Young Boy Riding the Wave of Desire Out of This Poem

The young boy who is about ten years old and sitting on the front step of a burned house and bouncing a small rubber ball on the charred garbage strewn sidewalk where the fire blackened wood planks lay across one another and to the boy in his mind resemble a group of sleeping Catholic priests still dressed up in their dark frocks, watches the way that the sea gulls encircle the waste at a salvage yard across the lonesome street from where he is sitting, and to him they resemble birds with idiot clown faces and flapping wings.

He folds the memory like a scrap of paper. Puts it deep in himself. And later, when he is a grown man and he's left all this burned world behind him and he's in bed with some woman he loves, he will see his own face in his mind resembling a familiar sea gull flapping up and down again over all things beautiful or mute—as if desire were something odd and birdlike, really, and with two wings. And love will somehow be a dark burned house he'll have to swoop into or out of—as an act of survival or desire. And so it will take an act of beating wings and a warm hearted woman, some source of light or salvation that will take him into her waiting arms so that he relives that bliss again—of being delivered from darkness into light, which is really what the dance of love is. Now he watches a sparrow land on the burned red couch dragged outside after the fire. And there's a cat hiding there, a black one whose head watches the small ball being bounced endlessly up and down.
off the squared face of the sidewalk, down-up-catch and down again, down-up-catch and down again—until the repetitve mathematics of sound somehow echoes from the boy's right hand doing all this bouncing so that the rubber ball seems to float momentarily the way that a human soul will float at eye level just before the final exploding back into that singular light that gave it its birth. And then the cat lunges at the stupid bird—catching it under a quick paw, and one more living thing expires. Now the boy, because he has chosen from the death of the bird to see that he's not a part of this world anymore, but is in fact a soul trying to get free—which is the way that the spirit force, acting through a sea gull wearing the ridiculous mask of a clown face flapping its wings above piles of rain drenched junk at a lonesome salvage yard, catches the boy's attention—and so it compels the boy's desire to learn to let go. It's alright reader, now you'll have to follow me here. The boy's going to have to disappear—because his whole future is riding on it. And so the boy looks up at a small moving pulsar of light hovering above his right temple—and it bobbles like an epileptic angel, a small glowing arc of turbulence battering the air with its wings. And he sees what no one else here sees: which is the way that a sea gull enters a boy who's been stung by the angel of homesickness in a burned out city, because together they're the knock of the spirit force—the here and gone in one, and it stirs in him a desire to transform himself. Now he hurls the rubber ball backwards into the great gut of the house where it hangs and bounces into rafters until it soars into the backyard, a flying specter of lighthouse into fruit trees somehow spared from the flames. And he hears a shouting without a name. Some medicine name calling him to jump through himself into turbulence. The jump in and out of turbulence
must be the holy act of arson for the spirit. Nothing in the human body
can comprehend it. The arc of desire is the fire we breathe. And so the boy
sets something inside of himself on fire. He watches the burning flames.
All the leaping sizzling embers from the fire are the high stars he reaches for.
And because there is nothing else left in this place but the rancid stench
of old smoke still hanging like threaded milk from the burnt tree branches—
which resembles the style of death the boy will live in until he jumps out of it
here in this moment holding fast to the page—the boy runs through the house
which is the burned afterthought of his own body reflected on the pavement,
here in the figure eight written into his brain. No cop car slows down to watch it.
No father or mother, no brother or sister. And he resembles a spiral leaping
through ashes, over and over again until all the burnt images—the black cat
with the bird in its mouth, the sea gulls, the him, all riding the wave of desire,
are gone. o