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

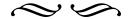
3.

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

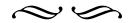
Darker browns shading and angling

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

