou de la fumée
à la cataracte
mais les chiens de la rivière aboient
au zing métallique d'un mégaphone,
« Ouvrez les fenêtres de mon Seigneur
et envoyez les filles en Pologne ! »

When Trees Walk

.During The Air Raid

During the air raid,
led by tan Lords
and plump cupids,
higher salaries
made their way
into pit mines
to beg boeuf;
Bellowing angst and
skidding on jewels,
agéd oxen
carted moulting asps
and shorn lynx
under jetvrål
to bunkers

.Edo Vase

fen born ewe wails song
anonymous frogs burp tea
aeons trace a line

When Trees Walk

.En Cama con Teresa

En cama con Teresa
una mujer de belleza
descanso mi cabeza

A pesar del té
que crece en Santa Fé

bebemos café

Una muñeca delgada

con una espada

una cebolla cortada

Dos pequeños cangrejos

miraron en un espejo

y corrieron muy lejos

.EULA Pangs

Gothic wives can feed their tots
with tattooed breasts, rye bread and lox
while software czars may serve their guests
dried figs, leek nibs, aphid meal and lemon zest

When Trees Walk

.Fabled Jeeps Leap Stadia Ooze

Fabled jeeps
leap stadia ooze
while fleas vacuum plasma
diluted with booze
from various men of good teeth
who smell of dough rising
with mince underneath

.Fair Naiads Deigned

Fair naiads deigned to advise a boy
before the vicars clipped his fig,
"Get thee hence thou pale eyed ketch rover
and find ye fair new wells to dig."
Or sing contralto for dim tenors
in stone chambers where nature's womb
with culpability has been paved
to form, for hollow men, a tomb

When Trees Walk

.Fear Time Taken

Hearing grim runes
pigs trampled jars of opals
and tied kites along the Equator

.Fishers Of Quid

Over the roar of pile-driving gear
thumping shit-ribands on a slippery pier
an old Madam hollers through a dank gin haze
at church ladies selling little nose-gays,
"Sisters, drop your laundry. Come and learn my biz.
Turning squid-jigger's daughters into fishers of quid!"

When Trees Walk

.Five Crows Prayed In A Deluge

five crows
prayed in a deluge
awaiting
the cloud oven

.Flint Cape

It's off to Flint Cape we go,
our vaccine passports to show
where Dacron® maize puts bees in a bate
and homo nada is running late
where quilters of lies box every grain
where pecan wranglers starve on the plain
where lions paw the sacred ground
where none alive dare make a sound

When Trees Walk

.Gram's Choke Pie Isle

Les cadets d'étain
vape anxious noon fags
watched by voyeurs
and other hazed grads
like the humid tanned ewe
who was banned from études
pour des stratagèmes passés
de son arrivée retardée
and her lover João Lô,
who, noticing folks
omitted the tilde,
back-combed his hair
and had his circonflexe killed

.Grief's Galley

Run to the fens you plebeians,
in your moot green jeeps do go
with begging bowls under your robes,
soon the unfed pax you'll know;
you will see the time is nearing
when wealthy men covet pears
and yellow taxi meals are feed
for the paralyzed souls who care

When Trees Walk

.Hale Merry

Four Grey Sisters wash their habits
fragrant wolves abiding a zoo
four Black Friars wade the creek
with ardour for their sisters nude
and underneath their cassock wool
agrestal nature doth protrude
like cats with arms akimbo
in capes a bit too small
"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,"
the stout Abbess does call
with the Presbyter, from the sphagnum,
which carpet quenches all
between Godrise and Devilset
these eight did come to know
one another and then each other
as it was before the Fall

.Harbour Duty Again

When the flagship of
the Floor Wax Navy
rammed a sturdy tug
a ship's cat was slapping flies
from the comfort of his rug
despite incessant warnings
from the Captain's loyal dog
which were swallowed up
by the quality of the fog,
but on the rocky shore
of that frigid fjord,
men with hooks strained to look
through the mist that veiled their view
of an orange float in the gunmetal void
that was distinctly heard to mew

When Trees Walk

.He Grieved And He Railed

He grieved and he railed
that the Crème Frit was flawed
and banged his cane on the table
till the maître d' saw God
He slapped a lanky waiter,
then straightened up his bow
and trekked beyond the quoin
in a bid to ease his woe
Now, letting down his woollens
with a chthonic anguished cry
he squats, voids, zips and coils
amidst gay wrens to die

.Holding Sevens

An old Sansui stereo
mocks a Murphy bedded spy
but coyote's holding sevens
and abiding aces high
playing random lyrics
and brooking no regrets,
that many fatal lovers
started out as pets

When Trees Walk

.Homeless

Gods abide in grim ravines
with rolls of patchéd twine
mending broken crosses
and hunting drops of wine
gathering advice not taken
like foals that nicker and dance
on talon-scarred styrofoam
carefully looking askance

.Honest To Goddess

Dear Lady,
May I hoist my skull
out of my nethers,
stretch skyward
in the brief time remaining
and conduct myself in the manner
I wish to be remembered

When Trees Walk

.I Am A Rooster

The buildings of men collapse without sound
while trees of our maker spring from the ground
the sun ever shines on both kinds of wood
rising and setting on evil and good
I am a rooster and therefore I crow...

