

Slide Trombone

I have a little windmill on the top of my head

That draws up water

To my eyes and mouth

Whenever I am hungry [or] moved to tears

(be them of joy or of sorrow)

and a little horn with the odor of acceptance in my ears

and on my nose is a green parakeet

that flaps its wings and cries

“becoming”

all the

while from the sky f

a

L

L

the seeds of the sun

-in the presence of open hearts-

at the ‘bottom’ of infinite realities

*yours and mine

which are partial to crazy sea fish

We are both the producers and the audience

At this cinema sublime

And I have a little agricultural machine in my belly

That reaps and binds electrical flux

And the coconuts thrown by the joyful monkey

Fall like spittle into the water

Only to bloom again as lotus’

I feed my poet on the feet of a pianist

And throw my magnetic dreams

To the morning sun

Which smiles like hell

...