

Marl

of all media, it's in marl my shape hardens.
I could fumble tokyo or times square from
ultraviolet beads quivering or threads of ecstasy
and whitewash atlantic city in radium seconds.
they're matters of cathode ray tubes.

cities are only magnesium fairytales
assembled from any fall-out and half-life:
their grandeur igniting, lunar-powered,
unexceptional, impalpable transitions;
they burn out like truck stop waitresses hot for a fix.
don't bother to synchronize your watch with the whole
of Las Vegas.

to mold me use nothing but deep marl

that clutches the sole
of the foot, curtseys at the door
and trails through my apartment as a
blanket-chinned infant.
most of all, it stays.
way out there

cosmonauts punctuate with the moon and tuck stars into pillowcases

but forty years after
recall the flag dangled like heirloom laundry,
forget the future-shaped boot print slipped onto
a moon in the cold, pinching daylight of dark space.

marl remembers my tread,
is the grit-polished molding clay
untroubled by years blown away:
it is the vandal and his graffiti.

while san francisco tans its gold-silken
hills that once shook the cocaine hands of
prospectors,
grimy now and gone,

a marl town scrapbooks homes,
some
thing sprouts.