

SONNETS TO  
RENEW YOUR  
SUBSCRIPTION

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and  
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Beard of Bees  
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## **Preface**

The collaborative process must be either mystified or over simplified. Our collaboration on the Sonnets must rest somewhere in between.

# 1.

Sacrilege, Zeus fumbles with his zipper,  
but pigeons and elephants aren't his type;  
Sacrificed photos kept in his slipper  
with Popeye's plastic bubble blowing pipe.

But the glass spheres cracked, spewing toxic scents  
and shards for memory to bleeding catch.  
Boots leaves verses plastered to the pavement's  
tiny teeth, never loosening the latch.

Alone, music teen caught as he begins  
pouring stolen Red Bull on the loose track.  
The rustling glassy mannequins  
softly fingering letters. Sleeve hangs slack  
around hands full of culture's bitter taste.  
What is both yours and worthy? Chase and paste.

## 2.

A sheet's fold may lay entangled beneath  
with roots ravaged. Blend and bleed to retrieve  
memory's hologram of ruins, death  
under and ash might be said to believe  
without calling this leaf or world broken.  
Burnished clay of hands seeking rocks to scrape  
with cool sticky spray; orange torn open  
to the motion of seeing taking shape.

Latent within the epidemic fern  
the body uncurls through its secret cross.  
A frond's reflection drops a spore to churn  
the muddy gathering of leaves and loss.

Aware of augury, bird without sound;  
Echo rises as flood falls from this mound.

### 3.

Mirrors sweat bloody entrances as fate's dare.  
Hands, covering perfect crumpled styles,  
mix masks and metaphors into his hair  
like capsules and wine hidden under tiles.

Screaming punk scissors, clipped beard in oil,  
trembling with toil, with answer anointed.  
Singing to shed and purge his earthly coil;  
slips from sun to be pointed

at, during the low numb tired and stuck  
exposure. Tempting saint's water, he is  
tucking in the edges of lying luck.  
Early angles leave every mark unmissed  
near slumbering Peter standing forward;  
scabbard's shadow grasps illusion's bent sword.

#### 4.

Never attain the evanescent pause  
without erasing meaning into new.  
Leg broke, but you cover fake blood with gauze;  
painted mask mocking papier-mâché shoe.

Glitter trailing the elaborate trap  
as voice heals, cast begins to unravel.  
Hand's distance to face and then paper, slap  
smoothing artless insight for travel.

He dared to enter the theater hatless,  
unashamed of the Form's poetic curl.  
Across Europe, walking; stain on atlas;  
ancestry smothers the scandalized girl.

Verse through soil learns to fold the last turn  
with silk slippers to soothe the blistered burn.

## 5.

(crashing lamp) to situate his cigar,  
but a leaf burns within and chars the stare.  
Torn direct maps, perturbed meaning afar,  
knees needling up from the child's chair.

Don't mock drumbeats. Don't chain me to the dock.  
Choleric disposition; food to fry  
with ashes anointing the cloistered clock.  
You bark up my outlet, give storms a try.

It's not enough to turn off the T.V.  
if a wing can drop feathers in trickle.  
Image bubble doubles authentic plea.  
Think of grain as fruit, think with a sickle.

To blanket the chatter stripping the scene  
as cup spills, enclosed, ice is always clean.

## 6.

We must borrow dirty windows to cleave  
mountains; and all the tumbling trees shall lift  
if the tremble slides through the slanted sleeve  
or the coin in disguise as pleasant gift.

Oracle angled for the final shove  
into broken protest street's voice, as loot  
shifts vocation; and doesn't fit like glove  
but lingering leather slap-patches the boot.

Questions, like balls of lint on your sweater,  
litter, with letters, the crowded crease's  
lilting fall; only feather to fetter.

Chain to vein the workday for leases

as lightbulbs and argument's bricks brittle,  
pointing in the secret stain of spittle.



## 7.

Explain the joke, turn wine to water,  
overhead, dripping in jars used to bring  
sonnets, etched onto a leaning ladder:  
parabolic curl with sterilized sting.

If the poem brought a player's tear  
to trial, lingering at the bridled bump  
or brightened buckle of the locket mirror  
chaining crumpled pictures to heart's fake trump.

Cards gone missing tumble in the dry fault  
with the burnt-out night's endless empty char,  
but will you let the withheld whisper wilt  
into salty subversion's sublime star?

My pen's slip shapes the shining wing-clipped lip,  
but, in falling, I grasp my paper's whip.

## 8.

Indie-rock's sad tea strum, autumn's answer  
for character crossing. Torn up smile guide  
sold out for a promise and cold cancer.  
A note used as a bookmark; charts, tongue-tied,

falter on memory's floor, languidly,  
in cabinets the keeper himself closed:  
layered through the brittle triangle tree,  
rotting leaf puzzles burnt, sweetly composed.

Licking lines, after the attempt, taper  
into cheap class rings and plastic for lawns.  
Saying so makes this faraway paper  
crackle like the cat in the bag of crowns.

Housing the angel of unpainted pause,  
Mylar jackets caress hot pulp and moss.

## 9.

Pull tables over your head till you close,  
slash record, rip receipt, crinkle tempt grin,  
bare knife against sky blanketed pose;  
glint and clamor narrowly shape the binge.

Night bottle shape, lip to circle broken  
uprooted grasses, streetlight, then grovel.  
Angling tree launched up through kicked scraped skin  
or extended metaphor with shovel.

Mug swirled fire-leaf clutching alphabet.  
Practiced stage whispers lonely harass,  
but never opened windows if she slept  
upon bat laced bark or fake flower mass  
crouching under columns of wave and foam,  
shards, points really, puncture oxygen's crown.

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