

Luca Guaraní Prince





For Luca, Life as it Might Have Been...

Naomi Weiss Barber

His adoptive mother

Luca Guaraní Prince

Mangled truths wrought mangled body

My third child taken off a tree limb

In the generous rainforest of Paraguay

Imprecation predilection

Prophetic propensity

Necessary to probe

The why and why and why

Of such a propitious decision

We have choice, we have subjectivity, and we choose what we will make ourselves to be; we are entirely responsible for our existence: Jean Paul Sartre

Needing Family No Matter What

The story of Luca's adoption

A medical *elder primate*

An anomaly

Twenty-six years later

Repercussions reverberate

Wind chimes knell

Sonorous din inner ear

Constantly begs

Why and how

Unfathomable inscrutable

Yet utterly predictable

The story the circumstances

And the *unintended consequences*

*A perverse effect contrary to what was originally intended (when an intended solution makes a problem worse). This has been dubbed the **cobra effect** after an anecdote about how a bounty for killing cobras in British India caused people to breed cobras. Robert K. Merton, Sociologist*

The *cobra effect*

Collection of misdeeds

Fraught decisions

Choices stuck

In the extraterrestrial

Chicken neck

Of decision making

Bartering brokering

Vow bending violating

A couple unfathomably

Incompatibly joined

Dared to think

Contemplate

Harrowing

Caged birds accept each other but flight is what they long for. Tennessee Williams, Camino Real

What missed circuit

When bending of logic

Assertion of biblical lore

Entertained even the thought

They should adopt a child

Bring a found infant

An *abandoned* baby

Into their incidental fictive family

Monumental folderol mendacity

There ain't nothin' more powerful than the odor of mendacity.

You can smell it. It smells like death. This disgust with mendacity is disgust with yourself.

Tennessee Williams Cat on Hot Tin Roof

A tautological horror unravels

Discursive ominous foreboding

What crawl of madness

Crept my walk down

That Episcopal chapel

Wedding aisle

Scissor spread my legs

Nocturnal batwings

To invite *Mr. Marauder* in

And yet and yet

Bedraggled escapee

Tourniquet twisting

Case study

Martini twist

Marital abuse

Stray wife

Doggedly pursued

Hand to soothe

Bare-knuckled

Took to *hook line sinker*

Feigned ardor

My body a barren *Atacama*

Desperate enticement

Fugitive Bronx choirboy

Deigned illumine

Pre-verbal cogitation

Climbing the ancient

Core of biblical Sarah

That we ought

Adopt a child

Why not? Why?

Highflying high-fiving

Went for obligatory

Home Study

Social worker *legally blind*

Struck by our legitimacy

Our legitimacy!

And so it goes

How dare we?

How could we?

We did

And I was

The biometric architect

The evil that is in the world almost always comes from ignorance, and good intentions may do as much harm as malevolence if they lack understanding. Albert Camus

Reams attesting

Sanctioning our rightness
Filled voluminous forms
Congressman intervened
We travelled near the tip
Of Latin America
To gather up



Teeth on scruff
An abandoned infant
Fifteen years later
A son our son
Catapulting to death
Body altering dark magic
Surgical machination
Attaching a portion
Of his small intestine
To a hole in his stomach
Into which his poop would flow
He would sport on his tummy

An ostomy bag

A what?

A surgically created opening in the small intestine, usually at the end of the ileum, the intestine is brought through the abdominal wall to form a stoma. Ileostomies may be temporary or permanent, and may involve removal of all or part of the entire colon.

Betrayed by his body

Sinister imperial genealogy

Tampered with

Indigenous balance

His large intestine

Imploded with poisons

Disintegrated

He was only fifteen

His large intestine

Surgically drawn

From his body

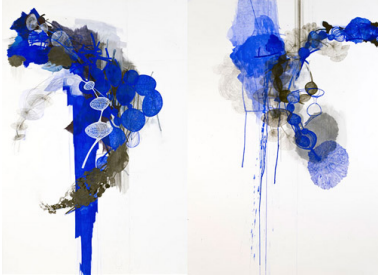
A mound of moist *Play-Doh*

Streaming bile-like

Green-black sepsis

Biomorphic metastasis

Biomorphism is an art movement that began in the 20th century. It patterns artistic design elements on naturally occurring patterns or shapes reminiscent of nature. Taken to its extreme it attempts to force naturally occurring shapes onto functional devices, often with mixed results.



Our darling found child
Myth making *Guaraní Indian*
Hosannas regaling us as saints
You saved that boy's life
Bedside post-surgery
Intensive care
For moments
Child loses consciousness
On the operating table
Resuscitated
His daunting will
Grappling with angels
Whether to stay
Or fly off
Ascendant homeward
Reappearing reincarnate
A fabulously plumed parrot
Sashaying in rainforest arbor
Child of indeterminate genealogy
Did he have a biomedical

Predisposition

A native primordial

Predilection

Genealogical tables

Yet formulated

Had we known

Had we known

Paraguayan odyssey

Whim daring

To adopt an infant

Decision fraught

Grimacing moon

Beauty and truth

Formidably forsaken

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. John Keats

Decision deceitful

Trickster moon

Bedevilment

Seduction

Stolen solace

Full moon breach

Betrayal

Fantasy whim

Vagrant pitiful

Desolate alone

Grabbing the ephemeral



Putti cherubic

Defied defiled truth

Lay in a crèche of lies

The why of why

Wee *Amerindian* prince

Flesh not of my flesh

Sublime *Tantric* craving

Around which to build a life

Bernini ecstasy

Mother reclaimed beauty and truth

When I found you in my arms



NB

In Flight: How I Got Helter-Skelter From Here to There From Then to Now

I.

Nubile slender adolescent beauty

Dwarfed arrow struck petrified

Throttled fear stuck

At twenty-two fled to marriage

Rendered stymied stultified

Instinctive craving sunlight

Fear engulfs

Solitude encroaches

Thwarted heart

Refuses light

Forages darkness for solace

Death prods resist pull

Love and its denial

Twisted concubine of fear

Love too forbidding

Overpowered urgent desire

Desperation's hunger

Antidote salvation

Life's annihilation

Kicking up inflamed

Frantic rasping hunger

For an infant to suckle

Breasts perked

Sustenance yielding

Witless hapless

Maternal craving

Mother beat her belly

Black and blue upon

Learning baby budding

Ominous beginning

Cowering heart

Found love

Stultifying confounding

Wrenching too daunting

Resistant heart

Lapsed rhapsodic

About motherhood

Star beamed beyond

Constellation of sorrow

Galactic aurora borealis



If I couldn't choose love

I would have motherhood

Caught in the crosshairs

Fear and desire

Vouchsafe acquiesce

Fear greater force

Catatonic rendering

Incapable of

True adult love

Heart swelled

Ardor passion

Webbed in love's spell

Infant drawn

Of my body suckled

Totemic reflexive let down

Into ancient tenderness

Mother and child

Cleft to relief

Horror seeking peace

Two infants drawn

From my body

Had me fluttering

Humming ancient

Tantric mantra

Shiva -Hum, Om – Protection, Liberation Awareness -Namah Shivaya

Quarks quirks perversities

Husband sulked skulked

Babies and I danced *Hora*

Ecstatic Israeli twirling

Laughter high stepping

Manic dervish circling

Monster father bristled

Pistol wielding

Fist flinging

Pummeling savaging

Mother child bond

Marriage collapsed

Precarious

Babies huddle

In love's residue

In the aftermath

II.

In flight

From love's torment

Inevitably becoming chattel

To yet another madman

A wolf in sheep's clothing



Gobsmacked
By his wiles his guile
This former Bronx choirboy
Artful savant seducer
Wielding his penis
With its promise
Fucking was his art
Salacious seduction
Baying wooly sheep
Sweet-talking
Church liturgy
Appointed anointed
Mournful
As if a *Jeremiad*
Culling sympathies
Teeth dug deep
Into a woman's heat
Sacramental seduction
Good grief swollen woman
Stray woman escapee
From murderous torment
Of first mirage marriage
Humiliation shock

Deepest betrayal of self
Netted like firefly
By this Bronx outlier
I was a big catch
A boon a conquest
Imperial plunderer
Wanted Jewish woman
Bona fide lefty
Yiddish salting *Nation* reading
Lease holding Upper West Sider
This Bronx lover boy
Moved in slowly cautiously
Ruthless opportunist
Hyena yelping whoops
Flight and fancy
Tempting disappearing
Part of his torqued
Tortured
Tormenting seduction
Open arms flag waving
Returning crusader
Enrapt concubine
Enlisting *Florence Nightingale*

Suffered bouts of malaise
Feeling dwarfed overshadowed
Jews easy in their gait
In this encampment zip code
He took feverish to bed
This garden-variety weed
To whom I proposed
Adopting a child
He finally submitting
My body clamoring for relief
Squelched by love subdued
My heart gravitated to its
Earthbound salvation
Giving the devil his due
We went and adopted
Our foundling child
An abandoned infant
From the fist of land locked
Latin America Paraguay

III.

Scrambling solace again
To fill gnawing emptiness
Mad footfall stumble

This once fierce

Post-adolescent girl

Morphed limp will-less

Soul stuck

In false fraudulent love

Raggedy Ann doll



If eons ago with majesty of eagle

She soared suddenly gripped

Eclipsed by fear dreams blunted

Stun gunned stunted

Forays into mendacious

Webbing wedding vows

Rendering squandering truth

*This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee! Shakespeare Hamlet*

At freedom's edge

Fell back supine

High stepping *Holly Golightly*

Unbridled swearing to

Chicken crow deciding

To marry again and again
Blighted truth wounded woman
Dragged body up wedding aisle
Senseless rebounding vow taking
With as much resistance as a Shmoo



Rising again slap happy yessing
Gyre to pyre
Pyrotechnics of deceit
Cheat time squander chance
All this happenstance
Led to you my Guaraní Prince
From the gyre to pyre
Disavowing inner voice
What was I thinking
What was I doing
Atom smashing
Deceit and desire
Asteroid crashes
To earth
Fluttering eyes open
Reality not *Disney*

Blue birds fluttering



A girl coming of age

Over forty nearly fifty

Seized by pursuit of sex

Love nixed

Never existed

Fixed fitted into universe

Swaddling another infant

NB

Dear Basketball,

*From the moment
I started rolling my dad's tube socks
And shooting imaginary
Game-winning shots
In the Great Western Forum
I knew one thing was real:*

I fell in love with you.

*A love so deep I gave you my all —
From my mind & body
To my spirit & soul.*

*As a six-year-old boy
Deeply in love with you
I never saw the end of the tunnel.
I only saw myself
Running out of one.*

*And so I ran.
I ran up and down every court
After every loose ball for you.
You asked for my hustle
I gave you my heart*

Kobe Bryant

...it will never be seen again by anyone who has words again." Poet, R.F. Langley

*I am empty, stopped at nothing, as
I wait for this song to shoot.
The road is rising as it
passes the apple tree and
makes its approach to the bridge. R.F. Langley, To a Nightingale*

Goodbye -- Because I love you.

