

## Richard King Perkins II

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### Skylace Extending

Every act of genius is suspicious

an act of madness  
in not-so-subtle disguise.

The gods have bitten me again

a cause for light to happen  
within the molasses of the city.

I'll always aspire to your heliosphere

best perceived as tangible rises off skin;  
skylace extending beyond extraordinary.

Someday I'll return from muted space

panting like a rabid chimera  
carrying something brilliant in my teeth.

## **Distant Body**

The sun glows chrómatos portokalí;  
its light— pink coral and glassite,  
flickerings among phosphorescent schist  
and veins of agate.

Beneath hills of poplar  
and fog pearled by daybreak,  
I've given you ballads resembling love  
sliding forward irrepressibly,  
delivered with lips of oxygen and iridescence.

Seeing us in many places at once—  
a skyway hypnosis, an armada of dirigibles,  
pigments subtly drained,  
denatured clouds without orient or horizon—

together, fading, crying out, restored;  
we're unknown and ignored,  
broken and shunned creatures  
hanging from an apex of gold  
and even deeper gold.

I recognize your fingertip beyond its print  
and compelling point—  
proof that a shadow is never exactly like  
the distant body which cast it.

## Confirming in Negative

It's become something of a routine:

I give you five bags  
of chocolate covered almonds  
and you hand me a ten dollar bill.

Occasionally, I wonder if this arrangement  
puts us in some kind of relationship.

There are times when I walk past you  
that I can smell  
the sweet earthiness of your snack  
and my thoughts are tantalized just a little bit.

I'm pretty sure  
there's no real intimacy in this  
but it seems kind of intimate—

providing sustenance to another person.

Yesterday  
when you were in the break room  
making a personal call

it was so quiet  
that I heard a man tell you to make sure  
you picked up more chocolate covered almonds  
on your way home.

You said you would

and then looked up at me—  
caught in the slightest deception  
shaking your head sideways slightly

confirming in negative  
the extent of our secret rapport.

## Sage

is my only child  
a girl  
who turned twelve last week,

a single chance for me  
at a greater longevity—

whatever I may have contributed  
to this point

like worn brakes  
my influence decreases every day.

She's beginning the long struggle  
to interpret her own mission

becoming something  
I'll have no great say in;

is it any wonder

my stomach tightens  
when folding a lightweight bra—

intimidated by the tiny marbles  
it protects so flimsily.

## Comets and Whispers

The sun is released  
from its moss grave

as you engage with rain

that spoils your pressed hair  
and expensive cosmetics.

Nothing is easy  
in the place you stand—

water apologizes  
for ruining you

and its inevitable confusion  
with tears.

Transfixed on a road  
to things most familiar

you walk past me

ignorant of my outstretched hand  
and the reducing cone

of my words.

The last time we spoke  
you tickled me

with comets and whispers

that risked everything  
but still

you wanted me  
to walk you home

through a dark sapphire linkage

into a landscape  
sliding down your sadness.

**Richard King Perkins II** is a state-sponsored advocate for residents in long-term care facilities. He lives in Crystal Lake, IL, USA with his wife, Vickie and daughter, Sage. He is a three-time Pushcart nominee and a Best of the Net nominee whose work has appeared in more than a thousand publications.