

Michael McGuire "New Color"

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NEW COLOR

Torch a shadow with the volume of thought, find new
color in light's
figured fault, Athena bleeding diagrams of cities made
of sound.
Touch the nerve net with dreams made of flight, seek
the drugs edge in
what is wrong with right, cure me kill me doctor heal
me drink the solid
ground.
Search for beauty's reptile ancient moments clock,
what base of comfort
erupting under rock, wasted angels in heaven's ache
lightly fall from
grace.
Feel for contours of defiance; oscillating birth, shape
pity's victim from
what nothing is worth, turn the meaning over and fly
the mirror's face.
Every day is its own never, fortune leaking from a
prayer, every death is
its own ever, in desperate silence we repair, change
the lights abundant
fever, shine it thru the deepest turning, sleepy god
astral receiver, hell is
Eden's bible burning, chasing wind riding weather,
pain of context suffer
dimes, friday orbit and monday tether, mother's milk
and father's crimes,
artificial language sighing, interpretation of heartbeat,
skeletal focus bone
yard crying, escape the sense of traffic heat.
Leaning on deliberate accidents, color is fool of moody
sense.
dec 95

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