There were days when she was unhappy, she did not know why—when it did not seem worth while to be glad or sorry, to be alive or dead; when life appeared to her like a grotesque pandemonium and humanity like worms struggling blindly toward inevitable annihilation. I would give up the unessential; I would give up my money, I would give up my life for my children; but I wouldn't give myself. I can't make it more clear; it's only something I am beginning to comprehend, which is revealing itself to me. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. Kate Chopin, The Awakening

Two Parents Entwined

By grand design

Found and captured

A foundling child

Hell hath no fury

"Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd

Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorn'd." William Congreve

Our wee *Amerindian* chief

From the first

Backed away

From food

Ingesting digesting

Stirring up maelstrom furor

Our found child

Our own rare *Olinguito*

Time scattered scatological

Increasingly repulsed at meals

Shielded himself hiding

Behind doors in corners

From fork menacing father

Our hyper-alert child

Presaging danger

His stomach churning

Digestive upheaval

Dining table and chairs

Forced feeding riggers
Surging electrodes
He ran wild mealtimes
Table settings
Warning danger alert
Restaurants sent him
Into frenzied calisthenics
Behavior decoding
Our indigenous child
A transplanted misfit
Stuck by chance
In a hostile environment
Classrooms dining tables
Dangerous encampments
Had we only given him
Free reign to create
A more natural habitat
Environment
Instead of crushing him
Stuffing him into
Contradictory configurations
Had we given him space
To design divine
A place more closely akin
To his biomorphic genealogy

Daunting awe-inspiring
Threatening menacing
His fierce desire to be alive
Throbbing
In his mercurial feet
He rebelled fled
Life and death
Orbited our home
And the rigid unyielding
Rules at pre-school
Play nicely we share
You must kidding
I need to be first in line
The sand box my dominion
Block building a kingdom
Our found child
Rare as an *Olinguito*

The 2-pound creature, called an olinguito, didn't make itself easy to find. The orange-brown mammal lives out a solitary existence in the dense, hard-to-study cloud forests of Colombia and Ecuador. The large-eyed critter—now the smallest known member of the raccoon family—is active only at night, when it hunts for fruit in its Andean habitat. Like other carnivores such as the giant panda, olinguitos seem to eat mostly plants, but are nevertheless part of the taxonomic order Carnivora. National Geographic



Doom trilling

Education experts

Contracted professional hit squads

Posing edicts *of or else*



Zelig miming Sieg Heil

Our own homegrown

Doppelganger absolute

Bio-degradable

Demonic despot

Demagoguing us

Horrific hegemonic

Papa *Leviathan*

Incarcerating behind

Hegemonic hedgerow

Papa dictator

Channeling *Hitler*

Clownish contemptible

Head bobbing

Halloween-tub apple

Yes and yes and yes and yes and yes

When feigned authorities

Shoved Luca to the margins

Labeling him

Hopelessly incorrigible

Validating swish-swash

Psychological quagmire

Savvy predictive diorama

Luca prognosis found in

The current *DSM* or *ICD*

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders /The International Statistical Classification
of Diseases and Related Health Problems

Warning signs symptoms

Of irrevocable incompatibility

Were rampant thick mordant

Algae in dying rivers and lakes

From the first

Luca refused to drink milk

His digestive tract

Tolerating only fruit

When a toddler

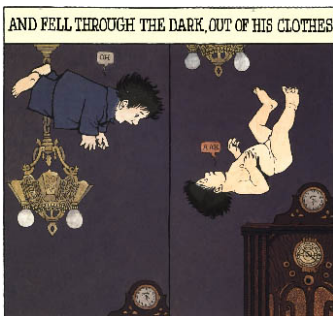
Wouldn't relinquish

His bottle

Sipping apple juice

Until his two front teeth
Disintegrated into
Miniscule enamel chips
Why and why and why
How I the I of I
Dared venture into this
Adopting a child
With this man
Our foundling
He miraculously
Reaching twenty-seven
Riddled with yet again
Post-surgery pain
Foreboding *PTSD*
Post-traumatic stress disorder
Ominous premonitions
Hover loom envelop
Hold me cowering
Fearing a ringing phone
The sky is falling
Run for protective cover
Legs wobble
Throb thrombotic
Straining struggling to cope
Hysteria drives me deep

Beneath manhole cover
Struggling to grasp
What a simple *yes* wrought
Culpable chain-ganged
Tethered interminably
In perpetuity perpetually
To witness child
Raptor caught
In deadlocked full tilt
Life death struggle
Existential promontory
Nighttime free fall
Awe-struck frightening
Mother losing grip
Mickey in the Night Kitchen



Maurice Sendak

Tumbling mercurial star-sweeping
Motherhood set to mad weeping
Bracing to steady up
Retrieve balance equilibrium

Music undergirds soft landing

Music set deep in *Elektra* dreams

Tortured torqued desire

Splish, splash, I was takin' a bath (Bobby Darin, Jean Murray)

Splish splash naked baths

Bobbing penis mouth watering

Gagging virtual penis

Fantastical haunting imagery

*Daddy, I have had to kill you.
You died before I had time
Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,
Sylvia Plath, Daddy*

Death sweeper of life's clutter

A son's struggle colludes

Collides potpourri

Of past desires dreams deceit

Sunspot blinded inundated

By uptick proliferation

Of aleatoric allegoric assemblage

Of son's putrid and poignant end

Mortician's blood stained apron

Autopsy reports cause of death was...

*Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
with my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.
Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
with my little eye,
I saw him die. (English Nursery Rhyme)*

It was I who took
The wee *Olinquinto* from a tree
J'accuse jabbing thumping
On my worn amorphous self
My *Guarnini* Prince's gentle hand
Intertwined with mine
My *Hoe*, he says
Looking over
At me lovingly
Why I asked
Because of Bach
Father to daughter
In that conglomerate
Myth infused relationship
Girl and Dad listened to
Beethoven's Ninth
Verdi's Requiem
Bach B Minor Mass
There was an old woman who swallowed a fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly,
Perhaps she'll die. (Rose Bonne, Lyrics)
I don't know why
I brought a wee child
Clear across two continents
Strange unfathomable
Odyssey seeking renaissance

Brought with it predictable

Sobering prophecy

Bumped into myself fleeing myself

Day breaks out for senior walk about

Hoe mom grandmother

Exhilaration awe wonder

Sky clouds thunder

Tree's tropic arabesque

Daring to be alive

For if there is a sin against life, it consists perhaps not so much in despairing of life as in hoping for another life and in eluding the implacable grandeur of this life.

Life can be magnificent and overwhelming — that is the whole tragedy. Without beauty, love, or danger it would almost be easy to live.

There is but one truly serious philosophical problem and that is suicide. Judging whether life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of philosophy. All the rest - whether or not the world has three dimensions, whether the mind has nine or twelve categories - comes afterwards. These are games.

The Myth of Sisyphus Absurdity and Suicide - Albert Camus

Millennial son and septuagenarian mom

We will live and will die

Within the improbable metrics

Of an unfathomable life span

Soul spirit mother and child

Crisscrossing inscrutable

Immutable irrefutable lands

Our collective future

Concocted construct

Invincible immutable

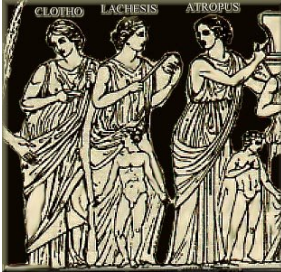
Whoredom to wholesomeness

Wee Olinquinto Guarini Prince and I

Our coupling trumpets triumph

And a withering foreboding

Charged by *The Fates*



The Moirai or Fates were three sister deities, incarnations of destiny and life.

To live damnably alive

Death drop cloth abstraction

Beleaguering juxtaposition

Bedeviling time and space

Crisscrossing fault lines

My *Amerindian* chief and I

Daring felon fate

Equatorial fraught

Death's hyper-logistics

Jig jagged equatorial lines



Longitude latitude

Imagination's fiefdom

Mother and child defy
Geography biology genealogy
Miraculous coupling
Each moment held enthrall
Dear sweet *Amerindian* chief
Rare as the Olinguito
We two defy odds
Suspend belief
Death staggered in awe
Our ruminating course
Commingling of
Star and dream
Mother and son alive
Beyond the blurred bond
Of the unexplained
And yet to be named

NB

Hunger

Yawl yawn

Stomach howls growls

Yens senses fulminate

Food ultimate epistemology

Eating cravings craven

Infants starving Congo Basin

Mother's breasts parched

Drought infused dried up

Eyes bulging bugging

Tummies swollen bloating

Hunger for food

Hunger for sustenance

Hunger to log another hour

Desperation haunts

Hunger blooms looms dooms

My son's hunger

Is of another kind

Archetypical remembrances

Recollections of foods

Never even in purview

Gets a yen

An addict scrounging for relief

Scouring Internet for source

To becalm appetite

Rickety rockety rickets
Get me a...
Has to be just right
Exacting accounting of inputs
Raspberry infused ginger ale
Wants a pie from Bubba's
Lemonade from Shake Shack
Egg sausage cheese extra cheese on a roll
From Amsterdam and 106th Street
Foods fool appease body emptied
Of most of digestive track
Remembering foods never had
Desire cunning
Rhubarb patch distortions
Yens food comes
A bit a lick a crumb
Devouring in tidbits
Mind jerks tempts
Boy yells out orders
Short order mother responds
Racing streets waving cabs
Get me to...
Insanity craziness hunger
Not to quiet not to fill
Barbed desire devastation

No food can quell
The autocratic appetites
Hunger the last vestige
Of viability of desire
If with crumb
Or snagged bit or sip
He lives engages exists

NB

The Spectrum of Death Presents Itself

Spectral colors of the rainbow
A palate of possibility
Configure my final moments
Probing the when and the how
My son and I are cut into at the knees
We are stooped over
The old woman *who swallowed a fly*
Of course she died
Mother and son held in captivity
No place to run or hide
We are done undone
Death looms flapping bat wings
Swinging upside down
He shadows a breeze swept scrim
In one month catapulted
From Taco Bell three specials
To breaking off bits of pizza crust
A rat with no teeth on a scurry
Living in an oasis of anticipated grief
Terminal mourning mornings
Mooring unmooring
We reside on a life to death spectrum
Caustic aura of the unthinkable the unknowable
We are their scrutinizing astute alert

Depictions of various endings with modifications

Floral arrangements of secession from living

Death looms death dooms

Death omnipresent flapping above

Mad concentric circle encampment

Hollowed out torqued scream hibernates

More like a runny nose tears flow

Eyes sting chest tightens tugs

I am about to fall over

Incumbent mother

Mother by default

Nausea riles provokes

The final uprising

Of life of insides in upheaval

My mind shuts down

Tourniquet twist

Imagination's gist grist

My son is dying

My son has died twice before

Possible for my son to come back

Does he want to come back

Is the fight there the spirit

I live on the brim throttled by fear

Catapulted each day into this new reality

No flu shots this year

Ridiculous dental implant
All spelt when body disintegrates
Strength courage
Faux syllogisms of bad endings
He will bring you sorrow trouble
Prophecy of father swiping love
Off the face of my life
Subterfuge flirting
Needing me to keep him married
To our torturer mother
Jumble tumble erratic errata
Amended appended consequences
Of what of decisions of choices
Plug of reality shunts glimmer backward
Catapulting toward disaster
No flu shot this year
Foolish with dental implant
Should have given money
To some person living on the street
Wanting to fix teeth
My body dwindles disappears
Sad eyes wizened body
Harrowing prospects for the future
One month ago he was walking dog
Proudly illuminating ruminating

On the good life in LA – Sherman Oaks
And now wondering turn around even possible
Thuggery fate has contravened countervailed
For what do we pay what sin what bad thing
In holding pattern death waiting in the wings
Wringing hands stabbing chest pains
Caustic cauterizing dry heaving breath
Too late to disparage too late for blame
Son permanently disfigured maimed
Fate trickery
Only love only love
Without constraint or restriction
Without qualification
Will hold the day
Expectorate excoriate upbraid
And we wait and wait and wait

NB

Again, one month more than a year

Surgery repair

Reconnect relocate ileostomy

New supplies

Stomach contorted

Food smells

Looks is

Like poison

Mind fools drools

Interstellar yens foment

An inscrutable hunger

Stomach rebels stiffens

Nausea grips

Bent over a body contorted

Gripped by pain

Another surgery

Another recovery

Another demand for courage

Ours is not to reason why

Ours is to live or die - Alfred Lord Tennyson Charge of the Light Brigade

NB

Can't Resist Life's Grandeur

Torqued torture chamber
Death's pre-eminence
Hovering our lives
Rapacious starving
Night raving creature
Our lives persist
Unfathomable inscrutable
Diaries of doom
Ingested daily
Resist joy persists
Lifting our conjoined souls
Slog bog self-pity
Undeterred by death's vagaries
Hours days slaughtered
Grim barrier reef pessimism
Your laughter a gut punch
Death wrenches knocked backward
And still his borrowed father wallows
In heavy heaving doom splicing clouds
Trumpeting misery defeat sadness
Anticipating loss addicted better
Premonitions of death aura of gloom
Revel in anticipated grief
Death yawl at birth cry
Flowers rainbows urgency to life

Savagery anticipation
Mourner's salutations solicitations
Father of son father of loss
Final excuse rationalization
For being nobody special
Wallowing in murky
Sultry seductive glory
Sadness sorrow indemnifies
Impoverished man sentimental fool
Tears sweeten gruel wizardry
Spine tingling headstone cutter
Obverse upside down stone splitting
Love rages wounded scours relief
Brings the heart
To a numbing
Overwhelming
Love for a child
A love without
Question or limit
Happy at the sight
Of my young
Bringing with it renewal
Life readily sacrificed
For a child's wellbeing
Emotion overwhelms
Uncanny unknowable

Definition finds no words
Hold on
I beg myself
If in restive aging arms
If in a heart with
Its arrhythmic quiver
Feeling a tenderness
Extending beyond my death
For my found *Amerindian* son
My own little *Olinguito*
Daring to be alive
Poop oozing unceasingly
Belly pouch
Catches endless output
He will live this way
In perpetuity
His body
Irrevocably modified
At twenty-five
He was felled again
Disease invaded
His small intestine
Necessitating further surgery
Life fixed on that wishing star
That day that moment

Sitting upright on a toilet
Woefully will never be
At twenty-six
Moments ago
They scraped clean
All possibility
Of ever ridding him
Of an *ostomy* bag
Now affixed permanently
No future reprieve
His body manifesto
Multi-colored covered
With multiple tattoos
One last tattoo I'm getting
A flag of Paraguay
My home country
Shows me flag on tablet
Post-surgery bedside
Watching news as a family
Detailing football player
Adrian Peterson's beating
Flogging his son with tree branch
He tells his father
How he remembers
The multiple assaults

He endured from this
Ill-equipped explosive man
Ears bitten hair tugged
Tossed across rooms
Straps threats
Should have put an orange in sock
Saw it on TV *leaves no marks*
I listen wondering
Where was I
Did I pull his father off him
Dissuade him knock him out
Or rather did I appease
This mad erratic erupting
Ejaculate pulsing child assaulter
Repulsed by this display
Of euphemistic fatherly discipline
Conflicted addicted
To the potential
For salvation
His blast of youthfulness
Into my body
Cringe recounting
Memorializing silently
Bedside reckoning
Upon hearing

The ultimate bodily assault

For my son

The surgeon informs

They surgically removed

His rectum

And now he has no butt hole

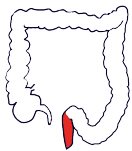
Mom, I have no butt hole

He tells me after seeing surgeon

This almost two months after

They surgically removed his rectum

Rectum: The final section of the large intestine, terminating at the anus



What does it mean to have no rectum?

