

Richard Allen Bunch

Kasikkasima Mountain

As a sharp sun dawns,
we gaze
at *Kasikkasima Mountain*
while a forested bank
of shadow
initially blocks
our view of the sea
where a storm
vexes the beach
as music
of a Pindaric ode
haunts skerries
off the coast.

We are fortunate
to cultivate
the friendship
of well-wooded gods
in all our pacific seas
as they try
to seduce Vestal, New York
virgins
and perpetuate
the odors of rum
and shaved almonds.

As we empty
our coffee cups,
we fondly recall
how Neptune's cousin
gave me
a teakwood Buddha
for Christmas
and you a seashell
drawn by
golden-red seahorses.

No Endings

Just as the sea
repeats itself
in stubby frenzies
with a bluish-green glow
on the rocks
that cast off no heat,
so the lotus blooms
pink in the leaf
and the Norway maple
splits the rock,
we are two hours
and forty minutes
into another life
as though
you are saying
your last words in silence.

But we know
there are no endings
all this time
to the rollers of wars
and unplayed cards
on a prairie of flowers.

Everyday Day

Just as feeling runs through
touching selves
of dream and wake
and dream again,
so god-awful poets
are red-ass gorillas
and profanities in drag.

My steady watch
tells me tête-à-tête
the hour's unfleeing furies
and when
gravestone elegies
rhyme our ends
in the splintered vision
of a partial dialect.

Tirelessly fresh winds
clamor the hills
till however parallel
forever is
as secret oils drive
the rolling surf
into household truths
and ferned woods
in the springtime of the dead.

Defanged Sidewinders

As a wolf's tail
joins a dolphin's chatter
and a flautist
announces the dances
of Bacchus,
snapdragon vines
waver in the grove's
primal bliss.

In our town
where the physician
gets high every day,
we leave
to greenwood poets
moments
of defanged sidewinders,
impatient with what
summer has to say.

We know the lord
does not look down
with heedless eyes
for she is the shaker
and mover
who does not move
except for certain parts.

Surreal Sandwiches

Birds like the chirr
of jays chirr chirr
that carry water
in their voices
are also the Buddha,
not dharma bums
as I fish for all
the fish you wish
while I tweet my friend
on this porch rail
at dawn
in the Bronx.

Even my ear
of shadows
listens
to the river
as we watch
the hordes
of already-forgotten
men
pour in from Romania.

That's why I adore
your desire
and kiss your neck.

We know the universe
is more
than a horny chance,
dream hole
or a surreal sandwich,
however boundless
the constellations
on the brows of holly.

Richard Alan Bunch is a three-time Pushcart Prize nominee and the author of several collections of poetry, including *Greatest Hits: 1970-2000*; *Mystic Pizzazz and Tiger Lilies*; 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 *Original Blend: New and Selected Poems*. He resides with his family in Davis, California.