

J. Michael Wahlgren

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from Modern Candy

A Light Year

The stars play a sort of blues,
a harmonic without a key, a turn

with a lyre, a burning fire in blue
if the arpeggios tune out one another

like the falling Jesus. I possess
an Adam's apple like no other, it buoys

when I swallow. Peter hid away.
The cross of two wooden poles.

I sip, when love is a mix of sorts.
Matthew wrote to Luke.

Cahoots! One string defying love,
another defining *agape*. It's my turn

to play the harp, it's my turn
to start the car & through this windshield,

this armor of sorts, I sort,
my business. A cacophony with Conductor,

(I stole from Wright) &
a pulse defining *dictionary*, before

the spirit envelops my heart, I fail
to bend with light years.

Chicago

Molasses eyes,
a cricket in disguise,
the silence of the paints.

At noon, in Chicago
I corner myself
in a gallery—

eye movement in a circle,
a corn pod,
A little dot in the corner, with sprouts.

A train afraid to
leave the station.
The tingling sensation,

of white blood cells,
at work—
My retina, hidden hands,

of a glass time piece—
As statements compose,
a Michigan Mile,

the organs silenced in the pale lights.
A display of sky blue,
with an invisible red wind,

signaling to stop,
and be absorbed
by this white hole.

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Wonderland

Chicago breathes *city*, just
as jazz mends blues:

the revolution's laissez-faire fair:
the protagonist's downfall, all

gospel whispers, corners
of Carroll's Alice, o such instinctual

script, domino effects of a past
relation: sex at noon, sex without *with*.

A blockheaded wish, to be
A blockheaded wish, to be

(This windy city, churns
me into a *such*.) a rock tumbler

Soil

My face is blue from the middle
of the flame of history. Here's a riddle:

A part of me is a native to this soil,
A part is perennial, the toil

between *divine & collapse* . Calligraphy
pens draw a fine line on wedding invitations,

lights on in the kitchen past late hours.
I do, so hard to say it's candy. I smoke

the same tobacco as my ancestors,
I drink the same gin. It's a matter

of beginnings. In some cases, it's a matter
of begging to stay put, to settle in, to scythe

the sun which left me like porcelain.
I sort through souvenirs. I route roots

to envelope history's evolving plot.
What is history but an adult's toy,

the safest bet in a race?
Uncertain of this past, I beg

for the fast fit of this ring
to my finger

Canoe

After every *after*, follow suit, were
two women in their swimming suits:

Do me a favor: It *is* your recipe
I savor, one said

to the other;

You are the poem I never finish,
a light
~~diminishing~~ softly

as Night waits for the woman in blue
to complete her conversation. Her last cigarette;

Curtains.