***The Purple Butterfly***  
settling upon your face  
illumines the yearnings within your soul  
coded in a message of strobe lightning

it was an inauspicious beginning  
three men on the hunt in a Minneapolis bar  
spitting piss beer and leering at the dancing dames

i sat there taut of body, howling in brain  
14 months on the inside yard primed me for that moment  
i chewed the air with a sucking breath  
as pretzels and chips crumbled under foot

it was a time of savaging fear  
i walked with Lazarus, worried about my stench  
who would touch a man from the grave  
or deign to gaze upon the mangled and mashed instrument  
of his wet dreams?

it was not your beauty nor this painted insect on your face  
no, it was in the decaying bathroom  
where you chased me away, answered  
that *i cannot*, could not be yours this night  
*Oh!* i ached for the dawn

in time, you brought a basket full of fruits  
some fresh, some moldy, some without pits  
picnicked in the attic for a year  
charming the ants, making mad rituals  
attempting to lure healings from our shaman bones

when you left me for dear ole Columbus  
i cursed his ship and wanted to declare  
you already sovereign territory  
but you sped away on a snorting motorcycle  
flying the flag of the jaunty buccaneer

now that you have braked for a brief visit  
that attic in my heart sealed ten years ago  
once again  
has opened for Spring cleaning

1 of 2

*Ah!* i am relishing the memory of odors  
the sweet taste of your intense tears

in every bar, around every corner, in every hotel  
in every city for every day  
i had peered in anticipation of that dancing prancing butterfly  
but now I know that it flits about  
only on the beat which has always been  
our hearts

2 of 2