

# 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 with every  
breath

*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?*