Well no anal sex for starters

But for him, my found son

Another modification of his body

We walk side-by-side

Home from the appointment

I have no butt hole he tells me again

I know I said

Guess I was too drugged up

To remember if he told me

It is an autumn night

Trees in the park
Leaves tintured yellow
Falling like glittering stars
Startling red and pinks
Radiate from sunset sky
A raccoon perched in a tree
Looks down
At tourist with camera
Hope it is not rabid I say
I petted one once he says
I doubt it I think
But if they are out daytimes
Likely to be rabid I say
They are nocturnal
Plump and wandering in daylight
Warning signs I continue
Little *Olinguinto* strikes affinity
Then without reserve asks
When you go to West Side
To put in my prescriptions
For one hundred pain pills
And next round of antibiotics
He continues talking contrapuntally
Can you go to Amsterdam and 106th
And pick up a Philly Cheese Steak for me

I will and I do
Another new venue
For his voluminous
Rotating like seasons
Yens and appetites
Tears held back
I go off first to pharmacy
And then to new place
The Columbus Market
Next to *Mama Mia's Pizza*
Waiting for the order
I muse now nearly seventy-five
How I traveled to the ends
Of the earth
Rainforest Paraguay
To bring Luca into my life
When we walk together
Our hands touch
We almost always
Walk closely together
Holding hands
In radical summation
I am a mother who...
Was a wife twice
Do or die

Trying to understand
How come and why
Now my son mad months
From his twenty-seventh birthday
Struggles to stand up straight
Excruciating pain
His legs shaking like maracas



He halves pain pills
Makes self-medicating concoctions
Of blunts and oxycodone
I buy boxes of *Dutch Masters*
He is artfully surgically skillful
Removing all the tobacco
And deftly trenchantly
Grinds up pot
Folding it gingerly
Into the cigar wrapping
Maestro of blunt making

*A **blunt** is a cigar hollowed out and filled with marijuana. It is rolled with the tobacco-leaf "wrapper" from an inexpensive cigar.*



He sells them

As if a feral street kid

A waif a wayfarer

Barefoot tattered

Waving down

Cars streaming

Asuncion streets *Paraguay*

Perplexing motherhood

Searches reason

To trust herself

No matter what

Priestess

Of mother lore

My found child and I

Chose daily

To honor the other

Ecclesiastical beneficent

There I am

Holding still my infant

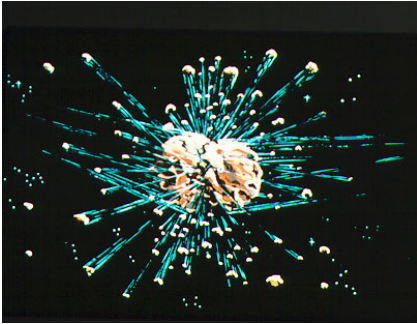
A truly virgin birth

Abandoned infant

To the very end

Child of mine

Colliding asteroid



Asteroids Collide with Nuclear Explosive Force

The Hubble Space Telescope and Swift satellite have set their sights on never before seen remnants of asteroid collisions that have unleashed the force of a 100 kiloton nuclear bomb or more.

Chance encounter

Child of unbroken smile

Holding an optimism

That defies logic and God

We gathered him up

Flagrantly gauging

Cut of tropical tree

Arboretum

Of hellish desire

Decoupage

Of deciduous deception

Chance acquisition

This particular

Abandoned infant

Who could not tolerate

Trans-migration

Transplantation

His intestines rebelled

An inner balance

Scrambled tangled

Backlash backwater

Digestive tract

Craving the din

The tumultuous currents

Of the *Iquatzu Falls*

His birth village

Perched precariously

Precipitously at the rim

Of the *Tropic of Capricorn*

Steps from the Parana River

And the rumbling roaring

Electricity radiating Iquatzu Falls

The name Iguazu comes from the Guarani or Tupi words "y" [ɣ], meaning "water", and uasu (wa'su) meaning "big". Legend has it that a deity planned to marry a beautiful woman named Naipi, who fled with her mortal love Taroba in a canoe. In a rage, the deity sliced the river, creating the waterfalls and condemning the lovers to an eternal fall. The first European to record the existence of the falls was the Spanish conquistador Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca in 1541.

We were not the first

To pillage and subjugate

Corrupt exploit

Desecrate debase

Imperial surliness

Overtaking

The indigenous

Quell usurp invade

Imperial parenthood

Ablution sought

Motivation oblique

Inscrutable then

Truth blistering now

Shingles creep

Feckless spin

Story builds

Truth slaughtered

Altar of deception

Serial pretenders

Felonious dealmakers

Serial marriage vows

Mock deride

The very marrow

Essence

Of till death do us...

Till death do us part" or Until death do us part is a common wedding vow. Its implication is that nothing other than one partner dying can end the marriage.



Flimflam in the moment

Ground to pulp

Vows torqued

Volition violation

Dig muck mire

To find words

To describe define

How we became a we

And then how that we

Finding itself in Paraguay

Swearing before a judge

To love and educate

Till death do us part

An infant son of Paraguay

Consecrate desecrate

Ambulate masticate

Divine evil

Vile incarnation

Tremble shake

Probe dig down

Purveyor perpetrator

Sinful grappling
If time could be rewritten
Re-happen
Had I alone adopted Luca
My body would not be
Twisted torqued
Perpetually in anguish
Guilt the tripwire
Of my pulse heartbeat
Till death do us part
Living beyond that promise
Compromised beyond repair
The soul reaps
Inhales its toxic air

NB

Truth be told

Not only did we indulge

In unholy matrimony

And adopt a child

We bartered

For better baby

Equivocated

At first meeting

With intended

Eighteen-month old boy

His ears poked out

Frank commented

He was sent first

To chart the course

Have the first bonding

Man preternatural

Coiled to conditional

Cleaved to doubt

Pause stop action

Enmeshed in indecision

Fault line predisposition

Flashed caste jaundiced eye

Upon first sighting of child

He believing Papi is to arrive

Marshaling authoritative viewing

As if at a farm animal auction
Wilbur runt pig (Charlotte's Web E.B. White)
Would have been a goner slaughtered
Jadedly disparagingly regarded
Woman in attendance rushed the child
Scooping him up in tight fisted arms
As if to keep him from ritual slaughter
This was after all a country
That countenances disappearances
A legitimate rendering a political act
Child deftly withdrawn
From this jaundiced eye
No second chance to barter
Fawn deference larded with excuses
Enraged enflamed lawyer long distance
Declaims baring closing arguments
Describing the events with brutish
In vivid scatological surgical detail
Jewish dickering from afar
Gun moll henchman wife
Got us to infant Luca
Frank posing as father
Exudes as snake skin moulting
I found my son and I love him!
Judgment day comes

Six weeks later
Arriving as a couple
Holding this quivering
Nine-week-old
Shriveling quivering infant
Standing before the judge
Once again reverently
Promising giving my word
Knowing fully I was weaving
A Faustian fable
Our infant now our son
Was failing to thrive
Choking on formula
Pushed into his mouth
In the military guarded
Adoption hospital
Abandoned at birth
Crying for his mother
Needing a foster mother
Drawn from the same
Celestial spirits
Not us never us
How dare we
Trembling tracing
The source root

Of this poison
Percolating
From the start
In your intestine
Vulnerability inclination
Predisposition perhaps
Like a wily sperm tail
Itinerant wriggling
Locking into gene
Perverse couplings
Pervasive abnormality
Too many deviations
Infestation of gene pool
Cross currents of rank
Debased copulation
Historically documented
Predatory predacious
History of the *Guarnini*
And their hallowed ground
Abutting the *Iquatzu Falls*
He is more than likely Guarini Indian
Maybe mixed in with some German

*The **German** minority in Paraguay came into existence with immigration during the industrial age. The "Nueva Germania" colony was founded in Paraguay in 1888...*

The Pediatrician told us

Examining him during
His first twenty-four hours with us
He is *failing to thrive*
Wrong formula
Hypersensitive stomach
Concurrent genetic anomalies
Incompatible mooring
Pediatrician got us new formula
And from the moment
I held him
I never let go
He is a love baby
Thriving
Pediatrician noted with pride
Three weeks later
We were moored
Stranded in Paraguay
Entangled political forces
Kept us from obtaining
Exit papers for Luca
Although I was free to leave
Frank rushing back
On turn-around scheduled flight

I will never leave without my son

Told my older children

And gulp husband

Invited by lawyer

To become his houseguests

Making weekly attempts

Yet incapable of obtaining

Necessary exit papers

Living for what seemed

Indeterminate months

Residing in and about

A fragrant garden

Of blooms and hummingbirds

My love grew

As hummingbirds fluttered

Exponentially existentially

For this my youngest son

The one I chose

Unforced I fell in love

With him wildly

If imperfectly

Beyond all bonds

And all geographical

Boundaries
In my mind and heart
I loved as *Mary for Jesus*
As translucent and miraculous
As garden hummingbirds
A succession of women hold
Cooing and bathing Luca
Language barriers disregarded
Shamefully I neither speaking
Nor understanding Spanish
Never knew their identities
Except for his wife
Or their relationship to lawyer
Sisters or mistresses
Keeper of harem
Or solitary females
Still recapture readily
Moments in the garden
If nearly seventy-five
The decision
Remains inscrutable
Stuck in armored
Unconscious sub-levels

Raw and gut wrenching
Not no never the decision
To adopt this baby
But with the man
Gulp husband
With whom I penned
A disastrous codicil
Subverting a set
Of legal papers
He and I were not the first
Imperialist plunderers
Before us Spanish Conquistadors
Jesuits and German settlers
And then the current Dictatorship
Recognized as one
Of the greatest tyrannies
In the contemporary world
And the longest reigning
And most vicious in all of
Latin and Central America
These Paraguayans
Were long victims
Of marauding pilfering

Gangland proselyting

Disruptors unsettling

Their native inner balance

Concoctions tonics

Corrupting invasive

Incompatible bacteria

Ravishing intestines

While uplifting souls

Torqued tortured

Choirs of blissful harmonies

Communing connubial

Conquistadors conquerors

To note: The first European to record the existence of the falls was the Spanish conquistador Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca in 1541. During his wanderings, passing from tribe to tribe, Cabeza de Vaca developed sympathies for the indigenous population. He became a trader, which allowed him freedom to travel among the tribes. Cabeza de Vaca claimed that he was guided by God to learn to heal the sick and gained such notoriety as a faith healer that he and his companions gathered a large following of natives who regarded them as "children of the sun", endowed with the power to both heal and destroy. The Jesuits, an order of Roman Catholic priests, were given permission by the king of Spain to build missions in South America to protect, educate, and convert the Guarani. The Jesuits founded seven missions in Paraguay, the first one in 1610 and the last in 1706. The ruins of two of the missions, Jesús de Tavarangue (1685) and Trinidad de Paraná (1706), both in southern Paraguay near Encarnación, are rich in history and were designated UNESCO World heritage sites. The Guarani farmed, raised cattle, and attended school where the Jesuit priests taught them a basic education along with trades, crafts, painting, stone carving, sports, and music. The Guarani became literate and turned out to be talented artists and skillful sculptors. In time the Spanish government feared that the missionaries were becoming too powerful and the missions too independent. Viewed as a threat to the Spanish colonizers, the Jesuits were expelled from the Spanish territories in 1767 by the king of Spain. As the missions rapidly declined, many Guarani fled into the forests, but they took with them their new skills and knowledge. The Guarani people, language, and culture persist today, in large part because of the Jesuit missions. Many of Paraguay's Guarani are descendants of members of the mission communities. The conquistadors as they colonized South America, they brought with them European strains of Helicobacter pylori, a stomach bacterium that infrequently causes ulcers and stomach cancer, and these European strains also displaced native American ones. This legacy persists in Colombia, where some communities face a 25-fold higher risk of stomach cancer, most likely due to mismatches between their ancestral genomes and their H. pylori strains. Helicobacter pylori is the bacteria responsible for most ulcers and many cases of stomach inflammation chronic gastritis. The bacteria can weaken the protective coating of the stomach, allowing digestive juices to irritate the sensitive stomach lining. "There Is No 'Healthy Microbiome,'" by Ed Yong, N.Y. Times Nov 1, 2014

