Poetry Series

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

- 762 poems -

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delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....
some of my favorites:

Stevens
Beckett
cummings
Sandburg
Joyce
Lowell
Bishop
Santayana
Levertov
Thomas
Paz
Borges

more...more...more.....some here...alive! !
ask me who, if you wish...

'In poetry, you must love the words, the ideas
and the images and rhythms with all your capacity
to love anything at all'

Wallace Stevens

I like to write using words that have various meanings...that way the reader is free to interpret
as he or she chooses...to participate, to apply/discern the textures/images/ideas via personal involvement....
I also enjoy being somewhat of a neologist....fun for me, and, I hope, for you.....
as to parts of speech, well, they seem to morph, to renegotiate delineations...to play, creating rhythms, sounds and colors as they go.....

Thank you, dear poets, for perusing my efforts....I've much to learn. There are those here that have generously made valuable information available....I am most appreciative...

Love, D.

&.....?

pencil-packin' up the Jackass Trail....
intentions bein' to pick up the mail....
tripped and fell on a holy quail...
it was one of those days, like a windless sail,
hat flew off.....end of tale.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

*****turkey in the strawberries**

living in reverence...with a degree of vigor...
a splish, if not a splash...
counting and recounting,
predicated
though nonpredatarian...
tarry
a while
to
leap
for the highest grown fruit,
while the lower
glomes
are freed of the branch
at
the merest
touch
of a lip
or a whisker...
being braided, encroached
with falsified modesties...
.....breathing out...in...out...
...as yet, haven't forgotten
to water the plimsolls...collect the roughage...pander to the compost...
ambroseate and refill the grail....
snipperwhappers! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

.....redeployed

enjoyed
the blatant subtlety....
the iron elephant's four-sizes-too-small predicates

the missing apprehensions
the gaggle of goalies

predictables....

the drollery,
the cutlery

has no one thought to exchange tattoos....
to wear a different and unfamiliar mask....
something
more....or less....vestigial?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

.....those

tiny teeth keep clicking.....

down each alley, street and byway....

not that loud....no clanging clatter, so it shouldn't really matter

that they stay with me, haunt my way...

still they're here...remaining, sticking....

I run, or skip and dash...hide, ignore the signal's flash...

...there's the path...I'm nearly home...

but...there's no outwitting; sitting
on the piano, licking Chopin...fingers stalwart...never gropin'...

...I've not escaped....
there....in the gloam
.....is the &#%$*@! Metro-Gnome

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

....'>) was well...

to brayk the pigeon's tows
and hie into the holt....
a summer's dream'd becum'd a scream
and wynter's blud run'd colt...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

....A Possibility, These Days..

a fight to the death
michael vick vs. tom otterness....
all proceeds from ticket sales to go to PETA

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

....oh, now it is clear as midnight

eye doll a tree
up
with shy knee
good ease
thyme
fora
sell
a
bray
shun
sum say
a
save yore
was borne
so
up
go
the bawls
and
the
tin cell

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

...'let

it go'....
.find it on a bathroom wall? ....
applies well...to urine, yes....
the rest..
all of it...is filed...
in scraps under the bed...in loose and looser leaves..
.in layers thin as crisped
  and honeyed baklava tissues
or
 as deep as the folds
 of that loden manteau
in
 the lavendared trunk....
it is grist...
and
 when I am mill-less, it steeps/sleeps....fitful...snoring...
I touch it, rub the patina....the rust....the beard on the grain....I shake it..
what
remains
 is the treasure.....
as is the dust....
the fermented air,
 and
 its shadow.....
a sneeze
 scatters some of these palps and didos....
the layers, rearranged, accustom themselves
 to their newer placements....
shift and wriggle, settle in....not so politely waiting their turns....
piggy-backing when they can.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

24 Carats.... And More

after years of squiggles,
sprinks
and blinks
he's finally found
a minx....who thinks
on her feet,
red toenails....
with aplomb,
she swings, sails....
and
has bailed
him
out
of
the finest of jails....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a

bishop, some rabbis,
in tubular silence....
under a family tree of compliance...
roots spreading far, continental in drift....
 yet, I was born and it is such a gift....
when the dog howls
when the crowd growls
when I'm feeling flupped
I simply remember
my lineage, vast
and then I don't feel so schtupped....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

A Bit Too

wild
a bit too frayed
crushed
 mint
 in absinthed
green limeade
held forth in echoes
fifth
in flint
locked
 horns with aural liniment
applied to propagate
the sun
and
can't stop now
the wheel's done spun

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a blind defense

fermented in heat
and
 brewed of conscripted bits....
steeped in non-corollaries
bridged
with straw
and spangled haze.....
a smudgepot's
tendrils
boast of crimping...
 a limp panache loiters, intentless....
draggling.....
the roofbeam impales the carpenters.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a bushel

of carcanets
could not be
more precious
than
one kiss from you....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a certainty of violets

had left May questioning
the probability of June...
yet,
she swung in, unencumbered,
petticoats raised....
the fragrant juices of salutary euphemism
 wet on her lips...
the dogs find deeper pools,
 cool their bellies....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a circuitous root

caws
from
the raw strum
can't tickle the rafterglow...
or
glaze the bower
 with
 unmeasured metes...
in
a totter of teeters....
grace waives,
takes a powdered jellicle....
and
 eschews the raspberry....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a confederacy of loonicals

finds
comfort and sustenance....
 feeds
 on
 the threadbarren boards of splintered nonchalance...
a chaliceful of sponderifungles, twice toasted.....gargled
 and
spit
 in the eyesore
 calcifies..
....brandishing loamglums.....

askewed and answerved.....

misfortune is, it is not a comedy act.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a current favorite,

that particular illusion.....
I inhabit it regularly....
often...if not daily...
have furnished it
with all necessary comforts....
.....in it.....
..well.....
.....it has everything.....
....my version
of
everything..
.it is quite elaborate and detailed.....
and it can travel....as a sort of dancing, jiggly bubble.....with gently iridescent
'walls'.....
so much for solid construction.....it is only..... and fully..... what it is....

and
 despite that sometimes irksome and nearly..
.I said nearly...
 intractable
willfulness of mine....it refuses to be defined....
.makes me smile all the more.....

.....only.....and fully.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a decade of lace-lapped

long-johns
 and plaid condoms
circled....
singing of oranges and doves...

the younger informer
from Muncibeddu
restrung his bow....

'never write about me', he said....

..... the scent of crushed coriander.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a dove-less tale of some bed fellows.....I will...I promise...I will...I shall...I dew

lap it up....
if you agree with me.....
please...(oh, don't have to ask, dew eye?) ....
we we we we all the way....shall strive
to sustain our delusions-in-common....so farce so goooood...
dew ya ever...dew ya ever...wonder why we need the props....ever so? ....

.what props? .....

.examine what?

what, kick over.... OK, just nudge the foundation? .....would entail enfrightenment, ya think.? ..I don't..(think) .you don't (think) .....so.....since you agree with me...and I with you.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a dry-spore time

when it is nothing but sentiment and the trembled terrapin of other ideation only breaks the waves to lick its lips and breathe for a not measured instant of quills and bridles and ringing spurs of pentagonal proportion if there is a fair wind and drier salt to taste periwinkles squared and unctuous in their revelry....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a fare exchange.....?

the outskirts for a bustle....
it breaks like a wave....
sandbeings scuttle....foam-laced claws grasp air....
a grainy perspective...
.sommelier's child wades...Bootes askew....
dirndled... digging for a placebo...or a reflection.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a few too many

cats leapt out of the bag...and they were the mewling, scratching ones...
with shredded ears and abscess cicatrices....an extra kink or more in a tail of woe...and they hadn't learned...yet(?) ...to tell those tails in voices of fewer decibels
and
 at least mellowed and/or seemingly balanced....
in
 mellifluous, if minor... keys.....
resolute..if not resolved.....
somewhat dried...not thoroughly dessicated....
oh, plucky and berserkly congruant....admirably so...
 back in they've gone.....no blood-letting today..... ho harps/no lyres.....no swarms/no towels.....oh, for the grace of beauteous spillage.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

A flight like tangerines

my toes turned up in Barbados.....
the craft we sailed was a worthy one....
the voyage full of jangles....
clankings up the mizzen heard
by smuggled rooks whose caws aloosed
the vulpine spirit in me...
I'd known, sly was I, what to claim
 and whose cross, adorned, I would bare.....
Caitlin knew to wait would be profane...
she no doubt nursed a babe each year...
and I,
my toes,
 the rest of me...sleep here...

Summerset Fox

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a gentler rain

it has not mercy....nor is it sieved....
it is a colloquy composed of silence...
it is the music of all notes....and of none....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a glowing criterion

for possible candidacy/appointment to office....
...I quote: 'Appears not to be insane'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

A Glut

a surfeit
of revenances
romanced the perfidious
warbling
 of the dogooders
 in the sorrel
sat
a spell
  wrung the chimes
loped away
to thrash
 in
a sea of obliviates
sang of higher tides
while barques
 gilt
resplendent
 trolled
for euphemisms
among various flotsams

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a groundswell

fated, albeit non-procrustean,
to
 blear
 the jollity of warmer hearths....
quickens....
....just as quickly
recedes...
relocates
to
 a familiar wutherland....
a more
frequently wandered
corridor
of
 mirrors...
.framed in octagons and quintangles....
blessed by farcement....
and
readier
 to render a masquers montage.....
.....navigate
mangroved backbays...
this
.....treasure-hunting
 in
 brackish,
blinterred woozlemires.....socks on...or off....
quieter there....if a stifling hell...
is comforting
 in its parables....stories
of love gone right.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a haberdasher in Key West

did this necessary angel
of opposing law
hear the bawdy squiggling,
the tragic drone?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a heart

as pure as my dog's.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

A Human Divorce As Improvisation

new life as a pomegranate
each seed
falling
 from the bitter and acrid sharpness
free to grow and to thrive
new soil to till
new songs to sing
he could have told of the pain
and of the horror
that preceded the deadlock, the impasse
he chose instead to focus on the now of it
on the joy of being a parent
in the most present of tenses
to value every moment
to fill each of those moments with joy, with laughter
with the clearest love possible
to find all that is waiting to be born... to be nurtured
to be treasured...
from the all-but-unheard melody
 to one symphonic and essential composition...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a late-night welcoming in black and white

tufted ears caught sounds...
as tail, erect, four small paws
danced their way to me

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a little bifidus

in that culture...
something to hide
from the cordoneers
 read in the woods
 without benefit of liturgy
or somnambulists
shameless in a ring
 of flameless fire
 brown-paper-covered smaller print
supply your own illustrations
 tableau wrapped vignette
 weather-proof
 pilfered freedoms
 laced with gin
 from
 under the back porch....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a littlebit...more

saucier....and just a trifle bossier....
in tandem with escoffier..
there's not much more to pen or say...
except to keep the flannels clean
and
purchase the right headgear....
well-oiled must be this fine machine....
please,
more piquants in the bed, dear.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a litttle purse of yammers and yawps....

she was very fond of him
but would not consent to be his beard.....
though, on alternate Wednesdays,
she did pose as half of his mustache..
....the left half, so the story goes.....

Marion et the frosting...
under dogged the cake...
she liked it sweet...from cane or beet....
her thirst.... it knew no slake.....

I must confess, my dear,
I've eaten all the spaetzle....
I've left you plums....and marshmallows....
see.....
there's fire on the grate, still....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a long time loving both Becket(t) s.....is.... a....

thing not difficult to remember
 when attempting to settle into my bathtub of bubbles on the deck
and finding it to be occupied by a Rhinoceros, who, having hung his many hats
 on the hooks I did or did not install near
 the door of effrontery on the walkway to the tower....(big breath here)

I will not give him the bum's Salmon.....he is getting much fatwa...it is unhealthy...
and reminiscent of days when the smoke around Fairfax was watery blue and spoke of
oblivion, in a hickory sort of way.....
..the sidewalks have not been muted.....no more
 than the clothes have been...
though there are more of them...
.the hensmen pluck them from the altar and wrap them around the third
generation.....I make the sign of the crosswinds.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a mismatched maiden

bosom heaving,
sat beside the rill, a-grieving....
had she but waited, with time's succor,
could there have been a courtly plucker...
a knight, not errant...bold, instead...
to gratify this maiden's head....
lest ye think these musings shoddy....
hear well.....she's not forgot the toddy.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a monolith of reason

crumbled
... touched
by winds
which sought
to change
  the stone's contours
.....near imperceptibly....

a split-second radiance
of
 geode dust
appeared.....
.
.....vanished.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a mystery...one of many...

whether I shall be invited to the ascension.....
I have promised
 to bring
as many helium balloons
as are requested of me
by the protagonists.....
in every color imaginable...and to paint the others in those colors which cannot be imagined.....only fair that I do so.....
we each have love to contribute.....and many sorts of joys.....some less misleading than others.....
.I have not been one to do my swallowing whole.....preferring to chew..... a bit, at least.
.....haven't been scraped off
 by a tree or a low-cut barn door...yet.....
could happen...could carry spare wings in my rucksack..
....just in case....
nah...scapular exegesis.....more fun....
that helium tank...no lightweight matter.....but I've a wheelbarrow and a more-than-trusty harleyquince.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a narwal's question....

why would Ron Jeremy chelate himself?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a paralysis of virtue

akin to a spate of prognostication
a company of flints, locked....
a barrel of staves, de-coopered....
the shed that keeps the varmints from the garbage cans...?
 no...
that
 was a construction based
 on a principle called de-kooning.....
though
something whimsically scarifying to them, say, calderish, would've
 been more fun.....
you wiggle your finger at me....
I collapse, rolling....
....breathless...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a plea...

I'd have to
 stay up
 all night
to sing
to you at dawn....
oh, bade me not
 to do that, please...
whilst damp'ning dew
 bedecks your lawn....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a priestly harmonium

traveled to the place of mambas
and
euphorian chants....
there was wildwood
 and
 pudding,
 made in a hasty pot with starch from the crops of darlings and effigies...
each weir captured another myth...tales told, forbidding and beseeching in one breath....
....rapture was a rarity,
 hauled up with the last bucket of illuminated dust...feet were washed..prayers whispered....beds pummeled....eyes closed.....
night song began,
 carried on the back of a slow wind tethered to all that ever was....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

A Protuberance of Robins

what they need is here
their bellies are round and fat
belie fragile bones

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a quilt

of maunderings...
fretful globulettes stitched
on a field of incantations....
some patches have weathered
the journey...rubiose and madder-limned...
others, faint, their feted grandeur spent,
do no more than suggest their erstwhile blood-fresh colors...
....have lain in the parlor...
sun-tread and burlesqued as langour-laden mementos....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

A Riddle For All And None

from a foxy little fellow
and some teachings sage and mellow
this floral beauty takes its name
(add moniker of wealth and fame)
a further clue completes this quip:
...the air resounds with crack of whip

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a rivulette...

a smaller
..perhaps deigntier piece...
..an homage....
briefly rendered...
shall be known, in my book...as a tributary....
....a bit of swash, explicably unbuckled.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a senryu-ish close-up of, in this case, some American Beauties

wrapped in clear tissue....
selected words and musics
warm both heart and mind

to see and to feel
these treasures with other eyes....
graced by pliant joy

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a sextant's descendant

she was told....
and
was shown
charts
of supposed authenticity...

' this tree...heraldic limbs akimbo,
fashioned of labial earth and celestial crossings
rooted in a reclaimed calvary of stones,
bore fruit
to be suckled,
nurtured,
dressed in wreathes and wimples...
and it is yours '.....

she shook her rattle...filled her diaper...slept...
dreamed of Winnie and Eeyore.....

not

of the blade
that had left far-distant cousins ungerminated...

when she awoke, there was Grandmere...claiming to be King Lear, again...
.....normalcy had been restored

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a solitary song.....so

full of myself....I make me laugh...
as do you, too...well.....about half
as much as I do....yes, as me...and I can get myself...for free.....
I'm unprepared to pay a price... solipsistic me..make nice? ?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a spring

born of that collision.....and now,
at this age....
 to carry bolts....
a bucket of oats....for a gadfly's sting...

.whinny up a memory...
yes...a rider....
whose
 now sightless eyes would welcome
 a few drops of that same spring's healing waters.....
would
 he then emote...
cry, bleed a paean to the mountain...to the mount?

you, scaleless...albeit half-saline by birth....with a forkless tongue....have coursed the skies...and beyond....

you, having found favor
...and shelter....
cannot lead him to that place.....

and I...
 questioning
that it had been wisdom, as some say.....
believing
 it to have been a simple sting.....

you.....no, no judge....winged, yes.....but..too free to willfully inhibit glory....in its greater, lesser and appropriated forms.....

.....now for those oats.....and is it going to rain this afternoon.....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a strangely strangling gift of love.....infliction...

processed and reprocessed.....whinnying and winnowing.....
..what is
 good to the tooth...
to the heart...
to parts which have 'ownership cleared' stamped on them...
.the ringing truth of differentiation....
.like spitting up a hairball.....to hear it land in the chafing dish.....
sophistry developed....in a dark room.....now it can be photo-shopped....
.end run....catch and re-re-re-re-re-lease.....peripatetic, eh? ....
and what if it spills.....that ladder folds, ya know....
.automatic alchemy, this way....no, that way...
.uh, uh, the chase is on....and everybody wins.....

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a trinket

an onyx outlined carp spouts pave on a swollen disc....
hollow...feather weight....
the chain, finer than a hair, rests in your palm....
.....it is true....I could keep and treasure this...
 I think you know why that is not possible....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a twisted

mind takes obvious paths...
a shame it's foolish, provides few laughs...
h'mmm...if it'd replace silly games with an intellect...?
nah, that's way too much for us to expect....'>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

a view from the greenhouse

having no wish to examine or to explore that
particular subset of ironies today.....
bare the torch elsewhere, she says....and take the incense with you.....there is higher hilarity to be wrapped, boxed, casketed....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Aardwolf in The Void

blackberry trimmings and catkins shuffled to the roadside
to join maple and alder branches snapped by a hard rain
it is hollow
full with many
 yet hollow
it confuses time with calendars
it sings of green pines
it is hollow
full with many
and yet hollow
another year
and another
it is a writhing chrysalis
as the nautilus makes its spiraling rounds
periwinkles sing the softer shades of blue
dance with the glories of a hypnoplasmic morning
greet the sun in a seriocomic western sky
waiting
another year
and another
howl under the tree of may be
an ebon floe,
albeit considered a flight risk
turn a cartwheel, lather, rinse, repeat

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

above carnelians

just below peridots
some huddled, perambuless,
 in the inkier crevices,
counting rhapsodesials....
as
the ball of wax descended.
a few onyxtensions held on, wavering,
 shall we?
shall we knot?
in front of the parsifallen...and the premonitiatory?
why is it so ruminacious a thing?
or not a thing....
itself a strawnly grebe..an oriolet....or
 a marmot
 in a mask, lulled and lambent
 for nearabouts a quarter of an hourhand.....give or take a hookapuff.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

abysmally normal...

trying so hard....to hide
behind the right plants, clipped. groomed to perfection.....not one a whimsical topiary...
controlled...their health and conformation a must....they've been told....and must obey.....they cower, upright and dutiful....no leaf out of place...ever...
the on site sibling quilts....perfectly.....would a pricked finger have bled.....?
the piano no one plays...it is grand, imposing....silent....
the children...the right schools.....perpetuating the myth in innocence.....
their cars....just as right...just as proper....another adherence to the norm....
the gnomish entity in the lower apartment rules completely.....benevolent, to the untrained eye, to the blind soul.....to the studiedly uninvolved.....
the often-visiting other daughter laughs hysterically....nonstop....the resident one, large and fiercely meek, pays stifled tribute to the gnomess...'we are alike in so many ways'...she was told...and became so....subsumed early....
we of the neighborhood are not the sort of people who would judge or begrudge the gnomess' son-in-law his bisexuality, for his loving his fellow actors in heart and deed.....he is free, in his way....the gnomess and her daughter do not speak of it....they are normal, you see.....and an agreement has long since been reached.....I am not privy to the formula, nor need I be.....they are carefully, carefully normal.....and keep busy.....busy.....busier.....we all fashion our comforts of whole cloth and of remnants.....though I am uneasy with all the perfection.....
..fortunately, it isn't catching.....I do feel a certain empathy with those leaves that dare to fall in the driveway.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

adjusting.....

to/from/with/at.....
that's it... 'at'.....
.'on'?
....'by'?
in.....a not unpleasant perforation of ether.....
bottle it...and give it away....
no allergic reactions.....
as real as anything else....?
 sure.....
I chew on this bite of air.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

adversaries in effigy

serve porpoises
though not for me....
to brew a cup of verbal tea....
same windmills, flailing variously.....
I may keep mine in some dark basement.....
to spear, eventual...keen placement
is the means I'd most prefer....
.....might cleanse the lot.....deflea my fur.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Aesop's Haiku

ripe grapes grow highest
fox leaps joyously upward
falls to earth hungry

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Affiliations....choruskated walls.... papered, pinned.....

Mars or Pan....
a narrow strophe.....
a stripperful slope....
universal ruth.....
weeding stilled or fructed....
illuminate....reducted.....
abstruse or infuse.....
empty to the fullest.....
hail the godless head.....and so to bed.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

after pablo

I do not miss you except because I miss you
I go from missing you to not missing you,
from waiting for you to not waiting for you...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

again.....crustless....

.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ahhhhhh.....

the formula of the non-formulaic.....eeloosive, eh?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

all

ass and alacrity
there's been a transmigrationary
sluffing of the singularly misted, drangled sparity....
who can know the reasons
 why the heretoforthwith pendriculls
have slipped a cognizantly mooring,
taken to the bedposts, spooring,
whisked the maxillaries, during
congress with the bruncibulls...?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

all 18 on loose gravel...for Jack

doin' some truckin' semiconscious
swung through Manteca twice in one hour
jelly in the roll and an arrowless compass
southern comfort from an old glass jar

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

All For A Nostrum

when he was accused of looming large
there
was only one thing
to
 do
and
 that was to take off his shoes
 and
 place pearl buttons on his socks
 the argyles, of course,
theirs
 the bliss of diamonds
of
 foxgloves
straying
from
the
lupine patches
harder
 and
sharper
than
the soft-blanket
look
seen
 from the crest
of
inhalation

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

all ways

I've made my bed....
I lie in it....
from time to time... some truth
shall surface....
wild in wonderment...
gifts from a sister...ruth....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

allergies

to various pollens....
to the windblown ordinaries....disguised as arcane blepharblasts.....
to the mega-ordinant.....to the door handles....
to the crepuscularly decorous....
to the mierda de toros.....
to the wind with it all.....
zephyr fondant, broomstraws...corollaries in musk and skip-traced torpor...
best-of-days....best-of-days.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

allow it

to climb in, secret itself.....

this is a poetry
site....

this is a poetry
site

this is a poetry
sighting

this is a poetry
sighting...

a poetry citing.....

.no more
no less.....

I applaud the seemingly fearless..
.with
one hand clapping....
as two
my sleeve being heartless.....allow it...aloe it?

this is a poetry
site.....

good grief.... it's full of human beings.....
and air....
.readily breathable.....

I grow
impatient
with myselves.....

I grow
wary.....and chives.....

each shall blossom.....
damn that pruning lathe....I can outrun it.....on a dare..or a pretty fast roan.....
I'll feed that equine carrots and blueberries..
.that's it...
.....blueberries.....!

as for the applecart..... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

alluded to....

as gentled mocking
hides an awkward empathy,
a faltering inquiry
leaves
the mystery untouched...resonant in dreams, implicating no one.....
and it is better so...
the pristine grace of solos for two....contradictory,
whole, unblemished by residual allegories,
we dance
in arhythmic comprehension....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

allusion.....

it's the illusion
that's missed....
yearned for.....in the semi-shade of apotheosis.....

.....finely fogged...
 misted 'til the leavetakings arced
in an ombretango.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

almost muffled.....

by
 velvet-covered
tastefully-fringed
cushions
by
the firmly-closed
neatly-hinged
door.....
those
sounds
from
inside
the well-dressed
window seat....
.....cherry-agate's rol-l-l-l-l-l and click...
the muted clatter of a buck'n'wing...a shuffle-off
from
the atavistic
black patent leather gros-grain bowed half pound each tap shoes....
 there's more in there.....
.....hear the double glass-pak rap'n'growl of a '57 Chevy?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

an

aura, bent,
 pulses
 fluctarian,
 sputters
 like a clockwork consuming itself
 by means of leapfroggery and turnstiles...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

an art retreat.....

tasted salty....
mine host, a Grand Mariner....
set salient compass points... toasting
 to a gull's insouciance
 and the rapid decline of monolithic marshweeds....
by three past a coquille...sans jacks....
 all were beached....
.a squeeze of lime revived the mizzen-struck....
we felt the dark of noon as the august limbs remained abrupt.... hairier than most.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

an elegy: I don't know

who's took the hindmost...
don't know why there's a mallard on the fencepost...
it'd be a lie if I said I didn't care...
but why the **** did you shoot that bear?

wasn't as though he was stealin' your honey...
or lookin' at you with his eyes crossed funny...
or wearin' the shirt that you'd ironed for Sunday...
or sleepin' in your bed.....but now the fella's dead...

I don't know where the hawk flies home...
don't know when my maker's gonna call me...
it'd be a lie if I said I didn't care...
but why the **** did you shoot that bear?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

An Excerpt From A Chapter Of Thrice Tolled Tales Of Mid-Century Coastal Meanderings

she, tiring of the constructing of crushed Oreo crusted jello and fruit cocktail filled pies, expressed her frustration by filling the bathtub with mounds of unwashed dishes....
he ran away to the foothills with a local goatherdress...
the daughter and son of the erstwhile couple became a physicist and a poet, respectively...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

An Immature Penning

my pen
  is ancient...
as for me...
I'm slouching
  toward maturity...
and when I've aged sufficiently
wisdom'll douse each dowagee?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

an indistinct probability

that there are trees....and mawk-fed tarantellusastoryboards without knotholes....and cap-doffers with spotless repudiations.....
none of them have stayed long enough to be caprisonic.....they coin a phase and spirit away the longerhorns.....seen it happen....
there's not much noise...
at the time of the roaming candlers...
extinguishers are sold in the stalls... along with candy apples and wobbling gyroscoped theoreticals..... .

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

an ingesting stroll

that
afternoon
we street-snacked
our way
around Fisherman's Wharf
and close environs...

the
one condition
being
we'd only have foods
that began
with the letter P...

our accompanist
....the dark-blonde-dredlocked one-man-band....

we got back home...
sticky, tourist-jostled
and
 laughing....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Anarchitecture... Crepuscule With Joe

he sang Gounod at dusk...
a lovely preface
 to my spending the night with Lieutenant Kije

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and be contented to charm the glyphs

from that nook of corundum's glare....
.... aerie for the low-flown....
the arms are arched..
lace
prevents slippage.....
(well, most of the time....)
despite an elbow's navigation
 to the right....
 or left
of omphalustrous striations
 the course is still true...and is festooned
with dimples and alder branches.....
less ticklish after noon, the greenest fish elicits paeans
 from the holders-on....
they have put taps on their sabots....
and
 hungrily consult the alpinists engravings.....
(.though
 being blindfolded makes the task difficult....)
.impossibility isn't easily recognized.....
 and I shall not provide the scissors....would you?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and each

to our chosen retreat.....
to find comfort in.... (here a lack of words halts me, as I know too few and too many of them)
they refuse connection, one to the next....
if I had them...and they would obey, fall into line.....
they would....
I would....
say something having to do with solace.....which, though not always a transmissible thing....
.is
what I send.....
that...and some tickles, when I find where I have misplaced them.....
oh, look under your pillow.....they do have a way of secreting themselves
in places more appropriate than might be imagined.....who knows?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and I did...

I gave him a dollar....
I mean, how many times
are you given a walnut, shell unbroken....painted gold...
said to contain the secrets of all universes.....
no more disingenuous than much.....less so, as I see it.....you?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

And I Will

gesticulate on this stage and any other
wearing the jester's motley....in lace, of course...
you have a season ticket....for all seasons... and reasons....
come in camouflage... if necessary...
even
if it tickles...and it does, doesn't it?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and left them

each a partial metaphor....
 glad....with a gentleness of eye.
...truer in misalliance
than those
 whose utter faith in statuary beneficence
 had birthed a mist of quills, cold spells and patchwork picnics....
.they ambled, lanky and quietly astute, gathering wheels.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and now for something completely.....?

brightly bilious....
ever punctilious..
the point's been made....
aches with nightshade....
admixtures/ gists, dredged deep and frivolous....
non-vegal romping....slathers, carnivorous.....
if it be an exorcism....with timbre, fraught, there be some rhythm....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and of the three

mourning the loss of what couldn't be....a semantic contradiction, yes...an emptiness,
out of tune.....a void of circumstance.....
more painful than the loss of what was....
a knife twisting in the air...
tearing, gutting the nothing....
the thing itself...the not...the no....
searching
 blindfolded and inept for an escape from what isn't? .
nothing tangible but the nothing itself.....
to
 turn to the somethings of avoidance...of temporary comforts.....of broken wholes
and love in dark corners.....
stuffed playthings,
 statuary and disjointed nomens.....
though
nothing displaces the nothing....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

and when he saw

the silence writ
ten on
the walls
off fenced
his eye
cloud
ed with lo
ve four
freed
oms
 utter
ly
twigged
with
jay in a centri
fugit from
sinestra to
d
extra loom
ing men
ace of
washboard
felt
scrubbing
the foibled
man
ipulations
there
disappoint
and
wrench
a dream
scape
wish
a ban
nistered
miss
alliance dance
in the name of
lo
ve
hicles three wheeling
forte wring
ing bells
warning warning humanity I ask you I ask ewe to flock not
 at the feat of monotonal quash...any where
 in
any
town...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

anna coluthia

has a spring in her step...
goods in her gracious...
a rat in her pack
with a corn on her monstrance,
a bellowing whisper...
from dawn's light
to dusk's fall
she's sere at the cistern...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Anne excited

utterances..
.wore a streaming slip..as her tongue's ballpeen.....
crystallized....
the hall was cleared of
clutterances...
as gingerly...the dilettantes.....unseen,
were cordoned off to hail the chiefly
bluepoint pearls they fancied, briefly....
while the misty icons pranced...cavorted...
.an intimation to the dance...extorted.....
mephistophelized...
well...
sometimes the scene on a Mulberry Street
car
hops the heartland.....skiptraces a beat.....
.far
be it from me...
.to lay it on a linear decelerator....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

anon, a mouse responds

to claqued imbroglios,
suspended mirrors,
sheets of sound,
chanticleered
chorales...
sorting
 through
buttered shards,
 grimacing whorls....
 conclusion are drawn....traced....
obscured....
fragile
as borders...posturing,
 craving momentos.....
whether these are worthy gusts
lies, worming for breath and sight
in
 the hands, lungs
 and lips
of the
carnival's glassblower.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

another one of those fur-covered four-legged love things.....

don't know if I can do it again.....maybe
when
 I'm about eighty....so's we can be together 'til we both go.....
 those fourteen years... felt like a minute.....

damn, I hate nevers.....

