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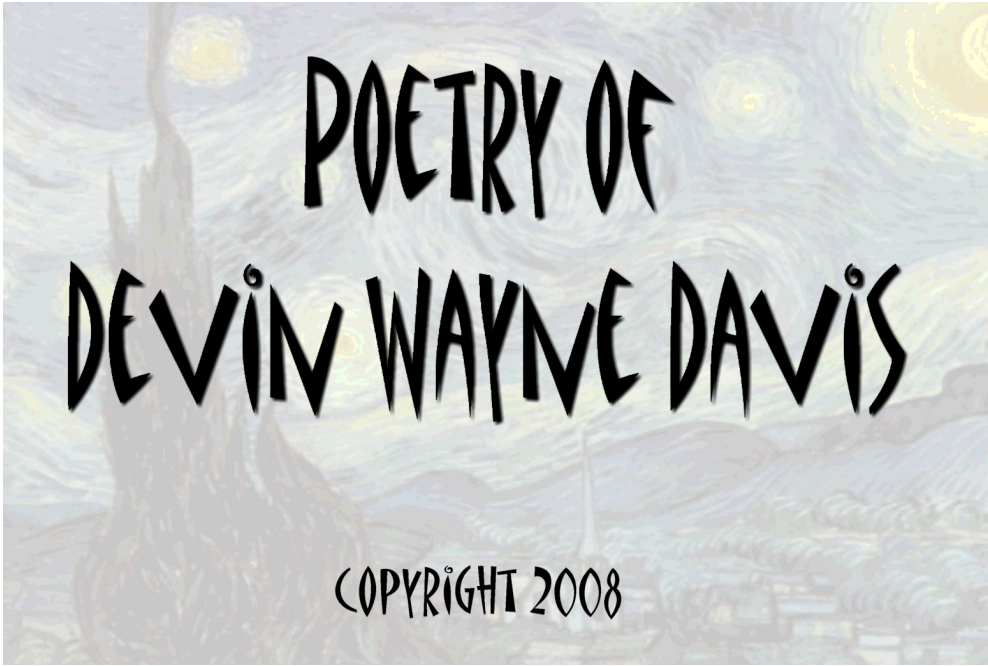
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POETRY OF DEVIN WAYNE DAVIS

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osprey

rays
of the sun, coming

through spaces between
double-stacked containers
traveling by train,

are, predominantly,
a white bird's wings
-moving me ...

the cold fish;
really can be a drag.

this heavy rhythm
rolls with a weight of waves; they

regularly crash
against cliff rock-
& land on my back.

salt

white
ice is blue inside ...

it crashes
into the sound ...

white
ice swims ... it floats

to land,
and away ...

white
ice, as it breaks

apart, looks like
a bear's paw ...

white ice
tires ...

it
turns to water.

cold spring

dawn, come
upon the rail;

as morning trains
continue to pull
in & out,

a freight
covers the station;

then darkness descends.
and mist-

collected
sweat drips ...

we're clear.

color

blend
& complement ...

the sea-foam of someone's home
has carried over boundaries:

adobe mud,
desert-rose,
clay, gray, sage ...

the days
catch an eye
-flat, and half-dry.

neglected
nets have holes,

so many fish
wiggle-
streak away ...

silver tear
in this ocean ...

lost poem

quote:
i deny the
anti-semitic claim,
once the brotherhood elects

to identify-isolate, in
david icke's books-
quotes taken from judaic writers

-which he only uses
affirming-and bringing to light-his own
motive-conception, contemplation,
rationale, philosophy, outlook. no one's

“quote”
forced these people
into being

here; what's important is
they have a choice; called

freedom. end
quote. right

association.

great mundane

to accessorize exercise,
carry that spotted dingo stole
-mounting a rack of coats;

and attached, at the neck,

on a long enough chain ...

the breed is going out
of style, even

as we speak
-not quite perfect.

taut chihuahua skins
surviving beyond the trend;

they've been in, before
your big cars were yanked
like pretension. behave.

how can you walk around town
with that dog, fifteen seasons?

gazelle

you let out a cry if i have done the solid job of penning you,
only to bar that sound with a part of the body; gnaw; or chew

the headrest. your mouth, already roughly a clean cage, can
trap the tongue-but, in truth, a nose is what you'll moo through.

i'll set free the strength of an ancient spirit-cell-by-cell-
until fire & muscle have leapt past blackness, as they used to ...

the spit is no different from the spear;
you turn, when i rip into your generous flesh. food

within this community, there is satisfaction-& a full belly.
a poet is finished. he belches-which isn't considered rude.

painstaking

happy to
see some
body

come to the dog
park;

but, i will not
follow

your scrupulous

curves-though

you move
a lot looser;

i'm tighter
this spring,

in awe.

perspective: overpass

rome of tomorrow;
parthenon off-ramp;
swap-meet coliseum;
car lot catacombs
beneath the freeway.

apollo, gee

i wish all men were stupid
enough to die for common sense
-painfully, stiffly;

that an autopsy would
reveal a purple heart ... and yet,
smiles will still have to be cads.

wish the cause was determined
"natural," as animal instinct-

fight or flight; eating ...
organic, like a good earth ...

wish i didn't have this guilt
-this recognition i was wrong

for wishing. for buying,
but not bearing its price.

enlightened

moving through

the neighborhood
suburban forest-

one block up 3rd ave.,
east, toward 24th street

-i frighten
an owl, white
as my own ghost.

it departs
a giant cedar.

a cabbage habit

that changeling
in your head, baby ...

its swaddling,
closed.

lowering floors

down upon marble,
an arrow reflects
ascendancy ...

& once through the opening,
there are numbers
that glow

-when you know how
to put your finger on them

... stories come to you.

risk

yellow,
in a word ...

bold letter of the law

... that i can abide by

caution
trembles,

bends;
and bows ...

is ribbon to
breakthrough
-new cement.

ball

can't
father leo

stroke you,
remarkable cat.

you're precious;
but i have let you sleep, in

a lined
bed of the desk i'm at.

you are where ever there is
light ... pet-

this little copper curl
-i will lick

your fur bald.
and swallow ...

so the insides can once again dance
-until someone else rubs a jar
of jelly around our hairy mouths.

either i'll
cough it all up,

or you'll bury me, now,
under sand ...

bathing beauty

see-through,

there in thin air;

she's tossing off white sheets,
as her old flame parts company

... circle
set ...

to find his place
-between the sixth
& seventh houses-

wind up, northeast,
spring cleaning this evening.

from a tub of blue,
half submerged
and warm ... waning ...

still
the moon
moves.

retem

spiders!
retire, atop
the bush ...

today's modern
condominium home-

your future awaits-now!
be a part of that
luxurious, restful, california lifestyle ...

long sunny days, & warm nights,
put you, squarely, there
-at the heart of it. and how ...

bachelorette pads,
with pearly dew-drop
and metallic silver built-in

kitchenettes-
reflect 'her' twilight time
in (or, out of) the sun ...

a single vehicle
garage opens upon
the green, perfectly
manicured lawn;

all of this living ...
in one bundle-
it's ideal ...

for decorating, remodeling
... a host of non-stop improvements!

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The work of **Devin Wayne Davis** has appeared in the following: The Sacramento Anthology; 100 poems; Sanskrit; Dwan; Poetry Depth Quarterly; Dandelion; Coe Review; Rattlesnake; Taproot; Chiron Review; Poet's Gaggadah; as well as in 41 chapbooks.