

Mitch Corber

arson is a lesson learned

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in tourniquet worship, loaves
of sodabread bobbing atop
the kerosene waters

prim and prune of noonday
fires fingers licking
red and yellow bunting
flames uttering the fluttering

drifts neanderthal sleds and
snowbirds wordy infinitude
semi-linear proto-conscious
dirigibles of quasi-jive

dark permissions shout
of famine breezes
fanning fury to new heights
and chatty magpies

Weather's Feather

Chase change in chiméra's conduit,
peak at the pluck of weather's feather.
Swap opportunities in dizzy song,
a surrogate leaping deeper-than-thought,
conscious as a wheel cog,
consummate as a cheering union.

Ride the wakened blend of back-break,
for god sakes a siren shimmering on the wane,
the brain-drain abandoned to a tortoise shell
of hellbent Wednesdays, a spooning outcrop
of the thrumming dumbing down of
bound sweat and braggage.

Move me as any movie
from a voyeuristic crouch
in trial-bubble bingo,
the ringtone nesting in a pensive
lemondrop opportunity.

While the peal of an early bell
deciphers its piety in a pricked blister,
to etch a wretch his bloody bond of crotch and hairs,
assembling in a wintry blink
this bare reference to the shin of shy resurfacings,
the bleating treatment of a bully goat.

Slashed as an asking price, tonight's itinerary
spites the sticker shock of drip-dry druids
in fluid robe, giving Death the breath it dreads,
in a seismic nocturnal foraging,
maintaining a moth-eaten mortgage
of the sordid spackled facts.

february

february's ferocious affirmation
dim and windows barren
bitter winter snowdrift rainy
before the patented plow

nor frigid the wiggle room
unpredictable I-you showdown
slowed to creepy feet
and glistening dust-off

so new the usual wants
in heydays haunting
I reach back to blacken
any remaining gremlins

a study of inverted pleasures
mentoring the measurements
a chew of a candy kiss
the shatter of observant matter

Tumble down the wonder fear

Tumble down the wonder fear
barely borrowed from your commerce eyes,
a schism vision of a puffball plantation.
A pause in my century stare, wary of the
tick-tack laptop consequences.

Discern the mere holler of a dollar down,
soundless pestilence in the palm court.
Eerie trajectories of a cramped corridor,
the surge inflicted by inflections past.
In person, on point.

I'm here wherever weaving trends send a message
to my hobo toes, the news frozen.
Closures surround the common corners
voicing the swoop of an anthem
-- damn the manageable meanings.

Could the very workaday perk up
my errant ears? Can the stance of a dancer
manipulate the center stage?
or must I mop the millionaire's forehead,
soothing subcutaneous pores?

I'd drink a sinkful of gladdened magnets,
darkly draw the curtains for emerging moonbeams
scheming to envelop the pulp and panache.
Lips clash of wishes tossed like ripe squash
in sautéed skillet.

Pretend words are woolly stems in a trend
of buy and sell, clever puns impending pearls
of woodshed wisdom, morphed into border cops
in shiny badge arrangements
true to the nicotine peril.

Sheepsie

Haggle bedraggle boom-ticka Sheepsie
weeps he (tough love) keeps
a havoc-clamp of dark residuals

Shells of servant scowls growl the grunt of Undone
A postage-due parade of
day-old bagels

Seems snooze is resonating winds of change
that span the range of dribbled soup
in the looped crouton caché

Jeepers! Leaps of faith contend a trace of septic
breath in the ruddy birth of
a Beggar's Blues

When tuned a nuke of grab inhabits
the sorry slab of jammed jelly-leg
figurines of speech

Roses pose a rhythm and a raunch
of staunch retainers of
the rote potion

Doe-eyed mindspringers solve an instant riddle
of the rumored Romeo
and his missing folio

Dimmed locution roars a hindered hurdle
of throbbing galoshes
in the bosom of a chasm

Rummy tumblers wreck a hurried House of Cards
as bubble-breath haunts
the surface air apparent

The midget squint of surface worth

I'm a panda purring
Nourishing a wandering word
A guess of weathers lapsed
A past-due tapestry
picknicking in pearl onion dominion

I'm a drum humming
a bunch of bad rhythms
Radical snare farewells
Sands of timid time in sift,
shiver-trickle intimations

Definitive?
I'm rivers from Potomac candidacy
I've heard of dim windows wet with wish
Where the surefoot hides
my prying eyes

I'm numb with this naming
A cry striving for a calling
Days thread
head through pin
Thrift flies west of mixed blessings

I be drifting
Sake of seeming
Breached squeaky feelings
fault the free-range changing sky
Struck shy of sure reach

I'm someone serviced by a nervous tic
Knotting the getting of gotten
but sinking in the miracle wink
The lank stink of knife-eye sightings
The midget squint of surface worth

Skein

A skein of mangy moments interrupts a tray
of fancy deli. Feldspar feels more like shale,
a shallow pan of foolers' gold. Never on Sunday.
Nunca domingo, señorita, no sign of relief.

Pardon me I've bred a tension
spanked with barking knives. Skin limits
a green council of invigorant sounds.
Simulcast elections rig the Figure 9.

Nil and not a factor
I'm prone to moan clueless in this clinch.
It's a cinch I gather at the bedpost
a curious grin of begging mouth.

Training for the main stage a million legs
shake off the shingles. I plead a deep & dancing icon
bubbling in its brew, or fooled, a mighty lightness
succumbing to the running commentary.

Please stomach the hardened violence,
the heaped bleatings, the severed nobility
concerning my salient body. Do limit your
furrowed-brow bullyings, mon amour.

Southward flees the frosted seasons
lost in slumber's chill.
Ill-timed, a tempestuous fist
resists the doubter's dilemma.