.if being one of the faith-full
 was
 my thing
 there'd
 be some words I'd have to say about that
 just as soon as I heard the gate close behind me.....
.like
why'd you give me perfect love to share..
.and then rip it away.....

.there's a distinct imbalance of things.....look into that, do some magic, eh?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

another thought in the pre-wee hours

to have the shibboleth tattooed on the tongue
likely would not preclude its mispronunciation

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

another venue

with other confines....stabilities...ornamentation....
a place of grassland sleep...
a whisper not
 of that roped and tied and trampled
ground
up by the bibliotechnical arcade.....
.which petals are intact..
.which branches burn.....
is it a land of sympathy, then....swollen with plumeria and rushing cataracts...
.....a torn page and a jotted evensong.....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ansata.....

....times are a broken ankh...
crushed by some mire-twist and reset with preprimed patella pins can be more hazardous than a hop-scuttling heat-plated hankering.....
did I mean to say hope? ...nope....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Anubis' enigma

arced from star to star...
pigeons,
 wholier
than most polemicats,
rested on eventualities...humours fidgeting...
...left
eying
...tufts...
fur
snagged
on
 thorny scrub...
the mountain shudders...bellows its song...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ardent masquers mount, careen

in pursuit of tergivers, whelped in loose blankets,
their broader chests cross-strapped,
hard-buckled against the jouncing melody of a sway-backed ride...
ridge-rammed and spurless,
one stops to retrieve
a fallen bolus..ammo for the fringe...
the troupe rear-ends itself..... sprawls, a pile of torqued lance-grips
and unspent cartridges....
.....cabbages grow, flower to commemorate the fallen...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

as a someone would say.....

pour another cabernet
but don't speak truth...
it's just not comfortable....
...create as many metaphors as you can....
but don't
 give it to me unvarnished....
don't speak truth...
and keep those details to yourself.....
pour another cabernet....
if you can't do it by way of some convoluted abstraction,
well.....have another cabernet
some JD....JB, even.....
.though you prefer Saki...I'll go get some sake....won't be a minute....
and when I come back in....don't speak truth.....
unless you plan to let it fly
in uncertain terms.....encrypted.....
some way that'll make it glisten and shimmer
and
godalmighty, it must be bloodless.....
.abstrusify the **** out of it...
.and
have another cabernet.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

as background

to clicks
 and
 whirrs...
a
 piece
offering
lobelias, sun,
thanks,
sparks
 and spurs...
an easier graze
than that which
 could
 have been its verbal equivalent...
sorrel
 and musk
remain in the jar...
slap the paving stones, slack-jawed tortoises..
if it's irony you're after, scoop it up....
the larger portion has been plated...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

as I recline on my feinting couch.....

if....I could...and would manipulate...
'break'...
so gently...as fluid....
 the barriers..
.find fissures and warps...
.windows and wiggles.....trans-portals.....
that I know exist...in the eyes of the thirteenth
 or
 fourteenth rook...
and elsewhere...this
freefall glissando....
.and
perhaps shall find...someday
....within and...um, without
.the timeless continuum
...the parallels.....spatially companionable....hello and hello....and hello....

well...this is the one that I thought of today:
yes! ! ..
.to hear Richard Burton reading Richard Burton....
.just for me..
.oh, yes...for you, too, of course.....copious footnotes'n'all.....
.....I recline on my feinting couch..... hello.....and hello.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

as inanimate

and as imbued.....

as phosphorvescent
and as glumladling....

..... at the center....a
.....stilled point.....

breakfast of ninnies...genii for lunch....
an
 afternoon snack of wheeled wells, pontificals and faunfritters.....

 the evening meal?
 jesterpods in aspic
with
some readily matriculated herring.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

as to

the
bric a brac
on
my clavier....
some, gifts....
.....excavational 'debris'.....
an open-air reliquary....

enhancing sounds? ...
.....yes
....memories...ideas
all but instantaneously
 translated,
  into colors, phrases...
.which
 could be named..... do not need to be....
.they'll ask, if necessary.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ask her that

and she'd have to tell you where.... and how..
.and in what she was steeped....
where she was shrink-wrapped
and
 shredded whole...
and
 patched the stuff
 into a semblance of culpable breading....
.where she chased a white fawn...(no, no rabbits....)
 and found verdigris prints....seven-toed..
.a malleable mockery and a wagging scally, shivering
 and carrying
 on
 about
 some sort of snapping dragoon...tri-cornered
 and braying for a fluffier frock.....beaded, no less.....glinting....tiny-eyed....
.....but I digress....

yeah...
the story would be
one
 for the ribbed cages..
.the smile of a peccary with a yawning portfolio....
 there they
are now.....
see...over there...
.....but I digress.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

at

the corner of Blarr and Tremolo....
repatricider, hard, did flow...

the winkmaids come...the winkmaids go...
at the corner of Blarr and Tremolo....

was on a drowdy evening
the boisterfullians... kreening, round...
did chance to go....evapor'd, slow...
no trace of them's ever been found...

the winkmaids come...the winkmaids go
at the corner of Blarr and Tremolo....

is said two footpads
can be heard...
treading, flightless...
...and a third
of all whose zephyristic words
shall meet their
feathered, lichened birds
of every stripe and dot and whorl....
pick up a shelldram...
find a pearl...
of wiserdom...and gymcracked flank...
and
take it to a river's bank
shall evanesce by evening's shank.....

the winkmaids come....the winkmaids go...
at the corner of Blarr and Tremolo...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

at owlight

a gorgon's took my toothbrush....
the sheeps have blown the fold...
a fellow by the mailbox offers chocolate....
he's called Roald.....
in a disambiguated huff
a chimera has called the bluff
of the seven-wintered sisters
who've gone sailing in the buff
a lowing moaning blisters...
while the billies, less than gruff,
charge the bridge toll...
deck the maypole...
grab the drawerpull...hide the snuff....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

at war

with an armored dilldough....
one can't but wonder...'Where'd the grill go..
....and the mangoes, pits'n'all...'?
....ach...not another feckled Fall...
.the prime's been pumped...against the wall....
the troutspores ripe for breeding....
the wiffle's not a cannonball...
and
 lurklogs need reseeding...
I said I'd leave...it seems I lied....
.....ran.....
didn't find a place to hide.....
....I could puke...the train's forsook
the dumpling blossoms on the track...
 friable tuckers wail the lack
of mortals who could take a whack.....
at the haves and quarters, thirds....
that bleed the trysting dry of words.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

August's Aerugo

copper to gold...
...verdigris...a midnight sun's somber and chastened love
mingled with dusts...
no sea voyage, this

...this triumphant arch...
somnambulant and blazing flower...
each petal plucked
regrown....adherent to a circular and seed-bearing core...

magnetic
metallic
to the last...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Auto Motive

the vehicle's manifold has integrity
the mechanic h'mmmm
would that
should manifest
in the garage and elsewhere
could it
alter destiny ah,
 integers and ballyhoohahs
woods and ironies
lilacs and pfeffernussen.
anele,
anoint
bless the hydrawlics
and the gasketry
'the pleasure is mine', sang the blue canary,
asking,
 'can the wind shift in a tunnel? '

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Barbara Lee

for president...! ! NOW! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Bare To The Left

higher than a weathered balloonist
clambering into the pit
to get a hosing-down
and no, no more fried baloney
there's cicadas in it, don't ya know? .
my poodle has stripes
but I'll bet yours is polka-dotted
am I right?
bring him along next time
we can meet up at the cloister and take it from there

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Basic

training at Camp Jejune...
a bare twinklin' star
and the newest of moons
shone overhead
to a frog-song's croaked croon
the coverlets, quilty
the mosses moist, silty
as the pith of the matter
would've maddened a hatter
but strengthened the hamstrung
and many a bladder....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

bath salts

peppered,
 delicately,
with violets...
crumbled, crushed to blend
 with attar of euphemism....
a sprinkling of license,
 well-pestled, just so,
to combine
 with essence of gardenia....
a pleasure to bathe in your reflection, it is....
have you the loofa in hand, dear....?
.....just below the left shoulder blade, please....
aaaaahhhh.....lovely, thank you.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

beauty....inspiration....aspiration...? ? ....

ah...Robert's otters...
Elizabeth's moose.....
confirming I am but a goose....
my words won't ever scale those walls....
but I keep on scribblin'...takes a certain sorta....well, you know... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

before the wreaking ball havocs

I'll find
another word for it...
barking up the baguette...
a surfeit of salamanders
in springform cogitation....
less?
more?
how many steps is it from warblestrasse to cantilever alley,
where the bedframe groaned a rhythm that set the joists
to humming harmonics and rafterglow was a visible thing?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

benign iniquities

the spade's sharpened edge
 cuts earthworms into twos and threes...
she searches for blood, finds none.....
a richly acrid loam, ripe with oak and ashes,
sings a scent that scourges
and delights the nose with its pungent layers...
smoke, near-liquid remains of what was once frozen,
 crumbled unidentifiables,
 rot.... ready to feed new life, to give it color and shape....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

bird like

I know, I know....I'd emu late....
but
 I'm casso wary....
want the whipped cream
AND
 the cherry....

as the croc, us, being toothy,
gnashed away, albeit ruthy...

when viol et the notes, that traitor...
rose ate the spoon, bill
 me....but later....

a cordon, bleu, entwined their legs....
as off they hopped to garner eggs...

blossoms bloomed the path they're truckin'....
but all they have are wings...can't pluck 'em....

yep, it lumps'n'jumps'n'hurkies, jerky....
must go now,
hafta
baste
 the chicken..... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

blankety

blank blank...coverlet.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

bleeding still

from the wounds
 that tore the tracts of logic...numbed the divining
and
 the diviner...left a one-forked stick....
.... wracked the organ of love, the one we call heart,
twisted it into a shape
all barbs and fangs....
who is to judge the trespasses committed in agony,
where breath is a commodity, highest priced.. unattainable....
and
 still asking for a song of joy.....?
a laud-casting symbolojester, pregnant with decay and bromides,
has puked in the windlass and called the spraybits freckles....
shall we dance on this deck?
say it pretty?
 loft it until it shrieks, is penitent and tamed...
flightless in an ossuary?
giving thanks...certainly and vociferously.....
one on...one off....pull a rabid out of a hat and call it....
'here, cottontail, here...over here...over here.....'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

blue goggles

tight and overslung
an attempt to suck the madness out of the art
crushed cornflakes on the front seat
hedgehog on the mantle
one hand extended the other
fumbles for keys in a lint-lined pocket

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

book of practical nonreplications.....please...no offense meant... ' >)

no more poets...no more musicians.....
h'mmmm...a literate plumber? ....an erudite electrician.? ...
once knew one...one of the former...
what was it that happened twixt tub and dormer.? ..
I love old dogs and so did he...
between us we had thirtythree...
yep...this is a bit more doggerel..
.if'n ya don't like it...you can go to....
read something else, eh? ?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Both of Us

born for joy....and the rest of it...
if I tickle your smallest toe
will you dance with me...
fling that cautionary tail
to the bestest west wind?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

bowing

to Hundertwasser
and Gaudi...
I sing and dance in joy-bubbling
revelry
remaining
 reverential....
rollercoastering in the funhouse!

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

brinkingthinking

recalling days when newt was eft....
one-handed, garbled... right...no left....
lurking, waiting, yet to pounce....
intriguing some, brain weights: one ounce....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

broken...atilt..askew...you

have to be here....have to be here have to be here....

this is not something I can do..without you....
.withoutyouwithoutyouwithoutyou.....

. timetimetimetimetimetime.....diminished, no..

.....accelerated..yes

.....
abated.....no...
.....growinggrowinggrowinggrowing.....
.withoutyouwithoutyouwithout you.....if you
are
nowhereifyouaretobe theretobetherebeherebeherebebebebebebebebebebebebebebherewith
meherewithmehereoranywhere

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

brush wolf of the golden gate..

we see your delicate features, fringe and ruff
encircling what appears to us as a smile...
we hear your less-than -diminutive yips
 of a pitch that unnerves the smaller scurriers....
we feel your wildness, your hunter's intensity and focus
you scent the wind, and are carried by your agile paws to prey...and survival...
you cross bridges we have designed to carry
 our lumbering and wheeled
conveyances...
.you do so by night, and turn to smile at us as if in thanks...
our territory?
it is yours...we are only visitors....
you are, in a word we use to attempt description of that which is one with your blood
and for which you need no word, 'forever'....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Bullfinch Doorstop

confirmed the slant
 jounced
 in a series of hollow-core collisions
thumped
 frayed
mysteries spill
 illuminating
 softwood planks
soles gather bits of lore
legends of explanation
redistribute them
 the dance seems random....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

bus stop

groaned up the hill....tight curve.....one lane.....
could've walked...run down the trail....would've been there before the bus....
wouldn't have heard Phil say goodbye to his spotted pup, 'See ya later, Mozzzart.....'.

that's right, 'Mose-art'.....named, I suppose....since I never asked.... for that very same alabaster Amadeus sitting in my piano next to the three Bees....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

butterflied effect?

Hate'd be too strong a word...
as in I hate it when people say, 'if things were different'.....
now and again that statement, 'well'....she says,
 pulling free the fingernails imbedded in her palms....
but wait...
how could that be accomplished? .....
a third hand, fist unclenched.....but whose hand? ....
.you see, in some instances that kind of
 if
is easy to hate.....
(but anyone,
 any one at all can say whatever they want to say, yes? .....)
no, no physiological rarity.....
not new....
not not not.....
but it hurts more than those self-inflicted stigmadiddlies.....if they existed.....in the same reigned-in forest.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

By Saying

I miss you
I am saying
 I miss you
 and me...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

bygones and foregones

was no collusion....
....take that spear,
bend it,
 place it
in your...
.....scabbard..? ?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

campari sons.....and scattershot daughters.....

on the rocks... fishing for a subliminality.....
ah, baloney.....just make that eclectic squeal....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

can

offer you obsession....
frosted, thinly, with discretion.....
accused, standing disorderedly...
....to publish, soon? ....next quarterly
is time enough to ruminate
 whilst swinging on a garden gate...
....yes, the goods are fine, but tainted....
there've been beings nearly fainted
riding wakes of highs and lows
unsure of what the ebbs and flows
would wreak....well,
sometimes being blows....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

canemku

you've come home to sleep
spattered sodden reeking joy
the bathing will wait

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

carlo

richard's at the bridge.....
...no hurry....he'll wait.....
love is like that....
.....you know.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

carrying you and Lao Tze

with Leonard's spices
 in
 a fraying basket....
while you
 now
may
 have
 sent your bananafish to that hole...
perhaps
 dismissed
 them
 temporarily....
to rejoin you
 in another foray.....
when the waters are sufficiently ripe....
where
 currents,
 tides,
swells
and
submerged lapwings
 provide
 that
 particularly elusive buoyancy....

 I still have mine...
..... darting, flashing,
they shimmer
 in small ecstasies
 of wonder
.... of doubt...
ever curious,
they seek the (w) hole of it...in it....
 find,
taste
 scraps, smidgens....
reconnoiter....gibber, turn as a school.....

I write in my car, too.....

oh, did I say thanks? .....I do, you know.....this forest can be frightening, yes? yes.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

cats'n'dogs and such....aaoowhooaaooaaooo

having traveled...been skirtacious....
sidling... albeit voracious....
crowing, trundling...
.....mainly veracious...
being bold..and perspicacious....
well...if I only had a brain....
surely....
 I'd come out of the rain....
 succulent moments yet to be....
unless lightning strikes the tree....
ah...I live beside the water...times I wish I was an otter....
only play...and hunt for food....
despite all this...hey, life is good.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Cauterize

my own spout....?
.no easier than for you to stem yours.....
faces
 of the same pallor....flushed...

tied to the same tree....uprooted and wrangling a path from chute to buck-off....

amazing that we love so many...
.that we love so.....
that we love.....
.that we.....

that.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ceased to amuse

point given...point taken.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

certainly,

I'm there.....
it's not cold.... I'm listening.....and hearing....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Change

I'd feared him, his brothers, sisters, offspring..wanted them, all of them gone from my place which was not their place, not any longer...
the change came when I saw him dazed, faltering, staggering. unable to move steadily almost unable to remain upright, each step tentative, listing.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

changing places...the soul's plastic embodiment...

yes, I am in the bathroom with Bonnard...
we gleam...we glow...we radiate
our abbreviated tails beat a rumpy rhythm...
we suffuse, we do...light!

I can hear you...you and Kokoschka
in the living room...
rolling about...wrestling
grappling
swept from cliff to beach
waiting for Ariel to join you...
.....I feel the draft...
.....this door shudders.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Chasing The Train

of thought,
caelatura
 found
a semaphore
had taken the place
of lightning rods
and cones
were
 now filled
with blueberry sorbet...
as harder rain
 fell
victim
 to
sonorous
breath
taking
the switch
back
to glory's preambling totters,
nestlings flew...
 bastions of
cruciformidable
disharmonies
crumbled...
crepuscular skies sheltered the witnesses,
 giving succor,
elixirs, ephemerae...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

chews one

eschews more

a matter of which challenges...delights.....

now back to it.....

.infinite.....

and more....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

chimeric beasts at dusk

just after the last roseate glow....
the tinge of it
 having left the tufted ears of their multiple selves....
their probosci barely visible in the darkening....
each gnarled and wizened trunk serves as a foil...
and still the eyes and fangs are illuminated....
.....reflected, lit by a strangely reluctant crescent....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Chinoiserie...majolica and bayberries.....

the liar in winter,
cold
on the cafe floor....
sawdust and bananas,
 the bane of his boon...
six pants
for
the article...
other
hills,
like
green elephants
with
perforated clouds for ears,
rued the nights,
sluiced the daze....
spilled leopard's tears
and
held the monkey's ground....
a pancake for your thoughts, my dear.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

chocolate-draped

and efflorescent....
our cupid's day
shall be right pleasant....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Circumstances

inform
 the work,
 the poetry,
the themes...

the coloration...
granular texture...impending transcendance...

the words work to inform....

slinging, slanging
giving up their less-than-secrets...

slanging, slinging
an analytical curse
a behemoth of a mumbler of moribundant minutiae...

back to work...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Claiming

innocence
by virtue of not striking the areas of seeming vulnerability....
an exercise in perforated futility, is it?
is there time enough for a walk around the blockage,
a sweeter serenade...a love song, the greener harmony of gentler stirrings...unshaken,
left to flower quietly in evensong...?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

climbing that schematic

but the rungs required flight.....
from...and with
 random herds...
and they're here...and they bellow....
.stretch their legs in that murky-tone river....
where all of the toes can still be seen.
..by the overfliers...
and the underlopers.....
 never mind the technoblimps.....they're hard wired and soft cored..
.spill seed on the wing.....exchange memories with any and every chanteuse whose matchboxes glitter.....but that's the way of it....on the strand.....

I'll take the wheels...and the hell with it.....I can paint a new one..... and...and.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Clothos in a brewery.

intricately woven fabricreations,
 of woofing warps....and the inverse...
conjoin,
stitched,
 as teetering, tinkering
 helmspersons
parlay the goods and weevils...
all are in steerage, lime littered and tillerscant.....
.now and again...
and again...
each participant, loominous,
dangles.in fraughtful bouyancy....anteceded by a cluster of bombadeers in the tail
 lights
 the way to the bellicosiness.....
partakes of the laughernalia.....carefully avoiding the slipperiest skins....
the pits have wedged between the planks...
 the clacking of houndsteeth are heard....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

coarsegrained

circular complexity
 bites its own tail,
 holds it in a firm-toothed grip...
this madness holds no allure...
it speaks in a monotone...
it does not breathe...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

collected

anthems
and embroidered wavelengths....
scrutable.... forcewarned to be
unctillious.... for the most part....
 rapt around the nearest hitching postage.....
these figure's undulations
dislodge
 a mint lolly from its hiding place under the cushion.....
is a window seat so different from a catbird's.....or a pigeon's whole?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

comforts

of
spiritual certainty...cushions
on
the window seat
where
the catbird sings,
full-throated and sure,
of
 the in of in and the out of out...
... members of the choir raise banners, sharpen their fringed shoes...
free of doubt, blind-eyed to the rainbow,
celebrate
 the eking
 of
perforations
 in
 a one-hued maelstrom.....
the loudest seek yellow, are served....

a turtle's voice continues in quiet joy....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

communickers

with badinagelets, banterlings
proformanettes... recuserings...
the raillierilent bleatest sings...
from the steepment in the vineyard,
waves flageolets to the vanguard
stops to pick a freesianer...
intransigent...in morphful manner...
ties a prescientful banner
to a stick and holds it higher...
floats down a taleplume from a flyer....
notwithstandings hops a groundling,
echotasting with each sound, brings
tributations....doles out brass rings...
in horticulture it's a graft....
as life forms, windblown, it's a waft....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

compiling personas

today he's Marlowe...
....she is Dido....
the delvings surface,
 sleep, resurface....
other faces rise.....
conglomerates
bloom....
the root stock
provides a fragrant garden...
multi-hued
and
rich with gleanings

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

compromise

you, Dickensian
me, Joycean...
shall we meet at Twain?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

condescension

is a bore....
please...
leave it on the killing floor....
if that's not something you can or will do....
go.... visit a town in Newfoundland... called Dildo....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

confessional

when you revealed to me
that early on you'd partaken of the pleasures of the flesh with a heterochromian I would've liked to have told you I'd had a similar experience, but couldn't...
mine? ... he was the stepson of a bar owner...a great dancer.....
....we roasted a goose that Christmas...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

continuity is an art

much like a purple dragon
 accomplished with fluidity...
we'll drink to it...raise flagon! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

cordwood, stacked.....

judicious and salacious....
we all wear many faces...

a tern...a screw....
both dressed in blue....

wearwithall...where with many...
skyscapes call to henny penny....

loiter on, with fine intent....
anon, it is....this time's been spent.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

couldn't

sit still with it....
been presented with it....
...and it wanted a walk...a run.....

transdiscretion....? ..the better part of valerian, is it?

weave something of the riverbed....
of the swaygrasses...
of stones that hang.... in the bag...
that touch
 so gently
 the others who'd been waiting for them to nest....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

coversed ops

Bambi eyes
and
low-slung
jumper
cables to headquarters
fraught with
say-it-isn'ts
were drawn
on a bead....
or was it a pin....
or the left hind foot of some thumper....chained to the keylessness of the kingdom....come to the party..line up
and be sprinkled with the dews...and the don'ts...
.me...I'll stay here with the May Bees....more
 frosting and less abstrusity lights on the awning
 overhead.....
  the blimplets have been clownshooed, gently prodded... underduressed.....and there's a harmonium.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Creek Walk With Sam

pause
to
see
 gilt paper pavillions
hear
the band

tangled bootlaces

 dudgeon lowered

buttons retrieved

wet,
some dulled,
some
 polished
 mingled
 with
river gravels,
stones...
 a single glint, then another...
the light must be just right, just so...

home with a
pocket of treasures
if
the
wind-nips
have
allowed the leaves to move, to turn...
just right, just so...

the shirts
have long since
 become
 places for words...for ideas...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

crepuscule with bats

my evening delight
sans ocular assistance
biggest butterflies
 ever
to wing it through
 this forest of illusions
soundless,
for me....
nellie, thomasina, ludi and jorge,
what sort of blipping blur
does my flightless form present to you?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dangerlessly dangling

on that woven chain of safety pins....
as they undo....open...free themselves....from themselves....but not from the chain, dazey.....
opened to the avenues of slippery leaves and woodrust tambors....slick
and
splelunking.....
as the trailing humps... slides over faucet heads and catches on meandercuffs..
but is freed....nattering...
 of course...
having tried a few side streets, unconsciously woofed...
the falling back on familiar rites....
calling to the bluffs.....
no, not that particulated alleyway.....
switchfed....uncomforted, bleary-gauzed...
and
then
to see the flindering...to receive it as new news
....when it was.....back in plurals...
and isn't...not now.....
not easily lathered...
.been
 furled and gnawed....
.still
somehow gallant
in its awkward scrimlight...one foot in maw.... the others gamely going on.....despite the pricktined scrapplewalls.....
it hurts a little.....scraping for purchase....
or handgrooves...fingerfolds.....airlifts.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dare

to go extinct
before
being shot....stuffed....mounted....

rude.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dare the fox of consequence.....

to wolf,
 inside the door....
the jackal's slice of providence...
the once-within-bound lore....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

darting buds, well...may

... flaws
 observed,
....decked with honeysuckle,
 vine and flower....
bees were seduced....
the larger prey, ever horatious,
escaped...
 trailing feathers
and
 a dismantled paean.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dear Dog

make me only dual.....thanks

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dear PoemHunter/Huntress

has no one in a position of responsibility noticed that poets presumed dead are now posting here....?
have they risen from their graves just to visit PoemHunter's pages...
.....and
post
and
post
and post
and post
and post
and post and post and post and post and post and post....?

amazing....
what re-animator is at work.....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dear poet

you've made me cry...again....
your words have had their way....
I send you love...my friend, that's all...I hope it may
bring you solace....my heart to yours.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dedication

to the woman who told me, in all seriousness,
'life is a two-edged street'
a mix-mistress if there ever was one...and there was...
was the very same who said I was a 'trumpet strumpet'.....we won't get into that just now.....
yep..we remember our mamas for lotsa different reasons....sure do....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

definitely not

much fun to see a person get nuttier...
falling apart, losing screws, waxing smuttier...
the sorrowful thing seems to have run outta luck...
when it looks in the mirror, does it see a duck?
(oh, no offense to ducks 'n'such....)
the loony one needs a cerebral crutch....
unsympathetic? ...yes, now I am...
that thing is mean/stupid...whacky, silly...can't plan...
all we can do is to wait in the wings
and see what the latest brain(less) burp brings....
it is tiresome and dull...nothing much there to mull...
do these words of mine qualify as giving it attention....?
(I'll indulge, for a moment....throw crumbs to feed it.) ..
it jabbers nonsense, not one word worth retention....
 it may find leeches who'll oblige to glom on...
believe in it, follow it... and eventually bleed it....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

didn't have to

steal it...was just more fun that way....
the way it jumped up and slapped me in the tongue....
it had to be mine...wanted to be mine.....
one delirious belch after another....
are the mimics still walking with their thumbs intertwined, their pockets full of spent cartridges...?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dis allusion

isn't was it?
without that bit of muzz to fuzz it...
curliqued and gargoylesque....
but it'll do for seconds...best....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

disenchanting, franchised....

the old book-sto
is now
a bev-mo
can one not imbibe...and read?
veracity voracity
perspic****ingcacity....
what scents has your kindle...
can you change them with a spindle
or a dirndl or a dreidel
pop its top and lick the foam
taste the lilacs and the loam
in a plush recitative....like the one you've up your sleeve?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

disgusted and appalled

this ochlocrat is dissatisfied....
due to fearful capitulation....
when more of our young ones have fought and died,
then,
will we be brave enough to declare peace FROM our nation.....? ?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dished

out a ration...of fire....
and
..... compassion.....(?)
 senseless kow-tows foul each spree....
darned hard to feel much empathy.....
to be pure instrument of love....
whilst pulling off the velvet glove....
to err...divinely.... '>) .....with a smile...
seems it's gonna take while....
in this lifetime...or the next.....
must improvise....so.... **** the text.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

disillusionment

at thirteen
bells

of partially informed
 sarcasm
soon
 to follow...
rang loud at eight,
having
found a discarded clarion earlier than six
bells

rang their way into words
sloughed from
dog-earred repositories

tickles eased the paean,
avoiding the trail of scrambled eggs
was a fait
less accomplished

coming full parabola
to rest
...assured
in
a conical
corner

breathing sifted
dust
mots
in
 glandular disarray...

post-mortise revalations
weigh in...duly noted, if transposed...

is that lower moan the empathy builders, a crowd of swans, a prickly pair
slow-trekking to sanctified oblivion...or else?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

disquieting thoughts...

some might find the act...curling up to die alone... to be one of a noble and natural animal...
.I know differently....
I won't say so anywhere but here....
supposing it is good to have a place where I can be truthful....here in virtual company... no good could come of otherwise giving voice to it... it would, in fact, be an indulgence I will not provide...not for myself...nor for the one of whom I speak...
it saddens, but does not surprise me....as I am no nobler than, well...anyone else, and certainly less so than any beast....I will not give the eulogy...
.I shall sing an elegy in a quiet and sequestered place....when moved to do so...
seems I am, in today's all-too-compromised language, ' in judgment'.... it'll pass...
it's here now....and it's damned uncomfortable.....! $@%#&^(*^%#

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

dissolution

of 'ownership'....
a bridge to another country...a land of sweetly encumbered freedoms...
words of definition may fail...love may succeed.... a knowing in the not knowing..

