

Flowers Blooming in Central Park  
*for Margaret*

the sun god climbs the sky between her ripe plump breasts--a  
promise? they remind me of two melons, new sunrises  
would bring into our lives, a mirage of the past? swollen, erect  
nipples! but then again this could be a dream teasing my aging  
longing, when grey clouds bloom, drop rain, it's April, spring  
time, and the sun washes over, cleans again my cobwebbed desire  
and eye find myself thinking of flowers beginning to flourish  
in Central Park, their multicolored buds like heads swaying  
atop slender stems when a gentle breeze sashays through –  
like a tongue – in the park, alluring me, like a female dancer  
blowing caressing kisses in my fevered imagination

in the first place, we all live alone – like these flowers – yearning  
throughout our own lives to grow – inside our own bodies flesh,  
death lives there too, so does life – no matter what, people,  
dogs, cats, rats, insects, fools, all kinds of creepy things, vibrant things  
also – live here too, everywhere, carrying whatever, voices, poetry  
hanging in the breeze, breathing – cold, warm in the air,  
to speak truth, if at all possible, is the way to go, now in this weird,  
destructive period – time frame we walk through now – crawl, perhaps  
stand up straight if our backbones permit  
laddering up our spines – but we know time is always  
moving like weather – a tornado there, a day of sun

here, today is what it is, with or without our approval –  
then, sometimes we run across an old feeble dog, alone,  
dragging its ass through a park, living fire gone from its eyes  
tired now – which reminded me suddenly of the sweet  
heat of a beautiful love affair eye had once and my memory  
plunged deep into an equally passionate woman, whose tongue,  
a lance of fire, lit my fuse, as did her burning cinder eyes,  
sucked me down into her sweet-honey passion and we rode,  
the volcanic crater of her vice-like, welcoming vagina grip  
was bucking heat, flesh to flesh, until collapsing, trembling,  
wet with sweat as daybreak broke outside our window

that was then, this is now, eye have spent 80 years roaming,  
different streets of cities around this spinning globe  
revolving around the sun & moon, bright eyes of stars watching  
people down here doing terrible things, with no place to go  
to escape what we have done, surrounded by all this damage  
people have inflicted on each other, on this planet  
when there is no place to run, hide from all this avarice  
we have indulged in, all this ugliness full of evil contempt  
and now the bill is coming due with the deadly arrival  
of a novel coronavirus, the white nationalism of Tumpism,  
which has erased the concept of “United” in the states of America