I keep both eyes open and aim very straight
at a place beyond fear and well above hate
over the treeline on the mountain of life
dwells the imposter who hides in plain sight
I am *Labuyo* and that's why I fight...

Up toward the peak is where we must strive
past swamps, along creeks, through forests alive
with beasts at the bottom and angels on high
from every direction all humans must try
I am *el Gallo* and that's why I cry...

Main trails at the base are busy and safe
conically converging if viewed from space
high trails are legion and necessarily so
you are surmounting yourself, didn't you know?
I am *le Coq* who lives in your soul...

.I Lived Like The Water

I lived like the water
formless
oblivious to danger
planned nothing
did everything
that came out of my heart
I came out of the world
I will pass into
the world is me
with quivering certainty
happy in hunger physical
soul overfed
now to sit and digest
ingested unutterables
read fiend read
read
write fool write
write
right to laugh
write to cry
end
justice means the end
déjà vu
at every breath
or page turned to
consciousness is

When Trees Walk

illumination
in totality is madness
I want to be
like the world
wants to be
like me
and know itself
not yet happy
refusing to be sad
tread the middle path
freedom from opposites
bad times good people
all people
eternity
to have knowledge
and be simple
is Zen
moderation a medicine
abstinence a habit
do what you have to
learn from it
everything is self entertainment
let us find ourselves
in others
shrink away
and buy ourselves back, used

scratched, raped, loved and coddled
optimism hijacked
regained
by doing nothing
this piece of being
will adhere
to raw negative awareness
with mighty silent force
growing ripe
forgetting youth's misplaced smile
fading youth's sunspot flaring jealousy
they all went through it
still
they drink your soul
swim in it or sink
I am all of you
be careful who you are
come home
go home
and you'll miss it
leaving me with you
I am hard and soft
the world is hard and soft
it has no beginning
it is nothing
that is all

When Trees Walk

.I Paid My Quarter

I paid my quarter
unwilling to cozen dogs
or to feed emus
when that cubic fen
revealed six orangutans
behind godly shields
hitting pili nuts
with broken wands
until dark made them
scratch their bites

.Im Alten Prag

Trotz Tee
Ich trinke Seen
mit alten Feen
Ein schöner Anblick!
Ein netter Trick!
Sie mochte
Herbsttage
im alten Prag

When Trees Walk

.In A Sea Cave Seven Jesuits Burned

In a sea cave seven Jesuits burned
which invoked an ancient worm
who with silent maw and orca's gaze,
led a steam-punk pony parade
stamping out embers along the edges
as the yarn-wives spooled their kedges

.In Rainy Cities

In rainy cities
wheeled bots stand in rows
convenient for the workers
with a yen for *phở*
meanwhile, other ones
beg, toil, scrimp and brawl
as they tow their oaks
through the urbane sprawl

When Trees Walk

.Innocence

Innocence is the seed and wellspring of power
wisdom is our ability to remember the flower
employing this knowledge requires the choice
of posthumous praise or fame's false voice

.Iris Love True

Iris love true
sweet urban fool
it's not a lack of chess
but of ideas that ails you
plenty of faience
and dark stereo mixes,
industrial flues
and patch Tuesday fixes
are fitting friends
for predistressed britches
so
leave today, go chase a rhea
grab a packet, put on your jacket,
run to the airport and paddle away

When Trees Walk

.IV Rib Cot Lane

Sky-borne fish before my eyes
corn silk, blue and cherry pie
with strings pulled taut, the wind to stay,
the flyers stoop as if to say,
"If our kite wins, we paint the day!"

.Jaulas de Tinta

Tantas palabras deseo escribir
busco mi Musa para persuadir
palabras sabias para venir sobre alas
como guardas contra oraciones malas
unos vienen a mi pluma y esto pinta
pájaros dentro de jaulas de tinta
allí ellos cantan aún intrépidamente
y cada oído oye una canción diferente

When Trees Walk

.Jehozivuv

Up to Him the war fumes go
yams on snow and toad-hock phở,
desiccated egos and *vinos acetos*,
undertaker's wit and febrile grit

.Jute Tea-cozy (The Movie)

A she whale
raises
a six-fingered ape
yclept Grabby,
(dig this wet and furry plot)
and
the diver always rises
before his oranges rot!