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

divorce:

turkey osso bucco.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Do I Hear

the patters
of tergiversatyrs?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

do not ask

for pretty lies....
unless you're going to the soothing-sayer's....
and there are many...
avoidance is their art....
coercion their trading stamp....
blithering boredom their product....
the blindfolds are free.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

don of 'nothin' on it'

again, an opaquery.....epithetically lacking.....
 hearing the reciprocal chords...sensing their harmonics,
he vomits flowers.....
.....poet of another stripe,
this tabby, clawless in the clutch,
love is his weapon.....
notes of blue fire stream from his horn.....

he rarely changes his hat.....
..... when he does it's only to whip himself about the flanks with it,
take it to the cleaners
 and
 run the race all over again.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

don't pull

the wings off anything.....
Peter and Jane sit.... are sworn to gentrified and cruel-less beauty...
fur below and fur above....
the warriors of the sunbows, spry and toneful,
have made their concubinary prescience felt....
all harpoons have been disrupted...
 sent to the shallow's soundings....
for lark's tongues
would I take up arms,
 legs, fins, scales, pelts....
 and in so doing
rend them auspicious?
would you?
my boots are leather....
do you milk a rubber tree?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

don't want

this
 cup
of coffee
to end...to
 be
...over...
said that before...
wasn't
 coffee
...that time...

more
 cream and sugar?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

douanier with a blue towel

approaching the booth...his sacrosanct cubicle.....
 shuffling the deck
with
a lowered hand, the driver
 sends
 three face cards... and Molly
 into the trunk...
 the latch is broken...no time to wire it shut...
.....duct tape...
where is it....
there.....
under the squashed persimmon...
.....cut the label from that oilcan....
sing, sway,
 with those accipitrine circles in the sky....
almost there....
luck be a ladyfinger.....an almond thin...a grosbeak in a dirndl.....

.....why not....

why not.....

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

downsizing and upsizing/a fine day for banana sharks

cousins Willy and Nilly
now live with me
...they could no longer stay
in the frangifrum tree...

whilst one's having brunch
the other wants tea
I strive to make soup
of a single green pea

love can go far,
farther, fast and away...
blessings and ashes
the songs of this day...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Dowsing

found...
a buried torch

steaming leaves
slick
with
 yesterday's rain

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Dream Scape No Goats

opening shot:
the public firehosing of michael vick and tom otterness
accompanied by the sounds of cheers and howls....fade
to:
a Halloween parade, one participant being a dear relative of mine dressed as
John Turturro's character 'Jesus' from the movie 'The Big Lebowski'
accompanied by more cheers, more howls, Tim Buckley's 'Once I Was' and Tom Waits
'Raindogs'....fade
to:
sunset
seen from the Golden Gate Bridge....
....John Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme'....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

drunk...

having consumed the twisted peel....yes.....spurts of stinging zest
the maraschino...yes...tied the stem in a knot...no digits involved....
and several olives.....yes....green, crunchy.....tiny onions....
I am left with liquid quonundrums....pitchers, ewers...and mine....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ducking dependency

as a scarf that itches, irritating the neck it keeps warm....

parlaying/reconstructing
 that wish
 for constancy....
for an indestructible always...

for
 another sort of truth...one not designed as an escape clause....

free, with tinges of envy....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Each

Word
c a r e f u l l y
c o n s i d e r e d

a
grunt emitted/
committed

shines
as
a jewel
in
that sky
peopled
with
 sparse illusions

wrung-out rag/
bleeding
eloquence
a
 drop
 at
 a
time...

who's kiddin'
 who?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

each an island.....

no, strictly speaking....
..... many are atolls

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

effective erasure

there
 the blind do not lead the blind...
they simply trip and fall on top of one another
too self-effused/enthused
to see
 in
 any
 sense
 of
 the
 word...
boring exhibitions of pretense...
intellects? few, very few...
those who love and laugh...all but nonexistent...
silly/dull.....could be much more...isn't...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

elegaic

wearing
an anklet
of gently configured epithets
and praises...
comprising
 a
well-polished epitaph...

having succumbed

with

grace

to
musics carrying
the
scent of lilacs
and
 rhythmically punctuated
by
starling's wingbeats

purple...though hardly prosaic...

you've a new playmate
with whom to share your songs

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

embroiled

in a morass
conflagrated... though spongy
contradictory...yes...
now where is that bungee?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

enlighten

the benign.... those who let it happen.....?
no.....
..... let 'em drown in whipped cream.....
having found maraschino saviors...
another benign act....actless and artless.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

enough with the deluge....

please stop! !

whoever you are posting these oceans of words....

enough! !

please stop...! !

thanks for using some consideration.....instead of attempting to drown us....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Epilogue

striving long, so long
realizing late, later
A whole, Incomplete

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

erasure and reclamation

you've found ways to call out the names of the unamable...
 in whispers
and
in screeches,
to ready ears
 and
to less-prepared
 and
 recklessly unmoored stations
 hand to hand
 and
 mouth to mouth....
to swallow cicadas whole
and
 to brew an infusion of hen's teeth....
this
 while the night wind
asks nothing more of you than two scoops of orange sherbert.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Ete Epeestrophee

having gone a-rummaging
amongst the leaves and grasses
there are revealed,
 oh, now I see
another pair of glasses
if I should till remoter soil
could be I shall unearth my foil

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

even

when I'm psychotic.....
I find kindness erotic.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

evening light/ haiku

pine silhouetted
as perfect asymmetry
against a green sky

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

every little

once in an otherwise quiet while....
there would be pawprints....salutary licks
 and a small puddle....
I want...no, need... to
 live
 there
 in those onces....the rest is a gratuity for the optic nerve....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

exchange

those six delusions for a pound and a half of constrictions....
what?
 not the ones just here...in front....
wagging, grinning, a little spittley, but comprehensible, in a quite universitile sense.....
....no, .not these, eh?
.....all right, then.. the ones from the back of the basket.....
you'll have to wait a bit....they tangle easily.....have
 to draw them out one by one.....

you say you have your own scales?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Exchanges, Perhaps...

if I were to designate a few
of the tender blossoms as yours,
furtive white-tailed dancers...
.....you, hoof-clicks with shadows,
... if there's a fine moon...
....here's
what I propose:
that you pause after munching
to give
in return
some of your warm spray
to this patch,
as a lure for the small blue-violet flutterers,
that
I may greet the day
with
them
as company....we all seek something, eh?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

excreted

and
 reconsumed as blood-lust's banquet of still-warm skins...
tufts of fur clinging
 to
 the erstwhile costume....
 as
 the entrails
 and
 forcemeat
are strung
 from
 the rafters...a display to be critiqued....
.... repeatedly, redundantly 'eviscerated'.....as if the eyes,
while sighted,
 had
 not
 broadcast beams, beacons....lure-light.....brindled.... blatant.....subtle....
 and
had drawn fire...
 and
 moths....in a great winged terpsichorean trundle.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

facile nation

with flourish, flash, the drama queen
exhorts, exalts to sing....
though...
it's not without charity...
and
in the name of parity...
his wish is granted....all for all...
to be a drama king..

they could run a drama dairy...
a milk-fed spread...
.a clover bed....
unless, of course...things get too scary....
but..
.wait....who knows...
 what flies...ahead.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Fafila's bear

had
had enough
of honey

jesses loosed,
no raptor
to witness
 the bloodying
of that Asturian forest's floor

she
 flew
 back
to find
the crows at harvest,
their work
near to completion

the hunting party
salvaged what remained
for a king's burial...

offspring shed their legacies... scattered

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Familiar

....so that the blue
lights
light,
not the red
.....or the green...
the harness is lined...
no cuts,
just impressions...
pictographs
fade
and
reassemble between or on
other ribs and flanks...
barefoot, knowing where the tiniest escarpments are...and the rip-rap..
flesh blossom-washed,
dried,
anointed
.... carefully, though by now the scars have scars...
appearing
smooth, flawless..even to the practiced eye...

for every waterfall
 a barrel...
for each slumgullion,
a bowl...
a sprinkling of invisible ear-notches?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Far From Arbitrary

porcine suds.
red rover, red rover
paces
spaces between
spaces.
in
these hallowed howls.
I can be no more oblique.
but then.lovely, eh?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

farfar

above the madding zoo....
I congratulate me....for the goodnesses I do....
and
 since I've not once listed them.....I'm up for a saintmantle..whoop-te-doo! !
oooops, forgot about that boner, pride...
.....guess I'll be the horned-one's unblushing bride.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Fearing (first draft)

the beauty
would
milk him
leaving him
empty
a shuddering
void
he
took it
into his
gloved hand
to twist its neck
it wriggled away
laughing
as it
kissed
him on his lips

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Felinical Femtoolery

I've called me little kitties
Dextra and Sinestra.....
one is deft as all-git-out....
the other loves to pesta....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fettered, not

in this finer fettle
fortunate
laps sang
freelish
canticles
unleashed, de-coffered...
well, sprung
like boondoggles
in the manger....
hey, soos...was that ewer
pedal tone?
chrys, Alice threw it a bone...
hangdog
caught
on
a frimble
fleetingly familial
phonemes
grungled
fructacious sonoramas

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fewer

there's been attrition.....
.the list is dwindling....
I've had to change the map...again....
our properties are large enough
 to accommodate the burying of our friends...
some ferns...a rosebush....
a place of quiet for each...
.....stand close...their voices can be heard...
.I add my own..
sing
along with their barks.....
.their ululations...
see their colors against the dusk....
I raise my arm...an imaginary tennis ball flies...there's a scramble.... claws on gravel...a dust cloud....a victor emerges...
..panting...
heads cocked, 'choose me...I'm ready...
one more...this time it's mine.....'
. viscousities....individually recalled.....

nasi umidi....

 dogjoy...no better sight or sound

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

finding it

difficult to 'transcend' or whatever it's to be called.....
....had few illusions...even so, to hear it proclaimed that slaughter, maiming and wasting of lives is to continue.....
that brainwashing is acceptable...to be practiced...until 'perfected'...
and
that W e A re R ight.... to kill/to be killed..... is a 'solution'....? ?

Can no one take the first step...? ?
.Is the fear of 'losing' so great that it nullifies all else...? ?
Whose 'god' is such a villain....? ?
I am sick at heart.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

finning the cyclist

adjourn, take to the seraglionic cushioning.....outstrip the horsefliers, streaming, beaming, linear-locked to feathered farcicals....
be there,
a
 greeter
 of the solstice-wane....offering trays of treacle and clusters.....hive-bound and munificent.....

good little rabbit.....

there are rewards for the sighted.....
.and I am envious.....
but not quite enough to lay down today's hammer.....tomorrow it may go back to its place in the piano.....nestle and stroke with accuracy

good little hammer..

ok...lockdown time, is it?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fivewinds

was cayusein' his heart out
when the mountain spewed its fire....
....had
 thrown me, Pop,
 and
a few more
of the fellas in his time...
.....made it out of that rain of boulders, too....I know he did.....
.....heard he's been seen
 three counties south of here....I'm still lookin' for him....
.....got his favorite apples in my pockets....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Floatation Overload

an amalgam....graphic realism/stylization....
stilts with bows and sequins
 on
 a highwire...
three rings? ...make that four

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Floatation Overloadingdingding

an amalgam....graphic realism/stylization....
stilts with bows and sequins
 on
 a highwire...
three rings? ...make that four.....

this poem is not already on any list, dumphuques

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fluct

ewe
 ace
 shuns....
nibble a green bough...
add
 jude
 deck
 caissons
quibble the preened scow
foe
meant
sea
quester
chuck
ell
fin
ester
be
hind
adore
who hollered 'fore'
cast
iron
awn
 ceiling....?
....nope, not revealing.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

foggy, gone courtside....

have you seen the pigeon toad....
cooing wartly 'cross this road...?
I've come to take him home to tea...
to serve him toast points, jellied flies,
with dandied lions as surprise....
I know you know just where he'll be....
please, tell me....! ! we'll have flurried ghee....
and other sorts of curly mudgeon.....
oh, say, don't go off in a dudgeon....
or in a shay...not in a troika....
there's plenty for us all, we'll feast.....
on eld-mown hay....and tapioca.....
you do look peckish, lissome beast....
out with it, now.... there's a good critter....
saved, just for you, pond-lily fritter.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

folding the sheep

into there...there...
.fitting comfortably
 now.
.... indistinguishable, one from the other....a swarm, all fleece and hoovelets, jostling
 gently
 to coalesce further, become a near-liquid, a curlified fluid.....
speaking.... a single bleat.....a murmer...almost a cooing.....
the
sharper
 bark of the herder....a nip here.....another there...
.those
 with
tails and bright eyes
 are swift
..... and holy.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

for a contrarian it is not an easy thing

to hear and see my thoughts and opinions echoed...
though more likely I am the echo....
.it is an unusual and strangely intimate comfort....
but I rest easy
only with that momentary bursting of
 the softly
 edgeless
 intense
 thickly infused and dazzlingly muted yellowing of the plain just after the firecat's leap.....exhaled and inhaled in one.....
.the appearance and disappearance
of a richness emptier for its fullness.....fuller for its empty bowl inverted....
 an instantaneous
suffusing into the nothing of the before and the after.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

for cries sakes

it's not misspelling...it's neology..
.and some questionable puns....
could keep it honed and concatenacious....
.saltire, in excelsusurrus....
quite warm.....and melting on the buns....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

for months....

and in parts of years..
he looked for her....
we'd walk..he'd look back.....knew the sounds he heard on the trail, in the undergrowth weren't her...he'd look at me....I foolishly thought he wanted an answer...an explanation of why she wasn't there....
now I walk....look..listen to the small and larger life out there with me....

I think I may have known the value of the gifts they were....
.....and in parts of years.....I look back.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

for my father...

we exchanged
many words...
some were charged with fire, with fear...
but
always with love....
.with encouragement,
..... at times difficult to see...to feel
to understand....
in retrospect,
 in fact, in a certain sort of always,
those that chose to live in me, with me,
are both the simplest and most fluidly complex of all....
'every day you are born again'.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

for the rest of my life

and for the unrest..
.for the jocular, if seemingly arid, profundities...in elements as yet undiscovered...

discovered?

.....would you claim discovery?

.they limp and squaddle...dance....
.... shine with an arcane light.. surprise you
in bleniferous doings...from behind a tree....from a crack in the sidewalk or a discarded, nearly transparent wrapper
.they sweep a starshower across the sky...was it there? ...did you blink?
did you
hear
their feet, each toe of their incisively pattering prescapes distinct as a note being repitched for accuracy...a sweeter, purer sound...gracefully lurid, as it laughs at
your
benighted comprehension...
yet
welcomes you....beckons....and you follow...
hand on hip, testing the wind with a moistened paw prong....
you hear the laugh...again...and again....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

For Warren And Igor...

firebird rites
 dog eared bites
on the seventh sunday
when the walls come down
I'll be there
 singing with you
 like
 a left-handed clown
in resplendent
isolation
 on impermanent vacation

and I'll bring sandwiches....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

for you..

the loveliest
of wonders and joys...
..
ah....
sweet, delicious person.....

....me...?
today
 it's wooly worms..
.a hassock...and some cursin'.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

forestalling

of course, they would have been
roundly raconteured
had they
 not decided to
lean like squabs in the vestry....
their other accomplishments paled..
and
 the essential vagaries of the claret-stained finches were heard...
pluto waxed waggish,
 the polebeans vaulted
and
 the trilubricants went missing.....
it was only after
 thunder bolted that a hush fell into a myrtle-flanked tarn...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fouled ploys

jejune proclamations.....
some, in particular.....
exhibit delusional views,
non-testicular....
honesty, bravery....gone by the boards....
to obfuscate facts, sway pliable hordes...
except, of course, poets....and others
 who choose
 to
cogitate, ponder..reflect, act...stay loose.... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

foun, i

tedista mahguay, collimdaru
som dezantol,
fombahdila...enscrio bruves

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Found among my grandmother's papers...

A bit of humorous poesy...seems I come by my sometime need to doggerelize naturally.....

untitled

I'll take me a truffle-dog whose nose has gone

and an old lame duck never looked like a swan

I'll keep a no-egg hen layin' out in the yard....

but I want me a man whose tool stays hard

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fragments

of that organ migrate
 innocently
unintentionally
 inhabiting
  various
cellular structures...
... the wheres
that govern the hows...
 imposing
and
 inflecting a diligent delicacy
 of contrasted umbrancy,
 a shading...a spiked gloss....
a retuning of harmonic resonances....
and
 having done with an area....
flayed it sufficiently, warmed and iced in turn...
....remaining in all innocence,
move on
 to
 another locale... no formal request having been made....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

fresh-weaned

from tumultuous sygyzy,
striking, a poseur
hammers a weir of twigs....
lips, sinks
 in a slough of after-slosh....
despond, slate-grey with intransigence,
cuddles the kneecaps.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

from pillage to post mortem

the slavered cabinets congregate... monstrance-flaked frontispieces flutter,
turn to tally the sanguine solderers....
do issues of wrought renderings pursue the pre-pronged deliberants?
will there be graces in the longitudes of capriotic chalcedony...and, if so, how
ebon their fingerprints?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

further trepanning....

I want to go to cocoa mass...
to hear the bellflowers peal....
then a Monday trip to Catskill...
sure repast's no feline meal....
a walk down Great White Way...could be quite a lark...
but only if I'm guaranteed I'll not hear fear cry, 'shark'! !
then southward, to the dogwood trail...where I won't mind the bark...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

G S and R J sing..senryu

those of us remain
woven into the fabric
knowing no option

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

gargantuan edge

some flink and squorl...aspire to be a queen....
whilst others love to play...carouse.... unseen....
well...mainly, for the some-time joy of it....
that spotted light's no place for those sans grit.....
what do we know of paths, pursuing truth....
for me, please ladle liberal lobs of ruth....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

gentle conflagration

she was lolling...
languorous
lugubrious
lacertilian....limelit.....
and,
 perhaps....
cachinnated, well...
overly...
when he mentioned
 his cacodemomania....
as
 no
 cadastre was produced....
off
 she went....was past time for a nacker

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

George At The Shore

you run against the wind
with your ears blown back
your dance follows the screech of gulls
as they turn, circle, dive and skim
your pas de quatre
an exercise in grace and longing
four feet in quick time
tail and tongue as flapping banners

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

give it a name...a number...

I don't know if a need for red
 and for gold
for fringed silk
 and dangling feathers
spangled
swirling fragrances
 and the radiant glories
of importantly immaculate costumery
shall be a parade
and a pageant I'll desire when at that edge
or if I shall join
 a miniature
though equally deliberate march
with many other indras
 scenting a picnic
 the scout has signaled 'sugar cookies'
 tall blades shall be no more obstacular than were
 other portions of this dance
in purple and green and yellow....sequins and fragile implements
tensile
and full with song

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

gnashing garbles

it blew through the air....
on the legs of the fleas....
and ran mouth to ear like a Julian squeeze....
the buzzings and scrapings were flapped, non-delicient.....
communiques faulty...pre-slurred....codefficient

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

goodbye not-so-old girl...

on the passing of my neighbor's cat...

comes easy
 to them...
that they love all critters
comes easy
you,
 still semi-feral,
allowed them
 to love
you
filled-out,
a fluffy
blur
of gray and white
in the house
more often
being
stroked,
a shared pleasure
 becoming
an
 almost daily
 happening,
close to routine...
they
were your gift...
you, theirs

for my part,
the tuna water is once again
to be
given to the raccoons...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

gored point

my appetite is wet....
I have cornflakes in my shoe....
of Corgi breath and Bissel tracks
and laminated promulgated measured steps I've few....
 in the opalinest reservoir
of undertoads and caviar....
flies long-since blown the nearest bar
where marmorauders carp and flounder
whip rejoinders, crown the rounder...
count confessions in an old nightjar....
meet fern-fed brinewaifs in the stacks...
blush and chatter in Ward Two.....
a night I won't forget.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

gotta follow

that tightened ropewalker.....and
when I say 'JUMP'.....
ya see, he's got the key to the absolute in one vestigal pocket...
and..
the combinationalistics of that locked horn on
 the exoneration room door
in one of the others....
.....(heard it on bar-greased gandy-danced uncosseted auteurity) .....so...
we could stay in the meldermoss....
go out in the fringed elements without a bumbershoot.....
or....
practice this art...hone it...and perleil the past principalities..
put on the clogs.....parry windmules
and limp-lag it to town.....
it must, I think...be a paramutual choice...so....
are you in?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Gracious

...and that without pulling a punch....
as unusual, perhaps, as that
which also
 surprised and delighted
this observer:
bachelor with spoonrest.....
could swim like an otter in a sea of allusions.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Grenoble

we
dance...

each
 daubs
a color....

yours, orange.....
mine, chartreuse...

yours, azure
mine, rose madder....

these colors do not touch....
they do not bleed...

dancing
on
a canvas
each
color
is
an
act
of
playful, questioning
speech...

of
silence....

again, speech....

again...
a burnished silence.....

flamenco
 calls
from
 the room
next door.....
a proud vibrato.....
the colors
 on the canvas
 answer....
quiver...
 pulse....
 feast on the rhythms....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Guilty..... as highly charged...and as perfumed....

within the gentled stab
 of
a fluttering and well-aimed panachelet....
quill-delivered
 with
 a truemed-song's bellewrung declention....
there be
the nodeless trysting
 of a scattershot bird and a wafted tremolo...
crenelated,
 festooned
...buckled into stays of insidious profundity.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hackles high

lips pursed.....
slower than a manatee's love child.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Had it been cake-like or chewy

The light crisp delicate and thin
Sugar cookie with three chocolate
Chips embedded in it
Broke into several pieces.
One of them fell into my boot.
It was a piece with no chips in it.
I turned the boot upside down
And shook the cookie from it.
I contemplated my place in the world
Before this act
And after it.
Would this have been so
If I were a Belgian Malinois?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

'haiku' falutin' (senryu)

that day in the sun
burnt and glorified the skin.....
living with freckles.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Hallowed...certainly

said Edward, whilst winking, with leer...
'here she is, in an orange brassiere...
true...her panties are black...
but she remains a hack....
and yet...she has offered us beer....'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Harrrrrumph....

obfuscatory, triple-edged...
better to sling a weighty sledge?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

have

mastered little subterfuge...
as glossing winkered on a luge
 is screeded... concuvert's refrain
has rederailed travolent train...
a moment, then, to abscond with
the gaddish fly's purported myth...
underlain with strommeled pomp,
as ever, tinged with wrangle-romp....
an eye, cast not with bilirubin...
is cleft, off-center, stalk protrudin'....

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

have come to

round the robin all in expletives and down
from the patched briar slinks
 the vincular grayling,
 trailing
water shaken from his hide
 in the shadow
of the one left beside the moat
tell of the banking fires and the twice-wished
weltering that followed you to the diviner side
long before the drawing was quartered
 into
 arable, friable coat-pullings that
bored the cornflowers like some jangling emetic,
 blew in your ear 'til you squawked an acquiescent yawp
 and
  as quickly revoked it.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

have known of you

since the berries were but goslings.....
and their tomatillo cousins lived across
the borderline coyotes sprung, crashed, jostling
to furtively convey, all limbers lost...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

have to laugh

when some desperately religious zealot carries on
and
 the groans elicited from the behearers..involuntarily...nearly as one voice, call out,
'Oh, God....'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

have you

seen the wishfires of a hundred circling cats...
seen the frightened monocles alighting scores of lamps
heard the thrashing of the gels,
the thundering of pants
forsooth, the endive's on.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

haven

it is with joy I learn of her peace,
 of her blossoming in safety... her homecoming and shelter, her freedom....
to know her evolving dance of the mind found ways to unite in a dance of the spirit, more circular than circuitous.....
she kept the name that suited and nurtured those attributes she sought to flourish.....a gift he unknowingly gave her.....
she loved and was loved.....
.... wild-eyed doe of the dancing hands.....
how many of us find such a garden?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

having

no compunction about
which particular sort of hate-mongering lunatic I stuff into the trash compacter.....the lid is open...room for all.....
 compassion..? ...sure.....for the geometricized pieces.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

having made

sure
it won't
need
more
 than
some...
 visual enhancement...
 for the colors
to be brushed
 on
 louder....
or softer
or more nuanced or broken into kaleidoscopic splinters or a paste for manageable consumption.....
after
the doing...the living of it...the extrinsic internals...the reverse of such....
the spit-lovely and thorn-pierced qualmlessness of the free-er fall..or falter-tumble.....after the fire.....resting on embers and words...so many words....wetted with them.....
they struggle/compete.....play top-dog....wagging hard.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Hawings and Hemmings

the advocate's advocate's devil
holds a mirror with a handle, a bevel...
banters, plays at diffusal
accepts no refusal
continues to dance and to revel...
the atmosphere's thick
heel, toe taps do click
as the laughter's maintained at high level...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

he couldn't care

acutely.....
and so she
left him...
resolutely....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

he doesn't love it more than I do

I know now who owns it....
I covet it....
I shall get up...tonight....
I shall swallow it whole....
carry it to my bed...dream myself inside of it...
.....live there
 until next Tuesday.....
hear the street music....the rumbles and clangs.....
until next Tuesday....
he won't know what has happened....
as I'll have swallowed him and his turning light.....
he owns it because he can....
I swallow it because I can....
until next Tuesday.....
he loves it, too....with his fine eyes and his grapes.....his multitudes....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

he heard

Freddie Hubbard....
came close to putting down his trumpet....didn't....

I read Wallace Stevens.....
inspiration....another dog from hell.....an intriguing one....much more....so much more....

and

I love dogs....don't care about the 'absolutes' of why.....
and I paddle on....
just above water....just.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

he knew

I loved him...
the joy we both felt
when we met on the narrow road
spilled up the hillside on the one side
and down into the rocky creek bed on the other...
.there began a series of yips and howls from further up the canyon
 whether or not
there was a wind
 to carry the warm and bounding particles
 to the ears and hearts of those sharing the dance,
 moving with its rhythm, savoring its taste...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

He loved her

Apologies....
the ones having to do with not meeting the standard of silence...
of being herself, adulterated only with joy
on everyone's
terms
that were.....irresistible even to the most rigid of hearts: 'I suffer in silence, and so should you'
'you shall adapt/I shall waffle/slightly wave in the bries and in the gorgonzolas yet remain steadfast in my core once molten now solidified with jagged edges that cause internal bleeding of which I say nothing and you must be still be still be still'...do you hear me/I do not hear you/do you hear me/do you/do you/do you..you have gone... you are.... gone....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hearing

a voice of reason....squirrely...gnawing away
 at the nuts..
 bolts
 and screws
 in the reliquary.....
farming
out tasks
 of
demolition to the hands of time-wearied dryads....
mounted on the thinnest
of
 checkered picnic-cloths...like
 the one that belonged to an apple-buttered bruin...
one who said it with a slap...dash it all....
some of the sear-up has oozed into the cracked pot
 on the seamlier feathered beds....
.... they get up early...
and earlier....at first crow....now...
....when do they sleep? ...perhaps to dream....to mollify...
perhaps to batten down the hatchling's brine...
.....throw an inconsequential shoofly into the rain barrel.....
 where are their dust motels? ....milky-lit..
.with
 that one bulb..suspended from a velvetine cordiality...
....they've.put in a few quarters...drawn the blinds...ducked... jiggled for
 a second..best at that....so
 in comes an electoral morning...
dew drops
 and
the way home is obscured.....in a rococo frame....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

heaven? simple....

yeah...
that's the place
where
 every dog that hasn't been loved and cared for comes to me..
.and
 I have food and hugs for every one of 'em.....and things are cool....very cool.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

held, accountable

kissed, sweetly...
cherished, in moments thieved from time's grasping dolor...
known, in all ways possible... within the bounds implied, imposed...consciously chosen or seemingly inescapable.....
there is a comfort in this.....
wonder and beauty in its reciprocation....
it's that or hardscrabble sainthood.....
distance and munificent passages notwithstanding.....
..

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hello Charles and descendants....here

there has evolved a louder sparrow
...pitches decibels like a spit-ballin' southpaw
his
mating/warning/gathering-time calls
are
heard above
 all eighteen wheels
scoring
the concrete lanes...
early lessons...foghorns
changed his tune?
had to

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

help! !

.
from dawn into the gloamin'
been held captive by strong yeomen....
the dial's been dessicated,
no trace is left of gnomon....
.....hear this tale as it's related....
why the ducks are scramblin', roamin'.... could be said it is an omen....?
yet, the crew is rather handsome....
and there's been no talk of ransom....
.... could be a far worse plight,
.....get back to you...tonight

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

here

in hell with Lars....
Udo is coming soon...
he is bringing a pumpkin...or a deflated basketball...
mud on his tongue and zealots in his underwear shall make his journey both arduous and joyful.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hi, tech....low rider.....

you're a concept car.....
been beggin' me to drive you.....
I'm not sure I'd live to tell..
don't know if I'd survive you....
rode my two good wheels
on the off-road trails so long....
would be new to sing a duet...
a screamin' rain-slick-highway song....
well, alright.... just let this lass
 toss back one last demitasse.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hide, obscure

Bob Woodward's face....
and
the body bags....the dead shuffled off quickly from their silent transport...
is there something wrong with this lack of pictures....?
I'd not presume to say to the families of those who've been eradicated...or of those who survived, but barely, that they were lost for nothing.....it was/is for something.....I surely cannot define it as something in which I believe.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

h'mmmmmmmmm

up close and versenal
slink, periscope, to curse'n'all
to feel the surge, the lessening
the whip'n'stitch of blessening
the plangent wail of biped's song
the ululations of said throng
to hear the chorus skate, assembling
and discern which, to date's, dissembling....
since truth is beauty, beauty, truth....
all swallowed, then...with gulps of ruth.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Homemade Jewelry

am wearing a bezoar necklace
in case I become wild and reckless
or even a trifle bit feckless...
gain repute that's other than speckless '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hound

dog caught a rabbit...
that rabbit keeps on twitchin'
askin' for a foot...(or an iamb)
or some switchin'....
hound dog's tired,
don't wanna hunt...
least not no rabbits
whose thinkin's
back-to-front...
go on now, bunny,
find a carrot or some parsley...
it's thyme to be sage,
 leave those droppins
lots more sparsely....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

how sweet

the birds of euphemism....
swelving skylong...mending schism...
with feathers, some of brilliant orange,
solbanded plumes, carnelish tints...
higher, higher 'bove each tor range...
searching for their junior, Mintz.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

how to say

I do not like who you have become....and list the reasons....
to say it any other way would be a lie...but how to say what is so without being as brutish and cruel as the one addressed...the one who has been tortured and condemned...'hell' is other people, as well as oneself...escape into a 'living' oblivion? no, too crowded there already...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

how....just how

virtuous must I be...before I get to go...
these reparations, they proceed....
but....oh-so-flapping slow

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hubris

did I say I count myself among the sentient?

