

i. Ghostly sighting
Lord God
who worship
last spotted
in tupelo
phoenixes

lone ivory-billed 'pecker
to twittery birders
its vast carmine wingspan
World War II
Faulknerian wet woods
from the Audubon dead.

Pot-bellied *Homo Sapiens*
rulers of the universe
to canoe bayous
loading tummies
Which
which

made in His image
too stout
are last glimpsed
into wheelbarrows.
will be granted refuge
go extinct first?

ii. Mermatron and merman slugs trudge from algal hot tubs
deep in the woods among long-billed short-tailed wrens
who sing so wryly (as her-history goes).

The mers clothe hairy bods, fly south of Eden down
to LA to resume siren-slick fast lane devolution
amid state-of-the-art noise and pollution.

iii. Crowing together this annual spring ritual,
childhood buds buzz up the coast
then west under drizzly Sequoia canopies
which shadow Big River's crystalline beaches
to a rarely seen serene Pacific fogged-in edge
past rotting whaling ships' rusty anchors
stuck on a conifer-studded ocean bluff.

Two bunnies strut their stuff.
Each hops the mud path just as a rain-soaked sleek raven
(not yet voyeuring rabbit) swoops from its craggy perch
on a windblown cypress ledge to peck the mind's eye
of her reflection in the window -- then shit on
the roof of Hranrad Hus ("whale's road house,"
from the Anglo-Saxon kenning) where three of us hang out.

We are alone middle of a blowsy long Mendocino weekend.
Friends and family abound, except now when not around,
borrowed my Volvo, back after a hike to the lighthouse.

Between winter and summer I swallow an unknown host whole

allow the seed to blossom and grow, open into dreams
inside first-blooming trillium 'midst orange columbine
below secondary growth Bolander pine dotted with huckleberries
and over-the-top cotton candy rhododendron
whose pistils poke from leopard petals
where mushrooms thrive in primeval soil
fertilize fern canyons of my virginal soul.
Forget-me-nots fill my headlands' cranial spaces.
Nothing bothers me today.
Mountain lionesses stalk prey for their baby kits.

Left to private devices, stripped bare, part coyote, I fill
a Martini glass with trail mix, slip
on a Carlos Nikai flute CD, ascend
spiral stairs into Captain's chair overlooks all creation, soar
Duchamp's twenty-two steps, search
cosmic glimmers beyond picture windows. Howl.

Down below with the clocks, it's so cold the sea doesn't shimmer.
Poured earlier, but now I rise above the muck
to where it is bright on both sides.

Love, serve everyone.
Remember god -- whatever that is.
We are lonely in this universe, outsiders unless banded together.
The end becomes a beginning.
I dig deeper and deeper into me that just wants to give birth.
Breathe in and out, pay attention,
push as taught decades ago down the road in Pt. Reyes
coaching your own firstborn's delivery.

My wits are confused as the snack food which misceginates
earthtone cashews and raisins into couch potato
chocolate indulgences sealed in odd blue, red, and yellow shells.
The M&M's resemble *Persistence of Memory*:
Dali's timepiece melts in my mind, not in my mouth.

I slake thirst from a bottle of reverse-engineered
flavor-enhanced Galaceau Honeydew Smartwater.

After fifty-eight years, more than half as husband and father,
I must give birth.
My head is a harbor seal heavy with child,
a watermelon carted around in a wheelbarrow of amniotic fluid.
My brain is a pineapple crate crammed
in a skull in a motorcycle helmet atop a violet Road Star 1700.
Wordsworth says, The child is father of the man.
So much happens at once: I am *puer eternis* needs to give birth.

iv. Down by the rotting barn, under the barrow
Simon finds a clump of grass, twigs, and mud.

Springtime, I pimp my grandson
can he guess who build the nest?

“Robins!” he smiles, not aware
it dropped from the tree above.

“What do lady birds lay
when they’re making babies?”

“Eggs!” he squeals as we
push two rusty wheels aside.

Probing, I grope
for broken shells, hatchlings.

The two year-old eagerly
squeezes a few brown ovals

a rat turd surprise
I choose not to describe.

See bio below:

Bio:

Gerard Sarnat is a family man, married forty years, father of three and grandfather; physician, past CEO and Stanford professor; and virginal poet at the tender age of sixty-two. His extended family is currently building a green compound on Elk Creek off the Klamath River adjoining the Marble Mountains near Happy Camp, California below the Oregon border. During the first half of 2008, he's published or forthcoming in fiftysome journals domestically and internationally; in the second half, Gerry has been listed, commended and won poetry contests/prizes within and outside the US. California Institute of Arts and Letters' Pessoa Press will publish his first book, *The Jonestown Homeless Chronicles*. Gerry's listed in Poets and Writers in Creative Nonfiction and Poetry.