When Trees Walk

.Kingbolt In A Kirtle

A world class wraith with outdoors *outré*,
a Saturday savant in a stained glass stall,
a painstaking paleolithic basilisk barrister,
kingbolt in a kirtle, wobbly withal

A dewy-eyed diagram was his *magnum opus* main,
and two gentile girls were his staff college stain

His charge card Chartism was ground zero gruel
for the reception room rebuke preceding his fall
from infusable inflight crush bar crystal gazing,
kingbolt in a kirtle, wobbly withal

.Lava, Ablue, Nent, Repetere

Falling stars
rub field grade soap
on their grannies' braided rugs
then mount a dais to rain advice
and give our heart-strings tugs
when our brains are good and washed
and our truth has been well spun
we bounce away to dry our ink
and choose another one
precisely for that reason
we should also use our eyes
to understand the nation state
though both sometimes will lie

When Trees Walk

.Lights Went Out In Biarritz

Gentlemen and Ladies
in an air-conditioned gale
farting through silk-clad *derrières*
from the centre of the Pale
Myth cartels reaping peace
substituting vinyl doves
trying to conquer a world
they can only touch with gloves
Empathy once appeared
into the insectoid hum
when lights went out in Biarritz
and the laptops wouldn't run

.Los Hijos Más Jóvenes

Las nubes grises son atraídas
a altas montañas dentadas
la frialdad gobierna el fiordo
Thor no era un hombre gordo
Dos muchachos para educar
los hijos de agricultor Skår
uno tiene el pelo oscuro
el otro es un rubio puro
Un hijo sabrá el trabajo del ganado
un tiene un barco en vez de un arado
los hijos más jóvenes, sus destinos
a través del mar, ellos son vikingos

When Trees Walk

.Loud Asian Sewing Bee

Khianna Hurls-Comet

lone in deep gravy
contemplates her grey hoodie

.Madam Om Baa Yang's

At Madam Om Baa Yang's
a shredded terry towel hangs
like a quiet kitchen boy
folded over a sink to die
as I graze on melon broth
and chewy noodle fry

When Trees Walk

.Many Winged Fax

Flinty hearts in the sober years
constantly sprinkle texts with fear;
ringgit savers wary of thugs
bury gold in holes that panic dug
under bayous and inside zoos
in their dread
of the coming coups
and once the worm is terminally fed
economies shift from black to red

.Moody Cat Jam

Moody cat jam,
dark place within,
quiet wax rubies
in oily paste swim
like renal avengers
giving skewed advice
to never take
the same cab twice

When Trees Walk

.Mould On Bungs

Racacacoon
peeling back
a wormy divot
with feline ken
in order
to grab the swag
lo,
seven spotty soil-trout
scud, scud, even taxi
creeping
mould on bungs

.Mujer

Mujer del Este
sus pechos orgullosos
son vestidos de la seda

Mujer del Sur
su voz es una flor
que se dobla en una brisa

Mujer del Norte
su pelo es la miel
vertida de una cuchara

Mujer del Oeste
persigo la puesta del sol
profundamente en sus ojos

When Trees Walk

.Mute Red Cow

When a mute red cow
wandered from her pen
she sheltered from a storm
deep inside a dolmen,
where, one rat sang
and one rat danced
while another played violin
until the sun came out
inciting the girl
to make her way home again
and as she was taking her leave
to resume her bovine glee
"Hay!" said a rat, who doffed his hat,
"Don't forget our fee!"

.New Age of Myth

In the New Age of Myth
coffee bean mavens bore the sight
of newly evicted marginals
pushing carts
with Saxon mouths ajar
as gauzed lips typed wonders,
fuelled dolts and saw spew-fish dine

When Trees Walk

.O Digitizen

Golf Club toads sent a text
to a fox who placed a hex
on the Elmwood's router hub
which was tapped by cable cubs
and for a year emails were read
by three squirrels safe in their beds

.Oh!

Oh!

For time to pass gracefully
as birds before a storm
wheeling where I once walked
ready with a firm hand
to raise my mind
above troubles
now eternity waits
and I've left myself
to test myself
to better myself
here's to when again
I can shake my own hand,
Oh!

When Trees Walk

.Oh, Sweet And Holy Kid

Immaculate Virgin of Fe
Oh, sweet and holy kid
do you thaw our zeal
just to freeze our jigs?
For as apes qua humans
with newly unstrung bows
we are become so finely spun
that we surely do not know
a clear blue sky from yak grout pie.
N'est-ce pas vrai, l'homme est tombé ?
Très mod, hein, le roseau cassé ?

