The Patient

I am patient. That is my mineral fact.

I have long term storage in double helixes
my two long polymers of nucleotides
my backbone made of sugars and phosphate groups
joined by ester bonds. I see imagist pears dissolving down

golden arms I hear needle-less the sleep aid cd’s
real violins, then float blue-black
at the eventide, injure

of the taut to and fro, cut-back

asphalt road, a path of greening twigs nourishing

nothing personal. Root stocks
of the best grapes, balm
for the honeybee’s bite, lyme’s flea—

money chimes in the community bowl,

with patience I can sit on this bench

and wait for the ironworks of a previous century
to reverse themselves, or I can lie in the grass,

vision the airplane’s scatter-lit

hallway, the descent

only a little shaky

like the trouble between art and life rolling you out

onto an unpainted landscape,

the unbelted intoxication of travel unstable as a chemical’s twisted briar

medicine or drug licit or illicit

or afterimage
time to move along
it’s pathos time
dodge a supreme fear
pathos—

Patience was crowding anxiety
Patience’s gentle tongue was breaking a bone,

while the twin and drone
to be patient with

hovered over
our uncharted, rimless wants,

rictus a slit vowel—

La vida,
a mess of dominoes
face down.

I am a pilot light
desiring more recognition,
I suck grass
to the dead inside.

The sleep aid cd & Hippocratic oath mixed up good
in the cocktail of my head spoken into like commerce’s cavity,
cavity or skylight opening to the early spring blossoms
in the airless baggage claim

sanchez in stencil font
stitched to my desert fatigues

holding luggage looking for someone to pick me up

I can be both life-charged and dead in consecutive units,

exited to like
turnpike rest stop’s promisingly lit
pagoda, a respite for the humans stopping and returning,
the humans predicating,

a human is someone
who has wandered in from the desert.

I am patience in a substance clothed.

truly a creepy troll
truly a creepy troll

a human is the one
continuing to close
Christ’s eyes
on the great crucifixes

wagering will there now be some inevitable progress. In a tone pour,

the erotics of the electronics swelling the house
and trailing to the sidewalk,

skip to sound

a harrowing to go, a darned patch

A soft fontanel
a warm harm
a human

does nothing

unusual, forgetting the euphoria
of human potential

is human potential

wanting more tools to form the mind. Rest, stop, a human is go
stopping and returning,

a practice a human is someone
to pick you up

a human is someone to hone
in a human’s long-held desire to vanish in a crowd or x-ed
out void of others, in mass human’s estranging light.