Rane Arroyo

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

A bird's song, a churchgoer
waiting the arrival of
a new priest, a near bell.

How lonely to be a prophet
with wings, to eat your
weight's worth daily.

Wait -- singers on skates!
Whitman, what a shame that
the worms got you. The sky

is larger than my black window
winking at smokers
in the alley. Suddenly,

silence -- am I dead? No,
a taxi is honking for a Moses
lookalike, it won't stop

honking, nightingale with
a meter. Clouds arrive
like sailors used to monsters.

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THE SIMPLE IS AMAZING

Cramps in my left leg,
surprisingly painful
after being awakened from
a dream in which
I'm with you, only
the houseboat is on fire
and I say "see how
easy it is to witness
the birth of a star."
Trees are nearer books.
Has death no birds?
Suddenly pain pulls me
back to this planet.
I hop around until
something spills
out of me; it's the weight
of my bewilderment.