

New Poetry from Paul Lomax

Faces

oak branches reach
through villages veiled
beneath nuoc mam frowns, –
enlightened cracks creak
above unwilling spills
leaving
every ch o bu i s ng
every gaze

very little

Sir, Yes Sir

& there was never any toilet paper
never any soap not even a blanket
just salivary glands
washing up against underarm hopes
& yesterday eye had a sore throat
dry as hashish
salty as the Dead Sea
& from my ass
chickens continue to fall
like spent shells
cracking the red green chickadees
& today eye shot around
looking for regurgitated sweat glands
while

Monday

Wednesday

Friday

every Sunday

eye bury rubber thalami

deep behind thick lips asking
When will the chopper arrive?

This was metabolized as a journey
never ridden with a smile as

eye digest what's left in

my boots
scraps from blue potatoes in my underwear
minister to seasons, –
 crucifying Charlie
 rebuking Snoopy
 backsliding Lucy

& tomorrow
before a billion points of aortic lights

cast across a face-less velvet canvass
twirling
with 7 spleens ducking & diving
whirling

eye watch Mars

salute every Corporal
yelling
breath

with every

eye followed my orders...!



Thomas Cole. "The Course of Empire: Desolation," 1836. New York Historical Society Collection.

Silent as Impression Made by Stone

Silent as an impression made by stone
Black onyx flamed with writings to go gentle in the
night

So it is that I a Mysterious
Traveler walk this way alone

In this silence I sit on the side of
the dirt bone

Waiting at the edge of the black line of the
farthest woods

Silent as an impression made by stone

Where all who believe this

Well into the hands sarcophagus sown
of Osiris and Ra

as mummies

So it is that I a Mysterious
Traveler walk this way alone

All but a water lily speaks in the shadow
of a lotus tone

I go formless shadowing-less across wading
waters tarrying
Silent as an impression made by stone

Delivered on parchment paper
to a mass of one

This message driven from essence long since gone
So it is that I a Mysterious
Traveler walk this way alone

In my will take this much without loan
Paint me crate

me canvas this I say
So it is that I a Mysterious
Traveler walk this way alone

The Blood of Rain

Drowning in meadow-spoken roots, I reach for heartfelt songs, once, so rich with oxygenated virtues, twice, so free from an unforgiving life. Songs gleaned from salvific tomatoes, flowing sweet the Nile. Voyages imprised as a glint refracted without blink, without smile, messages to splat against something, anything – life-supporting droplets passed with grass concern, lawn pity. What was there: a bed of crabs to obscure the analgesic dirt, the antiperspirant stench, the grandeur embodying a crimson stance. Like knuckles half-curved tapping on the drum of a shack, shadow of a room existing as a postal address with but one letter in the box, this song of rain continues to pour dry. Behind closed mores, I lick deliberate snowfalls, wrangled after birth. What did this mean? From where does this floodwater spring? My cup remains half filled, cracks lining its bottom have laid their webs. I

watch reminiscent musings of pellets fall, nerve endings
teleconference heme & beryl-blues & female & globin & woman &
man & child, all raced by fashionable weather, as I drown,
listening to the pulsations of torrential veils.

Why am I so thirsty?