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Two Poems

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The *Word Hoard*

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and Humanities scholars.

Two Poems

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Two Diaries

I. Gratefulness Diary

Small blessings: we were born after the heydays
of dinner theatre, lawn darts, the guillotine.

The hole under our window
doesn't let in banshees or bad airs.

I don't think the man in the building
opposite can hear me when I say my ideas.
If he did, he would do a "rude hand motion."

If he heard your ideas it is okay,
because they are good. He
would do the "happy brows."

Bad news no longer comes on video,
Movietone, wireless, or packet steamer.

We once met a man named Lion; he
thought that your name was "America."

II. Clarity Diary

Methods of inside-and-out killing
mutate and double the fuck down.

There are holes under a thousand windows,
a rent and a fentanyl crisis, and a plan for market-rate
condos in the middle of Chinatown –
and that's just my 10K radius.

Somebody is listening,
or could.

Bad news comes like five
hundred years of frigid rain.

America: a poacher
that thinks it's a lion.

After Van Dyke Parks' "Van Dyke Parks"¹

Nearer my God
without any hope of approaching nearer

my God to thee, my seismic pulse,
my cello on the lemon-clean boards
of what they called an unsinkable enterprise

holed by the hardness of
its own element and means:
cold, floating, shard-like whiteness

my finger beeps a Richter scale and
Mercury falls with a hiss in the wind
would I were

nearer God as a lemonade sun
cooing over soft suffusive sea

¹ The song "Van Dyke Parks," from Parks' 1968 album *Song Cycle*, features a lone vocalist singing "Nearer, My God to Thee" (famously, but perhaps never actually, played by the band on the RMS Titanic) over explosions and combat sounds.