

Awake at Rockaway Beach

By Nikki Moen

Conceptualize my artistry
Into monuments, without pillars carved in sea salt
And grab my wax hands, laugh into my face
So we can dance into Mexico City under fire crackers-
Sugar skulls in our pockets.
A flower signifies many battles overcome
As caught up in its smooth bends and creases
With sanded and varnished wood.
I can fly along the curves as a water slide
And be the words in your mouth as soon as you remember
Forgotten spirituality.

I set up concubines to indulge me while I pine away the afternoons
Swimming in thoughts of the future unknown.
After a meditation or two I let go of Dali's crutches
(Especially when they weld sleep)
And concentrate all my energy on the optical illusions
Across the dusty deserts
Where a busy brain has been known to drag
A marching band behind, attached with ropes.
And my back aches....