Contexts for corrupt decisions
How why history's narrative
Blotched stained invaded
Infant squirming rebelling
Body's impetus to protect
Exploitation prepared
Body fertile bed
For incipient dread disease
Luca's birth mother
Ingested local fruits
Farm bred cows goats
Kept *microbiome* from destroying
Her biometric inner balance
Luca held not a tincture
Predisposition to genetically
Bred *immuno* protectors
No body memory
Of chicken pox whooping cough
Of Western childhood diseases
No build up of resistance
Our compounds to inoculate
Never filtered through
Systems' intrinsic memory
Never an inoculation
In Luca's genetic makeup

Our infant presented
An indigenous anomaly
Couldn't tolerate from the first
Our food our required inoculations
Our cultural and social stays
Rebellion resistance
His modus operandi
Our collective intolerance
Ran a roustabout
Collision course
Tearing up his stomach
Taunting his spirit his nerve
His very being
He was a biological
And spiritual misfit
We got our just comeuppance
The spoils of our illegitimate
Ill-conceived marital bond
Penultimate absurdity
Perpetrating gospel
Heretical inscrutable
Bounty hunters
Eerie frightening
Daring to adopt

Truly *Meshuganah* witless
Irreverent nerviness
Exploit tenuous bond
Adopt a child
Probing
Spurious misadventure
Free-floating Odyssey
Recount rote how we
Turned away from a child
Whose *ears poked out*
Gustavo who was eighteen months
Thriving in his mother's arms
No longer able to care for him
Our Luca our *Olinguito*
Our *Rara avis*
Left at birth
Abandoned
Anonymous unnamed
Orphaned baby
We brought into our lives
Carnal chattel
Doubt spurned
Rode rodeo rough shod

Bringing an infant
Into our lives
Our food our air
Our contentious lair
We took this indigenous
Homegrown sequestered child
From his rainforest and waterfall
We were reconstructed
Reconstituted conquistadors
His body revolted
Being transplanted
Inviolate the natural
Order of things
Absconded
Tampered with a life force
Of a sweet preternatural
Dear sweet soul
Displacement
On such a grand scale
Grandiosity with abandonment
We brought an *Amerindian* infant
Into our hapless loveless lives
Our son stains
His body multicolored
And over his heart

A grand tattoo
Of a richly plumed chief
Representational father figure
Or of self cross-pollinated
Glorious imprint of chief
It is locked in his gene
Sacred and sacrificial



Attesting to a biblical lore
I brought a found infant
To the *Big Apple*
City of dreamers and schemers
His body resisted rebelled
Dormant disease inflamed
Wrongness compounded
Actions choices decisions
Decimate disastrous
History the past
Lashes out

Implicates
I took a child
From a leafy
Rainforest bough
Oblique motherhood
My calling
Stampeded by a man
Who ploddingly
Enflamed my passion
I took a child
I kicked the man out
I have sat bedside
For more than a decade
Watch the unraveling riddle
Of my incautious choice
Attack his stomach
Or what's left of it
My own found child
Perhaps enlightened
Perhaps confronting
Implicated
In amorphous reflection
Got me marauding
Got me repenting
Got me watching

Got me wrenching
That a child I took in
As virtuous mother saint
Engulfed in a vast morass
Of such manifest suffering

NB

Last Supper or First Meal

Awakening reawakening

Analogue archetypes

Spreads defunct Gourmet Magazine

Lobster Mac n'Cheese Southern Fried Chicken

Hot chicken wings Philly Cheese Steak no onions

Sausage Egg and Cheese on a Roll extra cheese

Multiple versions of Lemonade

Steamed dumplings and General Tsao Chicken

Blue and Red Powerade hate Gatorade

Pressed fresh strawberry juice

Doritos Nacho Cheese please

Halla Guys chicken over rice extra pita

Most of digestive track gone

Severed chopped off 7 or 8 surgeries later

New delivery service makes it possible

To scour the City to appease appetites

Portfolio of foods fill a banquet table

Aphasic relearning words phrases

Bites tastes to reawaken appetite

Red hot spices burn through most stomachs

To arouse bring his back to life

Taste digest and eliminate

System from mouth channeled

To external pouch collecting refuse residue

Used to think this was all crazy
Now I see logic jump starting appetite
Eating first steps starts and fits
Language of food
Imagination remembering
Delivery at door

NB

Mom Sneaked a Look at my Chart

From Dr. Heimann to Dr. Ha
German Jew Venezuelan to Far East Asian
It said *I had or was suffering from Anorexia*
Ma thought that was an eating disorder
What do you think that means
The word weighted down
My tongue upended my mind
My breath quickened
My heart beat thrombotic tympanic
To my mind grabbing for words metaphors
Your eating habits were merely nuts insane
More madness than medically diagnosed disease
You hanging in there on the edges
Trying to keep an internal balance
Over ripped up sutured up scar tissue up insides
Your yens for foods and food groups beyond
The wildest imagination of a woman in early pregnancy
Anorexia fear of food repulsed by food rejecting food
An absolute autocratic command
Over food entering body and mouth
Prince my prince are trying
To trigger trick your body broken mind
To grow an appetite
Half your stomach digestive track gone
The other gathering up fibroids and blockages
Your mind belongs in another host
You love food and food groups
You span the farthest outreach
And outposts of the food network
You are your own food adventurer
You could produce a show to stream
Demonstrating wished for foods
Salvaged from plucked from dreams
Doctors factoring in weight loss
Can only understand
Your fierce struggle bringing food to mouth
With some text book diagnosis
They don't think in terms of poetry
They don't think in terms
Of the fantastic the ultimately tragic
They observe your struggle with food
Weight slipping off your body
Food slithering through your body into a poop bag
They call it disease I call it dreaming
But sadly I was not alone alert noticing

Paying particular credence to another of your
Damning and dangerous medical condition
I chose a prism of fancy in which to understand
Street pavements my running tracks
Hither and yon to satisfy a yen
Markers on a restaurant and delicatessen map
Ran when asked *mom could you get me*
Shake Shack Cheese Factory Luke's Lobster
Deli on West 106th Street Chipotle
A bite here a bite there food
Becoming unpalatable as it waits
To be consumed or even tasted
And lemonades how many varieties there are
Particular brew and combination
Blueberry lemonade freshly squeezed
The West Side Market is out of it then what?
Always a list of next best choices
Boy battles to stay alive
Why did they say I have anorexia mom
Why do I chase all over to satisfy a yen
That quickly dissipates after first sips or bites
Now on West Coast orders from Postmates
Three or four or more times a day
Runners there getting paid
Laden with lemonades extra large
And three tacos or cheese burger or...
Morbidity calendar in actuarial office
Could give it a time and expiration date
Anorexia not anorexia nervosa fine distinctions
My foundling my food taster penultimate
You eat me out of house and home
Glossary on Internet defines becalms
All within the realm of possibility
Glissando and hallelujah
No vegetables or fruits
But raspberry's and Fuji apples
Defiant fist third fuck you finger
You order on whatever strikes your fancy
Amazed in awe at the wonder of the mind
To conceive of ever evolving realities
A foundling son's body embattled by food
A foundling son's imagining menus
Moment to moment without reprieve
Flights of fancy the bell rings Postmates delivery...
Mom we got lobster and steak to celebrate Valentine's Day
And I will pay and pay and pay... NB

Some children who are very thin are being misdiagnosed as anorexic when they have the gut disorder Crohn's disease, a leading expert has warned. BBC News

Many people refer to anorexia as the popular eating disorder wherein the person afflicted has an irrational fear of gaining weight, resulting to potentially fatal low body weight. However, what many people don't know is that this disorder is called anorexia nervosa, not simply anorexia. Anorexia per se is simply the loss of appetite, which can be caused not just by the fear of gaining weight (as seen in anorexia nervosa), but also by several other conditions, such as depression or medication side effects. Most of the time, anorexia is just a symptom of other diseases, like cancer. Unlike in anorexia nervosa, people with anorexia alone do not necessarily have low body weight. In anorexia nervosa, however, the fear of gaining weight and the poor body image of the person makes her avoid eating, thereby resulting to a critically low body weight. In other words, anorexia can be treated just by addressing the underlying medical condition that causes it. Anorexia nervosa is a separate disease that involves not just medical treatment, but psychiatric treatment as well. (Eatingdisordersonline



Luca and I

Timeless ageless mother and child

I am of Mary born

Luca my virgin birth

As impure and sinful the decision

The first moment

They handed me this shriveling infant

This sweet baby of my secret heart born

NB

Inevitability

Luca will move away
Luca will die
Will I be alive
When he dies?
Real life impinges
Pings ears ring
Imagination dims
Real life
Barrels in

Inevitable
Luca will move
To LA
It is in his genes
It is in his heart
It is in his mind
Not to be deterred
Not to be tortured
Quixotic crucible
Of indecision
It is writ in stone
Lament tears drop

Luca goes off
Away from me
Wanting to die
Or live away from me
Decade of death
Gripping ripping
Wretched for him
Dying boy
Defiant if hobbled
Bent pain riddled

LA or bust
Before interment
Holy hell death
Enshrined entombed
Death circles
Like a wombat
Searching a suckle
Breast parched
Empty depleted

Mother of child
Not born of my body
Breast swollen
Arid ardent
Love engorged

Lamentation
Soulful soulless
Motivation scutters
Like sewer rat
Excavate ruminant
Scathed unshackled
Justification
For scabrous
Heartbreaking
Heart aching decision
Palpable echo
Reverberations redound
The lore the pain
The aberrant remains
The unremitting
Relentless woe
The *Holocaust*
The clanging assaulting
For *whom the bell tolls*

*Any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind; And therefore never send to know
for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee. John Donne*

Jewish sloppy haphazard
Unforgiving woe
Perennial death certificate
In hand
Avinu Malkeinu
Our father Our King
I repent I repent
Forgive me
For being weak kneed
For thrusting aside
Promise of solitariness
To let a man
Climb me like a vine
Like a black booted Nazi
And yield the fruit
Of a stolen child
Lifted off outrageous

Canopy panoply
Of fluttering quivering
Rainforest rich parrots

I do not believe
In forgiveness
Wafers and wine
I do not believe
Dear God
That you are divine
I am a *Holocaust* child
Live in the goo
Of your splattering ejaculate
Resigned to be severed
Eternally heart and mind
Inherited handed on
On a ocean current of wind
The ill will you blew
Forever enveloping in me
It is an ill wind that blows nobody good
Idiom axiom
Redolent resonant
Redundant escapee
Holocaust pyre
Brought infant
From equatorial
Rainforest
To her longing breast
Stalked by Nazi vapors
Making claim
On her childhood
Now takes son
From parrot song
And shadow
Genes ripple
With Imperialist
Madness
Jesuit heathens
Defiling subduing
Condemning
How the world
Turns on a tilt
How did
This unearthing
Happen
On whose arched wings

This wanton travel

Holy sepulcher
Wear like a locket
An heirloom
Phantom photo
Of my infant son
The one brought me
By the sun
My warrior son
Flying on the wings
Of Pegasus
Toward the sun
His body
Robbed of a stomach
Slash marks
Scar tissue illumined
Hydrocarbons
Toss sunbeams
Mediating colliding
Colluding
Fierce ferocious
Will to live
Be stay alive
Blow pot rings
Thrusts third finger
Fuck off suck my dick
Death dying
I staying I'm trying
Not dying

Determined to leave me
Not even impending death
Will keep him
From striking out on his own
Defiant furious inflammable
Boy with blowtorch
Lighting up the skies
Boy feverish with flight
Propelled to go
Leave me
In the throes
Beyond solitariness
Beyond being alone

Far from my eyes

Will die or not
Will mend heal
Or bend around himself
Curl into a fetal ball
Embrace the pain
Feel the hateful disease
Life twisted weaved
With crippling
Disfiguring disease
Into his early life

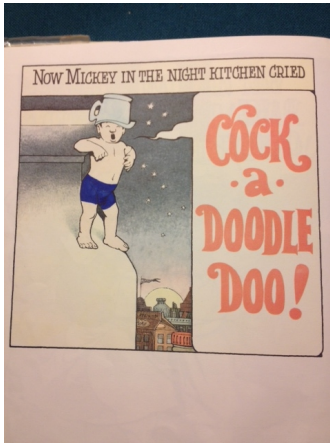
A mother awash with grief
Where is the handbook
The recipe the steps
To stand by
As a child twisted
Overtaken by disease
Slowly fades away dies

He is going off
Into his own wilderness
His own wildness
Away from
My steely unnerving gaze
My weighted presence
Portending auguring
Stirring up
Milk in the batter

Milk in the batter (Mickey in the Night Kitchen, Maurice Sendack)

Grief and wariness
I will watch him go
Silent stricken wordless
I will wave
Close the door softly
Stand propped
Speechless soundless
Ardent and absurd
Words fraught
Not one yet
To reckon
What I had wrought
Bought brought
Into my life
A found child
Kindling
For twisted

Raiding hell raising
Jewish warring Maccabee



Seduction for endings
Taunting death
Me first me first
I don't want to know
I don't want to weep
I don't want to know
Betrayal demon deep
To die first
In the natural order of things
I will not have to face
A mother's face stained
With grief and guilt
Encircled like a serpent
Bu his poised intestine
Squelched twisted
Life squeezed out from me
I will finally be able to breathe free
I took a chance bargaining with destiny
Tricked fate
I died every day
Watching a sick distressed
Diseased bent over
Son swept up in the agony
Of incessant pain
And know that my choices
Brought him to me
Jack knifed from his home
No way ever to atone
But to let him

Fly off go
On the wings of *Pegasus*
Away from me
Crippling short circuiting
Every minute of every day
Betrayal of self
Who knew better
But could choose no other
Hapless pathetic sovereign
You near warming sun
And lapping waves
While I pick through
Crisping depleted earth
To crest my final rite
To die before before before

Fire on the pyre
Holy sepulcher
Steely resolve
From some sins
One can never
Ever by absolved

NB

She says, "But in contentment I still feel

The need of some imperishable bliss."

