

RANDOM BREATHS

WITH THREE FOUND FIRST LINES

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1.

Because a fire was in my head
I chose to smoke
to hide the expectations of flame
under the paraphernalia
of circumstance -
What better way to disguise
the internal combustion
firing my insides
with every breath I take
it is best to hide in plain sight

2.

Breathing in the fullness of time
came to me as always one breath at a time
now fifty five years old I am delivered into this abundance
through memory's door
the architect of tomorrow building an unfinished chore

3.

Following the wrong god home
I stumble into bliss
the wind hammers my sense of self

I lose all control
give myself up to happenstance
at every turn I am joyful
finally I am at rest
breathing is just in and out
in and out –



PLEIN AIR POETRY WITH MOLLY LIPSHER

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I'm on a hilltop in
Montana De Oro
Across from Islay Creek Campground
A blue Ford Focus Hatchback
There will be an easel
I have red Hair
She is set up facing the horseshoe
The lower picnic area on her right
The rocks and the center all scuddy brown
I have not started painting yet
Just figuring out my
Structural components

You know I'm a New Yorker
A Harvard graduate
I've lived here for a quite a while
And I'm still not over the culture shock
Her colors her sticks of chalk
Worked by various brushes
assert themselves
blues and purples
shades of brown and green
some pinks and whites
forming a skyline line
a luminal surf line
and what looks like some crumpled paper
rocks are tough
Molly says - I usually have it nailed by now -
I have faith and wait her out
Darker browns shading and angling
The bottoms
The rocks shape in air
The sea catches on their cliffs
And the white water breaks again and again



SLEEPERS

Under the silkwood

Sky of night

We build

Inside each other

A new skin

Something to be

Out in the world

In