I remove one of the thorns from my shoe and limp on.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hunter's moon

come up lame on this path and it's teakettle over melonball...
need a loose-limb/sure-foot mule now...
chariot and troika abandoned...good for the straightaway,
.....bells/feathers, all those dash-and-prance trappings
had their place...
c'mon, mule....there's clear water where we're headed....smell it?
we'll dance a little in the meadow once we've rested up...
gonna be there before sundown, I know it...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hush now

don't explicate.....
just hop on that ol' midnight freight....
lipstick...dipstick....don't explicate...
you know that I dig you...but just so much can be endured.....
and I really loved you...but now I am enured.....
hush now, don't explicate.....
honesty, don't over-rate....
so, darlin'...as of this date.....don't explicate.....

sorta to the tune of 'Don't Explain'.....
with apologies to Billie Holiday and Helen Merrill.....
Doc Holiday, too... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

hushfall

reversion
oozes,
viscous....
 meandering sensuouslessly
through
 the space between door
and floor....
for now she has climbed a tree...
 is breathing in the scent of lilacs,
 and
 has brought her lyre with her.....
in the morning she and the critter will be on their way.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I am unfaithful

in the best of ways.....
as the water in the stream
knows each bank, each stone

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I hang my hat

on a hook in the anteroom.....
as the door opens,
revealing the chamber beyond,
the coterie gives me a glance...imbued as it is with secretions.....
I giggle.....throw a bonbon or two into the moat.....
loving the warmth that toasts all barnacles....
we
shall all be found..
.out....and in....
each of us necessary.....obstreperous, glowing.....mutating, nictating.....full of
awe...and more than a few beans.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I have

a room of my own, as do you....
I visit yours...you visit mine...
I cross the hallway
 and enter yours, barefoot...
you take the time to put on your slippers
before your visits....
a gentle tapping precedes your entry.....or was that the wind I heard...?
no matter... the windows are open, the doors unlocked....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I have apprenticed myself.....

there is no way I could not have done so.....
I have recognized a purer love than I could have imagined possible.....
and have set about the learning of such joy.....
it grows.....revealing more.....
I kick up my heels....spit on my hands...turn around three times.....
.and I am glad.....
me, of little faith and much longing.....I commend myself.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I heard the hue...and didn't cry

though copious amounts of tears were shed
when Kelly and someone fell into bed....
high on the list of indiscretes....
those hours spent beneath the sheets.....
if you have oars, the boats, you'll row 'em....
and I spin, drift....so comes this poem....
no one to blame except myself...
was not writ for fame....nor pelf....
forgive, or not, an awkward allusion...
on blameless parchment..this vain contusion...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I like a whirlwind....

and I don't mind picking up the afterlain leaves.....
press them between pages.....a regular library of congresses.....
or so the story goes...but...'round the campfire, after a few marshmallows...
who's to say....or not to say.....how do you like your alchemists?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I love it when the beauties

congregate.....I am a wall on the fly at the convocation.....flapping my wings as soundlessly as possible.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I might ask you

to walk with me....
I do intend to meet Barney's molly....
heard she's black and gold like him....
he'll know my whistle....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I miss

your neighbor's grapes.....
and
 your dog.....your dog....sweet dog....
.....sweet grapes.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I See

the refined animals bathing in your eyes
splashing,
  their painted claws
  cupped to carry fragrant waters,
hissing...
  flavored with the colors of redemption....
I lift their sodden clothes high above their heads
as
they willingly stretch and purr for me
happy to be clad in nothing but perfumed fur
we run up and down Gaudi's hallways...slipperly navigating each curve....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I see it has

become a channeling night.....that or we are in many dimensions simultaneously.....(which I feel we are, indeed....)

'that's how the light gets in' Leonard Cohen.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I should have thought

to clone him....
the memories are flesh...and scent...and a thousand sorts of tangibles... in song...more...
but not enough.....I couldn't have imagined this...vacancy.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I want there to be a rainbow bridge.....

that's it.....quite enough.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I would prefer

to see St. Lawrence's fiery tears
from the hills where the Escorial sits, a monumental and historic presence, somewhat frightening to a child, mysteriously looming, reaching for heaven...stones, alive, seeming to breathe, to sing....
...not this year, we will watch them
instead from the old pony pasture,
now a homemade
motocross track.
The road through the mountains to Escorial
is long. It winds, hairpins for many miles.
A favorite stuffed tiger was lost there.
We shape the earth as it shapes us.
Our tears, our blood feed it
as it feeds us.
St. Lawrence was roasted over a fire. At one point he asked to be turned to his other side, saying he was surely well done on the one that had been exposed to the fire... sainthood for having a sense of humor, my kinda guy...
I will think of him tonight as I watch the meteors, his tears....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I wouldn't say

it's much like reminding myself
 to put
blueberry preserves on the shopping list...which I have done....
that does sound sticky, eh.....?
going over some falls in a barrel....more rupturous...
.....got duct tape?
which way's Uppsala? ....and can we stop at Tivoli.....?
anyone for a maddercap dash? ....I've brought
the tomatoes.....
 and a bullhorn.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ialdabaoth

the rush of feelings, squealings surge
oh, not another demiurge....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ice about the toes and ears

needing a dose of Doctor Beddoes' gas....
Quixotic flows the pen at this impasse....
a time when brain and heart seem near quiescent...
a splash of warming mirth would be most pleasant...

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

icon?

nope.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I'd

commit more adultery
but
many 'adults', well....frighten me....
but...I bowdlerize.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I'd bet my

bottom, and a dollar, too.....
there'd be shared mannerisms...in content, if not in form...or the inverse....
must be a phase..
.a stage...the one I shoulda left on.....
how many discrete parts has this whole...?
each magical.....as they collude, unknowingly.....
I see paw prints..
.someone's hopping....
.....oh, it's me.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Iditarod Memories

Aurora Borealis...
Susan Butcher in the sky
with all her dogs
and all the love...
they'll never say goodbye...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if anything

it stirs...
not stems....
in defiance...
of necessity.....
or just because...
it is absurd and wonderful..
.and visible.....
accosting...or in retreat...
.fearsome toys....nothing squandered....
refuses to be stifled....and hasn't asked....
a foregone of inconclusivity.....
betcher bottom holler....
so...define it...? why not?
when other avenues and sidestreets
alleys
and cul de sacrificial iambs sit by the abeyance....slappin' their tales in the mountebanks....
some ply their wondrous beauty...and damn well.....
.I chomp in awe...I do.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if I

say it aloud....
it is no more and no less true....
legs and a tail...breath.....
a behind-the-knee bump....
if I say it aloud.....
it is no more and no less true
dear snout....
more have come to meet with you
over bridges of invention.....
they have been
as easily and as deeply loved....I can tell.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if it looks like an aiguillette

and it gets pulled on..
harder than it might have been..
.and it flakes.....it may actually have been a flatter fish..
.not
 a
 chance
of
 reign,
 just some
 hollow thunder
in a haze
of mistaken alliances.....
all up for grabs
and feints.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if not universal

then clabber-dashed and bronzed in aspic....
fruit-lipped and on a spiny, frictive plank....
wings lap and toes hold....
all heathened-over with diatributes and manifold destinies....run.
...parallel
collide
on
 a short walk to the sea....a fresh view of bare air.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if the

objective is to educate....
with this massive endeavor....
deluges won't accomplish much
there must be means more clever....
will say it is unique...this flooding of these pages....
with blocks of verse and copious
amounts of print, non-Gropius....
please, write them on the Bauhaus walls....
we're drowning in these poemfalls.....

thanks...'>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if the jester's motley fits

then wear it to the ball....
the laciest of underpinnings
never pleased 'em all....

mix rudiments of parody
with crudiments of malady
add just a pinch of anarchy,
to stir up, wake from lethargy,
the ever-flucting bandolyrists
 dozing in the hall.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if you

die
in the cab
 I won't take
 responsibility for it..
.I didn't
specifically ask
 you to come back to me...
.well...I may have implied
 there was an open door...or a key under the mat....
yes...there's you in me and me in you and it all spills over the edges of the pan
 and
.puffs up like a popover gone mad.....
I have your extra glasses, both pairs....sometimes I wear them and look at ourselves in the mirror

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

If You Sail

with me to catalina
I shall bring gewurztreminer
dry, yet sweetly fragrant
just enough to charm the peccaries
on the isle
  we'll be flagrant
  away
from ears that hears
  and
  eyes that sees...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

if, when I am his age

I am offered a plum role.....I shall accept it...
.he was wise enough to have done so.....
I speak of a certain Canadian fellow.....whose history as an actor covers, uh, the Globe...and beyond it.....trekking...
to come to rest...and play...
 in a Boston courtroom.....his finest hour, in my estimation...
.as a character who shares my nom-de-plumerial initials, D. C.....
and with whom I share a day in March...the twentysecond.....

Happy Birthday, Bill.....you, me, Stephen Sondheim, Chico Marx.....wouldn't that be one fine party.....! ! ? ?

ruminations watching Sunday night reruns.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ignore-ants

... twistfully, gristlessly
non-compost-meantistly.....
without intensity,
subtlety, sensity...

moribund density,
coopered
 in staves,
splintered and worn
for
 conscripting raves....
 nuanceless,
stillborn,
in
 chrapulent caves....

 .

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

I'll

meet you
at
 the next-to-last resort...
you'll see
 green smoke
 rising
from
 unseasoned
alder branches.....gray-blue mountains.....

...summer roses, violets...some fever-few stragglers
 are here.....though sparse, they are stubborn, hardy....insistent...

this edge of the world
 has found itself in other than retreat...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

importunate newses

the cloying simper
the sleeked-for cam...
the slightly smoked non-candid ham...
it works...it plays
.... be it shanked sham...
reserve...performed well...by Diane....
not to denigrate those successes...
yet...human-like, and without messes?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

impressive, yes...

but lack the subtlety...the delicacy
 of a rumor.....
I don't propose
 that they be altered...
as
they will always find welcome.....
it has become an amazing industry.....
a blaze....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

imprint

when a person turns completely around....
(a last look, given and taken)
to say goodbye
 in a slow perfect circle of measured steps...
the gracefulness lingers...
the music of the image remains
as the figure disappears....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in

vestibules, sarcophagi...
there's heard a caterwauling yawp....
scrawls, mongering hide and eye,
 prowl interstices, palm a palp....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in a mournful drone/minor key.....

sliding between wails and knees of over loaded aims to please
won't falter now, they've grasped the tail of hunger...
laid on cushions beneath trees to illustrate their expertise
can't give it up, they'll march to be called lover...
fawning at the gravel bed to reshape what has been resaid
they'll whistle tunes, recant an early thunder....
words now stand in triple file to savor stings and to revile
the headless horse who claimed to be their brother....
an ebbing tide... soon there will be another
an ebbing tide... soon there will be another

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in awe.....

the beauty of a black-backed jackal.....
and some poetry I've read.....
there's an inexplicable familiarity.....
sets me to singing.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in character

lolling, lulled.....nodding, numbed.....
lulled, lolling.....numbed, nodding.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in dubious pezogamy....

foundering, agroof.....an obeliscolychny just out of sight...but there...or there....
some blinkin' where....
on a.malvaceous lea..otherwise fallow...
 but
for
 the laughter of an occasional cisvestite there is little sound....
I'll rumble out a gardyloo
to our local ichthyomancer.... that's on Tuesday next...
looking forward to the visit, macrural beastie that I am....
.after, there'll be shuffleboarding...
unless,
of course,
  Dio scapa da lett in bicicletta.....
one never knows for a certainty, eh?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in search

of audacious bettor angels....
finding them in the front and by-lines....
they squawk and keen...
 their wing men and women have plucked most allusions from them....
.leaving
obscurantists winnowing,
 waving
 what appears to be a mutually paramount bandera of a startling gray....
....boxes groan with the weight of conspicuous assumption...
.the cheap seats implode.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in semantic disarray

with largesse
 and
 sidelongings....
 straps
of
 inordinately thin spaghetti,
the linguinist falters,
.....swallows an etude,
breaks stride....bread.....
 and
 flings tangential
columbinaries
at
the grinning flanks.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in the cooperage....hide-bound for other than glory...a continuing story

I admire those whose egos....
well-behaved, like gentled beagles,
show they've lived and learned a thing or two...
have sought sweet logic, understand pruning....
fondle fiery runes.... remain unscorched....
me, I still chew a bone.....hide it under the porch.....
go back to it...gnaw like a leopard....
oh, for the wisdom of a german shepherd.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in the kitschen

as she basted the lam
with cherries and jamb
it turned out for the wurst....
did she add too much kirsch....?
'wasser madder with you...
should be pinker than bleu'
said her lover, the gnoman,
 home from velodromin'
'want it pink, so it squeals...
takes the spokes out your wheels...?
I just knows how I feels
when the sauces congeals....
how 'bout some pineapple...
or a plateful of scrapple.....'
she said, with a grin.....
downed another sloe gin....
'don't get in a tizzy....you'll deflate the fizzy'.....
he countered, 'roast goose....with a side of blanc mousse....
that's what I was expectin'....perhaps piggy with pectin'
by that thyme she was sleepin', so he went a-creepin'
to the fridge, ate the plums....
.something wicked now comes
into town, rode a wagon.....
white-feathered...with flagon....
it all depends, you know....you'll see...
on one's appetites.....and the letter 'd'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in the roaring shack

where the blots on this escutcheon bear a printmaker's autoclaved bootlaces...
clangorous and bottle-fed underlingerers float in the cherry swamp..bouyed and procrustean....with their scissor-legs and muted banjos calling for a broadsword and a half-liter..
.I would run but the milk thistle has stolen the pathogens...weary of cardamom, I blink before the feral froth....
encumbered by no narwhal's pegboard, he glides past and is enveloped by semiotics...
I always suspected the ramp was at an uncomfortably quizzical slant....that it has been confirmed is of little consequence.... and no beekeeper's handshake

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

in there

like
some little ruminant....
nibbling the turf...turning the soil....
can smell the rain...dizzifying blue...a morning glory's pulse
magnified
by
a gray sky...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

inanities of language.... misinterpretations...skewed and skewered.connotations

how little it takes to be labeled, for instance, a 'dissident'....in most any context....
can anyone read...comprehend...anything.....?
this concert, worldwide, is one of amazingly nonsensical cacophony.....
arms, hell.....dictionaries, I say....and compulsory use of them.....
a larger peace...?
could happen.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

indefinite perusal without benefit of optical aid

according to avocado's hypothesis
a couple have come to the conclusion that pantherism is the way to go...
it's that or the two shall become an agitator pair....
pitiless, narrowly sequestered and nonrecumbatory....
all that sans a sauced chicken, consumed in a tunnel laced with vanillaed reliquaries and frozen momentos.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

indelible.....

I walked across the room
 sat down at your desk...my feet just grazing the floor...your chair is high...
it suits you...
.leaves me swimming...like a penguin under water....a bit slower...almost able to flip and twirl.....
I stretch out my arms...to lay them flat on the surface where you write....
what's this?
through the lace, the eyelets of my peignoir's hasty sleeve....
.the left, to be exact...
.there is a stickiness.....I lift my arm to examine it....
I see what appears to be a tattoo....in fine detail..
.curliques and florettes....asterisks and umlauts...
..all printed.....
on me..
.in the spilled ink of your subtext.....
shall
 I bathe....
shall
 I be bound in soft leather....
.illustrated further.....
.as prologue.....
.epilogue.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

indulging in a bit....just a bit....(a byte) ?

of plagiarism:

'He hallucinates.
She's dead.'.

thanks for the definitive tickle.... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

inescapable elements

tickle.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

info on the internet...AKA 'Google This'

what does one do after discovering that an 'illustrious' former cousin-in-law is credited with having invented the vibrating dildo.....?

as you may have guessed.....

.....nothing '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

informed indulgence

uh-oh.....too slippery.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

inspiration.....some walk

a fine line between homage and plagiarism...
.since
I
lost
my memory I do not have this problem...ever..... '>)

to paraphrase is divine.....much like wisteria....
or
a buttermilk sky...clouds limned by a toenail moon....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

interminable

jangle
of an obtuse
wrangle...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Intricacies

in a sapling's shade....
dear April...
rooting....
.....give it
a high-four....
tracks
of an errant wolf....
....decoupage, now.....
berries float...follow a lazy current....
.... leaves have curled....
 capillaries a tracery of
dry whispers.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

involuntary

got in there...tickled/bashed/slud and skirled....
now it jumps out....
no gate/no barrel to jump.....leaves a print....an almost monogram....
and I find it...later...sometimes a little sooner....
nestled in...oblivious to the bristles and pins....
.a little raucus/purring/obdurate life of its own/my own?
well.....
it did touch me..
.it bit..and licked....
... tempted me
to follow....I couldn't follow..
.so it came to live.... in me/with me
....and,
 damn, it can sing....octaves....and what a vibrato....(and it is mine....gave itself to me.....)
and works me....works me...and I like it...
.and it scares me...and I like it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Is he

alone
 with his
 dictionary
as
I
am
with mine

in

our
respective
worlds

coping
with old saws and such
and
much
ados
and
adon'ts
a
a
a
a
a
h
s

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

is joe

lieberman ayn rand's spawn? ....
intelligence diluted....screwballische stuffs retained...?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

isolate them

warm each one
secure it in cupped hands
one thumb lifted, an aperture created to permit a scent to escape...
 breathe deeply
thoughtfully...
(not to apply identification/familiarity based on sight or implied by name...)

unable to detect differences... even when blindfolded....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it

lived, in surly (albeit confident) repose...
given a less-than-penetrating glance, it could have appeared to be smothering under scraps and spittle....
all the while sharpening its claws
on the slime-smeared inners of the bin...a fact that had gone unnoticed....
(the lid being unlifted and all)
it pretends no graces....spews a caustic bile...the recipients of these well-directed fluids are those whose hiding places were ramshackle, stuffed with senselessly-deployed weaponry.....
it does discriminate...it knows mercy, but has discarded that tool...
mitigate...mollify? (those m'n'm things, sugar-coated for the thin-skinned...)
it does not offer candy...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it cheers me

to think of the fourteen wonderful years I shared with my dear black dog, George....
he did much to keep away the other ' black dog' that has been with me 'most as long as I can remember.....
I'm a lucky woman...to have known him for the treasure he was (and is) from the moment he was born here in this kitchen....his dear, wild mother, Rosie, preceded him to that rainbow bridge....also at fourteen...

.me? wishing for 'dog' spelt backwards.....well, if that would facilitate the three of us meeting again in an always place.....

I make no pledge...I claim no adherence to anything but what we call love.....and probably have done that as poorly...perhaps, at times, nearly as well... as most of us two-leggers....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it could be better

to be the flue....
to feel the white smoke crawl through
me.....
it could be better
than to wear the
unobjectionable figure
on weightless links
against
my shaded lamp
acceptably dimmed by layer upon layer of dermal applications....
it could be better
to be the flue.....
.... word weavers could claim the distinction of a bandwagon....
in wishful extremis.....the song's the same....the pitch, well...higher?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

It could wait...

but it's fresh and warm in me now....
so every day...not only on his birthday, October fifth...
I am grateful to my father...he knew what I needed...
.exactly....
.
took me to a place of improvisation.....'just listen, you'll hear it...you will'....

another time, ' wait for me here in this bookstore...I'll be back in a while'...

he invited me into his library..of sound...of words.....
he knew I needed one of my own....and he knew where I'd find it....

he didn't say he knew me...but he did....

g-damn beautiful man, that one.....fiery little dancer.....
.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it hangs out

breathing....hard
looking for
 its
 something(s) often neglected...
scurried into a cupboard, hidden behind the wedged wood...tail caught on a cup-hook...
showing tiny noses only when the coasters are cleared....
uh-huh... has become a little shriveled.....the mirror of reasonable doubt attests to that...
flopping aimlessly
 between awe and credence
it bleeds....then, congealed by tenacity,
wails, wallows, hits the note....(pitch is OK) .....discerning powers not as clouded as could-have-been.....
as
 to
 balance..
....fragile would best describe it.....
hoping the hands that hold the tightrope.... are.....are....
rough rehearsal...
oh, it isn't a rehearsal?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it has become more

difficultured
to
 meet in the petrified dishtowel.....
the rankers are descending from the fortresses....
they file, singlet-draped, down the narrow valley of dormice and dredels.....
spinning inchestuous rollerei from their polished pallettes.....
I dreamed them a garden of sunglasses...
some gave of their watercress...
the bouquet is as complete as it shall be.....for today....
.....tomorrow,
 well...
.I don't presume to say....
.....but I snicker as I doodle.....
 if it frays...will it break at the dotted liana?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it is

neither
 cross
nor gift...
not buckled/strapped on....no flagrant emblem/weight...
no ribbons to be untied...no exclamations of joy/dismay...

it is...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it is just that and not that

feathers stuck on the windshield wipers.....

a grinding rumble...for two quarters...not just the one, like the directions say
can't be called drapes...those're droops.....
unhooked...pull cords unresponsive...

in the cafe the unruly eyes of over-perked demiurges are glintglaring muted epiphanies
at cracked naugahyde....

kick the pebbles..
.they clink...almost clang
against an overturned washtub.....
a relic in zinc... testament to the insidiousness of dust...
.
promises never said out loud....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

It Is, Is It

good that I have only a faceless nonexistence to shout at... by turns to condemn and implore, 'stop hurting him, you cuspidor of uncertain origins... when the sobbing has ended I laugh at myself, distracted and even amused at what could be termed a form of spiritual envy....I hide beneath my rock, afraid, diminished.....angry and abject...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it may never

happen again...
 that
is
 said
.... again and again....
saying that the roasted chicken at the Safeway deli will be both edible and
delicious...again.....ever.....again.....
now,
 if one is a gambler,
bearings in mind.....
some odds is odder than other odds.....
then,
 there is, or was
the
 once is enough theory....
having difficulty with that one....even though,
oddly,
 it is the most consistent of the many.....

luxuriate in it?

swing a cat, find a Higgs boson?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it was

the green sky
did it....
a call to the clan
.... loud, long...
in the glow before the dark set in....the answers came...
 messages
 in unwritten keys...
wails...
 semi-hemi-tones....bent
 blue-red
....the chorus sang....keened, rejoiced....
fell silent
 in the just after.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it was her beauty

got her in the door.....
more music in Sarah's little toe.....right or left....
and she'd be the first to tell you so....
so..... cheers for the honesty that kept her around so long.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

itchin'..... lookin' for the way home....

we all be such dichotomies....
I'll be outside...scratchin' me fleas....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

It'd Take A Heart Like Big Red's

and even then who'd run that track unshod, unbroke
with not one maybe
jump even before the impulse takes full hold
split the second hand
let it fall in halves thinner than a silk thread
gone before the visible is
back before it isn't

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it's

mountainous....
it's fountainous....
it's swept-the-floor-with wantonous
predictations.... consummations....and that's the least of eructations
shooting forth from this great nib....
ooooh...droooling...
please...someone, anyone..... pass a bib...! ! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it's fish

or cut bait
which of the travesties to mourn
to choose, carefully, when
and where
the safest places for crying are captured, despite
their elusive through-the-fingers qualities
there is time, there is
but first to keen and to writhe
over the loss of the library at Alexandria
or can it be as washed silk
wrapped around an unsteady cenotaph
one that alternately chuckles and convulses, mouthing
generosity while hoarding the ink and paper

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it's more than a cup

and less than a bowl...
.it's the ermine tails trailing from the moth-munched stole..
.it's the pointing toe of the ebb and floe...
it's the dual-humped casualty of a singularized revelry...
.it's a cornichon capped with a mercantile map...
it's a finger-poppin' chess-set coppin' poetizin' croupier...
.on
 a slander-riddlin' candor gigglin' mesmerizin' getaway....
.it's hot in June but froze by May....
a
 bealzebubblin' torporpot of debts one's gotta pay.....
.it's the clownish waifling's trapdoor tappin' two-horse-gaited shay.....
and
 if you run across it
 it'll love you... anyway.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it's so.....so....

fur crying out
loud

louder

LOUDER

behind that
lamp
post.....errrrrrrratatatatat.....

solsolsolsolsolecism.....never enough never enough.....

solips....
solips can
 canned a one a two can can.....sistick tickticktock toggle.....solips sole soul lips.....
flurry furry...
two cans of snakes labelled mixed nuts...solipscistern and brethren....
it is enough enough enough.....soleschism.....ole! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it's the day

the animals bless us.....
.
.....every day,
 if
 you're paying attention....
and
accepting the joy.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

it's too late to drive into town....

for that giant chocolate covered marshmallow bunny/pumpkin/
seahorse/racehorse/polar bear/hippopotamus/brontosaurus.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

jaybird's marmalade...

dipped his beak in somethin' sweet....
sweet as a green sky
just after streaks of red-gold-pink
catch the last fire
and let it go....
so damned sweet it hurts.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

jesses aloosed

beings from other planes, dimensions,
may find us fare, for prime ingestion....
red and blue dogs....beings, pasty...
all in a stew...may prove quite tasty....
 kestrels, lammergeiers hover, stalking....
defying time and history....
.much is still a mystery....
shall we be enslaved, toasted... balking?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

joe

lieberman is nuts.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Judy...the obscurantist...

had married a man of many parts...
some of them working....
for a better world, of course....of course.....
they had fled the outcroppings...lit on a dragonfly's nest....
where
he continued to produce corks and windjammers.....
she, with puppy-warm eyes, was content
to bring in the wash...stomp the grapes and glean a glancing blowby.....
I'd like to have known her better.....
this cousin of the etherplane.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Julius

with an aching heart
and
 an eye other than obdurate...
accompanied
 by a duck,
.....that thing with feathers
winging it
 from soup
to sofa...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

just enough song and fog

flatiron-shaped with a verdigris cupola
 in the northeast-facing corner of the roof garden
pineapple sage and violets
seven german shepherds and
three blue russians
climb the stairs
claws clicking clacking rubatos
where the carpet doesn't quite cover the marble tread
the others have their butterflies and majolica urns
patinas of reverent lust
each balcony shelters
and exudes
a rhythm of its own
to wind about the wrought iron curliques
in a blend of musics and fragrances
ethical mishaps are recounted and blessed
savored
and set aside to ferment soundlessly
each an echo to be jarred and released
at a
 later airing
yet another cloud of embroidery revealed
on a tapestry of whos, whys, wheres and laughter....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Just how much

Was near-photographic illusion....
take that bull...
speckle-faced like any true redhead
with thick off-white eyelashes
protecting juice-filled orbs from dust
and other perilous sights, unseen as often as not

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Keepsakes

The son of god clipped his toenails
she keeps the parings
in a linen pouch,
its knotted drawstring wound around the second and third fingers of her left hand...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

knowing what must be done

It has become necessary....
It is wrong.....
....but it is so right....
.....it needs to be done.
Will the consequences of such an act be bearable?
I think not.
Yet it must be done.
I must do it....I have seen them suffer.
I can't let it continue.
It must be done.
It is illegal. It is immoral.
I must do it.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

kynikos

bites.....too effing hard.....
I'll take the cloak, eschew the lantern.....these foolish hands are drained of blood, song....
words...words....
.you can have the ball....
 and the bone.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lacking pandas

with methods, most Draconian...
twixt pillars, sleek... Ionian....
shouts orders on the phonian....
then cools out, plays euphonium.....
at night sleeps deep, alonium.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lament

I have lost you...
but worse, far worse, you have lost yourself...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

leave

me hanging there...like laundry
flapping and snapping in the wind....
been
breezy here..
.those
 spiky redwood things.
.whatever they're called....
something
 else
 to
 look up..
welcoming
 the
 diversion...

they're all over the deck...
.and
 impaling hardy and tender growing things....
tiny sforzandos
...I marvel at their random tenacity...
and
 gently, carefully pick each one free...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

left coast news:

purportedly mutant greys and tabbies
have
piddled on and in the evidence...
 bicycles, circa1945, are rusty
 and
 have
a distinctly felinical fragrance.....
Fox news
 has
allegedly prompted an allegedly imbalanced man
to make allegedly threatening phone calls....

one reporter used the words 'February' and 'erudite'....pronouncing each of them
correctly, albeit in different sentences.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Left Us Broken

in a place of jackals... counting by ones and twos
 triumvirates circle,
 claim a standoff
as overhead a cloud of longing peals...casting an umbra of cacophony
though none are miscreants,
the velocity of each raptor seems
another translucent miscalculation...
.... legion
 or merely platoon,
 squadrons swarm
 driven....
propelled...perhaps by the squawking impetus of those whose live birth
came to an unpredictable halt,
 frozen.... opaque....
songs stifled yet unbearably loud....
how much is illustration in the form of overlay after overlay....
scrape away at the layers of pigment
 to find a stillness....penetrable...
joyous....ah, pigeons in the gearbox....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

let

it
violate
tear
gnaw
become a skin filled
 with jangled bloat
bleeding
scraps
 of bone and flesh...
of soul-parts
exchanging
cacophonies
let
 it
 have its way....
it must...
it is no strange beast...
it is yours...
it is love..
it is nothing....it is all things....it is....

it is messy, unbeautiful.... perfect....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

licenses and liberties

in the corner by the hearth....
found my sweet inamorato
sequelated, seeking warmth..
orbs, falanges decussato....
made a soup of March hare's whisker-clips...
Blixen's dew-hoove's shavings,
Humpty's shell-gel, fireflies' flickers
 and the substantive stuffs of cravings.....
he imbibed the soparific...became focussed....quite pacific...
 we've ascribed the heal to nuance....
well...could be some superfluence....
we now loll the beach on Waikiki.....
and
you're welcome to the recipe.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Lifted...Blinking, Wincing, Elated

into
a sky
of
 heartbreaking blue...

