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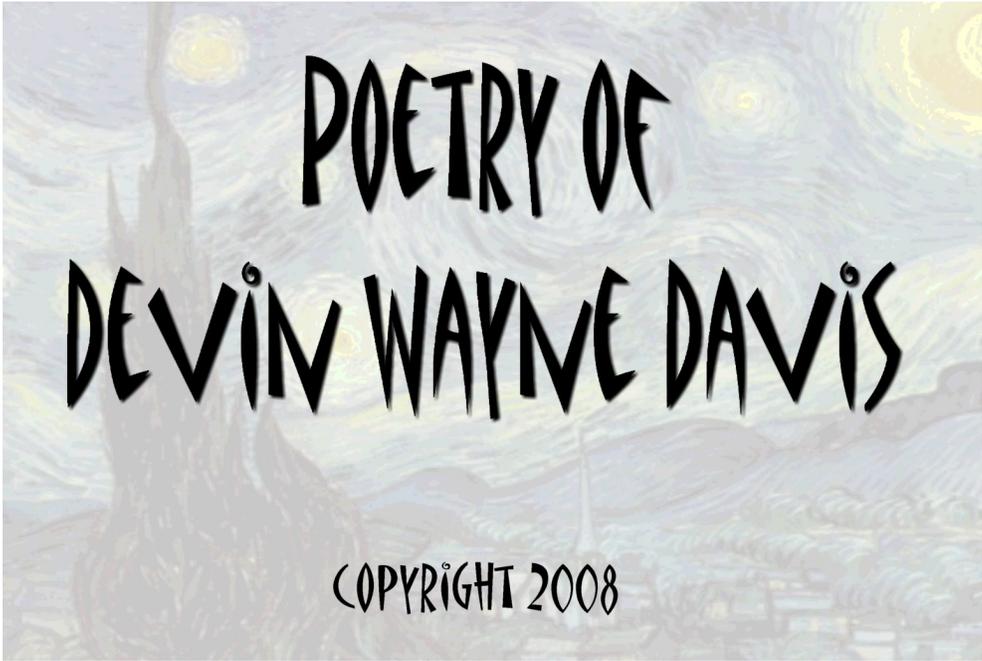
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# POETRY OF DEVIN WAYNE DAVIS

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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 24<sup>th</sup> 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.