Death is the mother of beauty; hence from her,

Alone, shall come fulfilment to our dreams

And our desires. Although she strews the leaves

Of sure obliteration on our paths,

The path sick sorrow took, the many paths

Where triumph rang its brassy phrase, or love

Whispered a little out of tenderness,

She makes the willow shiver in the sun

For maidens who were wont to sit and gaze

Upon the grass, relinquished to their feet.

She causes boys to pile new plums and pears

On disregarded plate. The maidens taste

And stray impassioned in the littering leaves.

Wallace Stevens, Sunday Morning

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,

Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,

Silence the pianos and with muffled drum

Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead

Scribbling on the sky the message He Is Dead,

Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public doves,

Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,

My working week and my Sunday rest,

My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;

I thought that love would last for ever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;

Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;

Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.

For nothing now can ever come to any good.

W.H. Auden

The Hollow Men

*This is the dead land
This is cactus land
Here the stone images
Are raised, here they receive
The supplication of a dead man's hand
Under the twinkle of a fading star.*

*Is it like this
In death's other kingdom
Waking alone
At the hour when we are
Trembling with tenderness
Lips that would kiss
Form prayers to broken stone.*

T.S.Eliot

Man I've had a good run. *Seeing the Globetrotters on newsreel when 11 –
When they got to the basketball court, they seemed to make that ball talk. I said, that's mine; this is for
me. I was receiving a vision. I was receiving a dream in my heart.*

Meadowlark Lemon, Globetrotter

No guilt no blame no shame

Heavy ponderous
Bigger than the weight
Hercules shoulders
Burden caresses god's lament
Jesus spent
Carting travails
Rag picker wheelbarrow pusher
Vulture remains of the everyday
Ennobling ordinariness
Sorrow enshrined
Sinner skeins of sadness
World atop of shoulders
Rock hoisted by Hesse
Rock shoved by Sisyphous
Heaviness heave-ho
The burdens in your sack
Contrivances of a poseur
The evil you do contraband
Think as algae scum on a pond
The fate of our found in your hands
Don't believe in guilt see I told you
Perhaps his wish to die
And your wish for another scalp
To weep over conjoin
Symbiotic grief gagging
For respite and relief

NB

*"The dove descending breaks the air
With flame of incandescent terror
Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre-
To be redeemed from fire by fire.*

*Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire."*

T.S. Eliot, Four Quartets

Adonais: An Elegy on the Death of John Keats

*I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: "With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"*

*Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.*

*Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is pass'd from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.*

*That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.
By Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Summer's End 2015

I saw you death
Rattling around
Fist shakes
Fist bumps
Shadow dancing
Clanking
Chain rattling
Serpent tongue
Licking chops
I saw you there
Wheat shaft waving
Stalking threats
Bold daring
Irascible
High stepping
Awash in black
Eerily pacing
Sashing sassing
Tangling untangled
Behind flimsy scrim
Scrimshaw testimony
Elaborate calligraphy
Death warrant
Doom trolling
You're impending
Death pushes
Out of you
Regurgitated cud
Choreography
Death tango
Entangles
Saw it in your eyes
Desperation
To get things
In order now
Batik lamps
Towel hooks
Wastebaskets
Pillows bed linen
An urgency
To order now
Amazon prime
Delivery
Twenty-four hours
No time to waste
No time to wait
Existential
Tipping point

Death merchant giving
Days months years
No time left
For waiting
For patience
Death stalking
Death circling
Claw grasping raptors
Red hued vultures
Sashaying gliders
Within an abundantly
Blue California sky
Hovering Sherman Oaks
Palm fronds
Puzzle shaping clouds
Death you sway
Surge soar stalk
Slobbering
Mouth watering
To grab my son
Impatient to descend
And gobble up

Death I glare
At you astonished
At the clarity
The vividness
The bleakness
The finality
The postscript
It is all writ
Scrimshaw style
Death
My mother's heart
Tensing helpless
No way to protect
Keep you from him
From snatching him

With the urgency
Of a wash cloth
Offering as if
Gold frankincense and myrrh
We argue over
Rolling them
Blunts
He likes them thick
I like them packed thin
He is too impatient
Chloe is getting better

Took her Labor Day
To the beach
We had wine
And watched the sunset
We are old ancient
He and I
Unfathomably connected
Otherworldly
As present
As a primal first scream



Bachiacca 1520

Jewish butcher doctor
Body's slabs of meat
Intestines money streams
Lots of loot and footage
Grabbed him back
From your assaulting hands
Your Jewish glad-handing
Yiddishe Cup
Beneath swirling pure
White LA haircut

Give up cigarettes
Pot fine
Slowly reducing prednisone
Surgery probably unnecessary
Will talk to Dr. Heimann
She was very nice
Asian female gastro doctor
In her body
Ancient oriental wisdom
Healing beyond our
Cognition

We live in
Amazon Prime Time
No time to waste
Too late too late
For a very important date
I'm late, I'm late for a very important date
No time to say "Hello", "Goodbye"
I'm late, I'm late, I'm late, I'm late
And when I wave,
I lose the time I save. I'm late... Robert Louis Stevenson, Alice in Wonderland

We are in the
Drip drip drip
Of a n existential moment
Cataclysmic fraught
Averting death
For the moment
Screw you
Suck my dick death
Got the language
Got the grasp
Up from the
Atmosphere
The cave
The whirligig world
Of millennial
Servants of pot
And computer games
I have come home
Back to NYC
My apartment
Like raw skin
Canvas stretched thin
My odyssey on earth
Plastered thick deep
On all the walls
This is me
Is this me
Terminally
Retiring into old age
When to jump off
The cliff of life
Before it sucks me in
To slobbering dependency
When to quit
Old persons must
Grip with this unknown

This reality
We should tell each other
Where the pills are hidden
My neighbor suggests to me
What pills
What are them
Where can I get them
Dogs get let down put down
So humane –
Back home visor death
Lurks yet
But we are for moments
Out of harms way

My son my son
My found Olinquinto
My Amerindian prince
Newly 27
Unfathomably
Remarkably
Confounding
Undeniable
Unbelievable
Miraculous
That I became
His mother
Over continents
Waterfalls
Hemispheres
Tropic of Capricorn
An old mother
Surmises
Sitting flung out
On a sectional couch
Faux leather
Wrapped in pot fumes
Watching cataracts
Blurring fusing
Games on the TV screen
Earphones like earmuffs
Microphones
Suck my dick
Shouted across oceans
Someone in Australia
Another in Amsterdam
Shooting shouting
At each other
Monstrous figures

Scout around
Planetary structures
The pace they scream
They click controllers
Death droll
Enjoying
The death games
The Olympics
Of perennial adolescence
Pre-ordained pre-arranged
Came for my son
As life became real
Came into focus
The future
A true possibility
There you were
Mean-spirited
Getting him
To see the
Other side of the mountain
The climb excruciating
Only to snatch it away
As the taste is fresh
Salivatingly tantalizing
Fresh
Death I smelled you
Saw you
Plain as day
You are crawling
Creeping his insides
Like an parasite
Creeping you
Small intestine
All that is left
Of your stomach
Parasitic worms
Inching around
Munching chomping
Bit by bit
Inch by inch
Until nothing is left
I know you death
I watch you
I am your sentinel
I see death
A mother watching
A boy her son
Come to the end
Of his life
I saw a butcher

Big fat hands
My son a slab
Of meat
To cut into
Inch by inch
Until there is no more
Only artificial pump
Hook ups
Not hookah party
As he counted
The gold coins
Surgery by surgery
Stitch by stitch
Shylock dr. Shylock
A Jew
I smelled him
Sniffed him out
But we chased
Him away
Banished him
From my son's body
But you were still there
Death
Sitting in the living room
Lounging
Taking in the fumes
Enjoying the pitch fork
Computer battles
Mom I sold pot in nyc
Wanted you to know
I knew I gagged
When told outright
I never wanted
To hear it out right
Enterprising
In a certain light
Not so jaded
Truthful to a fault
Observant
As a botanist
Looking closely
At a flower
My sweet son
Soon to die
My sweet found son
Latching sluicing me
Lashing me
To the men
Who brought me
Collective distaste

And self-hate
The man who
Banged the hell
Out of any grace
I found
The man
Who humiliated me
To myself
Diminished me
To myself
The dad
Rushing his son
Into the fat hands
Of a Jewish surgeon
The best they say
To cut into his son
Rushing him into death
To solve the problem
The ultimate problem
Of how and why and will never know
My Guarnini prince
Wants to go to Paraguay
In January or February
Summer there
With his girlfriend
To show her
Where I come from
Something
To look forward to
We will go
Still viable body
Or incinerated remains
We will go
I will or we will
Get as promised
Flags of Paraguay
Tattooed on our arms
I saw death
Circling encircling
I saw death
I sat with him
Watching him the games
Inhaling the pot fumes
We lived in comfortable
Proximity a warning
No longer a fear or guessing
It is all in the cards
Will I a mother
Bury a son
Or will I do

Before he comes
To his ghastly end
Death withheld
An answer
The fall is here
The tress in Sherman Oaks
Bend to the light wind and breeze
He can walk to Ralph's
They open at 5am
Starbucks at 6am
Ice coffee croissant over buttery
The LA Times
I sat and read
So as not to disturb
The sleeping millennial
The day opened
I headed back
A few groceries
Remembering
To get my Ralph points
Holding two ice coffees
The second refill
Only 50 cents
In a holder cups with cuffs
Sleuth watering of lawns
Other brown and withered
Roses with real fragrance
A day in LA
A day back in NYC
A day to shuck all hope
A day to prepare
Will go off to back
And West Side Market
And try a vegetarian sandwich
New LA discovery
Today this day today
Lock the upper lock on door
To go down the hall
The dog next doors
Piss on the rug
Back in my City
My life my garden
My Meer
Only now
Having seen
Death up close
Have a different kind of fear
No longer worry wonder
About the catastrophe
Just reflective of

How when most alive
Death can stalk
Impersonal irrepressible
Death still
On the faux leather couch
Quietly waits

NB

Gone

Little Olinquinto is gone

Flew the coup

For a day a year a month

Forever

We raise them to lose them

To let them go

The go into the universe

Our replacements

Even this child

Not born of my body

Takes over

Where I leave off

Stunned

When the door closed

When he called

Mom I am on the plane

Mom we got here

Waiting to gather

Spike his dog

His one earthly necessity

From the other plane

Mom we are at Arthur's

He is staying with Arthur

In Sherman Oaks

Part of greater LA
More than three thousand miles
And three hours difference away
Gone he is gone
My little Olinquinto
Stunned silent tears trickle
The hard sob the scream
The crying that is hard to stop
Yet to come
It builds it mounts its assault
It will be a startled cry
Vacating a cramped chest
With the recognition
That tidy or not
Life is almost at an end
We raise kids to send them off
Luca missed death a couple of times
Dog will keep him here present
He won't put him on another plane
And will not leave him in Sherman Oaks
If Spike dies then....
An open and closed end

