

& It's Sunday Again

By Raymond Farr

*The names
Of things*

*Are stubbornest,
Wrote Hass*

*& it's Sunday again
& football*

*& wings
The windows*

*Seem small otherwise
& walk across*

*The floor
Like quiet ghosts*

*The house itself
Is a paranoid fish*

*Struggling toward light
But to be a poet*

*In America
In the 21st C.*

*Is to see yrself
As a wolf*

*In the mirror—
Yr words*

*Stalking a pose
Almost*

Yr father's—

Writing Raw

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& still feel

Only mildly
Opportunistic

But who
Will forgive you?—

Last night
I tried eating

Nine dozen Q-tips
A compulsive

33 chews
Before leaving

The house empty
To the ghosts

& wept while
I chewed

Each swab
A punishing

Erotic knot
In my stomach

Must We Always Play Harlequin?

By Raymond Farr

Like it's not silence we run from & not
The dim starry machinations of our wrong words

Spilling all over us in the frame of a window
Yellow with glare that matter

Leavings of animals are clues on the path we walk
But who was that girl on the bridge tonight?

We'd all like having
Our own view of the sky, of the trees, I guess

The meadows soft & welcoming—a pebble beach
Where idiot boys push up daisies yellow with glare

& we're a little like a moth maybe
But not a whole lot like a moth

More like the cat, half in ruin, just lying there
Violet cupcakes weeping from our eyes

In a Cage of Brief Nomadic Sequences

By Raymond Farr

Rowdy boys raving
In our underwear

We have this thing
About blowing up

Mountains in the distance
But with copious love

& mindful that
Nothing we say

Is as we'd have it said
We communicate in tropes

Of brief nomadic sequences
We wind up cutting out

The sweet kiwi fruit
Of our own tongues

With a thought
With a notion the poem

Can be better
Whole fathomless stanzas

Of cold breath
Of spilt soda

Redacted from reality
Disappearing into

Animal existences
Meaning we've arrived

Half blind

Writing Raw

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At the gates

Where people enter
Not knowing the city

It's as though eyes
Are what this poem

Is all about & how
Perfectly they adjust

To dust in the light
& it's like it's 12/26

On the earth again—
A supper of kippers

& asparagus
Of cuckoo Xmas

Radio waves
& I have only

Minutes left to tell you
There are carols

In the amazing dust bin
& frozen in the surf

Of our own laughter
Our hearts are made

Of sleeves at the elbows
& light flows from us

Like green ribbon
Into the bright winter air

Where drivers slow
& look up

Writing Raw

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& shoot off their guns
In celebration

Raymond Farr bio: Raymond Farr lives in Ocala, FL. He has a dog, Jasper, a Min Pin/Chihuahua mix, that he walks a lot. He is author of Ecstatic/.of facts (Otoliths 2011), & Writing What For? across the Mourning Sky (Blue & Yellow Dog 2012), a chapbook, Eating the Word NOISE! (White Knuckle Chaps 2015) & a full length collection of poems Poetry in the Age of Zero Grav (Blue & Yellow Dog 2015). His chapbook, A Journey of Haphazard Miles, is slated for 2016 online publication by Alt Poetics. He is editor of Blue & Yellow Dog, which is now archived at <http://blueyellowdog.weebly.com> & publisher of a new poetry blog The Helios Mss at www.theheliosmss.blogspot.com