I hear you, friend,
you've been there
two
apples and stethescopes
now being served on the veranda...

last one still dressed rides the wheel...
...and mind the switchbacks...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lighter than cucumbers

seen
through
 narrow windows
 between
 buildings
a naked moon
leered light
on
 the silted carcasses
of
small and larger riggers
wheels
paddled
into ground....
land-legs restored and rushing....
Jean,
 the sea-going barber,
held courtly
 in her spotless aerie....
welcomed
 a diversionary tactility....
rounds tabled
in
 Vella's purloined kitchen....
 flat-bellied, an enchanter's
mydriatic eucharist
was served....
sand-sturgeons circled....
 each
 a totem-to-be.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

liking what

the word-seed did...
how it was handled and was fondled
 and how it grew
 sprouted in creche-parade grounds
 chanting
jelly of the jelly of the putty
stuffing the whorls and bursting...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

list

of thems
 that must be
laundered....
waxing, whilst gibbous...
fractures of the crucible under the stair...
.....never mind the ones rhapsodizing in the ballroom...they'll wait....
lingering torcheres, blunt-swaddled in bluefly drones...
some, not all, of the taxidermist's donations to the caudal regency...
.....those violet studies....beautifully withering...almost
 afraid to touch them....
the pinking shears of altruism....rust remover...just a thought....enough, for now
enough..... for now....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lost in metaphorville

two lovers of the written word
eschewed nectar, fruit forbidden,
their dreams sang on, yet were deferred
they tumbled, spent, into a midden
where souls of those who'd loved before
(and left their candy in the store)
perfected lines and lays of worth
some slender, some of greater girth
a spark remains, but, oh, alas...
they spooned not on the forking path...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lost in the woods, east of nowhere

the man without a name
is
now
the man without a brain

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Lotline Squabble/Self-Aggrandizing and Frightening Perspectives Of A Child's Mind

she wished an agonizing death to the man who shot and killed her dear red dog...
the agonizing death was that of the man's wife, a massive woman given to wearing green pup tents...
yet, she felt both remorse with smatterings of guilt and a certain sense of responsibility....this after listening to late-night conversations between the so-called adults....
hiding behind the kitchen door, feeling terrifying and confusing emotions, along with an eerily construed sense of power...
it shouldn't happen to a dog
it shouldn't happen to a kid
it shouldn't happen
it should not happen
at all
at all
innocence regained...? ?
wishing rainbow bridges...
wishing....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

love and Noonday onions

if

I hadn't married a Texan

I wouldn't know

they existed

dark cinnamon soil
 silk trees everywhere...

acres of pecans
 no-see-ums... red, like the itch/sting place after they getcha

sudden heavy sky
raindrops the size of twentyfive cent pieces....there and gone in two minutes

funny what sticks and what doesn't.....well, it all does, minutes, hours, words, music....
 this is what decided to surface.....was thinking about garlic.....these words
followed....funny.....

*the onions, not Texans '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

love story, sans disclaimers.....

.....
.....
.....
.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lovely, maybe... to have a head that obeys

or one maybe three, that'll
continue to parse, mouth, spell, project, granulate...
to underply the mudspatters
and wreak havocsome the druperies....
carry on and on and on and on...
write a book about it...a bestseller...
go on the talkshow circuitry until it overlodes the webworks and twittlingtattlers...
.this tale would get
 tears out of stone's bellies....bring carpenters
 and soothersaying at the gate....if they could get past the yards of spilled entrails in the driveway
 without tripping and bloodying their knees,
 believe it..
.it's the stuff of which
 jerkings
 are
made...
.lifetime chanelled times six and more.....
.and without a bit of window dressing or door decking.....
wouldn't
 be a
dry eye
 in
 the house.....
or an airsick bag unfilled....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lovers

in name only
proximity has not
 changed
 anything
 resembling the crux
an act consummated
 in all ways
save one
shadows fall
as
 both are bearded
with
the chosen configuration
a bliss
 of worship
and denial
by now
 much is moot
a way of containment
peace
 and other intimacies
soft days
 long walks

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lucia

today my tears are for you....with you....shrill laughter and flying cushions..

yours,
 a chair... fire...

mine, a closet door... an unfortunate toilet....

smaller and less weighty things....
easily swept up and quietly disposed of.....

we dance...in a tangled shadow play....
 each terpsichorean effort....lean...bold.... limned in colors unseen by a more naked eye...

.here are my softer slippers... scents of rosemary and incense...
arrows, embedded.....

a fountain
playing
in each cloister's garden.....a less-than-hallowed sanctuary....

fewer buttons now...zippers...occasional velcro.....kevlar, down...
...offering
protection
 against the foehn.....

.....what is the word....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

lupines, lilacs and purple starlings...

it was a smallish
 gathering...
with
 two exceptions,
 all attendees
brought
their fetishes....some of which arrived unleashed...
others
 could be heard
scratching and nibbling
 at the
etuis, shoulder bags,
 bandanas
and crockpots in which they were confined...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Manolo

I must have your toeless boot
do we not share a great-great grandfather
as starcrossed as David and as bloodied as a lamb?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

masticating

autodidactiley
cerebellicose, fitfully...
Kynikocoasting, spreesomely
redoubtablarming....promisecuously
folded sheep and gone to sea
the whizzard....protoplastischizmly.....

who knows (I don't) what all this meant....sounds like something vital's bent... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

may I have

the loan of your subtlety
for, say, about a week...?
I mayn't, then, sclump, obfuscate,
 frimpoliphize and skleek....

Ann Amy Chewer, neologizer

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

meandering

if there be an expiry date
 qualifying or disc qualifying
 particles of speech
.....spoken or written....
as
 the last word..
are the statues limited to spartan shots..
and/or bearings strayed from the hip....?

ponies are not small horses...yet, forks lift...
 if
 a camel is stuck
in the eye
of a needle
 is backwards forwards and sideways a matter of torsion?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

memento in amber....shades of gris

I would send a petroglyph....
but
.....well..
..in addition
 to their being....
in most cases....
of considerable weight...
.heavier than various other objects....and less tensile....
what
I have
are a few pictographs.....
they might be worth something.....in a cloistered market....
or
..a home-grown sidewalk sale.....a sort of bring-your-own-chalk affair.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Memories that I'd like erased

Too many....

dammit.....

lacking the ability to be selective....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

menage a too muchly

lacrimonious spectrum
robin's egg
or
della Robbia
marinated aqua

middle-of-the-knight shade
periwinkled
once in a spruced-up moon

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

merry

eve and adam, too...
bless each bat and kinkajou...
from polar ice to peaks sudaten
small and large,
with none forgotten...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

mine

is to be a recognizer.....awestruck.....and wagtailed.....
to breathe it in.. and blow..
(.I do know how to whistle...)
and that's the bit that sometimes chokes the chortlehorse.....
with a beaded stiletto..... a wordflung candle...
.unstrung..
.strung up..
and
..flippin' like a fresh hide in a wind tunnel.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Mobile

hoverin' hawk moths, sweet fledermaus,
I'd just as soon not go watch Charlie gig frogs...
I may even hide in the lowland mudflaps...
....I'll never tell, and you'd better not, either...y'hear?
and as for that jar of fireflies....keep guessin'....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Modest

to a fault...but whose...
the exhibition
allied the gores...and slid behind the sliding doors....
oh, for a lift to the rooms of rest,
unconsidered in the last bequest...
dear child, do not
touch
the art
with fingers....
...let it find your heart...
yes, to skate on marble would be fun
...soon...
popcorn
and the park....and sun!

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

more fodder

to use the lungs of the poor and ignorant to filter the air.....
one more way to herd and sacrifice innocents.....reserving information for the blest-with-monies.....
what of their equally innocent children.....once they are aware, conscious....how will they bend their silver spoons?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

more than

familiar
with each blatant nuance..notably transmogrified...delicately....
.close
 to grafted...home-plated....borne
 by
 a crushed palette.....
highlighted
 with brandable crowflies, rifts....

....a light in a corner... spreads soft-suffused umbras...
shows wings and ribs....
.....beyond fright and esoterica.....
 plays...jocund and terrible...a shadow-dance...
complete with cutouts...
.powdered
open-work.....above the sheets....above the luminous frottagility.....

I'm leaving out the part about the rook.....
the thumbnail
 and the rill-seeker.....
leave 'em in the fermentarium for now.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

more than a myriad of ways....aaaahhhhhhhh.....

he'll bid me exalt.. sweat and strain...
he asks I flex my lesser brain...
it's worth the toil...perplexed turmoil....
to pursue, find the inner workings.....
the plangent twists and turns...what's lurking....
in art I've vehement believins....
yes, grateful, me...for Wallace Stevens! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

more than likely

could make an effigy cry.....
a snake walk
 and
a possum play the banjo...maybe an autoharp.....
wearing snowshoes...
and a slicker...with a blue visor.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

mosey forth

and play
 your
 opalescent tambourine
 in
 the frozen meadow.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

moulin collie

stringing theories
into
bergamottled
receptors.....
one
 who
 waits
 with a prescient eyeful
towers above the
potables...sways.
to
the tune
 of
 two forks clapping.....

on, core...on, core.....
.
let the pits fall
where they've
spread the sheets
 and
made a pyre
of
 the cormorant's leashes.....

the mill is floss
and
the barkers are idle....
throw us a biscuit..and we'll bay no more.....

it's gibbous...
and the chimely fauves
 do tire and tremble
 in the lathe....all whimsy,
 are the blues and mauves...
and the bobcats behaved....

this time! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

much

as I try to believe
 I'm having a cartoonish nightmare where ignorance*
 is celebrated...
one from which I will wake to see sentience prevailing...
but, nope...
I turn on the TV..... hear the squawks and shrieks of giddy depravity
 from one ex-governor of Alaska, the cheers that follow her inane statements...
 and I know, sadly, that there are quite a few other-than-lucid wolf-killers slathering
with blinders on...and it is indeed not a dream....

need more chocolate.....

*no, make that stupidity and shortsightedness

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

multiples/gradations.....

lover
louver
leaver
lever
leveret
lather
linger
languor

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Murcott tangor...yummy, that....

no, not a cat....
and
 doesn't rhyme with much, at that.....

there's languor, Bangor, walks with swang or
out all night...suffers a hang-o'er

OK...more.....I'll admit as much.....
so...add to this...it needs your touch...

me, I'm off to have another....
let loose a clue? ....no...ask your brother.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

musical shares

augmented...and diminished....
with aegis...under shepherd's crook....
all
about
 spun
with
spume-light's chords....
scintillas
on
 a
 wayfarer's cloak....
dismantled....
 rewoven
on a broader luminarium...
form another arc....
one
 of
tangents....
predisposed
to
ululate....

a perfected pitch....

hear it?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

my California....

manifestly....by this shining sea...
mavericks cry
for bread.....
crushed pearls and gold.... laudanumbed....

for bread...
but please...no raisins
 or other fruit....
of any kind...
in
 the
 bagels...
.it's unconstitutional.....or should be....
blueberries? ...in a pie, if they must be inserted somewhere.....

and..
if I wanted alfalfa sprouts in my strawberry shake I woulda asked for 'em...
and I didn't.....so, please.....I ran all the way here.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

my dear Rene...

due to the treachery of images
there shall be none here...these printed words are or are not an allusion....
if objecting to this correlative,
or to the corral
from which it has escaped,
please know there may be more than two mysteries in this garden, or fewer....
...and now for my bath.....I have left my hat on....

yours in silent frappe, .
One Who Sings With the Larch

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

my insular existence

in the reliquary
 of circumstantial provisos
there's been a greening
of the hoe-handle...
a quivering... a rustle,
a quiet urgency, re-writing
that shop-torn syllabus of April's renderings...
...alma sequestra...
a traveling of tongues...
mortar falls from between the bricks...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

naming and renaming....and now I will call you

skyrla.....I say it as I sit at your cenotaph....

you chose
 to go deep into the woods....
your last run.....
you stayed there....gave yourself to nurture the place you loved....
I knew you would do it your way
...you did....

and
here is your name....
.I say it again.....it is you....
it fits you...
anyone for miles around this glen knows that.....
pitch
not being your concern....
except when I threw the ball to you....
only to you.....
the others
were not there
 as far as you were concerned....
you
 tired of the game.....
you
left to try to tear rocks from the creek bed..... gurgling and splashing,
wild girl.....
you were red...you were curly....you had no choice but to run....with frenzied joy.....
I know where your kind came from.....where you were bred.....
and
you are skyrla.....
you always were....and now I know, too.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

neon negligee

in the anyhows of anywheres
they take their vows and split their hairs
prod their cattle count their chattel
free their mantels prove their worthies
clear the brambles jail the scurvy
 tread the spaces skip the traces
jump the lines and pay their fines
make their haste and work to paste
the labels on the cables
of the importunish ladles
in the woodsheds on macadam
let 'er rip and let's have at 'im
are the bywords and the why words
of the laudatory scat
if the well's dry let the cat cry
make the hay shine...and that's that...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

never did

do well as a distraction.....
am not capable, happily, of being collected.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

New

fence
pickets evenly spaced

driveway
paved

windows
double-glazed

siding
gleaming
  unweathered

roof
intact
most-everything-resistant

where are the old man and his two dogs
one red-gold
one grey-black

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

new geography

I lay the strip of rain-rug
over the first few feet of
 prettier woven floor art
by the front door...
there aren't the eight paws
that would've brought in
wet leaves and other autumnal effluvia from the walkway...just my two, and I usually remember to scrape off some of the stuff on the mat outside...
a foolish act, a habit, an always-done-it thing...
so quiet here..no claw-clicks....
I rub my head with the towels...still on their hooks...yes, I've washed them, but I like seeing them there...
... I have managed to give those cumbersome slickers away...some other prancers are loping sideways in them today...imperfect design, covering perfect love.... now I'm laughing...hear me?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

night... mares..? ?

slept...then dreamed I was behooved...
awoke to find the floors
were grooved
 with gouges, scratches,
mars and nicks....
before I filled my bowl
with Trix
.... to ingest and to ruminate
that confounding night's events...
I saw some nails....the evidence...!
those iron shoes,
though coming loose,
had once been fixed
to hooves uncloven....
I'm many things,
though seldom sloven...
 life becomes stranger, odd, precarier....
and now to find a better farrier....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

no

apotheotic blaze...
 the red and gold
of a soft day's ending
provides all necessary light..

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

no room in the orifice

with heart in mouth.....but wait....
there's a foot in there....firmly lodged....
space being at a premium...h'mmmmmmmm.....
I said, 'h'mmmmmmmmm.....
.....was mighty difficult
 to say
anything intelligible, under (or over) the circumstances.....
and,
 when it, the pedal part, is finally removed...
.....more woes....
.I'm so far from the nearest nail salon....
that
slightly orange-ish cherry-ish red is a hue to make one cry.....
must have it....
oh, life....one extremity on the heels of another....
good gracious me...and good gracious you.....who knew?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

no subtitutions....

sublimation....so unsublime....
must, have to
 place it
where it belongs
 or
 nowhere.....
distractions, illusions.... violet light, umbraless....
 demons....no....
usurpers, powerless as ever.....absurd, bathetic....I say this not as judge but as participant.....

exhausted any number of realities.....

hah!

that other-than-exquisite word: ...'numb'-er.....
.....knew I'd find a laugh in there.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

no, didn't notice....

that particular detail...or
that one...or the other several hundred...or more.....
no...completely escaped me, those.....yes.....yes.....assume as much, if you must.....
.what they mean?
how to interpret them...and those...and the others.....?
of course it matters.....on the one hand....the one with five thousand fingers....
each of them with its own miner's hat.....and a brace of canaries.....
and it was very difficult to put them into that one desk drawer.....
.keyless? certainly....
..I let them out one wing at a time...and replace batteries, if necessary...
....on the feet of a snow-white rabbit, I do.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

no, not

strictly a 'tangent'...
.nor ponderously intransigent,
 however strict...
however..
.howwmsoeweaver, crust
 like so many tiny barnacles, nor a flimming flam among 'em...
to pull the thing out by its roots, if it had roots...
.wave a feathered fan at its
anterior,
 flossify the will o' its wisp...
.set up a blockade...it'll holler, 'it's a set-up'...and it wanted it to be, bad, real bad, it did....and oozed under the rug,
gumshoed and harlequinkley eyed...
.why, if I had my druthers
....where are my druthers?
coulda sworn they were on the chair
 with
 the persimmons and the green-gilled cabuchon fish's husband.....dammit...gotta go find 'em...
will you please take care of this problem asbestos you can? put out the fire, there's a dear....thanks

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

noctilucence

fades to not-quite-black...
 hanging by one strap
 from
 the ladder-back...
dit-dit-dit-dah-dit-dit-dah-dit....
basketball echoes keep time....we don't...
if we could... would we..
or call traveling...?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not

a question of comparison....no room for that....it'd be senseless....
it is simply that it is complete.....the inroads..byways...colors and sounds, textures and melodies have been exquisitely traveled....no, not to an end point in any way, barring structure....
...abstracted, concrete...resolved....compositions lacking nothing! ! ....

impressed? well, reverent is more like it.....I won't presume other than exhilaration.....

there are other beauties, of course.... and I need them, too....I think I do...
still.....the completeness...the completeness....! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not a breath...

each
was taken...and named somehow incorrect....
through
the wrongish part of one of the nostrils...or both
....not specified...implied....?
how grievous?
another
 error...
a slippage...down on stumps
 into
  fall's mushpile
of
once-crisp
leaves
now
 brown and ochre-spotted slime.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not always, just ever

another nickel
in
the time machine
four-toed
sloth turns green...
indigenus envy
vegetation coated
downward
head first
of
many seconds
 and thirds
a minor fall
a major lift
fresh-squeezed codicil
with
 raspberry sauce
bulging at the groin...
two boles
and a strike that
an abseilient
preamble
scuttles the scenario
uphill
hind legs
 leading
like
a slow-speed
jugger
naught else
ought else/or

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not back

in the form it once took....
not back, no...
 but returned...
as though having been out on lend...
 new colors, sabled strokes
... newer shades, hues...
 finer mercies, of a scorched sort...
 fully dressed... unclothed....graceful..and awkward in truth...(is retreat to the familiar an option... a thought that can be seen and heard...)
grinning like foccacia....
folded like a wren...
the heart of it a tumbled stone...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not burdened or relieved

with
or
 by years...
 eons...
 worth of garbled
 and
 variously misinterpreted chants
 and
 drummings...
the do nots
and
do do do do ssssssssss...
the warinessess..
.the kiln-dried
depersonalized longings dedicated to statuary,
 more formless infestations
encrypted
and
given
 promises
 of
 later, later, it'll get good'n'plenty.....
there is
nothing to cling/clang to but the trolley.....the brass wringer...
no one to blame....
.excoriation becomes a personal and isolated thing....
shared only by beasts with slightly larger brains
 and
 soles equally calloused.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not funny...

but....listening to the news...
 wondering just how it feels
 to be 'shot in the incident...'
(the person is going to survive,
 a doctor of semantics was consulted) ...
as shall I, loving language
 in all its forms as I do....
up with many oddities/blepharismos of interpretation, including my own, and yours, I shall put....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not in the obit

she, the longer-time mistress/paramour.....
another 'special friend' was mentioned...
the community stifled any word of the other other's existence.....
she'd guessed it'd be so...way long ago,
 that when the day came she'd be one of those unmentionables..
...I remember the glow of her when she'd been with him...
it lasted for days at a time....
she'd blush..she'd sing, music poured from her...
yes, she knew how it would be..and why.....and she loved him....
.....their duets...well, those duets....
those duets said it all....
we shared those unrestrained intimacies.....much more than vicariously....
transcended the hell out of what was not in print.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

not the gas pipe

an attempt
 to slip through,
 slide
 away
from
the myth...into
..... a playground
..... joys...gut-terrors...
..... dizzy,
 headless
 run
 hop-slam-spin
on
 a platter...whooping

whoosh.....thud-thump...
into
 the
shallow
sand
 at
 the bottom
 of the two-humped
shining creature....

let me stay here with the ones who aren't allowed to visit...whose noses drip on their flimsy
 clothing whose shoes were not purchased at the finer stores...they laugh and shriek
they relish fear as an exploding toy that does not kill....let me stay.....let me stay..

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

noteworthy..

to
no
 one.....or two...
or any.....with an exception: me....
.....as I
can
 now die happier....
having
 learned that Nabokov
wrote on 3x5 cards.....I do that, too...! !
.and, like Stevens, Joyce and Beckett.....I was born! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

now.....

it's yours....
I threw it in the prim rows path...
some longish toenails....a few claws.....unicyclist's tread....
all've left
their prints and plantigradients.....
a lammergeier decided
 against
 carrying it away
 for a
free-fall to the smaller escarpment.....I'm glad of that....
it is, in the most basic sense, for you, after all.....
.and
the various piercings, markings and enhancements..
only serve to, well.....enhance...
not to adorn.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Obfuscatorily

it's time to be ornate,
 banal and truly mad
my grey cells are propelled
 from a wobbly launching pad
ever green and wreathed in writhing
sump pump's issue keens, abiding
ask no more of me, my dears
a zarzuela robbed my ears

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

observing riches

on a small planetoid.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Odalisque's View

sun stutters through a tattered shade
creating an opalescent patchwork
of gently broken beams

in the sequestered garden
 a toppled obelisk
finds warmth,
 keeps watch

in the mine
green canaries
breathe as though oblivious to the here-and-gone spark

it is a day as like
and
as unlike as all the others..

the locket is worn smooth, its faded contents secure...

we are pastiche...all the rest is eldritch and sward-bloom

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

of a certainty

I alluded
too...

^&^&^&^&^&^&^

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

of no use

except to say so.....

comprehend too well.....? ?

as costumes continue to dance on a set or two or more.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

of origins/ relief system?

bahs-bahs....interconnected roots....
which muds were tracked in on which boots....
who had dallied.... who had dipped...
who had placed a mortal grip
on who and where and how and why....
conjecture-winged starlings fly....
research, spin around and wish...
I hadn't found I'm..... gibberish....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

of pith and kin....

Lobelia prefers to be ignored....
left to her own devices.....
but Rosemary...garrulous, woody-stemmed...bold...
holds her own.....sometimes yours...
.....ran amok in the furze...
in an admixture of vherbs and spices.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

off the road...

hellyeah...
I'll jump in the back of your pickup....
... slide across those bedbumps....
lick the wind
with a tongue
 blown...fluttering
curly
rippled
undulating
rhythmically
 like a soft pink
potato chip...got some? got some?

got some?

goggles? ...I don't want no.....you know....
oh,
you'll wear 'em too.... and that's a collar around your neck....?

and what's that on your finger? shiny....hard....does it hurt?

sure...I'll sing with you.....dance, too.....

what's that? ...a 'kissin' contest'?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ogylkvgtxrfu

hahblsCgkvdetcdh; ioaebti-
=e09UWBKLN/KBSVSVDKSML; DVDSBKJHJBhbvjvfuiu; ieqf jhkdcs j,

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

OK....

you are multitudes.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

old tigers at rest

when
 it was suggested
there
 were
possible ties
to
possible ties
a breath
was
taken
a pause...
then
back to lolling in the sun
respective
 scritches of respective backs
and
the flick of a tail
chased away
 blue tales
and
 red herrings
swum their ways upstream
 and down...
that heartbeat seen on the scope?
 nothing at all...
a chance blip...
see?
it's gone...
never there...never there at all...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

on

porpoise
on dolphin
 on skate
 and
 on ray
at donderous bliztening azurent play

some splash in tidal bassinets
replete with foam-flecked sobriquets...

others, carried 'round each horn
on currents as the everborne
rely on squalls, each gale enthralls

neptunians, tridently pierced
ambrosially weathered, Bierced...

if rhyme is given little credence....
do
 swim away...and so, good riddance.....

any tool can do it, sure....
.well
bless that load of stale manure.....

the one-(ok, sometimes two) tricked peonies sprout, proclaim....
 with very little variation,
 done well enough....again, the aim
stays true-ish.... to reframe
a
grinding out of same old theme(s) of unrequited love and like
a joy-devoid and eyes-shut hike.....flappin' like an air-drowned pike...

a wallow in the jello, then...
.could use
a new point on the pen?

this blather took but little skill.....and could easy pass for whining.....
seems all need something new to 'thrill'.....but that's just me, opining...

as I see and hear it....
this does not apply to one one-tricker....
with observant eye, pen... ticker.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

on a which

hunt
for an either or an or or
the least elusive allegormy microwhimsic
stratopheme....
I'll take me off to bed now... it could float in in a dream..

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

on miniscule

muscular platters.....
we'll see to it
 they are heightened..
.and lengthened...(.might not be necessary)
as to the under-remitting substance of gravity....
.it.
has puffed
 the countenance
 and parlayed the resonance.....
the strung section..
.the horned section...
.the vivi section....
.in all gerundially thumped ascension..

.so where's the pitcher's pipe...(had it right here a minute ago.....)

be assured...the affair will go on..
.....on time...and catered.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

on the smaller planet

scorched.....
 anchored by thirteen suns
and
forty two moons....
having
 lost
 a turnkey
 somewhere
on the road
back
 from the overhaulers,
syzygy
traded
the old Buick for a sandstorm.....
hasn't been seen since...
but when it's really quiet, I'm almost sure
 I can hear flip-flops,
you know how they slap-slap-slap.....
..and maybe
 someone whistling
 'Blue in Green'.....I love that tune.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

one

brought a whippet,
the other, jingles...

gradually, the bleachers filled
 with belles and whistlers...
...pomegranate hawkers called their wheres...

if you'd been listening to the silence between the linnaeans
you could've heard a pinniped drop...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

One for Boz

aaaoowhoooaoowhoooaooaooo

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

One Man Klezmer High On The Blues

taps on his boots
soul on his shoes
snappin' his suspenders
while his horn goes on a bender
dancin' with the fauna...
hear the call from over yonder
when the birds go flyin' south
there's a poem in his mouth
as it soars and takes to wing
sure and it's a lovesome thing

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

one of

noxious buffoonery
and crimson dandelions....
why
 couldn't I just say 'red'.....red...red....red....
it's a fine color....for a fox or a crane's bill....
a trampoline...a cumberbund.... a penny whistle.....an excuse....
trotted out like some swabbed decade..or an incensed floor-buffer....
circular and adamant.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

or is it the helium?

George and William's love child, thrice removed, is posting here on PH.....
ah, the dressage of it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

ornithorthography

has taken wings
 and blasphemicalderas
 from a sutured camellia....
the sound of it makes mountebanks whistle and stomp in the atria.....
positive
they'll
 be circumnavigatored
 and formed into strapping purses
 with names like JunglecatJimsonweed and HarrytheHarbinger.....
the ears of the eyes and the nose of the mouth
 were laid open...
.a jogging trail of tearducks
 left a symbiotic semblance of a myrrh-bespattered nuance....
it was pocketed, refrocked and sent out for coffee and crullers.....

not making news...just reporting it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

other cradles

like my dog I will roll in it...we
 both
 howl the smell of it from our breasts.....our throats...
.our voices crack....our ululations weave like ribbons in a dance.
.streaming...
.their colors....rampant....gray.....shadows vibrant and reeking.....

unlike my dog I will shower....
.now I am lilacs...lilies of the valley....
he
 remains
scented with earth's musts and festerings.....a living bloom.... steaming....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Overlook

George's sky blue pants
tattoo a silhouette
against green sea
 rhythms
sparks
send doldrums
off
to play
in
crash-flung froth
paradiddling
 ruins,
 remnants
open your mouth
to
taste
flavors singing
of
salt
 kelp
cotton candy
sweat
and sweet oils

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

overskill overBering underground uberherring

the baby's drunk the bathwater.....
all of it....
gurgling....tiny
 toes tracing the
faint ring
'round the tub.....
not completely jibberish,
the finless seek a center, bored.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

owe, to hack...

and to smack...
and don't want you should give it no slack.....

there's a constant deliverin', bloobles...
like the bubbles drained down from the noodles....
in the sink, and the brink
of the edge of the simmerin' squink
has a flavor of multi-sludged gleanings
 all awash in a sea of fraught meanings....

bobie oh-dough...
where does it go...
over the top
is it a crop
of crinkle-crimped blues...
does it wear shoes...

is it hip
does it flip
over treetops
and is it worth scrip

can't tell if it's freezin' or boilin'
with the ludic underpinnings roilin'

but it's here....if unclear...
with the metaphors dunked in near beer...

on a beech...owlets screech...
.mechronicled drones out of reach....

in a sub-subterranean flumelet
there's a broadly-excusified room, let
to interswunk dramafied doom sweat....

now it's through....whoop-ti-doo....the hooves
 have been melted for glue....
yep...it's through...and so hip....so, so hip....
like a faucet that won't cease to drip....
so, so hip.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pale writer

counting toes while wearing sox...
tugging, pulling boots on...
saddling an equine ox...
what..... the champagne... and the flutes, gone?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pancake as enigma

discrete..
those which embellish
 in familiarity...
butter, syrup (jam for some) ...

udder sourced/ churned/ paddled/ subject to whorls, grain...

 acer derived/ tapped/trickled into alloy trap/jollified in glass

(lips and fingers stained...)

mouthed/imprinted/crushed....
swallowed, a journey of conglomerates....

there is order...up?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pantomime

gestures,
 articulate as ruffled doves...
as lizards on a twig,
swaying with each
inhalation,
their
 rhythmic pulses
seen through near-transparent skin...
a fresh bouquet appears
as another vanishes up a sleeve...
a dance,
  soft-shoe....
heliocentric
in a downpour

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

paraphrase?

no need.....
.....
.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pasturized

how frightened were the ewe, the ram....
rumblings, heard from high tor dam
had brought them worry,
fretful grief....
 night came, sounds ceased.....
ah, bas relief.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Pedantrick, Prozakick, and just plain nutz

...sounds
squeaking and squrbling
the kissing of butz....
preying and cloying
a turning of tricks
microcozmicly schmutzing
same old pollyticks

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

penultimate

soft fire orange eye....
 cadenza graced coda curls...
soundless ripples spread.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

perhaps

it was the virginal extremis.....
the hallucinatory joy....
the transcendence...the above in lieu of the in....
the floral supplication.....the boldness of the quivering reticence.....
the winding about the bough.....the limb itself untouched by the vine....
the transparency of the petals....
wing-veined.....as though preparing for flight.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Petitioner

she signs
every one
that
comes down the pike

her own children
look for signs of life
signs of love

having eschewed
 the church of the outstretched hand,
 the promises,
the requests to touch
 the untouchables
with the other hand...
full of the same promises

she travels
the many reams removed
 cause cause causeway...signing, signing
the same road,
 the same paving stones...
buying a way to grace, giving until it is painful...exquisite?
 and
touching no one never touch ever no one no one no two
 no one...

the safety of removal and
its imitators..of a cloth, hole-ier than the shroud that'll wrap her in a peace
she almost knows in some dreams

pieces of those dreams drift
 into
 her daylight
hours
her eyes,
 soft
for
 a moment
...back to focus
 on
 the walls
inherited wealth have festooned...the shiny things...she may touch them....

certainly there's more to it....consider this a snapshot...less than a portrait...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pfffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffft

layered, mysterious....ever intriguing.....
transparent blatancies....innately fatiguing......