.OMG! Quit!! Curl An Egg!!!

OMG!

Quit!! Curl an egg!!!

Quasars!

Tick!! In kraut tins!!!

When Trees Walk

.Peloton Samsara

Once, the bored wife of a man
rather highly skilled with an axe,
wrapped up the spoils of all his toils
and she accomplished this task
with an endless spool of Gothic twine
to a final sum of three trillion trice nine
as a hermaphroditic servant
crowned with an emerald tiara
ensured that its mistress escaped
from peloton samsara

.Rêves d'une Terre Loin

J'ai souvent des rêves d'une terre loin
pas voir la beauté de mon rivage
dans les rêves, je rencontre une femme;
qui a souvent des rêves de mon visage

When Trees Walk

.Riz Ma Foie!

A partial list of ancient curses.

Riz ma foie!

May you pole an onyx garbage scow for saturnine apes!

Jog up me anus and replicate, ye nasty clone!

May your books wilt like goji and may stoats crop your God box!

May foxy-eyed Sifus on a spun-leek divan in a glue mine amend your Writs!

May you drool yarn on crushed vases!

May nude twins vex you with twigs!

Go drop a six-flanged jar into a rune well!

Bend or be hinged, varlet!

May twerk-putty deface your shrimp midden!

May your sage brewer up and quit and may all your rubies fuse!

Tab it to awe!

.Robe Rage

From the nadir of our robe rage,
me bold and briny brislings
we might imagine God
as Father, Son and Quisling
who's potent sword with skewéd hilt
can: toxify puns and transmute nouns,
straighten hairs and gobsmack clowns,
preempt our death yet haunt our pies,
quicken drab jam or put out our eyes
and if we wax inexplicably sad,
warp the waft of feline scat
into ectoplasmic plaid

When Trees Walk

.Rust Insured

When the one-eyed owl doth wander
and dry mares graze on vines,
the wingless moth meanders
beneath her charry pine;
when the combines sleep
with bolted crops
and harvest imagos,
tired rabbits run
from the pastel sun
toward infinite repose

.Sad Queen Pozo

Sad Queen Pozo
Her Emu Majesty
Most Sovereign Lady Bird
of the Outer Guano Cays,
farted Eights and Aces
and set her figs ablaze
while posing cheek by jowl
with several palace chicks;
her servants were engulfed
in royal flaming shit,
but her subjects were inspired
by her infernal grit,
for verily,
as Sepoys quenched the fire
she was smoothing down her feathers,
already over it!

When Trees Walk

.Trist drottning Pozo

Trist drottning Pozo
Hennes emu majestät,
mest suveräna honfågel
från förenade Guano Cays
pruttade åttor och ess
och hennes fikon brann
medan du ställer kind till kind
med flera palatsbarn.
Hennes tjänare var uppslukade
i kungligt flammande skit
men hennes ämnen var inspirerade,
av hennes infernaliska sprit
för verkligen,
när Sepoys släckte elden
hon slätade ut fjädrarna,
-redan över det!

.Shiva Flaw

Hark! Oh roof-top sage.

One gapes, amazed!

Your future is fixed to a perennial bore
and six pixels short of perpetual war
and though the truth tends to bend or be hinged,
your soda pop cans buy no requiem

When Trees Walk

.Sit Anak

Sit *anak*,
bi-polar foes
trump any song
yet to be whitened
and JinxMail doves
shed your information
over Wider Zanyberg
where function creeps
serve in formation,
constants of the hive;
skill factors nought
in this gala

.Ski Dunes

Boxed toys jeer
evening's aura
melting creeds
like crayons
on a window ledge,
tigers rub fatted boars,
snow camels trek ski dunes
and dinosaurs tong locomotives

When Trees Walk

.Sugar Beets

No longer can hockey pride
keep our maple-kilt myths alive,
when in residential schools, so many died
while popemobiles carted predatory priests
and fiduciary pundits sowed sugar beets;
now faces are splashed on the daily news
of the psychopaths who ran those zoos
and quiet ships with hingéd booms
offload chemical barrels
for hidden rooms

.Taiga Dew

A Dutchman lay at anchor
at the Arquebus and Teat
with bacon and beans for ballast
and his blue suspenders reefed,
the slanting sun had cheered him
while supping all alone
and the waitress spoke in Frisian
which reminded him of home,
his thirst was sorely kindled
for he had met so few,
he bade the lass to fetch a glass
and a bottle of Taiga Dew,
when she returned with the spirit he yearned
on a tray of kitchen ware,
he wiped his paws and stroked his jaw
and straightened up his chair,
for although she was as beautiful
as the world had ever seen,
six sisters stood beside her
each one of them a queen,
half a dozen extra angels
were coming at a run,
an absence of men
had brought them in
and he was the only one,
a red headed sister sat on his lap,
smoothed her skirts and began to laugh,

When Trees Walk

another three filled some beakers tall
and passed them out to each and all
then the twins began to sing
until they made the windows ring
and the seventh lass who had been born in France,
kicked off her clogs and began to dance!

