I make no distinction between dream and reality. Life is a metaphor. This is a poem about the life/dream that is narcotics.

FALL OMENS

This fall I am swollen
with mutant promise,
a prophecy burning obscene
in my mouth like a black worm
or terrible charm.
It is as the omens specified!
Earthquakes and mysterious illness.
Government trucks bring gauze
and gas masks.

I want to feel the sea-breeze sting
without the elaboration of coats.
I leave doors unlocked.
Floors fill with torn newspapers
and trails from ant hills.
Stray cats come
with their poor starved litters.
We shiver while wind
rips the ribs of the house.

No secret hollows exist
in the derelict underbelly
of this wounded city
with its odd grace and ruin.
Soon rooms will be lit
only by fires
from wind-split power lines.
The rations thin.
The pipes grind dry.

The bleached sky is taut
and empty as a mirror obsessively
watching the same white wall.
One small bird beats the wind.
More birds skim the white caps.
Birds blue and gray and black
with oil and dust and city soot.
These are the birds of prophecy
and plague.

The sky is cloudless, lacking depth.
The birds are their own dimension.
A leaderless unmatched flock
with carrion enough
in this dullest slate of fall
where waves coil hopeless
at the contagious shore,
the pitted roads and gray hills
punched by shrill wind.

The circle is pulled smaller.
The wind tires.
The warm birds go.
The broken things touch
bottom, finite.
The sea spits one last
blind fish,
pronged spines useless
for hunting or mating.

The survivors drift
into pale white morning
reflected in oily puddles
off rails in deserted alleys.
The last cables fall.
Pneumonia startles.
Bodies lie unburied.
There is not ground enough.