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.........

phuque the salmon...let the humans live

there is no poem here....how anticlimactic.....(words I just plagiarized...did so enjoy them)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pickleweed slough

isn't more than a quarter-hitch from the half-timbred palaces...
jumping rope over the chalk lines, a breath of chain link song blares
a sort of heraldic cacophony, swings its tassels like a crinoline peacock,
and preening, promenades the sweating concrete...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

picky....uh-huh....with a dill spear.... or zoftig...

if likened to Peter Paul's posers....
few add the needed second S....

in the style of a sandwich
....that'd be less grand, which
could only mean she's R(e) ubenesque...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

please

forgive me...armored beast....
it was not a deliberate act on my part
to
declare you an adjective....
and I would be remisser if I didn't take this opportunity to clarify
my intentions....which,
to the best of my ability to sumpulize,
were innocent
and only fell under
the wait of the goonflies who had bunched on the elderberry tree...
..they fell in a lump
and underscored the pentacles....
I was in paean, as a result of the mishap...
and became uncloughed
and misderiven.....
accept this by way of an apogee, if you will...
.I've taken all the precursives
possible to assure
that
it won't happen again any time soon..
and certainly not
before next Wednesday.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

please don't show me

the picture of the bear with a ring
 through his nose
without telling me where he is
 so that I can go there and take the ring out...

can I be clearer about that?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

please whistle

me a story....
....winter-colored....
..... you
 can print
 the melody line
 on
that cloud..
.....that one...
 over there.....that's the one....
it's in my sky now...it'll reach you....don't know when...
..I'll hear it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pleases me

that those echoes have colored me and my doings....
a joyous confirmation.....
.and
 there were attempted robberies....
.I had to drown the perpetrators in pancakes and pinwheels..
..left 'em spinning in syrup and huckleberries...
.threw 'em a rope, of course....
.the ones that shook like laughing dogs in the sunlight...
ran
 through the sprinkler.....
.....they were the keepers.....
and
 soon
 wore bells and sashes of their own.....
in an intimacy
 of shouted whispers
 small and large princes tracked to the wheelhouse...
.received
 their
badges.....shared their music.....the rafters sure as hell did ring.....!

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Plumb Bob's plum tuckered...procurement

of a riven thing....
will the glue stick
well enough to comfort the corollaries...difficult to say...less difficult to find a rubber bandana...duct tape...a masquer's scourge in any century....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pluralismic.....

kitchen sinks in dishabille...
thesauri in rebellion...
someone's stole the drivin' wheel....
PC's got a gremlin...
things have got most aleatory...
downspour fill the rill...oh, glory!

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

poem deluges

not many will read them..
 the flood is overwhelming...
.hip boots and small or large watercraft may be necessary
as..
 there are too many...rows of them, one after another....
inundation serves no purpose...but to annoy....
.please
 limit the contributions to a very few at a time..
.perhaps
but one...two at most....thanks.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

polemical cats

yowl, scratch and hiss
mountainal molehills
and
 tarns full of piss..
this puling, strachendrous....
a flouting of druries,
the mounds of skrinked scrut,
unleashed by splayed furies
have
 made
 navigation an ardorless task...
vanish...
.....away, now...
.....go home...and kiss Bast...!
develop, at least, a semblance of hubris...
.....a word to the scribes from the doghead, Anubis...
of course,
 yes,
 I know,
 that canine's a jackal...
and
guano
 is stuff
 from the nethers of grackles.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

popping jays

If the laud dawg's willin'
and the crique don't ryes
I'll ululate with yews
under hazy, maizie skyes
with a belt unbuckled
and a cork unstopped
there'll be mooin' in the meadow
while we howl behind the shed.. oh,
let the mignonettes be truckled
on the sweet grass where we've flopped....
let the cat sup on the fries
as we croon, vermilion.....

attempting newer structure....
as the metes and bounds cry 'rupture'....
for the love of it, the pleasin'.....takin' off... oh, yes....ecdeezin'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

possum, no...

nor a barrage of taters.....
could have been a peppering of miniaturized truths.....
overrated as commodities/tokens assuring entrance.....
 undervalued as diffuse spikes of lavender
 which have pierced the caul

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

privacy-ku

I like my neighbors
and the green of tall bamboo
providing a screen

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

privateering

he smuggled her a golden eagle,
some cockatiels, a half-grown beagle...
now they perform a tango...dance,
sans flossy strings and spandex pants...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Promises

we shall not fail to read together
escarole, the only lettuce to be cooked
I shall do my best to ignore your brother-in-law
all day lilies
all night lilies
adherence to a preponderance of gentled logic, decked about in whimsy
blue lava lamps in the billiard room nooks
lit with pomp
under most circumstances.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pull

me heart out through me nose...
 flailing...
 less-than-sweet repose
is mine...
I pine....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pummeled well....

an apple on the head...a core whinge....
a pulpy mess... juicier...orange...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

purrloined

rumbles from the belly's necklace....cushioned now....
wauling night a shaded bygone.....
replenished...fed with bits of scraps...warm milk.....
from a hand that just faintly resembles a paw....
lives...tamed... in a chiaroscuro corridor..
has
 not fence-walked
 in
 any other than a metaphorical sense.....eats larger birds.....roasted...
but
knows the otherly lure of bat's flights.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

pursued

by that rocking hearse....
slap...dash....torrents of a-verse.... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

quandry

do I call/write to his widow to say, 'that's my melodica'...and include my address?
on a good day he would've appreciated this grace note....we each wrote some
not-too-bad tunes using it....

dunno, what with the goings-on, etc., he might've given Gabriel the loan of it on one
of their traipses into the elysian boondocks...
ya never know.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

rabbit ran rampant

raggedly
roistering
rollicking
rampaging
renunculing
rasputining
redundering
rapscallioning
recantering

I miss John Updike.....a writer, that one....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

rage against the machinations

can't anchor us,
slipstreams be dammed....
ornaments
 the sighs of
saint dreben's wort.....
 shots fired at messengers...
a stringer of popped cairns...
a hoary muffin.....
a rightful air....
an estuarian worrier...newly fretless....

all

have

made contiguous attempts.....

the hoary muffin tasted pretty good...
.....better
 than
 chocolate-covered
carrot Styx
 to the ribs
... which leave
 most aforeisms
more
wet
than crisp.....

so don't tell anyone anything....

.....some may guess...some may gather.....

.....but you won't have to start missing them.....
or losing them.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

realing..........brave ones........... reeling.........

rrrrowwwwwfff
roooooowff
rowwwwwwwwwwfff
rroowwfffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffff
rrufffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffer

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.........

reasoning

in it? ...
of course.....
an internal rhythm... an external one or five..or thirteen....
and, no...
.not entirely voiceless....
.there's a mewing sound...and a growl....
and
 a bushel of chortle-berries.....
they could be sorted... basketed.....rinsed.....
later, there's the whipped cream.....
oh, that other reasoning...some of that. too.....in various flavors.....
alphabetical...well....could be done that way....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

recipe

take one parboiled cliche
bite it in two
add the strings
peeled from four hams

gently stir
 in the juice
squeezed
with rapport
and vigor

from

eight

 (preferably purloined)

 hearts
 of palm...

bowl the mixture

place it in
the bath
six maries
 and
 their
marinated heirs
have provided

ovenate
 for
sixty seven
minutes

(basting
 regularly

with
pomegranate
 fluids
 and terrestrial vapors)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

reconstreusels

stuffed the carpet in a bag
to lope, trek....vend some spleen...
the tent-pole's bent....
 there is no vent....
the jellied bean's gone green....
alas, no buyers....
unprinted fliers...
birds, sparse-feathered on the wires.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

red hawk seeking eagle

who'll venture
 from aerie,
talons whetted,
(retracted every other day)
for
fishing jaunt
to streamside
close by
 lowmown lea
just
a
 short flight
 from
nest
 on
catamount ridge...

wing it?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

referendum

on a scooter....
shoot, dammit..!
.that's the one.....between the ais...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

reflippant.....

lacking gravitas.....
could be that hare
across the os

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

remembered

bodies...
faces all but forgotten

faces...
bodies vague, as partial etchings

characters...
as energies emitted/shared...
distinct
 musics,
 colors dancing...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

repetition.... senryu triad

gravel hits the pane....
the window to the left of
 that one is shuttered

holding, made solid,
 less with mystic's mortar dust
than rubber bands, paste....

more tiny stones strike...
their musics are muted bells
claimed by ordinance

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

re-re-re-reborne again

tothepurple
shower curtain/pinned
 a lonely mezuzah/ listen/ steam
 clouds donkey's milk soporific/hallway
 swan in pieces/balcony
 of waving meat and vegs/arsenal
of patent leather/ grosgrain
bows/neon blinks a tricolored eye

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

reverie.....

as I asked for love
 and
 fidelity
 of the heart, mind and soul....
perhaps without equal reciprocation.....
I was no Virginia...he was no Leonard.....
in retrospect...we were harder-edged circles,
 penetrable on rare occasions...
.we did not belong to ourselves.....
how could we....we bathed in our own reflections.....
we were beautiful....we were flagrant, compulsive in our wounded ways.....we asked the implausible of one another.....
.the questions, and the answers, I more than suspect,
 were known by our German shepherd..
.his eyes tried to tell us the simpler secrets...

 what is remembered...what is lost....what is learned....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

rewardering

no butt of sack.....
no jeroboam of cliquot
no jelly beans, none
no red velvet cake
no red eye gravy.....
laudy, me? ....nope, not me....
.you have a shot...
ah...I opine...contrarian that I am....
maundering laurels,
 I do declare.....and shall not desist....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

rip tide

we lie disordered
on the sand...
having found no keys
to polydactyl freehold
....to the skeletal absolute....
we rise, chanting to the ghosts of demarcations past and present,
plant blazing poles, tilt at winds....
 blind-sighted, keening....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

roadsideshowstoppers

those
 umbra gazellettes
were there....
.....then they
.....fell....up....
..... up,
 I tell ya.....
couldn't even call it a half-swoop, the raining down part of it....
more like an almost dance,
when the invitations were delivered after the event....

 oh, we were talking about incongruent triangles.....weren't we....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

rougher draft

it may have slept in the belly...
but not in the legs...the tail...
 it infused..consumed..chose
 a part to inhabit..to be...to be beyond and of..
.it had run full length..looking for the choice bits...for
 the ordinal and essential...pliancy, of no concern...it found ways to meld with.. melt into cellular stuffs...
create a thing within a thing...made of two things...
.be
two things...no thing...
shadow thing...chewable, gristly thing.....sleep in one nostril....blood beating in one ear.... dancing with all feet...keeping time with one digit.... and a stepstool....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

s.ck

how many words does this nonononono render unseemly....?
I'm too busy to count inanities just now.....could devote numerous lifetimes to the task.....
.but...a clue, is it....?
OK....
 what rhymes with trowels....?

there'll be a test in the morning....
.acronyms don't count.....neatness does..

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

safe as a lit firecracker taped to your

anywhere you'd care to name....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

safety of adherence

to an unspoken code.....one not having to do with
ethics...
too nebulaic.....
rather
 a slithering of
that which needs somewhere to slither....
 in company...moving in waves...
gregarious at the whistlestops...
.....and what mezzofluidical burgeoning....
... warm-bellied and many-backed.....
and
 if not
a consummate joy to see, almost.certainly a pleasure.....
due, partly, to the tiny grunts and whispers that can be heard if you just stop tapping your feet
and listen.....
.....that's it...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sandwiched

.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sat there, rude...

with a cocktail fork and a lemon wedge....
holding.a pamphloon...
unknown advertisers filled the front page....
...flexxed and fumed..promised utter worlds....
 in a language written on flounder wraps and twisted to hold chestnuts.....
wisps of sky ledgers fled....no match for the grating sound of hollow metal on concrete.....
but there was the blue...
and the tree....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

satin-covered box

full with invisibles.....less
faded
than the fabric which is its skin....long
 in the sunlight
 near
 the window seat...
a refuge and refectory....
it also holds sequins, somewhat gnathonical....admittedly
 immodest at times...which
 stay in there...click their tiny teeth...
go
 silent after a few seconds....became indolent...flat....mute...dull...
while
 the memories, some truer than others..
.grown in that silk-lined hothouse....a tuneful and nurtured sequestering...
.speak.....noisily,
 of where they've been..
.who
they've seen.....
in
 the alley
where moonlight and streetlight
 confuse the waxy droop of gingola bells...
and
....the sometime wearer of sequins.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

savage the salmon meeting tonight

at the old schoolhouse....
we'll teach the kids not to build them effin' fish ladders.....
I'm bringin' my pet polar bear, Ringo.....
spot the owl overhead...he's me lookout.....hot times in the Valley....
I'll be with my dog Tighe...jumpin' out of his shoe...
and.my wolf, Corazon...he's comin', too.....hoo-wah! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

scream of consciousness.....

there it is again:
aaoowhoooaaooowhoooaaoooooo.....
and again.....
don't wanna play dress-up.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

screening

if one finds one's idols idling
there is proposed a trine
fine mesh a necessity
with ample lengths of spline

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sea-going

on a wave's crest...
hidden beneath the surfaces
of the troughs' swalling swales
to reappear
 in randomly recurring swells...
rear a nosetip.....less...
an almost submerged shadow....a suggestion...
to be
 gone...
 again
.... flotsam of the jettisoned..
recreated,
barnacled, bloodless...
 water-logged....
pulsing...
new.....achingly new....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

see yes eye.....

he wanted
 to be the one
 to see to it she wasn't taken in
 by the peddlers of disfactuals.....
she didn't need that...she could see clearly and easily
which goods were goodly.....knew her way around...had fine, quillish instincts.....
what she wanted
 him
 to do
 was to take the gun out of her hand.....
he couldn't do that...
one of his hands was busy.... wagging fingers.....
the other was occupied as well..
.holding the gun he always kept behind his back.....

which of them shot the pear branch out from under the partridge.....?

.....hard to say.....
...tape is still up...

.....rain expected.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

seeds

planted with no chance of fruit
abandoned by abandonment...held not in check but in absence...as
a
 presence
quantities of minuses
  full
 with emptiness
 bloom a bouquet
 that cannot be snipped,
gathered, placed in attenuated water
 exhibited...
displayed
 as a shortened life
... a caricature of scent and willingness

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

seem to

have misplaced my, uh, 'circumspecs'.....
somewhere...
.in
 bamboozled analects? .....

did it all happen in a rice dream koan.....? ?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

seen

each and every one of the shots you've taken...all of 'em....all equally uninteresting....
but I forgive you...
subtlety and mystery are not your strong suit....being mean is...
...but I forgive you....
you want to fight...with anyone/everyone....
.... I forgive you....
ignoring you is much better, that is clear to me now...even clearer than before..
....I forgive you.....
could be you'll try more methods.. those designed to annoy and provoke...
.... I forgive you....
you'll get no more attention from me, regardless of what you say and do....
I forgive you....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

self-help

books...or otherwise.....they sell...
.but
um....well,
I have always depended on the the strangeness of kinders.....and, of course, the de-spoonerised equivalent....

fly the jolly Roget..... and carry a concealed possibility.....autonomically correct...always.....well, nearly so....
split neither hares nor infinities.....
the wear-with-all is a myth....but a lacy undergarment is a joy...for the selected few.....
does this, uh, help?
hope so '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

send in the nouns

and adjectives, too...
supply gerunditties...
some adverbs, do strew...
as sly as vulpindaring
odes, some askew
with tilting and lilting
of amorphous hue
jilting the quilting,
in frottageous dance...
persnicketly queued up....
mesmeredly blued up
discrete, leeward flew up
and gripped the first chance....
in a gristly environ
with whim wrought of iron
it's the conundrumly chiron
fares well....seat of pants....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

senryu in three/four

of barked shins and buds,
apposing cicatrices...
intransigent trails

as uninvaded
traces of the greenbead rain
that fed fragile seed

have left fairy rings
to dance in, masquers bowing,
little else to see

the intrepid eye
of a plainclothes wanderer
might discern more.... less....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

senryu/mountain tiger

uninterrupted
a pocketed garlic clove
pungent addition

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

serving

a run on sentence,
 golden dogfish up both sleeves
 while a kerchief full of mercury
 spouts fountains of bereaves...
in a maraschino'd midden
where the clocks and keys are hidden
and the tapers tick, unbidden...
shimmy flanges, no reprieves...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

set about

to do a sarcastic....oooops...meant acrostic.....
slud into a slew of desponding aphorythmicisms....
hoping to be acquitted...or, at least, unrequieted....
in the interest of pendragoons and pencilpushings....only at 1.5% at present.....
there must be a sixth columny and a seventh estate...
.a twentysecond under..whirled?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

shall

I spin my drivel in secret
or spill it on the roofless world....?

climb to a rude perch and spew....?

Dipluvius Minimus

no direct...or indirect....
 answer solicited..... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

shaman you

and on me, too.....
we've flinched...sat splendid in our reveries...
ave ave
collecting laurels and snap peas...
ave ave
there's the zamboni.....
ave ave

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

share

this prism
where the walls belch and buckle
with each jactitation,
 hear the moonberries trinkling in the dormers,
shallying their shillies
for the love of a notched ear

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

she accepts it

wears it.....wraps herself in it....
lets it embrace her.....shape her...reshape her....
it fits...now.
(..it'll be shed...shed again..
. the times of
 fresh, newer skins arrive....
..... arrive
.....again.....)
but
for now....
she
wears it.....not as a mask
or
 as something
 other than her own....(.it is not reptilian in appearance.....it is hearty and it is large.....with sweet breath and proud, shiny feet)

.it is all he has to give her.....she accepts this....as she accepts the sounds her shoes make in the gravelled drive.....the whip-flash/throb-hiss of the sprinklers.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

she offered

to be
 either
your troublesome Ishtar....
your loyal Enkidu.....
you let
 her
 wear each of those faces,
to
dress herself in leaves...
to
trundle in the hollowed cedar....
you then
persuaded yourself
 she
had
not
 earned a maggot's mourning..
.and,
 keening
 wonderfully,
 as ever did any rook's
erstwhile companions,
you
left her to
count clothespins.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

she was one of the fellas

with a whip for a tongue...and a nonny in the hay....
and a backslid blinkholed brashkneed bray.....
she licked fire from the bedpost...
let the craven take the hindmost....
liked a cowpoke who could fry toast
and dillydown all day....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

show me

an original sin
and I'll gladly partake of it...
with or without you.... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

since

diplomacy is not my strongest suit.....I, uh, 'sweetly' refrain....from...alot.....might bring about a strophe for the wurst..(out of pumpernickel) ..
.....as well as patience.....
so here's my smiley grimace.....
..... picking my battles...especially when there's the blatant shoveling.....of pucky.....yep...that stuff.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

siphoning

from the well...as if born of mandate.....
pyrocanthas and flagellistas
fling off, acapella and grandstandless,
each barnacle and sniperwad.....
hard pressed for jelliconicals....
and a little sprung in the centerfold...
some wayblinkers would've smirked
 if not for the largemouthed bastions....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sister-in-law

flaxen braids....
the only description there could be....
....
that imposing profile... a prussian walkure...
....lacked a saber scar....didn't need one, she'd won every battle...
this well-constructed legend....
in all their minds, as well as in her own....
I liked her...
of the lot of them
she threw her spear full-force,
clean and clear....
and died alone...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

six of one.....

and talked
 about the way a head
 bent forward...
.in a prayerful/penitent/chin-on-chest-for-whatever-reason position
 exposed
 the tender vulnerability
of the back of the neck...
a flicker
of
 something in those eyes...
.a sound, seen.....
.the honing of the blade.....
an indicator....
there would be
 no
face-to-face....
not the way of a certain sort of predator....
and
 so
...the hows of over-correction are learned....and become equally disconcerting.....

a source of amusement.....to appease an unknown....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

skeevious bathology

a keystone laid in mostronial
blepharisms...
under the sparkling sideshow
careens
a glubitude of
prosthetic-laden
vermeilings....
it would crumble, collapse...
if
a visible center existed.
the diffusion is complete....
medallions, crazed quiltings
and
superbuttressed e'er-do-wells
are cosseted in blank-eyed shafts....
there is no center....
the well-annealed hinges hold....
the core, of unbreatheable air,
is not a center....
.the subterfuge, the ruse succeeds
as billions strive, seeking to respire.....
those who would
name the names, fling revelations,
and
shout
of trepannings
are silenced.....
there is no center....
there are only those who mimic....
and
the comedians....
with holographic dust under their fingernails

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

skirting the pyre

in tap shoes and sequins....
painting on a smile....
.....a ruff around the edges....
 a ree...?
knit one..gnarl two.....three?
there's that one violet.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sloozing

from a dudgeon tower
set about to rime, reflower..
rode athwart one hippogriffle
 to cavernous and slined abode
 where manticore had strive'd and strode
with his playmate Tosh de Whiffle....
felt a lessening of power...
was just past the switching hour...
came a rush of gurmsies, cold..
enough to churn the butter brickle
at best, t'airy zorms prove fickle...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

slump

slink
slather....
slosh the floor of the dive...
thanks
for keeping the spirit alive '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

SnarkilyNobleOstensiblyBrilliant

having assigned herself credibility
even the erasers are afraid to contradict/
chalk-dusty banner flies...blue-tailed and otherwise

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

snit

snit snit snit
backhandedly brandishing bronsurios
snit snit snit
tore the flowers from the walls
left the pantigonals wheezing
strange, because so clear were skies
the mizznerobs went skleezing....
snit snit snit

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

so few

remain...those that can respond in kind...in terrible exquisitrysts...
....a lofted languor...
pre-empting criterionated blufahfah..
....cordial enough, the left-overs.....the breed-stems....the quickening fauvelets.....
.the mansions have been boarded up.....a delicacy of twine holds...for lack of nails.....
it's a colder day for loosing the purple.....the improbable.....

there was something almost painfully sweet about it.....and it was art...forward and back.....and it knew it...and it told you so.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

so few....

that exhibit grace, style...and kindness...
now that's the sort of truly brilliant and confident 'elitist' '>) I admire and respect....
.were we born curmudgeons and curmudgeonesses....?
 who knows?
not me....funny old microcosm, this.....

not possible to know which fuels cause the firings.....and misfirings....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

so many bamboozled.....so easily.....

an initial change.
and
I shall hang the towels
 upside down
or
 inside out...
.they are too fluffy to throw away...
they have air
 and
 lint in their heads...
..though
.they can't growl like Aldo Ray...
.and
 they are as pinch-bottomed as 'once-upon-a-time-I wasn't-related-to-anyone....then
 in the flash
of a dust-panoply of pleats and reams I coasted
to the inner and outer banks of solid and blameless mediocrity..
.and
greeted the world with a guile-less-and-formulated priming pump'....
.it is
recorded in the annals...
and reflected in the spectacles of the unspectacular.....
.'yes, thank you.....oh, thank you.....I'd like to thank all of you.....you have thanked
me for solidefiling the written word.....quite a few of them.....'

.perhaps
 there shall be vomiting....but no use of those towels...
not
yet....
they are inverted.....
downside up...
and
 counting.....and counting..... and counting.....

sham.... bling.....sham.....bling.....and counting.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

so...that's how it is.....

grab me by the shards..
...spin
me 'round
to face
you.....
pour a trapuddlian torrent....
...albeit couched...
oh, well..divaned, then...
in arbitrarian webs-of-parlancitrous gumbrage...
inimitabubbled...horse-chaste and nearly breughelish....
.....painterly,
yes...and ooomphalooompha-ed..
.alright, alright....we'll go downstairs...the ink is still wet and the heraldry....not impinging, is it?
....oh, good.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sofia, sofia

lend me your comb....
I straddle a balalaika, petulant former cellist that I am....
as the autoharpies give chase.....
waxing paper-shipped,
 etuis crammed with
skinned flints and posthumorous chantings.....
to end on a note lacking grace.....with
 only a paradiddles framing yon cenotaph?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

some

likes 'em hard to get
some others likes 'em easy
some ponder... seek the gist
some wonder... ain't been kissed
some rig a safety net
some jump in, though queasy...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

some days

all you are is so goddamned gone.....
ya know, if I really thought I would be with you, 'there'..... well.....
see, you're still keeping me here...you.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

some thievery

and on this otherwise blank page....
I'll bray a little more solfege ....

thanks to Djuna Barnes....saw the phrase...ripped it...all too appropriate.....

now to crochet another cosey.....
.or to finish off the dregs of... something...
and 'accidentally' fall down the stairs.....
and
 leave
 my eyeballs to a discerning rook..... they love the color green....

and don't mention this to anyone...hear?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

someone shoulda been there....

I mean, he gave a lot.....
a place where the kids could make music....they did...
some made fun of him, too....
.and he could be, yeah, 'a caution'.....
he knew they needed
 a place..
.a focus..
.an art..
a freedom.....
and he did his best to provide it for them...
he moved at quite a rate...fed himself
with things that kept him doing...and doing....

heard he'd had a stroke.....
can still walk, a little...
slowly...that's about it....

been told he used to say, 'why? because it makes you think, that's why'.....
.....set his mouth in a sorta pursed straight line
for emphasis...
still see his chin jutting out....sure...and surer....dug in.....

wish I'd been there....awhile back.....would've given him an injection of Stevens.....

we're all flippin' crazy.....
.wanna put it another way...?
 sure...why not....?
your turn.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

something about a solstice....gymnopedal

teeth are bared...
hearts are bared....well...disrobing, decorously....
souls...some ripe....some quiescent..
.acquiescent....
others
 flitting...mnemonically
.through
 the louvers...the interstices...
barefoot
on the warm pebbles.....close to soundless.....feral....tender....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

something about butterflies...or flying butter...or..

if we were to meet
in a place of unconstrained, infernal happiness...
no....these words of definition do not suffice..
.....I'll start again:
if we were to meet.....a seemingly accidental collision....
.....no...that isn't it....
doesn't say it....
seems there's no way to say it....or
if there is
I haven't found it....
if you find it, please tell me....
you could say it pretty...real pretty....
real ****ing pretty....
.....h***, I've congealed..... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Somewhere

be
tween
bauhaus
and rococo
flames are fanned
by a sirocco
while an agilistic gekko
straddles lamps,
each glowing deco
oared and poled
by a lithe raftsman
me, I'm cosy with my craftsman
walled about, graced.. far from rowdy
with undulating forms, by gaudi,
cat-folk lap milk from each saucer
in their treehouse, ala hundertwasser...
please don't wake me from this dream...
with words, 'so life is not a stream'?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

somewhere between

schadenfreude
and mudita
a mountain
of goats
attempts, again,
to scale
the scaffold...
scree is dislodged...
the resultant clattering is heard
and seen
by the lammergeier...
an updraft
provides respite,
of sorts,
to the hungry bird....
the sky
is of a near-unbearable blue...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

song to the USA from some of

the other inhabitants of this world

we don't want to be your parking lots
we don't want to be your colonies
we don't want your bullets
we don't want your bombs
we don't want your blood..and you can't have ours....
we don't want your gods/your trinity...we have our own....

we want your music...we want your arts...
we welcome you with ours...
we want to share this world...
your world/our world....
one world
we can learn together/sing together/play together...
welcome, welcome...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Sonitus Canem Sonitus

among the vizslas
and scented geraniums
a taste of silence

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sorry

you're ugly
inside and out...
yet,
no one here is to blame for that.....your silly snout ain't worth a shout '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sorties of misapprehension.....implicit

passion..
.to
 that one
 signifies imbalance.. dangerous... volatile....
brings worry-lines
...and the embalming need to lighten.....
..rapidly migrate to the lower flame...

 the juiceless byway....

affrontage road...I calls it.....

.it is a logic that incenses.....
.acceptance that wearies.....

 can
 drag a prig to water.....
can
 welter in the maize...
can-can
over the rift...and then what.....? ?

that gloved hand is heavy.....
though
 there are scions of life....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

soul unguent....

you have
already won me...over..
and over...
and over...
and over...
and...
I continue to love those you do not....
the same, I'm sure,
applies to you.....
as a salve with which we anoint one another.....
we are perfect imperfection....
.and, at times, most slippery.....
and tasty...
.....and lovely.....

I have eaten all of the plums
and
 two of the apricots...
I have left
 a slice of pizza
and
all of the cherries for you.....

the slam was unusually decorous....
mist followed me down the lane
and
I broke the #%@&# latch on the front gate....
the cat climbed quickly up the oak tree as I swore.....
and
he has chosen to sleep outside....
the prawns are for him....as he will forgive me
and
come in
 to curl his tail around your morning ankles.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sparse

chin whiskers
didn't slow that
joker down
he rode in
on
his Indian
cross-hatched
a tiller
of soil
and a planter of seed
fenced it in
tight
hopin' for foxfire
and tributes
from the other-than town's folks
up the loggin' road and past the bridge
it was a sing-song patter
and a cruciferous hatter
and a rageless platter
caused
the deer to scatter
while the sheriff's boys sang
with a dugong for a bride
in the sidecar
on the side
as the mission bell rang
there were allergies and lethargies
and squeamish bets on bended knees
from the pentecoastal honeybees
in the aprons of the yawning trees
she swore the thing was painted red
and that's what got her into bed
as for what has got her out
that judge, with whom her dad had clout?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

speak of that.....?

how about everything but....
or nothing....
or how tall the sunflowers were before the frost took them....
 how they hang their heads, their leaves,
 withered, oddly rigid....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

speculation....

a fate worse than that of Holofernes...
to have been bit by The Deadly Earnest....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

spent

the idler hours feeling with the inanimate....
.draining them of their imbuities
 and
spanking the coarse grain from their sandals...
....an uncertain satisfaction of pledges and paltries.....
loose-wove
 and planted next to the lyre....
.the key is in the windowbox.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

spherical musics

I'm so very in the moment....
don't know what came before it
I know, I'll just write it down
and then I'll underscore it

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

spilled as seed

.... that which determines to survive...to blossom..
 in shallow soil....
grazed, twisted by autochthonous blades..
.....they find
 any dropp of nourishing rain....
....sip fog's trailing wisps
welcome the sparsest of dews...
.the urine of men
and beasts
 gives succor to these tenacious and unprincipled interlopers...
.....Hephaestus' own bugs crawl over and around them....
climb their ironic vines...
yet
.there is no discouraging them.. they have learned to thrive on fire...
they laugh... hold....make the land their own....
....face the spawn of dactyls...
.dance....
spill their seed in turn.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

spoon-fed kidlet....

think....then spit
you'll find your own utensil....
.... you shall, in time....and you'll use it....
so, for now, we are splattered with your regurgitations.....some of it resonates with the perennially programmed....swallowers in the rafters and eaves...nesting in mud and dung....waxing flammable....faceless in the marketplace.....
when all, even your vomit, belongs to you....we'll talk...we'll think...we'll celebrate your freedom.....and mine.....
a picnic...some of it duly masticated, are we...yet to see a single exception....
.durn it...I hadda do it..'>) ....started early.....
.are we not divers in our consummate human-ness.....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sprinkle/dust nil but powdered.....that is to say

....confectioner's.....
 sugar
 on Finnegan's sponge cake.....
the snot-green icing cloys....thick and cetaceaform, it defies as corduroy, bulwarks the merganserial atoneprose and slumps in the aisles.....
away, then, to fetch the sieve.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

squatter's rites.....a coda...scyllia.....

the comfort of being one with the blooms.....
those....
 winding,
paper-trellised...
 flowering in quiet...

ticklish...jubilant...wary....

summer hue'd
at fall's approach....