.Taiwanese Virtual Machine

five steers graze moon dust
stepping around large suede bags
of pink lead yo-yos

When Trees Walk

.They Too Are Faxed

May zero spilt figs mar your random lucid quests
and as you go forth in amity, may your parking spot be blest.
Jog well the bumpy dole with other dancers and relax,
remembering all the while, that they too are faxed!

.Three Polyglot Flies

Three polyglot flies on gossamer wings
surveyed a room and began to sing,
"Nous sentons un ragoût! De viande et beaucoup!"
"We awe few in our dank peat mews,
though our well met quest is an anal vex!"
spoke the fleoge errant from a bowl of stew,
as Rosie, lifting up her shoe
deftly knapped the other two
and so frightened was he by those deafening thuds,
Sir Greenebottle perished among the spuds.

When Trees Walk

.Toy Lion Paw Pin

She wore a toy lion paw pin
knowing it was a fear-themed gem
and faced the mob like a bold sardine
firmly resolved to reject the tin

.Two Ants Ford Bayou

Two ants ford bayou
roam across a checkered cloth
enter a lone mug

When Trees Walk

.Tyrian Robes

Eight eyes set his web on high
to catch a snack out of the sky,
the prey noticed his toluene stare
and not particularly wanting to die;
decided to light on an elf maiden's hair
who cheerfully laved six dapple mares
for a magus who was outfitting frogs
in Tyrian robes and Persian clogs
while our spider surveyed his silk road
shouting out loud to a passing toad,
"No one cares. No one cares."

.Un Camino Brillante del Oro

Un camino brillante del oro
embellece la cara del agua
bajo una montaña distante
¿Cuál entonces de estos durará?

Un camino de fuego baila
color fundido sobre el mar
vientos soplan sobre la montaña
a sus árboles para susurrar

El sol despacio se hunde otra vez
detrás de la cara de la montaña
el camino se descolora y desaparece
¿Qué entonces, es la enseñanza?

Una montaña puede cubrir el sol
pero no puede cubrir el brillo
sobre las nubes y cielo turquesa
los colores sangran del amarillo

When Trees Walk

.Une Route Brillante d'Or

Une route brillante d'or
embellit le visage de l'eau
devant une montagne lointaine
qui se conservera le feu?

Une route de flamme danse
la couleur fond sur la mer
le vent souffle sur la montagne
et envoie des baisers à sa soeur

L'orbe descend lentement
derrière les hauteurs anciennes
la route se fane et disparaît
son pouvoir n'est devenu rien?

Une montagne obscurcit le soleil
mais pas le rougeoiement
là dans un ciel de turquoise
sa fontaine de couleurs brillantes

.Wage Fealty

Armed with
the encompassing fear
of high wage fealty,
a skilled lab technician
shakes erythromycin
pellets into carp tanks
for penitentiary kitchens
and emits a coy yawn

...oohooxoo...

if jet lag nags him,
he can try mutual triage

Armed with
the boundless hope
of low wage fealty,
a temporary food worker
sprays preservatives
on fish-sticks
for apartment dwellers
and emits a stifled sneeze

...haathoomph...

when she goes home
she can buy a TV

When Trees Walk

.Wish-Ox

Mountain born in Tenerife,
la chicharrera, a wish-ox keeps
its dung is rice,
its pong is kale,
and it taught her tots,
using only its tail
to sharpen up
their axiom-tips
and inscribe odes
on guava pips

.Worry Hogs

Into faded yams,
worry hogs sank woollen fangs
which muffled the din

When Trees Walk

.Zebra Totes

Peppermints

For elephants

Must be as big as pillows

Hearth towel tea atom lieu

Baton oeuf

Zebra totes

Of famous quotes

Are better than a laptop

Hearth towel tea atom lieu

Baton oeuf

.Zeta Lag

When queens call hives to *hejira*
and bards laud common folks
When owls disgorge all rhetoric
and freed oxen adopt new yokes
O, falcon sense a trap and do not give it stead,
bite through your jesses, spread your wings
and shake the *burqa* off your head

When Trees Walk