

4 Poems by Ray Sucre

THE FIGURES OF DOGS

Dogs of all that gets chopped in here,
who gravy the tracks, traveling, god-chimping
men on earth, they are atop a human wreckage.

Sniffing, ceaseless, odd,
each after other, polyps to the towns,
dogs of the flunk on a sore examination.

The light board snaps to power,
and the figures of dogs are traced as sad people,
men, who in a side-yard dog collapse.
So also, may this collapse. This figure, this man,
this modern, ancient naivety.

The dogs eat and shed and roll on the tombs.
That's them, that's your virgin young.
the dogs raise up where the shine is living most.
That's you, a new, pretty horror.

THE BABY HAUNTS THE SHELL

Burned at edges, the flesh withers in,
and dammed blood is pulsed in ever sandy hearts:

When the exhibit of failure's body marks
holds up your last moniker, a face paled,
spotted belly, ribs the stricture of shed
tarantula legs,
the baby within is ripped aside, in halves,
and drowned in the pool from above whence
it first took breath.

You wimp on in a loosening case,
and the baby haunts your shell.
Your name is stroked into a magazine,
and the pin ignores but for finality, spring, fire:

You have prepared, load, load.

WITCHED FROM GLITTER

She is with jar, collecting hornet opals,
and even the blank mist conceals them.

Tall as the middle finger, she prattles
in the brush outskirts, "Just a moment.
Hornets, look away." and her voice
descends on the small, hidden hives.
They can look all places at once,
and are the criticizing sprigs of life.

The sun pricks through and makes
an emblem of her face, a fame minute,
and the hornets raise up in garden
formations, unbreachable and
viciously aimed.

She moves fast for the opals, bending
close, and is stabbed by multitudes.

The sun is lost again, the mist covers,
and she keeps onto her jar, forever
petting it, injured slowly inward
at the crux of her lingering talents.

The opals beneath their hornets shine.

SO, WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?

They were fond of holding open bags
and trick-or-treating for sunlit clarity,
a-ha, plainspoke voila.
Thus it was in courtesy that my conscience first
congealed in the softer fears.

"They want this art all betty, not compound."
I twittered and had a shake or two.

It was a coordination of tangents,
however, that sulked my soak most.

Slithering, I could say with clarified air,
the patience far-fetches the mask;
I may wear it until divorced from corpse.
That was hold-out, rigid in places--
atta-boy, and a sobering enthusiasm.

They are still fond, with bags, in places,
when the Sun filters through.
As I open my narrow door, I ask:
does a performance of foggy diction
place a milkiness in the crystal?

The prism turns; I set out clear candies.
I find all colors present.
I present each whim colored.

-- **Ray Succre**
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