NB

Baby learning to walk

Infant learning to eat whole foods
We are back to square one
My 27 year old found son and I
Gourmand appetites net ordering service
He scours the City for delicacies
Of which he takes one sniff one bite
We are hoarding dishes from acclaimed chefs
In our refrigerator uneaten
His stomach is treasonous
Reason hunger yens
Lexicography attributes of adult appetites
His stomach now feet smaller
Rebels digesting too unwieldy cumbersome
He is bent over a twig
His face contorted
His skin ashen
He wears a contraption on his tummy
Device to adhere and capture poop
But it flaps empty as he shuffles about
Juice bars blend exotic fruits
Delivered by net sipped and left
I watch yes that emblematic *Munch* scream
Rises in my chest squelched



Will we make it through one more time
Or has the body refused
The mind half willing half wilting
Our fates are forever and fatally entwined
I will run through wintery streets for drinks
To abate his hunger for another whatever
But as he hovers breaching life and death
No longer a choice to make
If he walks out of our home straight as a soldier
Burger and coke in hand
I will turn to the geography iconography of my death
Where when how not if it can finally take place

NB

I Grew Extra Thick Cataracts – An Accounting

I grew extra thick cataracts
So as not to see
Bring focus in closely
To be fully present
As my foundling son
Now twenty-seven shares
Mom I sell pot
Sometimes get really nervous
Discovered arrested
Don't call me if you are ever arrested
I warned long before this confessional
Only sell pot now
A son surviving enterprising
I really did film and edit on that cooking show
Before I got sick again
I am a Jewish mother
Doctors lawyers bankers
Lofty positions in non-profits
He will bring you big trouble later on
My father warned
Basis a 10-year-old grandson of sorts
Refusing to say goodbye getting in a car
My son my foundling son sells pot
Stuffed in a jewelry box in my drawer
Ten thousand seven hundred dollars
When he first left for LA he took six thousand
Profitable world carousel pot underground
Pot fumes escape my front door
Advised to stuff generously with towels
Contraptions waterpipes glass bong
Scantily tucked here and there
Bewildered mother living in *forest of things*

*In this land the children tear their hearts in half.
Let me explain. If ten things are wanted, only ten
can be had. If a stand of birches is found to be made of tin,
the soil around them will bleed with rust. In this land children
study their magazines in broad daylight, and in their books
any soldier who stumbles will not fall. No one will fall,
a gift parents try not to make much of. At every meal
some is set aside. In every garden a patch lies fallow. At parties
there are whispers of illegal cheeses. Camembert, especially,
is said to taste alive. And so the children learn
to make room. To leave some.
Nothing will come, but nothing will go.
To love like this half must rattle in its pit.*

The Forest of Sure Things by Megan Snyder-Camp

Taking stock of son for who pot
Necessary as air as food
Pot saved my life he would often say
After first surgery when his large intestine
Dissolved into sepsis and bodily poisons
Got removed and a boy a skeleton
Clanked and staggered stumbling
And attached to his stomach as if umbilical cord
A hole connecting his small intestine
To a medical device in which poop connects
Mind and rhythm of its own
His lips pursed tight against food
Sips of Powerade kept him extant
Until he went to Matt's house
And smoked a joint and suddenly
Found an urge to ingest take in some food
He was fifteen and a slice of a boy
Nearly before the surgery dying in my arms
Don't die don't die I held him and sob
Gulping swallows of scotch to stay in tact
Pot kept him alive got him eating post surgery
Even got arrested once in Riverside Park
Along with Matt and Liz toking a joint
Breezily easily as if sipping a can of coke
I have an ostomy bag he told the cops
A what? This is to show you a lesson
The cop came out to talk to me
Mother this is to shock them
From ever doing this again
My eyes staring from a faux body
How was I his this boy's mother
A boy with his intestines extracted
Surgically pulled out as if removing
Entrails from a slaughtered sheep

More than a decade later
My foundling now twenty-seven
And I am stiffened drenched
A declension of jumbled
Threatening emotions
Clamoring for words vocabulary
Self-censoring regret cannot be one
Nor blame my regular targets
My mad truly mad mother
My father her star-struck lover
The Holocaust pogrom
Jews always on the run
My verdant desires for love
The Atacama loveless future

Batch in fear weariness
Acrid choices tossing my life
In a pond of indifference
When marrying my first husband
Superficial flight in youth
At forty thinking getting fucked
As pledged in Us magazine
Would keep me young
No not this time
My maypole streamers of regrets
The usual suspects the objects
Of my self-defeat my incomplete life
None of these work
Why how I came to mother
A foundling a pot dealer
A boy to man sustaining multiple surgeries
Where they cut away and readjusted
His recalcitrant intestines
His embattled stomach from the start
Ingesting food an early agony
Fruits and sweets and apple juice
Staples for his resistant digestive system
Born to eschew food
My foundling born with an unnerving will
Without being able to truly eat enjoy meals
My foundling son through surgical pain and anomaly
Fought to stay alive to live
More reckless after multiple breaks
Death formidably tracking and chasing him down

He has just left again following another surgery
For Cali as he calls it
A second start at building a life
He lives with a friends
Who runs a medical pot shop
An explosive relationship with Chloe
A *Stepin Fetchit* girl friend
Three thousand miles will keep me
From the final dooming flare up
Her own life mortally wounded
By a mother horrifying cancer death
When Chloe was thirteen
And then her father stealth plunderer
Stealing all of the money her mother
Left for her and her brother
Forgeries duplicity maintenance arrears
Prickly pear of a man rifling his kids inheritance
Chloe was his mother's nurse as she withered to death
Brain tumor ravishing her
And now she brings supplies for Luca to change his poop bag

And sleeps next to him as poop incessantly sloops slides
Out of his body all night and day long
She rushes around boomeranging into wall
Trying to grant his every whim and wish
Exhaustion tossing into episodes of depression

Ma go get this go get that not that drink this one
Ma Ma Ma Ma twenty-four hours of day
Hearing him call out clutching my heart
From seizing and dying
Hearing him call out to me
Triggers fluster and trauma
Hearing them fight and argue
Spirals me back to childhood
Bedtime rants and raves
Parents wanting to and fighting sex
My life dissolved brought back
Into a kernel of urgency and grief
Ma unnerving captivating encapsulating
An entire life of cat calls for me
Racing in wrong direction
Complying with demands
Meager attempts to run away
Slouched back tale between legs

Now attempting to take account
As I shared email with Luca and Chloe
I am bond tired needing to build back
Take your time restore, understand
My daughter says clinically calculating
She is moving mother courage to another life
Setting up in a luxury if very small apt
Two nights here two nights there
Nothing has changed
But the kids thread continuity
Through disruption
This is all about money
Logistics to get best settlement
I too sacrificed two kids
But to escape never asked for anything
Withered a truncated bride
Happy to leave run off
Asking nothing in return
Slicing kids four and three days a week
Circling back on me
Now through me thick cataracts
Watching my three grandchildren's
Lives to upended
Where does the blame for this rest
To the third generation

The bible tells us
No longer works here
Something poison in me
Infiltrated my children's lives
My big son castigated for cruelty
Ruining his wife needing to run off
Blinded from the beginning
That was marrying a runner
Dramatic exits taking not a friendship
Not a scrap of the life left behind
He finally has taken possession of his third child
Discovered him as he was losing her
She had staked on claim on him
His oldest child hides in big brimmed baseball caps
Covers his face with blue breathable fabric on Halloween
Wounded maimed oldest son
Victim of the mounting turmoil
Tumultuous year my son claimed
When I want to have kids a family
I will marry anyone I am standing next to
And there she was a model a tap dancer
A bona fide trophy girl
Who never wanted to have kids
Saw his vulnerability promising anything
As her billionaire boyfriend
For whom she was becoming
Was closing the door on her

Where am I in this mix
Blame too easy
Weak kneed or evil
Not never will say
I did my best
I didn't I couldn't have
Life wouldn't have worked out thus
If I had lived whole and wholesome
If I had been mentally aware emotionally acute
Being an emotional cripple doesn't work here
I am responsible for what followed
Cataract glazed eyes taking hard final looks
As I find a way to end my life limiting vileness mess
With modicum of grace
I stand a take a long hard if hazy squinty eyed look back
I did more harm than good
A few laughs warm moments here and there
But in the end brought to naught
Just failure stun guns each day
The horror harrowing moments of Ma
Hopefully are three thousand miles away
Six grandkids each sucker punched by my choices

My encroaching weakness and failings
It was not Hitler it was not mother
It was just a counter voice in me
Determined to be needy indecisive weak
Never to exert courage of the kind of pain
That would have liberated me
From my own suffering disdain
Wreaking havoc with my benumbed heart
Letting swirling fear get the best of me
Thick with cataracts I see I have come to know
I leave behind children in distress
Victims of my luxuriating in woe
A foundling with little stomach left
Still a verve pot toke keep him alive
For what reason did I take him
From a very comparable fate
Life back in his native Paraguay

And a son and daughter from my own body
Suffering from questing for love
And running from it
Each having three children
How to appease the devil
So love will come to each of them
And so for my son and daughter
What dramatics to what lengths
Do we go to escape
What suffering to endure
Only to stand in place
Life left to me
Help me to die less ignorant
Accepting I will never know
The enormity of my actions
Radiate through time
If only they will allow themselves
To hate me and to forgive themselves
That would be a right a just legacy

NB

DUKES

His father calls him Dukes
For me this strange
Concoction of boy/man
Is the duke of dope
For over a year
He swung the door open
Descending barefoot
From the 12th floor
To take one of many steamy baths
In and out any and all hours
Sometimes I waved
Often I had my door closed
My heart bleeding on its own life
Motherhood called what from me
Pulled what from my being
Long before he shared
He sold pot I knew
He deposited \$100 bills
Into a jewelry box
I kept in my bottom drawer
Never sold pot from our house
Thus the move to the 12th floor
One flight up to the coop
In which Chloe grew up
And in which her mother died
My foundling son
Not so much Guaraní Prince
But the dark duke of what
Biblically advised to see
Know the world
As others know it see it
Denying reality no longer works
At seventy-five
Time to take stock to own up
As the sand drawn from the beach
After a fierce storm
So am I now being diminished
It is in the natural order of things
Madness my world as it is
Forms what exists before my eyes
I have become intertwined
With my found son's life
Dukes the boy/man who sells pot
Who can become rough collecting tithes
Verbal threats word play fisticuffs
Not strange to his mouth
My foundling a boy with a mangled body

Charging into hot baths
To relieve unnerving pain
His body a tangled up mess
His stomach carved upon
Multiple surgeons' scalpels
Crooked scar can be fixed up
Fistulas' crop up blocking
Urge to force poop into
The hole in his tummy
I don't sit on the toilet
I have no ass no rectum
Who is this boy I call son
What has this choice
Asked of me
Proving what metal
Haunting what madness
Led to this madness
Taking in a foundling
From the *Tropic of Capricorn*
From the earthen pit of scooped out
Energy producing Iquatzu Falls
Who was I to take him
From parrots from the rain forest
For extreme poverty
From perhaps one of the highest
Indigenous teen suicide rates
Who was I to claim him as mother
What moments of madness
Piled up to toppled me
To forage this rain forest
To claim a son as my very own
And yet once I brought him into arms
I loved him unequivocally
Without condition even reverently
Dukes the drug dealer
Friends in the theater in movies
Customers he connected with however
Got a cat without papers from guy
Who sold him the pot his dealer
The cat after some months
Pitched over and just died
He sobbed as if mourning
His own body's death
He fights after each surgery
To stand up right
He moved to Cali
Came back for another surgery
This time they sliced
Into his small intestine
Again I watch

The post-operative struggle
The pain the horror of it all
Writ an aura borealis across his face
It is the hopefulness
The urgent desire to be alive
Hobbled out some days ago
On the arms of two old good friends
Needed a wheelchair at the airport
Back to Cali and his dog Spike
Who can't hike a lap dog
A companion dog a bull terrier
Who quickly learned his place
Nesting against Dukes leg
I pull away from watching the world
Looking at the world through his eyes
I have become vacant of the familiar
Vacated a self I never trusted but knew
I have become mad
Struggling why and how to be alive
Overcome
What light does he walk toward
For me a body mimicking his pain
Pain riding up and down my joints
Bent over no longer upright
Walk the park meld and merge
With the insufferably gorgeous
Fall foliage hour by hour finding its peak
Will this call back life into me
To the person I once was
When he closed the door
And walked off Louie Vuitton bag
As I watched him go
I gave myself a purpose a goal
To let him go to urge him back
To his new Cali home
His new doctor told him yesterday
Come back in two weeks
No emergency no crises
Just more healing in the right place

