

The Patient

I am patient. That is my mineral fact.

I have long term storage in double helixes

my two long polymers of nucleotides

my backbone made of sugars and phosphate groups

joined by ester bonds. I see imagist pears dissolving down

golden arms I hear needle-less the sleep aid cd's

real violins, then float blue-black

at the eventide, injure

of the taut to and fro, cut-back

asphalt road, a path of greening twigs nourishing

nothing personal. Root stocks

of the best grapes, balm

for the honeybee's bite, lyme's flea—

money chimes in the community bowl,

with patience I can sit on this bench

and wait for the ironworks of a previous century

to reverse themselves, or I can lie in the grass,

vision the airplane's scatter-lit

hallway, the descent

only a little shaky

like the trouble between art and life rolling you out

onto an unpainted landscape,

the unbelted intoxication of travel unstable as a chemical's twisted briar

medicine or drug licit or illicit

or afterimage

time to move along

it's pathos time

dodge a supreme fear

pathos—

Patience was crowding anxiety

Patience's gentle tongue was breaking a bone,

while the twin and drone
to be patient with

hovered over

our uncharted, rimless wants,

rictus a slit vowel—

La vida,
a mess of dominoes
face down.

I am a pilot light

desiring more recognition,

I suck grass
to the dead inside.

The sleep aid cd & Hippocratic oath mixed up good

in the cocktail of my head spoken into like commerce's cavity,

cavity or skylight opening to the early spring blossoms

in the airless baggage claim

SANCHEZ in stencil font
stitched to my desert fatigues

holding luggage looking for someone to pick me up

I can be both
life-charged and dead
in consecutive units,

exited to like

turnpike rest stop's promisingly lit

pagoda, a respite for the humans stopping and returning,

the humans predicating,

a human is someone
who has wandered in from the desert.

I am patience in a substance clothed.

truly a creepy troll
truly a creepy troll

a human is the one
continuing to close
Christ's eyes
on the great crucifixes

wagering will there now be some inevitable progress. In a tone pour,

the erotics of the electronics swelling the house
and trailing to the sidewalk,

skip to sound

a harrowing to go, a darned patch

A soft fontanel
a warm harm
a human

does nothing

unusual, forgetting the euphoria
of human potential

is human potential

wanting more tools to form the mind. Rest, stop, a human is go
stopping and returning,

a practice a human is someone
to pick you up

a human is someone to hone
in a human's long-held desire to vanish in a crowd or x-ed
out void of others, in mass human's estranging light.