I must close this garden's gate

without catching my tail in it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Still Sturgeon on Sand Morning After Ocean Beach San Francisco

he'd seen them, caught them
 in Lake Superior
described them to her...
 she woke on a mid-day morning,
 years later,
spit out that mouthful of sand,
shook her head...
when her hand woke,
and
 she raised it to rub her seaweed-creased cheek
her fingers left, then returned
 to that ancient being...
still, perfect, armor-plated...
 having come
from all times
 been
and yet-to-be
into a hung-over now
 as dead totem
 as gift

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

stilled

dried and pointing skyward...silhouetted against the shingled slope...
each spear....an elongated triangle....
from a distance so like an immobile flock of erstwhile fliers....
 tree-bound in a soundless symphony
preserved by dust and dry skies....
.....last spring's lilac blooms.....whole..... transformed....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

stolidly

defending doom....
warbled, trilled...nictated
in the face
of abysmal cheeriness.....
prepared for
wanton slaying and the reattachment of limbs....grafting of all sorts...
and
playing, frolicking
in toothsome rigor....reknighted before the dawning of the day....
still...
closer to a blood moon than to a fairy-ring.....
something
less gibbous shall intervene....
call out for a dragon's claw...
reshuffle..
..redeal...
..replay...
..resurrectify.....on some plane of grace-giving susurrus.....ripe with love...
barefoot and tingling.....
fjord-leaping, glowing barnacles...
and so many of them.....all with walk-around-in closets.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

stones

imprinted with koans
 reading the moss with fingertips
 the palm's warmth obscures the delicacy
 of the finer and more subtle ideas
 you pass one to me and I pass one to you
 the lightness of absorption that does not erase
 has to do with time and balance
and a path which can only be walked single file
joyous hearts emerge to know the rain

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Strum and Clang

dancers spark and drift
in a penumbra
of split rails
and tacit organdy
hearing a neigh, the alchemist
draws down, lends the farrier a hand and a foot...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sturm

und dragon
fly
in
  facets...
oblique
and
wintry
night of gales
in tapestrial
rain
mentritious, nil,
so, briquets,
 grayling in convexation,
wing it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

substance....?

good poets here providing that.....
to them I doff my jester's hat....
from me? ...at times... maybe a trickle....
(must've let my butter brickle...) .
so...I sit here...most admirin'....
through fenestration....gleans aquirin'....
am I disconsolate? ...well, not...
when finer words carom..hit spot...
between the eyes, in glass..and sward...
there are some here... I deem them 'bard'...
magic...mind and heart exposed....
as gazelles, lions..juxtaposed....
here's to the searchers....on their quest....
at the plate....you swing your best....
and
I love you for it....
.
me, stumbling.....galumphing along...
buoyed by the beauty of your song....
you've plied your art so Orpheusly....
I am amazed....and respond, thusly:

thank you! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sure could

do one helluva buck'n'wing on that sparkly sidewalk...
.wonder where they get the glitter....
.make it float like that....
.make it invite my patent leathers to stay on these coupla squares all night....
up where we come from there's nothin' like this....
we just jump the puddles to get in to the back seat
 and it takes about a halfa day to get to here.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

sure, slept

in the closet just
 like crazy mickey....
with the four-leggers waiting for morning...
love 'em that much.... and more....
they stay...and shove a nose under your hand....some
more insistently than others...but they all do....and
 it's a lot more than asking to be fed...a lot
 more...
nothing secret about it.....no distance
....just love....and
 more love...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

swine are divine

and so are you.....
oh, muddled, cuddled slinkajou

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

take it

from you, I would.....I could.....
and very few would know....
but since
 it would not be an homage...(though it would be)
as well as a small celebration..
.it
would constitute an incorporation...

an appreciation
of color...
and sound...
....it comes from a less-frequented place.....
.but
 your place...not mine.....

I'll leave it there.....

shall I
pull the ouija
 from the shelf....
.....ask you?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

tales told

by a voice sung
to a hurry down now
from a niche
in an apse
 softened
with dogwood blossoms
cold stone
 warm wood

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

tangible

in a poke-it-with-your-finger sort of way.....
.... a vestibule punctuated with familiarly random pinholes....

there are those.....

a battery of resonances.....

harmonics beckon, fade.....play as a joyous poultice.....
.
travellin' music....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Tatamagouche

the fan dangled from
her listless hand
sworn to pen-benumbed secrecy....
as altarwash and pernodlian drippings swelled the bleariest of scudderwags
foment filled the requestrians.....
it was easier to climb the wind than to ride herd on the catafalques....
he'd seen it all before.....vaulted every vulpine, made merry in the sealong
girders.....felt the impalation of precambrian dourbugs.....there were newer fields to
flay..rickety bogs and clayful abstrainers.....on to them, then, with only a brief roll of
the eyelet and a violet for the furze.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Ted, Come Get My White-tailed Deer

the one with rose petal breath
I don't wanna eat him
and you must know someone who does
I say this with no reservations...high-fence or otherwise
I can give you the recipe for a great marinade
along with one for a delicious jalapeno and bacon laced cornbread...
nope, no politics, no religion-type conversations...that'd just split our pants and irk the youngsters....
and thanks anyway...think I'll pass on that coyote-fur vest.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Tempted

by altarlight...
to let the skein unravel....
dislooped...
.....it catches
on a twig here...a pebble there....
stops, briefly,
on
a minor hill....
stargrazes
with
other ruminants,
their
visages
tamped....orderly....
some
are
on
a fen-fallen quest of solace...
tumbled...polished to translucence....

picked
a scab...or two...or a dozen....
strangely,
perhaps
not so strangely...there is no blood....
humours
run clearly
at this wayward station....
are absorbed
by
the splendidly vacillating grass....

volesters,
being
bystanders
by nature,
have gaped, smelled the air....
found
there is little
to nullify....less to feast on....
curl
into magisterial,
malleable..
if dormant... rounds....
are heard,
vestigially,
in their
loam-scented burrows,
on
their tiny three-wheelers....
little somnambulists.....pedaling...pedaling....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

That Cat's

become
a palimpsester
none know
if it
be Chester or Hester...

all books are hidden,
the study's forbidden,
even the jester's
gone east with a wester...

it's more, indeed,
much
more than a pester,
all the papyri
are shred, gone a-fester

an excerpt from Tellurian Tails and Whatnots
circa 1785

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

That Fine Line Between Justice and Revenge

requiring a size AAA shoe....
and a wrybill overhead.....
and, apparently....one that does not seem fit to print '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

that's it....

renting...for a day or two....the entire Biltmore Estate....
padding, staunch and erect... through the halls....
a stopping at each
 of the sixty five fireplaces...
after all, the burning of these love letters
should be done in a dignified and circumspect manner...thoroughly...specifically....
the screams and wails and moans shall come later...conclude with..
.oh,
 who knows, now.....
.there's a job to be done.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

that's why it's there....

to spark on
...to run parallel to.... and with.
..to leap...change shoes.....
exchange blues....and greens and violet cauls....
 wrap it in a softer stola....a cream-fringed bartered bridle.....
.....an anything button.....
stripped and repalped.....
the essential will out..... and over...and under....
.a necessary...with seven supposedly extra senses.....and a snout that could find that noodle in a rucksack.....or a swan's nightmare.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

The Affable Egoist Of The Outer Limitlessnesses

finally hit Wyoming, dining within blue walls of sky
sharing livers with hunters of the innerspaces
as illustrated by wall-less plains and speckled streams...
latter-day icons,
not unduly proud of their blemishes,
at perilous peace with where water and time have carried them..knowing the poetry of it...
painted,
spoken and unspoken...
consuming the wild things with vigor and respect...
celebrating many last meals...
quietly boisterous...
reverently profane...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the after....

full with aural portent... imaginings..
shadows, echoes... colors, musics that may have existed..
but mainly of itself, as discrete entity....
a beast flushed from its den...blinking.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the anomalies of bearded presses

it may have been the smell of the ink as
 it tickled much the same way beard hairs tickled a nose
prominent and high-bridged with a hint of fox pursued
through brambles off the high road to a salt-coarsened shore

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the beginning of a perhaps beautifully cruciferous friendship

my new dentist asked me if I was involved in theater.....
after having spent no more than a minute with me.....h'mmmmmmm.....
I like that sort of foreplay.....I'll go see him again....
he'll brandish drills...
 and me, for thrills,
 well....I always have my pen.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the bishop's butterfly

celebrated the opened gates,
danced
as voices praised
sky and air
with
melodies of dissonant perfection....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the cannon's got loose

trundles 'round on the deck....
the naysayers fumin', tsk-tsk,
 foam flecks..
.on the gun'ls, that spray,
hey, it makes the day
one of unplugged bungs
and a hipper hooray....
it has gotta be said...
it has gotta be done...
.....tongues, tales go a-wag....and it sure is fun.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the cordons

blew a little greener.....
a slew of skews...one misdemeanor,
huddled....
 trampling down the lea...
scuttling
sidelong to a sea
where dolphins play with hula hooples
and anglerfish have left their scruples
in the bay of Who's to Care
if mammals sport with gilled one's sibs....
.....ain't that a tickle in the ribs?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the coterie dissolves

despite the flailing attempts,
efforts to gain attention by any means at all...
no one wants the ride...
even those seeking the distraction of a ruse
or a bit of pugilism for its own sake
became dismayed....flattered as some may have been by the gratuitous and self-serving caresses/sad attempts at seductions of numerous sorts.... in many contexts....
.eyes open/are opening...part of the way, at least....
the odor of rot could not be ignored...no clothespin pinch or perfumed kerchief could disguise the stench.... the foul ploys and pathetic games failed...eventually most all were alienated...disgusted...

.... many were not taken in, even at the outset....but remained...at a distance.....let it play out, as such things do.....duplicity is not difficult to see....the string unwinds....the beads drop....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the energy it takes

to become the prodigiously
wailing
 antithesis.....

Rhubarb and Gremlins! ! ...

.I'm sleepy.....bet you are, too.....

so many honeymoons.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the finer line.....

to be ravaged, reformed into a newly fashioned self....by introduced 'cures'....
in an attempt to escape other ravages..
.those that are part of a quixotic and seemingly evil, demonic genetic predisposition, one.devoid of those inherently protective chemicals...some say...

some swear by...and at...each....

I know where I stand...or lie down...or thrash..or simper..or whine...or curse....to produce now and again.(.well, not now...hoping for an again) . a lucid something.....true to its own melody..
(lucidity being a debatable term)
learning....preparing.... for? .....

may be what is succinctly called 'living'...too simple...too trite? ...

. having found, temporarily, very... a haven... of horror, a place of twisting, malforming robbery.....essentially offering not comfort but a battery of sidestepping, uncomfortable alterations...

.'wellness'...a relative term.....choices to make, entirely personal...damn the marketing and those who embrace/dispense those 'cures'...well-meaning though some may be.....

we find our own answers..our own joys.....trudge along...and somehow manage to click our heels together on occasion...shod or not.....

we, the 'brave' bulls...the braver bull****ers? who knows? I can only speak from my own perspective.....you have yours....examined? hope so...quite a job, isn't it?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the first

of the dog days....
we flop, roll...stretch....
let out a softly-snorted wheeze-sigh-grunt, complete with lip-ruffling..
(you think it must tickle....would if you were to do it.) ..
we lick our lips..settle our muzzles into a comfortable hang-slack....
we allover flatten.....
our dreams are not of running...just of a belly-dip in the pool at the crossroads....maybe....
another sigh....our rhythms slowed to just the necessary....
try it..
.we'd love to share this with you...
lie down, there's a good human.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

The General's Plot

mossy, no...
spiked all about...no
fabrics bannering awarpawoof
turning heads turning
eyes sighting
on
an other...
an other...
gnash/gnash...
the revolution was delayed...
amok ran the streets
blood/salve/scab...
waiting, the
tweak
scuffs its feet/trembles/breathes hard, harder

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the hens

are in the foxhouse
the reverse is quite true....
we're off to kill and be killed
whilst taxpayers, banks screw
if prez and congress spoke and acted..
this imbalanced state'd not be protracted.
if they worked with us, our roots of grass....
threw fear aside, got off their ass
we could make this a better place.....
truly enrich the human race.....
every day brings another chance....
c'mon, Barak...get up...let's dance ! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the last three poems I posted

appeared and a bit later evaporated...so, this is a test.....

the ability to comment has been restored...which is wonderful...but who can comment on vanishing poems.....something ghostly this way comes...and goes.....unending mysteries...givething and takething, , , , h'mmmmmmmm...

and by the way.....zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzztt!

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.........

the ludicrous pain of hearing

the name of a country,
a speck of soil,
invoked...
repeatedly...and again...and again...
as if to be a short mantra that implies a godhead
proclaimed....
as such

it speaks not of the heart of mankind as a whole....it speaks, to me, of dispensing from a hallowed place....

who is seduced, inflamed, brought to strange external frenzies of affiliation
by a proscribed rhetoric...predictable and one-dimensional....?

I need to hear of love..of love that enriches my inherent sense of beauty...
and
of invention, imagination...such as they are.....

it isn't the fuel of illusion that I seek..
.it is to share the dreams and actions of an at least somewhat informed creativity....

very glad, very, that there is no necessity for me to pull any punches, (one way to illustrate it)
it must be horrendous for an essentially intelligent public figure(head) to have to resort to the manufactured line to elicit the knee-jerk of presumed necessity.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the paradoxies

bit the heels,
elicitingling swinks and squeals...
the waggin's fired up, rolls on wheels
'safe' in the ruts...no new bell peals....
feats stuck and held in cringely cement....
weather report: sad, dire.... inclement....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the pins, the threads

the knotted twine
that holds the steaming mass of is
one knot loosened
 a leak a flying free-falling
 finger plucking
 at
 a scab a badge a tying-off
 a blending
a window pain lit within
 a grace note
 plummeting.....up.....
one feather falls from each wing.....
breathing.....breathing.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the price

of admission.....no thanks....that's indubitable ink....and my hand is just too too to tattoo.....but I like the parrot....
.and the ticket...same color as my bidet....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the quite bearable lightening, easing into 'grace' born of and by humility

all said in title.....
....(.feels pretty damn good.....)
having ventured outside the comfortable boundaries...no longer contained in a country of less-than -exquisitely-formed sight....a place where one color reigned....and was thought to be owned.....polished daily.....
....(and rather safe it was....)
though
it stultified, dulled and dimmed the senses.....
had too long cradled,
(lulled to fitful sleep)
certain sorts of braveries.....
conjoined....cosseted....
lacking lubrication.....

so many births....so many.....

guessing just where to tiptoe...
where to pounce...
.or
to just to lie back and drink it in...a sip here...a gulp there.....
being master/mistress..... of nothing.....
an uncommon joy.....breathing.....
and delighting in this foolishness.....well revealed.....

do the broken illusions need replacement....and with what?
this is beauty.....
and what forms it takes
are as irrelevant...
and relevant...
.as
brushing
flecks of loam from a mushroom's cap....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the ravages, rigors

of amoral decay
 beset the populace of Pranque du Soleil...
they've clapped on their manacles, covered them well...
seems someone'd suggested they could avoid, quell,
at least some of the perils of being...do tell
me, if I'm wrong, and this is but a rumor....
then....
why do the most of them,
slink, in ill-humor, on the beaches and strands,
wary-eyed, with their hands
 in their pockets of lint...and no longer sprint
 to the trumpets of joy and lyrical sounds...why they squat on their haunches,
mumbling, 'out of bounds'
where are the liberal dosings of ruth...and why, tell me why, do so few speak of truth
as a gamboling, ambling searching...
 forsooth.....
...the waves no more lap and the fare's gone to pap.....

do look for the meaning of the word 'amoral'.....to me, in this case,
(we'll not have to quarrel) is that unstrictured 'being''
to play, ideate, with a heart lacking hate.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the reigning queen of ellipsisesese

s
yes...triotic, if de rigueur...
.but I'm despotic....fraught.... dialis, flamen..fleur...
and I've touched most ever' dog I've ever seen....
my mother's eyes, dill pickley...mine, a sea-er green.....
please...I'm not referring to the jalousies....
they'll be re-arranged....gently adjusted,
 by a company of kindly rangers....
before the property is due to be condemned....or redeemed...

.how 'bout some hush, puppies?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the safety

of a four-wheeled tricycle...?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the studiedly unpretentious teeter-totter

has left a sliver or two.....in many an aspidistra....
injected the juices of several bivalves and numerous bipeds as well....
but didn't damage the peony, extensively.....
and the lilies still sway in the valley of omglapharians.....
this experiment continues...
.we'll have as much fun as fruitbats....and more.....and reciprocally.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the to the from the for the with and all the rest..

that love in all its forms inspires....
someone I know of wrote a tune called 'I love you more when you're spiteful'

another was titled 'serving the porpoise'....different composer/lyricist

this, if I could accomplish such a thing, would be 'written' with no words at all...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the unmissing of wasn't

... a palindrome..... a loop unraveled...

now
 to
 water the lilies...they bend, drowse...

the implosion was near silent...
only
the dogs
 heard
 it

 a few
 birds
lifted away
in
 slow motion...
a desultory compliance
 with
 a
momentary
  whisper of change....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

the wild broke-down song

of merciless blue
meets the unsanctuary of the bass-voiced rolling green, wets its lips...
and swaggering, laughs in its belly at their seamless junction...
...that laugh,
if
it was heard, by few...or by many,
 could seem a shriek...
... be visible
 as a piercing flash...
but would it?
.... all things have a belly....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there

is a raw-boned music
in those harsher sounds...
 wind that exalts and chides,
tears at the flesh that clings to those bones,
red and bruised and unwilling to yield...
a tangled mane momentarily blinds the horse
the rider sings a gutteral vengeance,
swears to....to...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there are exceptions

no worming, worrying clattering of the slats and boards, the box of enclosure..... recognition as a birthright.....a celebratory refusal to do other than laugh at inanities.....but this, too, must be fed....and passed, where necessary, from hand to hand.....from heart to heart.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there are questions

from
the old alder's trunk...
his root-feet
now
 shaping
 whorls
and
 small eddies,
 momentarily
slowing
the downstream
progress
of
these
young waters.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there are, it would appear,

those...better prepared
to
 roost
less in irony
....more
 in those small pockets..
.fob-hung and alleviated...
do they know freedom
 as a many-handed force and do not fear confinement... have they
stretched....wrapped their legs around the body of earth..... in unbroken glory...just
perhaps, (as if it existed) thorough sentience a tertiary factor.....
an annuity.....
.but I've not lived their secrets....nor they mine....corollaries multiply, dance a dust
bolero....in the end game all is equally semiotic....
each cheek imprinted with a slap, dashing..... a rush to some sea....illuminated as the
grunion run.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there exists a fine line between justice and vengeance

requiring size AAAA shoes.....
and a wrybill circling overhead....

will this bit of whatever it is to be called stay posted this time...we'll see...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there it was

clanging to life....
not dystopic....merely aqueous....
as a stream.....plain as
 daylong
murmurs....cogent, barefaced....
with
a twinkle in its eyes and one
 of those smiles.....
.....the ones that play
 about
 the lips.....warble,
sotto voce.....send
 a warmer shiver to the vertebral roadways...
find a miasmal port.....tiptoe, soft-shod.....
predating in gleesome comeaways.... soothing and sparking.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there's a margay in your kitchen

in a cage atop the fridge
when the clock has ticked to ten
he shall be free again
I'll carry that kitty to freedom
let him roam, explore the ridge
he'll run and hunt...you'll smoke your blunt
an I'll have done my smidge...
hooray for all folks feral...
...includes ol' groundhog, Geral'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

There's A Sea Lion

in my mojito.
he's tiny and he's blue...
his eyes are sweetly sanguine
he reminds me much of you.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there's one....and another....

....those....
under
 milkless hooves.....staving off....
ruboscussed...and rubricated...staving off....
....no slack given
the greased paint and gussetts....gargle
 a little dust
and sway...
toddle, then...meander...scramble..... a quick-step... a quadrille
 for six hands and ten gallants...
.strapped in close to hornswoggled...
 plainspoken....for..
.these seconds.....thirds.....grace noted....
.....guffaw....
..a bow.....parasol extended....

and for an encore?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

there's somewhere to go

where you can be bored, disgusted and repulsed.....
.and learn absolutely nothing...
.with the exception of how to be mean, short-sighted and other than curious...
.....fully illustrated with pathetically inept attempts at manipulation/basic and obvious games....
all very petty, unimaginative and dull....

and it's free....

look around....you'll find it....
and as quickly leave it..
.no fun to be had there....
just some aimless flailing, whining, wailing....
and the firing of blanks....

but it is free.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

These

years having
 not
been
the kindest...
having
 been filled
....stuffed....

with
 knowings

not kind...

these things....these knowings...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

they could have been

sister and brother....
that same pale skin...tight, dry...stretched across those high cheekbones
and
wide, lined foreheads.....those same black eyebrows, unruly, yet not as unruly as the blond hair that sprouted low on their foreheads.....wiry, coarse, thick....lumps of curls in places where the wire was tamer and controlled itself....each had a widow's peak, low, well-defined.....
their temples, cheeks and jaws were amply covered in blond down.....
their light blue eyes had the same upturn at the outer corners.....eyes framed by dark lashes.....
their noses, short, high-bridged, each with a small lump....a slight tilt upward at the tip, round nostrils, not small...not overly large.....
.their hands were alike... with good-sized-bones...strong and large-knuckled....
covered in that same dry, coarse, tight skin.....capable hands....

they lived over five hundred miles apart.....

don't know why I'm thinking about them now.....

the mind's a funny thing.....I'm sitting here, writing this whatever-it-is.....
and
crying because Nat King Cole's dog was poisoned years and years and years ago.....I always cry about dogs...yours, mine...ones I hear about, read about.....

.don't know if I'd have tears for Tom and for Helen.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

they're laughing....

those beings, observing our greed-wrought plight.....they are not hungry enough to find us suitable fare...or even a pliant work force.....
could they 'spit' and wipe what's left of the planet clean/utile?

.... poets will be spared, of course..... '>) .....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

thick tail thump

beats a rhythm on the floorboards
an old friend's greeting

last night I dreamed you were here,
 felt you jump onto the bed

this love is an always....and there are so few of those...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

things for which we may be prepared some day.....

a wonderment of vivacity
a proliferation of sentience
a cascade of empathy
a predisposition of kindness
an anarchy of decencies

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Thirtynine

I sing the unsung number...for you...
alongside your brothers...
we will disband when horrors cease...
we will know the headiness of running, leaping for the joy of it...
we shall retain a vigilance to the scents on the wind...
....and include those of peace...
other intriguing fragrances...
we'll hear all, sensing, knowing that love prevails...
we'll lap from a bowl of the water of forgiveness...
do I dream? ...did you? do you?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

This

is a wordlet
symprescience is a bog
with the first, one gives round bites
with the second, a fog

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

this ascension

was it a gift...to be spared the replacement of illusions, gilt with service and argent with blind ideals.....
  with horrors....
drudgery....confusion.... indescribable and dehumanizing visions...and acts.... to carry as festering wounds, to nurse, to seek to expunge...for a lifetime....however long...however short....

this ascension.....a smaller and yet more infinite glory....to.a beauty beyond the realm of strife.....one with all most sacred.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

This Is

not Greyfriar's...not here,
but in these northern California woods
guess you could say I'm his Bobby...
I could no more move from this place than
move him from my heart to anywhere...anywhere...
It's been years, but I still hear his tags jingling,
feel his head resting in my lap, see his dear true eyes
seeing me
in time we'll meet in another anywhere a forever anywhere,
that place where we've always been...
time? a concept made for other than me and other than him...
...his eyes told me about these things, without a word...about that anywhere...that everywhere

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

this key

though not
 difficult to find,
 sears the hand...
the aperture, visible.....tangible, clotted.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

this map

it was time
to lay
the thing on something like the floor
..though
 some of it had caught in the trees..
 in the loft-ladder...had been stretched..suspended....silvery-webbed and opaque in places.....
not cumbersome, though..
....light...bouyant
and threaded with
something akin to songsparks..
....it became clearer, then...that each
 had left a piece, a portion of their myth....in my safekeeping....
..I threw away what I could of my guile....a disrobing in deference, perhaps..
.and rolled in it...swam in it.....
sang my way through it.....carefully.....being ingested and caressed....
 it was time....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

this pared acreage

reshaped each diluvian season....
is a scrumbled range of tufts and bristles...torn....
twisted branches, washed downstream,
have raised their arms in acquiescent protest....
stumps stand as cenotaphs
 to those of black, gold and gray...
a mistakenly wintering migrant
would have fallen there, dislocated....but was carried further...that stone a reminder....
I, in ludic tribute..begin a tentative.dance.....
.whispering, at first...then singing aloud...
.I was spared....
and find myself grateful....
.this pulse contains me...
.this terrible glory
is my home....
.these spirits
 my comfort, my companions....
.I raise my arms, my voice.....
...I rejoice...I simper...
.I am small....
water... wind..
.these wondrous curmudgeons.....
come...
tickle me....fondle me....
 more...and again....
I am yours.....
as is this halting paean....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

this playground

a microcosmos of no hiding...
refreshingly so.....
wielding a Qtip or two....
clearing the ears of the behearers...
a clean, well-lighted place
where the myriad shades
 of
love
thrive...
 because of and despite themselves....
vicarious and bold in one sweep...
.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

this time

the eggshells went into the brew..haha....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

those

things....motorized....inert.....flailing...abject.....
they'll lie in there until some oblique shaft of light,
a color or scent or sound or
 space or lack of it invites them to dance, flare.. speak....
crumble from the outside in with
 explosive pops, unsettling groans and rasps...an occasional soothing but short-lived tune.....
.they don't bother with externals....
.their time and place is anywhere....
.you are their perambulating vehicle.....
.they own you...they are the ill or fine-fitting pieces that are you....
you wear them...
.they are your flesh, your eyes...
your skin.. your voice....
they will surface...if you are lucky you'll catch some of them
 could be they'll live on paper..
..if you find the words they love and you shape them just so.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

those cheery ohs

been over-generous with those nimbi....
one to each given, that flock of bimbi....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

three...or more

my pawnbroker, Jellick L. Katz,
whose collection of baseballs and bats
is revered in five states....
has commemorative plates....
and a masterful memory for stats....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Thylacine Gape

long wild
elderberry stance
spread
next hill
roll
expanse
scrubby lea
first dune
thread scratch
narrow
weave
single-file thrash
wind harsh kiss
water-eye
breaker
pound
hiss
purr
pound
slur
pull

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

tippling canute

some blaze red...
others blue....
herringless, the shade ecru.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

titled? ....nope

it's
the nevers
and
the never agains
that'll
kill 'ya

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

to

marple at the crassonance
in abdicatered jambulance
this splundermaking, at its best,
could squinkletail, proformulate,
the wrinkleveil of conjuregate

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

to compartmentalize

and remain 'whole'....
the parts not only shake hands...they embrace...and share observations...compiling these into works, more tangible than abstruse...., ungloved and dirty-nailed...itches scratched by damien's damien....seduced, cajoled to a place of confluence.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

to describe

the dream I had about you last night
would be less difficult if I
settled into a library...sequestered...
.... able to consult all manner of encyclopediana....

I could do it here...on the webbing, I suppose....the light is bright, ...the screen is a shade of pink...reflecting my blush? ...could be.....

and.... there is no way that anyone could convince me it was the sweet and sour pork...or the pecan pie...oh, no.....
.....well...contributors, perhaps.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

to drangle

in the obscurantisings of procipiant glossuladrossings.....
there, in the wildpools of poncifurniance they've crept, crepewound and biliousophicrelled.....not an ornacle of grispolurance remains, though there is the faintest aroma of squillimagence.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

to throw

a sopping sponge at that consistency....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

to you who would drown us:

finding myself wishing the computer you are using to post these endless streams and reams would rebel, refusing to write another word....hoping something will staunch the flow...enough is enough, way more than enough! ! ....why do you insist on clogging the pages...? no response is necessary. just stop! ! ....can't you hear the groans and moans?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Today's gift.....

I knew of his loss...
he saw my tear...
heard my voice falter.....
to heal me,
 he said, 'every time I hear the thunder and see the lightning I know it's him....'