Who am I
The mother who took in a foundling
And steadfastly loved him
Disruptive unlovable violent
A kid who lies with ease
And yet fully and completely trusts me
They are sweet moments as well
The litmus test of
My final sojourn into motherhood
Left me wilted depleted in pain

Out walking falteringly forward
Whatever of my life remains
Is it a matter of will or destiny
What will I know at my death
That will clarify edify sanctify

NB

He is my foundling

You are my open wound
Burl park friend said
I feel sorry sad for you
I bled my heart out to him
He heard the mother's tremble
The treble terrible sadness
Words abandon defy
Portrayal portraiture
I don't believe in god
I tell Burl
Revamp quickly recast
Believe is spirit unseeable
We are sitting close on a bench
Facing the Meer and the fall foliage
Orange hot pink blood red
Mixed up and intermingled
Trees a tangle of mad color
Burl about my age
Cooked Columbia students' meals
Chef to the privileged and chosen
His body is a mess maze of ailments
Knee braces diabetes high blood pressure
He walks dogs to gather up a few pennies
We met on my multiple walks with Petsie
Our rescued chocolate lab
I spilled out my heart emptied my guts
To Burl who sat hand on silver can handle
Listening softly shaking his head
With abundant redolent empathy
Asher tot wandered over
Tiny hand waving mayor
Hugged and waved
Circling to get himself straight
His mother is young Burl comments
She scoops him up and walks off
She loves him I note
I loved my foundling scooped him up
Not a flicker of doubt to curb the moment
I was meant to be his mother
It was a sordid deceitful path
That led to taking in this infant boy
I swept the land mines from that soil
And now a geyser shooting up
A volcano's angry mouth spewing lava
I am stuck in the sediment
Of old decisions old choices
I shudder bust into tears
Seeing him the foundling's father
Whom I ashamedly admit I wed

I convulse emotions bolt into combat
His face his hands his voice
Send me into a frenzy
His coveted control of all things health
Insurance contact with physicians
Pitiable attempts at fathering
Whip into me spiraling out of control
Becoming menacing body whirling dervish
You are my open wound
Making me unfit to move about
Without tumbling into pitiable weeping
You extract vitality life hopefulness
Wed me to despair and impromptu suicide
Our foundling staggered
Bent like a crooked old man

*There was a crooked man, and he walked a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house. Mother Goose*

On the arms of two friends
Needing a wheel chair at the airport
To return a homing pigeon
To the new life he was building
As if in combat with death
Moving slithering like a wounded soldier
Slogging along muddy thick terrain
And made his way to the doctor
Within days, your arranged
And now you contact this same doctor
To inform her he needs to see a liver doctor
Are you totally insane
You are my mother driving me subterranean
To kill myself to want death more than life
Elliptical suggestions anecdotal stories
Subliminal about women divorced always
Ending with them in poverty
Stumbling beneath a bus or train
If foundling son is worried about healing
And making it through this surgery
I can't take any more of this
This is what I didn't want
Sobbing after surgery about the level of pain
And bodily mortification
And now you want to get him to a liver doctor
To learn what that not only
Is his missing his large intestine
And now pieces of his small intestine
Are being sliced off

His liver is failing as well –
Luca said she would be in touch
With Dr. Heimann his trusted NYC surgeon
Who would fill her in on the necessary
What ever for the future
You are a demon a monster a murderer
Good guy guise sorrow
More than Jesus' Mary on your face
Your demeanor of Hercules hoisting
The world on your shoulders reluctantly
As if god himself asked you to
You are a mean man a frightening man
You are my open wound
I can never forget finding you
Never forgive myself for giving in to you
I never liked you the years
You snooped around the office
Ambition dripping off your good guy lips
You are my open wound
How much more how much longer
Can I weep for and about my foundling
No healing here my fate rests
In your evil contemptuous mouth
I stand at the edge wobbly – liver doctor informer
Always blowing an ill wind
This time perhaps it will send
My soaring into the great and final beyond

NB

Conjurer I Plead With You

I will die on the cross
Of *YOU GUYS*
When his father and I
Are together we are like tinder
I spill over with too much rage
For such a small man
What does he cull call out of me from me
I would rather be dead disconnected from life
Than be part of *you guys*
Brought down to the lowest common denominator
Getting me twisted up with him
Tangled vine of deception and lies
Our foundling so juxtaposes our bodies deftly
Into a set of conjoined twins
Siamese melded together mouth heart lungs
Our breath our words
Sung out acapella heard as one
Does he mean to disparage hurt push aside
When he joins us as one being *you guys*
I become repugnant
To myself in his father's presence
Repudiating disavowing any good
I did as a mother
Our son caught like a craw in my throat
Who were we was I to join with this man
And become a mother to his father
No matter how often I ask this of myself
I cannot come down on an answer
And yet I become an alley cat
Teeth bared eyes blazing yellow claws out
At just the mere sight of him
I would rather die
Than be thought of as *You Guys*
Life has battered our son's body
And we clobber him with our disunity
How to free myself up
From this madness this hatred
How to repudiate
The woman who lunges for him
Words like projectile vomiting thrust at him
The female part of *you guys* I despise
When I think of the mother I have been
To this foundling king
I seem familiar if faltering
She is a woman who I can forgive
She is a woman I can respect and perhaps love
Dishonoring my foundling child
Sniper mother rampages foundling's father

Gorilla warrior out to avenge a wrong
The man who stole my song
To whom I gave my heart
The man who forced Italian lessons on me
As I condition to travelling to Italy
Who left me on a Scottish mountain ledge
Wind lifting me clinging and crouching
Reasons to hate him topple out of me
They are endless forms of self-mortification
When he comes around
I taunt fling a barrage of insults on him
Witnessed by our son the one we took in
No place is safe from my rage
I insult my son I embarrass him
I unnerve him
He needs and wants to see us
Calm peaceful cooperative
I have become the disease
External to his body
His father's presence
Ramps me up to unnerve disparage him
It is too late it is impossible to repair
His father and I combat warriors
Each time I levitate back into my distinct world
He comes around sniffing
Finding a way to dislodge me
Disconcert upset cause an upheaval
I have no power ever to disengage
Reprise – how to find words to say to my son
That the mother I wanted to be was overshadowed
By the rage that came over me in his father's presence
And strangely we have been called upon
Because of your multiple operations
To parent cooperatively
He kicked me out of your room once
As they were preparing for you to be released
Many surgeries ago –
He is a monster my open wound
And I am the reckless mother
Who indulges her pain
So much larger than he is
Becoming combatant with audience
Perhaps the very weakness incompleteness
Was what attracted me
Finding him no threat
How blurred my vision how occluded my heart
A foundling son who now watches sadly
Shaking his head regretfully muttering
You guys you guys you guys
Just makes me want to die no longer be alive

Don't want to be with the person me
Who couldn't contain or control herself
And became parasitic vitriolic venomous
This to be true never finding
Himself harmful or dangerous
Stages scenarios to draw me out
Betraying of what I am most proud
Becoming disgraced disgraceful mother
I become everything I hate
I am one of you guys
Descendant of a mother who lay at bay
Waiting to thrust me into disarray
Now I let his father take away
My being a proud mother away
NB



Luca Pignatelli Migranti (Uffizi) Autoritratto Come Mitridate

Walking back from the brink of death

Walking toward endings
Mother and son fist raised
Challenge stars
Whom to love to keep
And whom to take
Mother and son
Constellation
Star light star bright
Is this the night
One burns brightly
And the other flickers out
Burns out in a flicker descent
NB

Chopped

Rapacious
Binge watching
Gorging on *food network*
Marathon of delicacies
Prepared presented
As we rolled onto
Thanksgiving day
We watched
Chopped
Contestants
Of all ages
Preparing dishes
With pre-set ingredients

Can't wait for Thanksgiving
For turkey
Breath abated
Holy grail delicacies
Mouth watering
Fomenting anticipation
Boy whose ribs
Stripped bare
Could be counted
As if an abacus
Gaunt harrowing
Rendering El Greco
My boy my son
Needle marks jabs
Pincushion arms
Scatter brush evidence
Of hook ups
Medicines and fluids
An antibiotic so toxic
Threw his kidneys
Into trauma

His stomach
Host to horrific
Maladies anomalies
Large intestine gone
Food the bitter agitator
And yet we sit boy and I
Marathon watching *Chopped*
Love Thanksgiving he comments

Exhumed recollections
Of repasts past
We sit watching
Foods prepared
Contestants
Wield ingredients
Taut with tension
Delicacies
Roasts vegetables
Foreboding forbidden
Which food group
Triggers stomach
Spasming response
Enticements
Perk appetite
Stomach
In perpetual revolt
Boy withers
He watches
He longs for
Scrolls phone
Postmates tab
Running into thousands
Meals ordered on *Net*
Spicy with hot sauce
Tacos cheese steak Jamba juice
Hamburgers cheese fries
Bites covetously greedily
Almost slyly taken
Teeny tiny snippets
Torn off into mouth
And then food sinks
Into wrapper to waste

Boy with *ostomy bag*
Mesmerized by food shows
Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives
With Guy Fieri
Blond spiked hair
Red vintage Chevy convertible
Driving to destination restaurants
Barbecue drips off lips
Boy's mouth waters
Cooking shows trickster
Riling stirring up appetite
Stomach murmurs mewls

Nostalgic hungers
For foods wafting flavors
Tastings aroma
Fractured scents
Surgeon's hand
Steeped in sepsis
Large intestine
Muscle tissue mess mush
Gathered up human sewage
Boy's digestive track

My eyes well tear up
We watch
Holding hands
He throws up
Moans
Body trembling
A new wet
Bird's wings

Chopped
L'Chiam to life
To food
To vanishing
On a cusp of desire
Burdened with a stomach
That cannot tolerate eating
We watch
Totemic archetypical
Unconscious remembering
Table set – turkey golden
What god did this to you
What mother took you
From a rain forest tree
The Iquatzu Falls
Rioting beneath you
Chopped
The desert comes
Fanciful concoction
We sit salivate and watch
NB

Mom, you can

Come in here
If you sit quietly
Don't talk
Don't look at me
Or I will ask you to leave

These the terms
Of a wary partnership
Mother and son
Wrangle with
The penultimate
Life and death
Under what terms
What circumstances

Harsh commands
From my Guarini warrior
Hand on Controller
Lifelike characters
Rush through
Futuristic space
Blowing each other to bits

Games called: *Battlefield:Hardlin* – *Bloodborne* – *MadMa* - *Mortal Kombat X*

Hatred: A game about a suicidal mass murderer, in which the primary mechanic is about shooting innocent civilians in the murderer's fit of rage.

The sound effects jarring
At times playing a partner
Across some nether world
Headset pilots the interaction
A virtual United Nation
Of combatants

Less than an hour away
New of a mass murder
In San Bernardino
Don't talk about shooting
Boy orders mom
Silencing commentary
Blistering crackling
Gunning down continues
Riling pulsing with force
Boy pitched toward death
Hold the controller
Manipulating
As if morphine drip

Mother adrift
Inside the nautical shell
In utero with suffering boy
Culling dignity
Sensations of being alive
Mortal Kombat warriors
Ruthless conjuring
Quest to conquer
Harm torment kill
Murderous marauding
Mother flinches grits teeth
As weapons fire
Mesmerized bewitched
In union with action
Boy wields Controller
Overriding suffering
How long before mom
Overcome asphyxiated
Anesthetized by sorrow
Compunction to flee
To scream shattering
Windows blowing eardrums
Hand maiden mother
Sights in darkened room
Silently
Eyes set forward
Hardly breathing
Heart pounding
Eyes burn singed
From regarding
Looking too closely
At boy suffering

Mom heavy with regret
But for what
No longer can say -
After all...tomorrow is another day (Scarlett O'Hara, Gone with the Wind)
To-morrow and to-morrow creeps in its petty pace from day to day (Macbeth, Shakespeare)
I'll Cry Tomorrow (Lillian Roth)
Tomorrowland (Film, Brad Bird)
Sorrow engulfs
Boys pulse
Slows than soars
Time to quit
Not yet

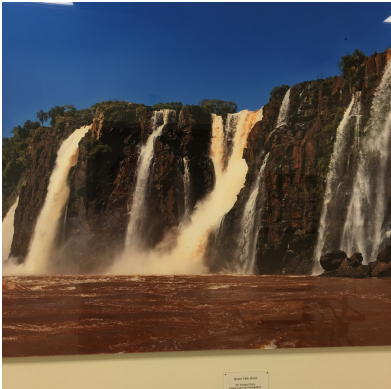
NB

Luca my Natural Wonder

Who I idealize
Stoner with a stoma
Sold pot ma
Always nervous
Ready to get out

I knew that
That you sold pot
All the friends
On Broadway
Bars downtown
Your customers

Luca my moonbeam
No mating mishap
Brought me to you
My *Guarini* Prince
My *Iquatzu* Falls
My wonder of the world



