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Devotional Understanding



—after Eric Dolphy's *Something Sweet, Something Tender*

Something of a white blur, wearing air's fabricated doily  
atop hidden shoulders  
naked below strength to move  
mentioning of past miseries. The voice  
of the white blur, that of a female's  
infinite persuasion  
connected to winged reliance on the  
fascinating abscond. Soft,  
slight mishap, leading eyes to intermingle  
splayed origins, bending devotion  
into origami renditions of a burgeoning  
definition, relational inclusion.

—after Soft Machine's *Slightly All the Time*

Uncertainty

resembles the face of a past particularization,  
semblance half-full partial rendition  
beyond childhood and not yet continuous  
with an elder's wrinkled physiognomy.

Clarity

underlines the fuzz of my circular  
inventions, rename from the watching's  
various tones of misunderstood. Appropriate  
recluse I am now

wandering into halls and rooms  
specific to the DNA of regurgitated heroes,  
those of my various minds and  
from the border overreaching sequence  
of years, lending name to the prior undefined  
clothing draping skin across my uncovered  
collection of deconstructed reflections.

—after John Coltrane's *Light Blue*

Linked, often, a child's melody  
wrapped in smooth transition, womb into arms  
into a world's dedicated chaos. Lifting  
weight from childhood  
lying dimensional sacredness onto shoulders  
now able to withstand focal determination. Blue-link  
male, metaphor option paralleling pink-link female,  
otherness of androgynous appearance  
unlikely able to link self to defining presence  
like air's drifting leave, unnoticed  
never again counted as environmental heaviness.

—after Don Cherry's *California (LP Version)*

Kingdom, cliché.

Why we rarely wave (greet, goodbye), ongoing narcissism  
toward those that turquoise-dress

crawl on belly-white bodies      waving  
and gaining speedy deaths, salty  
verbs  
    of gone impetus? We spend  
and deny arriving breaths  
those not same-time (place) conception  
parting masses              although never conjoined  
fully  
    like death of tiny body  
pushing forth sibling's existence, gift of  
undefined royalty. Alfresco  
constant, redesigned music  
coaxes altruistic reflection new  
nude, look into changes forgotten  
on the annual deception.

—after Miles Davis' *I Fall in Love Too Easily*

And watch

altered space

reenact with laughing trilogies

hanging onto the still of my frantic

evaluation

wondering of the mathematical

absence

ending with partitioned sections of emotional

English

questioning those in which have become among the winged

landing

silently for only a moment's thin spectrum of existence.

—after Maynard Ferguson's *Everybody Loves the Blues*

And hates diversity's innuendo.

And believes in the spoken entities  
of a tongue's various personas.

Or wants

in the wishing way  
for facets to deliver skilled experiments of  
fascinating images.

Too

loves the heretical  
examples of  
various forays

finding ways of specialized faith  
deep within angles another leaves as speculative  
devotion to petrifying happiness.

—after Arturo Sandoval's *Jump Spring*

Evolutional occurrences,  
distant revolutions each  
just beyond cold of Winter's  
partitioning chill. Pastel  
clothing on petals' various  
leans, juxtaposed with elemental scents  
whispering conjures of a welcoming  
instruction. Dance in dark's later  
arrival, leading to year of various rains  
falling and mending: mathematical  
healing of ground's desirous  
burgeon.

—after Danny Moss' *Cry Me A River*

Mending, displaced meandering  
with

or such as

documented transgressions  
paining the rhythm of heart's  
open mechanics

winding

ongoing effort  
theorized by psychological seizing of readied  
presupposed antics. As gone  
is heroic method  
talking to the absent through memory or guile  
death to the duo, sufficient, saddened,

serial throughout history's maddened focus on  
insufficient attempts toward faking  
one's neoteric desires.

—after Praxis' *Aftershock (Chaos Never Died)*

Symphonic needles, buzz, barrier  
manipulation, bees  
open-clawed

diverse angles 30      45 degrees

impulse injection  
crater deep pain      pulsating red of a throbbing  
honesty. Say, allergies, say  
convulsing adage of the uncaredful  
italics,

say, yes

comprehension now alert behind fluttering  
lids of an eye's various  
dementia.

—after Art Ensemble of Chicago's *Song for Charles*

Madman

- (1. developed fear, fragile
2. compositional reality
3. relying on partial membrane
4. defined by notions of the  
uncritical basis for supposition
5. abrupt and negative)

until the otherness dimension of facial comprehension  
peers into eyes of the nonchalant defining.