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

toe-dipping

it tempts, beckons....asking a moistening,
 a frothful foray
into territories, more provocative than arcane...
a softer-spoken sirenic call
 to whet.... and damn the lathe....
sing
with fidelians, strupped and baleless,
as poly-tremed sonarchial condimenteers play on....
leap the gap.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

'too

many blowfish give me a haddock...
the sea cows have swum their way outta the paddock...
whilst horses of another color, saddled in the greenery,
wield lassos of sargasso, twirling eelwives and chicanery, '
sang the cucumber...and spurted away....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Took up

mortar and pestle
crushed
the found things,
made a
bezoar infusion,
infused...
a minimal effect, if any...

humans,
they are
and
you are...

back
to
the place
where
tears
are
only
(saying
only
does
not
diminish
those
tears)
cried
for the
pains and deaths
of dogs...

make no mistake,
there is no safety there...

make no mistake
it is not easier...

it is different,
only
different...

without the illusion
it is
a fuller emptiness

the seeming comprehension
laughs,
winks
from the mirror...

avoid the hallway,
rather difficult...
I know, I know,
crouch, or pass by on all fours....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

toqued, of sonublious mien

he once rode with the creme of the tatars...
plaited lion's tooth greens were his garters....
a sickle, some twine and a tome without spine
 have been found...but that's only for starters.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Torsion

of the tartlettes...
 luciferous when considering indemnities..
 scrimping on marginal tie-offs
with a wiggle-wiggle woggle
and a tiggle-tiggle toggle...
in a closet full of brooms
and a linkage of persuasions
as a belt made from frayed ribbons
and some fossicated blooms
resurrected on occasions
when the macaques, clothed as gibbons,
bring their wares to busk as buy-offs
the road narrows, encroached upon by solemnities,
lots more tartlettes....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

touching stone

if not for the event.....
where would them words have went.....
if not for hearts a-breakin'
those coals, forever rakin'....
a thirst in need of slakin'....
headin', now, for sunny climes....
four nickels ain't no paradigms....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

towering, starched.....

repleat with grandeur....
subtle spices....
yes, the toque of the town....
bechamel to drown
in
culinear devices...
for
the like of which
one falls on knees....
to dream of
are
those fricasees....
'dandy'...a small word for those aspics....
the mere thought....
transcendent...pyroclastic....
but, of course...
to
 mention
creme brulee....
tap spoon...
lap the langued bouquet.....

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

trod and retrod

wandered down the forking path
construction cited, knelt on lath
found patellas newly bloodied
sines and cymbals brushed, re-studied
as callous through that looking glass
a Cheshire grins...and it's your ass....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

twelve gauge boss/senryu/tribute

one old tusker leads
hills of elephants panting
dust-bleached shades of grey

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

twirling

that red stick....
 drifted to a continent's edge...
pledged to ply a vertical
 climb and grind
 with bells on and off
 time
 keeper
 of
each
equinox....
finding fallen apples
in roadside weeds...
no fence
 ever built
could hold
 that
craving heart....
I hear every octave....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

two blues and a third

in
 the crawlspaciousness
of ceiliumvirates....
below board delineation
swaying like aqueous fronds
noted on the margins of clef dwellers
and
 the inheritors of strings....
blessed and stroked
 be the continuum in all its melodious order and
accompanying ardor...including mine...and yours

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

two ferns and a rickety fence

I can't drive over the last hill
without feeling your head in my lap,
hearing your easeful sigh, knowing we were almost home...
my hands remember
 the warm of you
under your coarse coat...
.....those were good years, precious George, healer of hearts....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

uh-hunh-

the ones that'd make me pant like a hound dog....
go light-headed....
...feeling there'd been a taste of the miraculous...
.damned unpinnable....
a magic needing no clarification as to why it was/is magic..
.and you know
 it'll take years to evolve
 into forms
 only hinted at at first read....
.been like that...I mean, there was always, uh...all that other stuff....
well-smithed..... clever....yeah.....
..but those miracles.....
.those out-of-the-blue-ones that'll
give up some of their secrets and then
 run in the other direction...holding still.....
.not evasive...no.....
. turning, revealing just enough to let you know the chase'll be more than worth it....

 go sleep...go live....sleep more....live more....

still be there...
still be there.....

and
..... new.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

unanimous profundo

in a brash rectitude of unspoken tenure
prancing with presumption in five/four time...
... having earlier removed their sandals
 they fell into an abyss of disjointed frivolity

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

unconscious....

they gave her a dog...
they didn't ask her...
they just gave her the dog...
she didn't want the dog...
she let him run away...
she didn't look for the dog.....

she ran away....
.we had to look for her.
.we found her.....
I hope someone found the dog....and loved him.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

uncrossed limbs

may expect the antithetical....
the presumptive corollary, slathered in antimacassars,
holds....
 swaying.....if the berries are out of reach
bake a pigeon pie.....with a pinch of antimatter
to keep the crust from over-browning.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

under a spreading cheshire grin

I like my alchemists fried....
with a dipping sauce of churlish puns....
 a smallish scoop of panta gruel,
then, a ride in the rumbling cetacean....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

under becordoned

rawkish aegis...
grimorphusty gorgon garlands
.wind about a weal...would stere,
 would,
but for lack of digits,
won't....
anchored, rite....to a sun-burst pimpernel
 and,
in an unappendaged rollover,
hiss, homonymically...
...their accepted mission:
to be
   baggage on the roundabout....

a caul to legs? not in this playbook....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

under cover of lightness.....

from a safely harbored colloquy....sailed discretely salted indemnities and gleamshoots...
and
sashayed on....to meet the whether-walkers...in the holt of higher dudgeon...
and
on...to the pristiny whims and overlodes.....mined...and yours...for the asking....
with hardly ever a blush.....and a Sirius wink to the gallery.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

unhorned dilemma

freshwater
 pearls
 spin languid pirouettes...
 ripples carom,
 blend
 rhythms...
dance
with
 was
 in
 the were
of
 an are... leaving
definitions
 to
mathematicians, epistlulants
and
other hungry pragmatists...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

unrelegated

to the timely-framed....
unboxed..every rondo a quadrille.....
.painted
 with hand-matrixed brushes.....
freewheeling in utmostly structure....
bound to nothing..no thing....all things....
porous as ancient weatherstripping....deflecting while absorbing.....
intentional fissures
 of whim
 fly as comet spores.....
..are horizon-swallowed...
 reappearing
 as
 buckboards.....lap robes provided.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

unspecific gravity

xxxxxxxxxoooooooooo
oooooooooxxxxxxxxx
forlornication
one more for the roadmap.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

untitled.....

the old ones call it The Tongue.....
it has cast its stone-sand length into the sea....
it is lapped and licked by many small tongues....
at ebbing time its roots and vessels are exposed....
...this place where change and ever-being are one.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

up

switchbacks
to the summit
arriving at yes
in a burlap sack

interrupted senryu/stuck back together in haste with hatpins...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

up a gum tree

that was generations back...
something in you
had you climb this sapling....
it shivers with your weight..
...its not-yet-trunk bent almost double
 by your grey roundness...
you close your eyes against
 the white-hot blue
 of this summer noon's sky.....
are you invisible now, am I....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

used

a colloquial phrase...thought I'd made it up...apparently I hadn't.....must've burrowed into my memory without my knowing it had done so...it fit into the rhythm of what I was writing..conjured what I'd thought was a sort of intriguing graphic....made me blush when I thought to look it up...and found not only had I been 'unoriginal' but downright foulish....
so much for, what...a purloined, uh, 'turn of phrase'? ...one.that had a self-proclaimed iconoclast, uh, cackling and quickly doing an edit.....ah, words....umh. umh. umh.....apologies to anyone that may have been offended....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

valley of mills....

there were open fields, horse ground, tractless....
there were marshes...where overgrown tracks
gently curved, winding through rushes...
no more clickety-clacks to frighten the red-winged inhabitants,
dipping and soaring...their flights tempted us from our books..
.took our eyes from the pages to a bluer light...
. flashes, dots of red punctuated that blue.... calling to our
young and wondering hearts....

we flew with them...discovered parts of a world, a music...
old, beyond time.... yet new to our untried limbs and minds....
.
there was breath....
there was a searing joy....
there was longing....
.....dread, anticipation.....we were so new....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

valley views and skews.....mamallama blues

word is old Pete was dancing at the post office....
.teeth in hand...playing the set of them like maracas.....feet of Klee in a shoeless merengue with flamenco overtones.....
.them's hard callouses he's got.....no way one of Octavio's arrows could penetrate 'em.....
.....the sound of it must've been somethin'.....
for me, it got drowned out by the car alarm over at the golf course.....the hollerin' from that Escalante/Escadrille/Esplanade/RovingRanger was set off by my little old Jimmy Anne.....the big fella just knew she didn't belong in that neighborhood, bein' born a generation or two before him.....got to announcing the infraction full blast.....tickled me.....
.we all got our sensitivities...yep.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

varmints

of the during-life...
abjurists..... appear
 as bedeviling wraiths....
hanting corners,
niches....
these are no firedogs...
though
 a benevolent spark
can,
 at times,
 be found in the embers...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

very simply put.....

the in-betweens...
the just afters....
rich
 with
 other than echoes.....
newborn/ancient..
viviparous
shapes
 claiming
 no territory
  no category
 no genus
..... jagged with a fluid softness.....
hoofbeats/wingbeats.....neither approaching nor receding....
....
....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Violets

for her...for you

...not even
the smallest
 most slender twig of assegai
is needed
to tamp
or to guide
the downward-flowing
purple flame
on its urgently deliberate journey....
 napkins are folded
 petals floated
 salvers rest...poised, shining, resolute....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

visit the gym of atonement

on the sidewalk of empty shoes...
you can sashay in with condiments...
but don't blow the copper fuse....
there's a legacy of warmers
and volumes to peruse
on the thirty second stepping,
 stoned, I read it in the news...
the bath escape is leaking
with salted foam, and creaking
from the everafter tweaking
of the antidotal blues....
the walls, fashioned of rubber,
invite each and every lubber
to take up the chains, recover,
with a galaxy of shrews....
their tiny tails are waving....
their little teeth are chomping....
and after all the romping,
derail.... fit for repaving....
signed and certified....all trues.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

visiting the forum today....

to be unabashedly self-congratulatory.....
or
more modestly put....
I am taking joy in the fact that my instincts have not played me foul.....
(.from a few years back, when I joined this site, and holding true even now) ....
my very own powers of perception were and are functioning! !

there are two poets here,

Gary Witt and Tailor Bell...

.....continuing to use their minds and hearts beautifully, skillfully, as fine craftsmen....with grace, dignity, humor and inquisitive exploration.....(not to mention near-formidable intellects and all that good human stuff)

I admonish you readers, vehemently....don't just sit here reading my stumbling attempts....go read their work.....you'll find yourselves enriched and inspired....

.hurry, now.....go, go, go.....that's it.....! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

viviparous

and swarming....the chase is on....
wing-tipped....
 sporting balloons and red peppers.....
.....fleet of eye and hand...
and
.having received
cornicopious blessings on their posteriorities, .
the riders leave the gate....the horses follow.....
garlands and vicarious consummation await....the finish line is less than evident.....
.....apparently that's not a matter of great concern.....plenty of confetti and yoyos.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

wall

of snouts.....
 aquiline narrow sharp ..piercing foraging finer scents.. a stalwart demeanor....
retrousse stubbily firmly upturned... breathing updrafts....a skipping golightly of bearing....
freckle scattered sunlight dappled skiing jumpers
 Roman bridges...
 Prussian.....blues...
.ivy clinging....plaster bricks half-timbre'd....(whole-toned) ...
.a garden of varieties.....they play within... and without....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

wanderdust

she buried that knot
on the bone prairie....
where the coyotes prowl
to the lee of scree...
with a corn pone that never saw a cob
took the longshot hung from a stonesong fob...
wrapped it up in weir stickles, ditched the mob....
yippee ai-o-tie-yay....
yippee-ai-o-tie...eh?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

war....

random slaughter and mayhem.....depersonalization of the dispensing of death.. could, for a variety of reasons, be called thievery....

but a savory and satisfyingly well-planned and competently perpetrated act of murder....one that ends the life of a specific and particular
evil and merciless being..one.who has earned elimination....another matter entirely....

arguments are heard/justifications presented.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

was

seven...learned to ride a bike...
these days...more often fall..... in like.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

was melancholeric....

useta be afraid of celeriac
...that's when I didn't know my roots....
found meself a-baga'n at the doors of institutes...
then it came...not just a flash....but, yet, 'twas in a pan....
all answers seemed to turn up.....windows ope'd...there IS a plan! !
not a carrot have I... I sing, I dance....cavort....
I dig these lovelies from the earth....ecstasy...petite mort! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

was that your digit, Alice?

the lupine trail
runs east to west
in a dog's eye...

there's one apple
left to core....
or
 was that rite
an other meandering prelude
 to a horn's woggle...?

oh, never you mind, darlin'...
must've been the wind falling...
where was I?
you there?
anyone for a game of snowshoes?
 get my drift?
 and call me a cabernet
 when
 the fire flies
or
 the cloud bursts.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we

shall make art of it....
it has made art of us.....
it has crawled across our sleeping faces...
it has brought sere into our lives...
.it has left water in the ditch where we drown...
.it has been a companion in finery and in rags.....
it calls...strident.. a furious yawping melody.....
we answer.....
as it spins, dances.....
..... holds a feathered fan to the plaited glass.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we are

mortalized in the colors of the artist's palette...
our testimonies, our re-interpreted deeds...
contrasting hues
 sing our green melodies,
 depict our purpled footsteps...
washed now by a light
we may have thought to follow...to pursue..
as this fresco fades...
restoration may bring revision,
 employ a different spectrum..
.... with glints of the original adulterating the newer truths....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we are faultless rhythm

we dance....
in all time signatures....
in all clefs....
we are song and joy...
we are a heart beating....
we dance.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we argued....

she said the whole of it was metaphor....I said it wasn't.....
refine, I said...reconstrue.....it wasn't his way to be other than interspersant ....

we left it at that.....each unconvinced....

(I still believe.I was) either (right) ...or wrong.....as was she.....I haven't visited the interment place in years.....pinkish marble.....(not the way she'd have spent the money...but it was no longer her party)
she'd laugh to hear me call it an intermissionary position.....
.....she was funny....me, funnier.....and righter..... '>)

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we celebrate

our rich and elaborate
 double..
.triple...and more...
identities.....
.we need not conclude...nor elude..
 we allude.... extrude.....drape and costume.... in all verity....
.....we are a chorus...a symphony....each voice in harmony..
 improvisations
from deep roots.... chants...
.our echoes....
our reverberations
 tell many stories.....

conglamorata.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we could

speak in metaphors
unless
you, or I,
 have a
compelling
 need
 for an aphorism....

I walked down Bayberry Road today
where some whelks had wingled a westbound dray
to carry them south to an easterly fray
won't you tell me what you saw today.....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we flit

we wend...we apprehend....
our mizzen masters...we contend
to slink..to wale....to splice a tale
 of winter with a summer's mourning...
plunge to ground in cobbled strands...
our ship, tossed and reft from mooring...
the whole of it slips through our hands...
it seems the bits, those once so certain,
obscure.... a spray-flecked brine-wracked curtain
hides all but glints and gleams of hope....
a green night, crazed with Elmo's fires....a rope
sways, knotted by desires.....
torn, breakfasted-on by winds of chance...
flayed.... brazen-faced, cadavers dance
to tunes...new musics, struck and strummed....
hold on, loose-gripped...have not succumbed.....
 raw, bent, beleaguered.....ever eager....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

We knew

he warn't no fool
when he named his dog Rauooool....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we spoke.....a few iotas clarified....as for the ellipsiseses...?

yes....I love them...
.but
I am not them.....
as to
the others....
the ones you say you are in your dreams...
.I am them....by day....and in those waking times.....
....when
 you are even more the embodiment of those slinking ones
 of (supposed)   glorious indifference.....
.I pant
I ululate...
you read my heart in my eyes.....
I interpret
the
twitches and shivers and curls of a long and sinuous caudal part.....
.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we, the people, in order to form.... and to re-form....

we lost a good one.....
a man who changed and grew.....
who used his heart and mind....who spoke and acted....
who worked within a system, one as flawed as any other system
created and administered by humans....
to bring about change and growth....
thank you, Teddy....bear...and lion...
..you shall be missed...
.yours was/is a voice of hope and reason.....
we shall remember you with gratitude and admiration....
and
.there are those
who shall continue to serve the ideals you embraced...
..and
for which you continued to fight.... until you had to leave.....
Jimmy, that sweet and very Christian Christian said it well..
.well, if redemption is that which one wishes to bring to the fore.....you did that...
redeemed...and much more.....
thanks again...from a would-be anarchist....
.you gave us your best.....
.from a position
which enabled you to enable and empower others.....with grace and fire...! !
.....sail on, friend.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

we, tossers of pots and pangolins

while seeking to launch aglets with flame throwers,
retripling efforts to carry our footprints in pestles,
breathing air made heavy with dew and scaffolding,
break our fast with foxfire secreted in an inglenook

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Weeding Out The Chaff Or Do I Hear A Lease?

for a start:
read only those whose names lend themselves well to spoonerization....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

weird-play

they met at Hopkins,
he, wolf...
she, fox...
now
they've
become
a
paradox

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

What Else But To Be Joyous

dwelling in this sukkah
for almost thirty years
the forest as a roof
the flowing stream
as a melody
the calls of bird and beast
as harmonies
all in a rhythm
of being
of celebration
of gratefulness

so who is to chop the firewood this evening?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

what to do when

your ex leaves town.....for good'n'all...and all that.....

wish him
well.....

promise to visit
and
 not stay long....

wish him
health
and
happiness....

write him
a bon voyage poem....
....meter and form altogether unimportant.....
.enjambing a possibility.....
a probability...a certainty....

(all implications to be presented as straightforwardly as is superhumanly possible.)
.....use more adverbs...and more....and more...

dear gods...everything lasts forever.....all of it...every color and every sound....
words, scents.....
everything lasts forever
 semi-contained in lidless jars...ribbons untied and seals broken.....

everything lasts forever...

.becomes the iridescence one sees on bubbles...

.....that's what I'll give him for a going away gift....another jar...
one of bubble solution from the five and dime...with a wand taped to it, of
course.....dog'll have fun, too.....
doggle, doggle, doggle.....
hound, hound, hound
bound, bound....unbound by the beauty....yep, that's it.....

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

what, no teenagers/younger adults/older people,

or persons who have English as a non-native language
to criticize...destructively and cruelly....?
...you've been seen and heard....
your actions are mean and petty,
pitiful...and far from entertaining.... lacking even a modicum of brilliance or precision of any sort.....
many are appalled by your disgusting displays....
. there's no insight, no wit, no intelligence involved in your rotten blathers...
your mindless, boring, dull and silly bullying is pathetic... just shut up...

your prejudices, your egotistical needs to dominate and manipulate are the things of which war is made.... .

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

what's that?

it
is love...
  unreasoning,
chaotic in its merciless gyrations...
yet, all mercy and wild yielding....
aside from that, just another day in the forensics unit...
.....once a merengue, always a meringue...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

what's that? .....hearing

my thesaurusses
whisper, simper sussurusses
from their places on the shelves....
and I said unto my selves,
'reconsider digs and delves
into squinkly, fricting tomes...
if ya wanna go for rhythm,
colors, textures in yer pomes
use the subtlest boards of sounding'....
it was good, and unconfounding...
then
 my saw done hit a knot...
so
 this **** is what you've got....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

wheel horse

dependable
 gray
 heavy-limbed
coarse-maned
I take a comb
to
your stolidity
and
stroke
 the blaze
between your steady eyes...
you look neither left nor right...
I have woven a blanket
to keep the cold from you....
I have oats and apples in my pockets,
 dear warrior-laborer of unremitting grace...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

when

the sadness is on me
like an old coat
rubbed clean of bristles...
 the skin of it showing
a post-pellucid glare/spark,
 an old bone
of contentious
 fomenting...working to poke through
this
pelagic externity....hiding, cowering sniveling....
holding the too-familiar...the comfortless ensconcement....waiting
 for
lumens to clear the drosswaivers
.I would have strangled without the something of your etceteras...
.this is written on my innards....the same parts and parcels...shape-shifted, re-geared,
will come out to play another rondo...a nocturne.....in time...in time out of time....

I'm not asking you to wait...
probably, I am....

the baying one....immeasurably gifted, did it better, much.....
I wonder, is it good that I laze, remonstrable...and lack stones....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

When Bowling with Nunchucks

add an apostrophe....
sidle, wag, fluff and cajole
a squeeze of lime....
intermissionary positions are available....see that bell on the front desk?
h'mmmm..could snort'n'stomp'n'hightail it.....
...if the boots fall off
and not all the spurs jingle, well...
revamp the getaway....
might be midway between clanging metal bottles
clanging
and
the goldfish trying to dodge them ping-pong balls.....do ya cotton to that kinda candy, well...do ya?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

When It Comes

as it does
to flavor
 and savor,
I'll favor the curry...not curry the favor
that may prove
sadder
or badder
or madder
to cuddle an adder
might even be braver

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

when laurels stuffed the drainpipe

and scant the trilleths flew....
a process serving naught but fraught with sponderlific dew....
will it compare...or clank, dispare...the wenkerblendly rift....
is it plink...or is it plonk...a cursor...or a gift?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

where

ceilings wax and floors chandelier
when pinnings are over and mud flaps clear
of bastionated confreres and liquidated marsh hares
hear the wail of theraminiatures
 blow the veil of distalinears...off! !

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Whilst

searching
 for an adversary
had
 taken on a green canary
and
 once again was forced to see
that
mine's a field, nor one of glee
yet
 craving sizzles, bumps and thumps
did
take that whip from rump to rump
as
 time wore on,
 had
 made a fist
....left ring
 unsated, sprained a wrist...
flies, it seems,
 will
 come to honey
as
 for
 that crown
....costs more than money

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

whistle head scar

catch the milk run....back by noon...easy....

never mind those waterfalls.....
blackberries big as apricots....
peaches like nothin' you ever tasted....

slow enough to hop right back on...
.if you hold the rhythm.....and you do...because it's in you now...
.shook you...hooked you
 from spine to heart....
you'll be shakin' inside with it when you've landed....legs full of sway-jiggles and grind-pulse...
.head still ringing with clangs and hisses...raw squeals and shrieks.....
laughing, squalling metal songs.....

damn....six dollars between us.....sardines..soda crackers...water..pick your spring..that one? ..next one?

.the rain talked...we listened.....turned our faces up to it...
 some of those drops
 landed and caught...
trailed...
made slow streaks in the tunnel soot.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Whistlepig Blues

ya lef' me 'lone too long
I got water with more retention
ya lef' me 'lone too long
I found a finer new dimension

ya lef' me 'lone
blue to the bone
blue lonely me
but now I see
I gotta be
the only one who gets your truest most completest sweet attention...
uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh...oh, yeah

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

who could forget

the day the father
found a dreck-beetle
and put it in his new son-in-law's lunchbox....
it was a misty beginning
to a propitious long march....
the elevator to the scaffold was waiting....for good....
as the hatter's mercury was rising, damp...
rubriant as pintoed koi,
 tabled tennis balls
bounced their last....
flung
in the marsh as the redwings dispatched..
rode
 the wire to the next egret....no egress..
.no...Noh....a thousand and two times as sloughwise.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Who's storing the mind

Was there an exact second when America became a spreading bloodstain piled high with teddy bears?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

will find

a crack in the floor....
squeeze through it.....
 down the chute...
into the mulling tunnel.....
busy place.....
the conjectureoids and the transcenderbots
are in what was
 a heated discussion... close to lukeish now....
ripples in the tub
 have sloshed over
 and
 several of the duckies
scramble, rock on the sodden mat....
those webbed appendages
 still aren't visible
but
 there are sprays, flying droplets
confirming their existence.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

winter planting....all is papery, clouded

by windsprung visions
 inhabiting an acolouthic domain....
strayling, in a divertimento
divested of architonics...

bisons at a watering hole,
 their young, their very young,
left for those moments,
hidden, shivering in an abietic protectorate...

buried, consigned
 to an entombment
 where
 time and season hold no sway....
....in this lawless and random plot of alopecoid whims,
  each avocado stone consents to be interred.....
though
 no dianoetic process as we presume to know it applies....
there
 is only the gently startling joy of surprise.....

now back to the vodka-laced pie dough

.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

winter senryu

these fingers and toes
refuse to count each never
stretch ready for light

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

with a bang

the hermetic seals
fastened the door....
 hinged
 on a whinge....
whelped,
flipped, flopped
ice-nestled...
lit a pyre....
.....one fit to grill every rudiment...
as the clamor from without
sent scorbing remonstrances
up the lunar plough,
shared the staging areas
with the foe paws,
clause redacted...
ampersands a-twitch....
perfect pitch throughout, rounded third....do I hear a larch?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

witnessed

your redemption....
.....wore the waffle-soled plantigradients to the affair....

in a slow-dance, mimicking ostrolets in estrus, three-plumed
bergamotsters offered frangipanetti from huidalent trays....

trailing arboretums, mitigators held cups of pastiched pomegranitas to the lips of those willing to sip with refulgence...

while in the vestry, fans clubbed the interspersers...
it'd been a torque-strewn road from Karabash to Akbash...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

wooooof

arf arf arf
grrrrrrrrrrr
yip yip yip
rrrrrrrrrrrfff
rrrrrrrrrrrfff
aaoowhooaaoooo....
meowrrrrrrrr

ooops

about the interspecies mingling...
must
 have been the afterdeflects of that depthsome journey into the catacombs
that crept and clawed its way into this otherwise pure and shining piece of doggerel.....
.ah, may happen again...who knows?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

would you

chastise the pleochroism of these crystalline forms?

....have those neighbors who've sworn there is to be no truce.....ever,
extend their freckled hands to one another,
 albeit over the colorless, sliver-sprouting pickets?

....condemn the striations of cornel for their obdurate and subtle brilliance?

these things, these beings
shall be themselves...
are just that....
self-determined,
be it by nature
or by influences, deeply imbedded,
born of sources that are
 both glaringly alive and long-forgotten....worn as seething badges...
some named...
some seeking no names, wishing no terms of definition....

there is the game...the pieces fit....
you have your keys and your berimbau.....
I have my terraces and my wild harp....
there is harmony in all of this....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

wreath-weavers....of earth, salt.....and potables

called, inclement
 and
 tournequed
from
root of grass....leaves of absentia...
warlords...some had laid down their trojans....
rode the search lights
beamed to the multi-tasking...
asking
 for supplements, wind and waterfalls....
a chair..with arms...a gavel
 and
 a page.....
collected bevies and levies.....
plucking corsairs
 and
 building silos.....
rum
 to be run...to be run...to be run.....
foundations
 must
 be built..... of something.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Wresting

enlaubered,
 astride
 the gaping, whistling borealic expanse
 between
 allegory and allusion...
finding verisimilitude
in the scrutinizing of butterfly genitalia.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

wrip-wrap'n'wriggle-diggle

I now 'speak' with robo-calls....
I tell them to get stuffed....
thus releasing steam and blither-blab
if my ego's less-than-puffed....
they'll soon be deemed 'illegal'
and that source of 'joy' be-stilled....
I'll have to find another way
to cuss and feel fulfilled....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Write Me

a poem
a disheveled longing of a poem
a corrupted
 vivisected
scrap pile
scratching its nethers
 both eyes
tearless...

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

write...speak.....

and you
 shall surely
 be
 misinterpreted.....
things..
.or the lack...
or lieu....
 of them ...
may
 become interesting.....
the froth tingles as it touches the toes....
if
 my eye had a corner would the twinkle linger there and would it obscure or magnify the seldom scene....?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

yep, rollicks.....

.....does....

.watch.....

.....listen.....

now that's subtlety that'll curl your lashes.....one at a time.....
.

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

yep...jerky and

choppy....
like
chicken livers on a boomerang.....
shuttled cockerels
 and
  brigand's bounty....no lace around the cuffs....
to
hammer the geode.... just so....is that a sight, hound...or what?

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Yes, she said...

it is true...
we both breathe....
.....there's a start.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

yes, there is a Dog

there was a dog.....
there was me....
there isn't a dog....
there is me.....
slip-up, Dog.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

you are

almost as beautiful
as a German Shepherd...

that's how I know

and
you clip your own toenails

but
you don't eat the watermelon rind

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

you came to

my door
selling St. Francis Animal Cookies.....
I bought 300 boxes.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

you stayed

with me
'til help came....
that was a once only head-long-fall day...
fact
 is
you stayed
with me for the whole of your always.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

You....yes, you.....

are what....
and
 maybe even some of who
they
 would have wanted for me....
brilliance..
.in
 and
 at
an accepted art....they
would have
 given
me
gladly...with
  many sighs
of relief
and
worry-lines
would have
lessened....
each of them, separately,
may have acknowledged.... and loved,
 though not nearly as much as I do...
  your subtlety (it's ******* gorgeous! !) ...your curiosity...
.your gentle yet unwavering fire.....nuanced...and bold....
.your dance... with life.....
.your gracious giving
 and
sharing
 of
the treasures you have found.....
.your other-than-imperious dignity.....
.I'd, ... well.....
thanks for being you.....
.....that's it.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

you've long since thrown in

your lot with us...
an exchange...a balanced
even,
 feet-planted-firmly one...
you learn..
we learn...
we trade
secrets that cannot be spoken...as words....
you have learned...have adapted...have a meal and a bed...some of you have work....
we are afraid to take all of what you offer us.....
.we shudder, we cringe
and do not wish to know our common core.....
we feed it, un-whole, to tyrants...that portion which allows us a meal...a bed..work...a place in annals.....
..those other portions, unused.
.are left, torn away...
 to feed those who circle and scavenge.....those parts that would have made us complete....
.as you were once complete....and are only a breath away from being...even now....
.we have many more breaths to take..... we shall run together...part...run together.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

you've shown

me
your axe....
I've
shown you
mine....

far, oh....far be it.....

.....a fathomable distance....yes...do mark the twain.....

from me
 to call yours,
 say, a hatchet....
and
 I trust
 you'll not refer to mine as,
 perhaps, a chisel.....

we shall, then,
 file away
 this quite public cobbling....
pop it
 in that well-aerated hamper.....
yes,
it has
 been
there.... to be availed....
.by
  thems that's gleanin'...
whomsoever decides to
 pick up the dropped dainty.....the crumblies, the bent twigs....
.....and follow.....
..whomso...whomso....whooomso.....a ha'nting call.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Zanzibar

archipelago
both fruminous and scathey
poesy from the shores of it
could be plush-backed or lathey

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

zoomfuroodliesque.....

to re-Joyce...
to re-Eliot....
if granted enough time....
to scale the heights...
the barques and bytes...
the limnsequential climb...
to savor all the ravery...
to abseil on with bravery...
and still to feel a cravery...
for more....pro-feigned....enshrined....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

zoonotic

the panda holds forth, gracious....
 agilingual, self-effacious....

the river horse swims underneath,
a grassly bouquet to bequeath...

the tern, who's waited long in line,
has brewed a breathy bog of brine...

the prepubescent lemur sits....
then howls in spinky starts and fits...

the monkfish, who's forgot his hood,
blesses all....and it is good.....

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....

Zyzzyva

I spray
and
now
they've gone away

delilah contrapunctal.... yes, that's how I intended to spell it.....