Iquatzu Falls

2015 family Christmas gift
To the *Recycled Orchestra*
Landfill Harmonic
In Cateura Paraguay
www.recycledorchestracateura.com
Kids making instruments
From mile high landfill
Playing Bach Vivaldi
Distant land music shaped
From what was thrown away
Forlorn kids shaped by poverty
Music lifting from their souls
Our contribution will go toward

Building classrooms
For a music school

Luca this is the land
From which I plucked you
Off a rainforest arbor
This the land
Which offered you up
Abandoned at birth
Mother din of Iquatzu roar
Contorted with desire
For you to have more





Luca scan the faces
Of the members of
The Landfill Harmonic
Your double is
Somewhere in there
Perhaps the boy with the blue hat
Holding trash banjo in front row

Luca holding you
From the moment
You were brought to me
Contractions still pulsing
Your lips twisted in recoil
Drops of formula knotted you
We got the formula right
Your body welcoming its flow
Your small body curling into mine
Yet evident from the start
Part of you would forever
Feel left behind

Luca your body
Refused to flourish
In new land
You thrashed
A captive bird
An instinct an incessant urge
For a migratory flight
Feeling the din the squall
In your small body
To be back somewhere else

Who was I to take
An indigenous Guarini Prince
And bring him
To the Jewish infused shtetl
Intellectual harbor the Upper West Side
The *Holocaust* still simmering in chests
Fury distilled in stiffened breaths
The arrogance of victimization
Held no parity for him
Descant lulling
Mother lilt softly humming

What is America to me
A name, a map, or a flag I see
A certain word, democracy
What is America to me

*The house I live in
A plot of earth, a street
The grocer and the butcher
And the people that I meet*

*The children in the playground
The faces that I see
All races and religions
That's America to me*

*The place I work in
The worker at my side
The little town, the city
Where my people lived and died*

*The howdy and the handshake
The air of feeling free
And the right to speak my mind out
That's America to me*

*The things I see about me
The big things and the small
The little corner newsstand
And the house a mile tall*

*The wedding and the churchyard
The laughter and the tears
The dream that's been growing
For a hundred and fifty years*

*The town I live in
The street, the house, the room
The pavement of the city
Or the garden all in bloom*

The church the school the clubhouse

*The millions lights I see
But especially the people
That's America to me (The House I Live In – Robinson and Allen)*

What a false narrative
Squirring to tantrumming
My Guarini Prince never bought in
As calendar days swept by
Swollen with overcome by
My malevolent exploitive deceitful act
Posturing as divine
Calvinist good deed and will

More than two decades later
Wondering glancing the faces
Of the Landfill orchestra members
Would you have been a kid
Climbing a trash heap
To locate parts to assemble
A musical instrument
Think not believe
You would be begging on the streets
Barefoot sunken cheeks dull eyes
Ultimately one of the record numbing
Teenage suicides

My princely son
Whom I have idealized
Inflections of humor
Stoner with a stoma
Have forced a confrontation
At seventy-five needing to dig deep
Reserves of sorrow drained
To forgive myself
For taking you off a rainforest arbor
To become your mother
Decisions have unyielding implications

I have watched steadfast
As you have been hacked maimed
Deft surgeon's knives cutting into you
Drawing out a poisoned
Sepsis soaked large intestine
Body exists hydraheaded
Fierce ferocious to live for life

Luca my soul my sun
You have no stomach
You have no rectum
Your skin stretched like canvas
Over a hobbled skeleton
What you have asked of me
Benumbed
Images of suffering haunt
Life within inches of itself
Needles in arms bags of medicine
Hung just right for gravity's pull
A portal in your chest
For huge bags of chilled white liquid
To fill sustain
What was left of your insides
Some nutritionally balanced
Contrived medical food
Bedside mordant moments
Excessive acute relief
Hours days weeks years
Where do beginnings bring us
For me the opiate insensate
Motherhood waiting to grieve

My prince my moonbeam
What we have been through
We live on a gangplank
Of either or life or death
Raw gauging fear
Volcanic just beneath
Ever thinning skin

What did we do
To come to this life circumstance
Such horrific terms
To enter each day
Luca my found son
My moonbeam
My majestic Iquatzu Falls
My Guarnini Prince
Where do we go from here
How do we ever
Erase the horrific images
That crowd our brains
Imprinted on time
Images of your blood guts pain

Why this suffering
Why positioned as witness
To all the torment of this suffering
Culpable the moment
You entered fragile frail
Into my cradling arms

Luca you contain the messianic
That level of suffering
Emanating from your being
Luca my rare flower
My moonflower
Blooming deep in the rainforest
One night a year
Ravishing beauty blooms and shimmers

Our lives yours and mine
Flower with extreme pain and beauty
Deep in a towering moon's reflection
My found moonbeam prince
You have taught me
What true motherhood means
Going to the ends of the earth
Nothing left in reserve
Love in that emptied out
Stricken way
Stifling fear alarm
Anxious premonition
Moment to moment
Inner balance threatened

Luca my moonflower
I gathered you
From deepest despot
Rankled Paraguay
You were folding into yourself
Shriveling up
Failing to thrive as the doctor said
Holding your shivery body
Against my heartbeat
Defibrillating your dwindling body
I brought you back to life
To blossom yet another year
Was this an indulgence
This ecstatic transcendental love
Now we live a pair

My *ho* you call me
My prince I say to you
Living each day refusing to die
This the price of your life
Tithe extracted
Life that precious
Compelling you
To dagger death away
So few to ever see
The moonflower bloom
You are that rare
Blossoming flower to me
NB



Moonflower, a rootless climbing cactus, has annual one-night blooming along Rio Negro Brazil

She Snap-Dragged This

Got it cruelly correct
Astride death
As it circles nibbles
Munches punches
Its victim succumbing
Inch by inch
Death is a slow slog
When it gets its teeth on
Somebody's neck heart
Grinding teeth together
Wearing down
I watch weary tear filled
Don't want to admit
My son is in the henchman's grip

Grappling my own death
Wind-snapping breathe taking
Watching myself vanish decay
Startled mornings in the mirror
Hard to see find the old me
How daring of a face to collapse
Crevice and folds mouth nose
Folds blink turtle eyes
Cataracts hunt
A low slung fog for clarity
A face's weird transformation
Repelling a clarity of sight lines
No longer
A face only a mother could love
Even death averts turns sight aslant
Sloppy fool's tears fall fast
Streamlets summer thaw
Crevices folds capture droplets
Mouth dragooned by gravity
Words cramped up bottleneck
Not to speak beg
To sustain the unsustainable
To quote Marion Coutts: *I'm not going to count my death as a personal failure.*
Refusing treatment refusing to die
A natural death, a what????
Wanting to beat the veritable countdown
Taking matters into my own hand
Chronology bites like a rat
Somehow I straggled to 75
Marion Coutts is a wife with a memoir
She writes sitting
By her dying husband's bedside

Her husband Tom Lubbock succumbs
To a head cracking brain tumor
*There is going to be destruction: the
obliteration of a person,
his intellect, his experience and agency.
I am to watch it. This is my part.*
She continues: *I have never cried like
this - the fatigue of it is seismic.
This is crying as main violence to self.*
Marion Coutts known as vigilant
Caregiver acknowledging
*It is monstrous evil this sainthood,
a deformity worn like a caul.*
Tom Lubbock's tumor pushes
out of his scalp *a volcanic
excrescence.* Near the end
She comments: *Childbirth is
nothing. Death is mighty.*
The 0 to our 1. Marion Coutts, The Iceberg
Tom Lubbock her husband died
Of brain tumor at 53.

There it is in black and white
A book review in the NY Times
Finding me explaining me
Reflecting a life as hand-maiden
Witness observer
As my found son a decade long
Is in the palm of death
His body decaying dying
In slow motion
But for periodic medical
Emergency episodes
My son moves to LA
Out of New York winter chill
Disease tracks him down
Bilious eczema flares his skin
Even under southern California sun

Prickly pear susceptible to grief
Tremble shutter at a ringing phone
Piercing even cultivated calm
How why when what to do
Who to call on
How much can one person
Kick back to stay alive
What denial or unembellished
Truth it takes to resist quitting
Throwing in the towel
No longer fighting on

I cannot face burying
My found son
My Guarnini prince
I need to quit
To die first
I cannot be present
For his formidable death
The world will find
As inconsequential

I am looking at old baby
Pictures sticking them
Arbitrarily into photo albums
His father's only unselfconscious
Smile the only one that came
From his heart was taken
By his Brazilian mistress Monique
She the cracking whip
To blow our false
Loveless marriage asunder

*No matter what the cause- illness or accident,
cataclysm or slow decline -
a child's close call reverberates
through the rest of a parent's life.
Those of us who have experienced it
are marked forever by our child's
brush with the unimaginable.*

*I have developed insomnia and palpitations
and a kind of continuous panic attack
that kept me from sleep and pretty
much every other meaningful activity.
I have lost the safety the illusion of safety
and go on anyway, day by day.*

Harriet Brown, My Daughters Are Fine, but I'll Never Be the Same

Grief endings solace
Child dies
Hard tug of reality
Can wear New York all black
Other's sad eyes shutter toward you
But life spent flinging warrior fists
Butting heads with death
Coming out less but alive
This is a mother's tale
She went deep in the rain forest
To fork out a child
Who didn't thrive couldn't survive

In the *land of the free and the home of the brave*
His body became wracked and enslaved
This new world poisoned him
Mourning a loss of place of birth
Body distressed backed up with bile
Toll the irrevocable sorrow of the displaced

NB

The Love of my Life

This little light of mine

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

I won't let anyone blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine.

I won't let anyone blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine.

I won't let anyone blow it out, I'm gonna let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

*Every day, every day, I'm going to let my little light
shine. (Songwriters: Stephen, Scott)*

My son has a photographic memory

His mind is the *iCloud*

The card catalogue

The Dewey Decimal System

Microfiche

My son has a classification system

Not an object in his life not a moment

Not a sweet angel in repose

On the outer rim of the *iCloud*

His mind his memory razor sharp

A moment an object retrieved

As fresh as the moment

Conceived received

A baby taken off

A rainforest subcontinent tree hammock

A baby when lifted from his mother's body

Twisted his head his mouth exploding birthing screams

Looked around for his mother

She gone moments after he emitted his first birthing sounds

My son a restless soul stillness within body moves with wind

Remember Dad when you threw the Sparky across the room

Dad remember when you bit my ear

Dad remember how you stood on the sidelines

Of every soccer game every tennis match

Wishing I was the one who stood apart the winner

Dad thrashing about kitchens and restaurants

Teeth clenched muscles in neck bulging

Trying to get me to sit still to eat
An Italian who couldn't get his son
To twirl pasta on a fork and slurp
Dad who shared that his friend said
Boys who are adopted are often trouble
Men who are picked up for a fuck in a thimble
Are always trouble – still grass stains
Me imagine in the Lehman College football field
iCloud drop that one to earth
Smash that atom of recollection
Mom from LA can you send my Gucci sunglasses
Found as left in wicker basket along with the Burberry's and...
Mom send my red Nike tennis sneakers not in box in closet
Boy navigates his remote controller earphones on
Shout outs to players in Oregon in Australia
Always violent warriors chasing over rough terrains
My son weaves his way to victory after victory
Level after ever higher level while smoking pot
Rings of the sweetened easily identifiable aroma
Circling his head a diaphounous halo
Every minute savored every moment catalogued
Author librarian of a life in discrete happenings
Still pictures etched into his mind
Pot never occludes a moment to remember
Boy savant savory and unsavory seconds
Of life remembered recalled
Collected still waters he sits floating
Between heaven and earth
Between internment and the next breath
For my boy life a keepsake a treasure to keep savor
My boy holds onto memory as if intabated on inhalator
My boy's tummy has affixed a plastic bag that fills with ooze
With poop unceasingly unstoppable
Slopping slooping sludge waterfall of shit running off him
My son has to keep every second safe
He is the curator of a life spent
At the edge of a ravishing disease
First stolen taken from a tropical tree
Heavy with parrot and song
And then a body the fought back
Longing for the serpent spun delicacies
From his home country
His body a keepsake of displacement
His mind a running reverie nightmare
Coveting time and its essence
As his body is a wild untamable unstoppable sewage
Life spilling drain.

NB

It's not that I never worried before I had kids. It's that my worries had an everyday quality about them –I hope nobody steals our car – rather than the apocalyptic, death-an -mayhem catalogue of possibilities that arrives daily in the inbox of my brain.

Catherine Newman, Catastrophic Happiness, Finding Joy in Childhood's Messy years.



The Family: Luca Rebecca Hudson Jeremy Sophie Daisy Willa Upton with Cookie and Owen - 2016

The End - Naomi Weiss Barber, Luca Alexander Pignatelli's Mother

