

## Richard Alan Bunch

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### Cathmor

A tall actor without a script,  
in the mirror he has snowy  
salt and pepper whiskers.

Aside from being a widower,  
he takes his meals  
at the *Seahorse Café*  
as he hears the easy listening  
sound of fog horns,  
waves of a quiet sea,  
and the blue calm  
of unsummoned breezes.

His wife has been dead for years  
and he ponders  
how passages are slow motion scissors  
as he sips a Corona Extra Dry  
and eats shrimp, mussels,  
and oysters on the half shell.

He reads the *San Francisco Chronicle*  
and its entertainment section  
featuring *Alerta Kamarada*.

Sooner than soon  
night will invade  
as he contemplates  
how our bodies are made  
of drifting starlight  
above the foam of clouds.

## **Hubba-hubba**

Thanks to Napa Valley wines  
and a fox trot  
urgent in my blood,  
I begin dancing  
with the yellow strokes  
of hubba-hubba.

As we twirl, martian sun-streams  
sketch sunset  
over a puddle-wonderful  
seacoast of splendor  
and I see all those faces  
on the dance floor  
blending in yours.

Overhead, starlings  
curl skyward  
as timid hares  
pass by in their invisible hymns.

We sense that with cha-cha  
goes the mind  
beneath a frigid moon  
and those sable orchids of night.

## **Harborside Jazz Quartet**

Theirs is a band  
of traveling minstrels  
known as the *Harborside Jazz Quartet*  
featuring Chakra on guitar,  
Guy on piano,  
Brian on bass,  
and Liliana, a vocalist  
that would blossom and bud.

They often play  
in a church  
hedged by a sea wall  
as giant blue waves roll  
and gulls squall  
over salamander footprints  
in the sand, a purple jacaranda tree,  
and the geometry  
of dusk-dripping leaves.

At various gigs they play selections

(which include mind moments  
of borrowed ancestors)

all sorts of passages  
that flower into mellow rhythms  
and milk-white distant suns.

## **Turquoise Rain**

On a spiritual night  
after a turquoise rain  
there sighs whispers  
of morning prayers.

In the ghostly words of faith,  
we sense each incarnation  
takes faith  
even for hundreds of riders  
from states of sorrow  
since longing often shapes a life.

As a tangerine sun  
splits the mountain,  
we remark a leafy footbridge  
leading to acres of blue-violet grapes  
and the quiet kiss of flowers  
as a heron lifts from the fir tree.

Signs from falling stars  
glimmer as we end the day  
rowing our skiff on an evening pond.

## Seasoned Wood

Among the black thousands  
pine by birch by Norway maple,  
light knows love is greater than  
wishing for  
the dark magnolias of your body  
and the unsayable words of my leaves.

Arm-in-arm, we stroll  
along the shoreline  
and notice sails of a sloop  
designed with seasoned wood.

Passing by a garden  
of purple theories  
with its choir of lilacs and dahlias,  
the hillsides hum  
with the sweet grace of time's because.

Adoration and intimate slumber  
unfurl our true image  
when it comes to espousing us  
amid the shipwrecks of why.

**Richard Alan Bunch** is a three-time Pushcart Prize nominee and the author of several collections of poetry, including *Greatest Hits: 1970-2000*; *Wading the Russian River*; and *Running for Daybreak*. His poetry has appeared in *Windsor Review*, *Poetry New Zealand*, *The Hurricane Review*, *Poem*, *Hawai'i Review*, *Many Mountains Moving*, *Xavier Review*, *Slant*, *Homestead Review*, *Dirigible*, *Haight Ashbury Literary Journal*, *West Wind Review*, *Comstock Review*, and the *Oregon Review*. His latest work is titled *Gazing Anew: Collected Poems 2011-2015*. He resides with his family in Davis, California.

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