

# MARS ORANGE

Poems by Ronald Baatz



Artwork by Dina Bursztyn



*for Leonard Seastone*



# **MARS ORANGE**

Poems by Ronald Baatz

Artwork by Dina Bursztyn

***Open Studio Books***

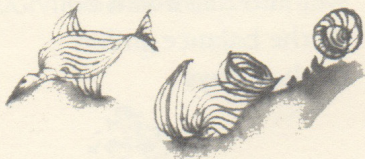
Catskill, NY

2012





Wooden' light  
the oars of  
the moon  
fish crying  
like dogs



This morning  
young squirrels  
coming going  
up and down  
acting nuts

Cold rain-  
one ant after another  
wet and black and oblivious  
to the balance  
of their days





Sleep with this rose  
my love  
and put it  
in cold water  
in a dream of me

Just to fall asleep  
and not to remember  
falling

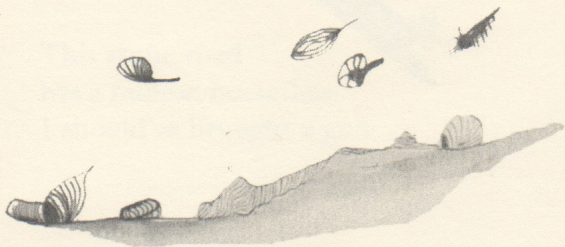
I want to die like  
a large flying yellow kite  
that one day  
simply explodes  
into flames





Like a ghost floating over limbo-  
mosquito netting floating over  
insomnia

Holy intellect  
dumb intellect  
the hymn of  
broken words  
that works.



What good would it do  
to tell her that the dog is dead  
that it is only the ghost of the dog  
that she is tossing treats  
to



At the park  
cicadas keep me company  
as I lie on a bench  
making the same noise  
they do

This stone road  
has a million horseflies-  
I should've brought a gun

Moth made out of ebony  
and cigarette paper-  
first its eyes disappear  
in the dark and  
then its wings



Dog bone  
in the yard-  
the more you stare at it  
the more it becomes  
the color of the moon



Once I thought  
I was the only  
shivering old man  
of brooding sorrow  
left

Pear with  
brown mysterious markings-  
will they somehow help me  
to remember  
this life?

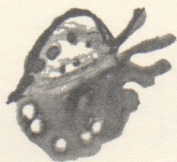


It's the old story  
always the same old story  
in spades

Strangers to god-  
we walk like crows  
we make love like fallen angels



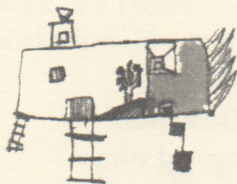
Work your spirit  
with butter  
and salt



Green shadows  
of leaves  
on lemons

Dead bird  
turned white  
in a paint bucket

Please, leave the window open-  
let any visitors  
from the dead  
come like flies  
go like flies





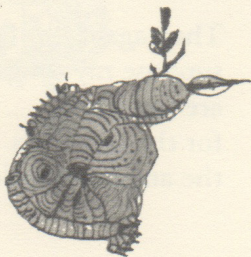
A great Sunday morning  
of lovemaking  
of then being idle as  
Moses'  
roses



Then again  
suppose my songs  
are too harsh  
for the fair birds  
the ancient meadows

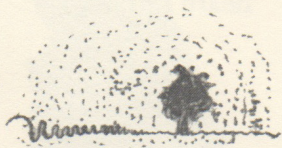
Midnight-  
clock's hands  
joined in prayer

Fiery rosy sunset-  
the throats  
of birds



Wet yard  
quiet as  
drizzle

After the rain  
the earth that is purring  
the robin that is digging into it



Thin branches-  
birds eluding  
death's praise



J



A drop of milk from breakfast  
in the dark sweet shadow  
of a bowl of cherries



When evening finds a tree  
and the delicate work  
of song begins



The mind that is a lone bird  
The mind that is a bare branch  
The mind that is crying out across  
a frozen pond  
The mind that is a pond cracking open



Mourning the death  
of my mother  
in autumn-  
every leaf a  
a devoured sunset

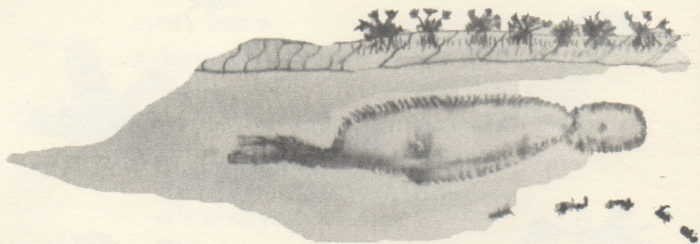


My senile old father says  
it's always good  
to leave a conversation  
go to the bathroom  
and kill an ant



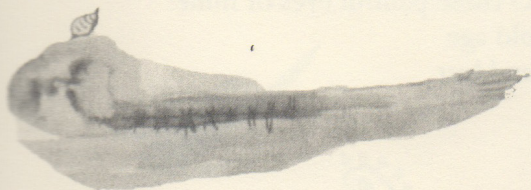


Sky black  
with birds  
black as my pen  
which has birds waiting  
to come out of it



We love the ants  
and the melon  
they have come for

Thoughts-  
each with its own shell  
to leave behind



In decaying green sunlight  
we eat with river bugs  
they eat with us



O these painful eyes of mine!  
old age  
and lust



Tomatoes  
raised with  
fire and shine





Darkness in the shed  
weeds in the garden  
sparrows in the tree  
the rake in my hands  
till rain in my face



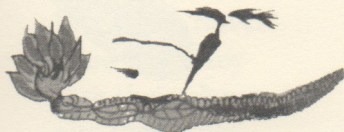
Were we supposed to  
understand the words  
of this leafless prayer  
coming home  
in winter?

Put water on  
for tea  
make the bed  
piss in a bowl  
of cold water



After I am cremated  
my ashes  
will whine

The woods crawling with  
so many  
paper animals  
so many  
paper flames



Actually it takes more than  
they say it's going to take-  
it takes more wine  
more blood and  
a lot more flies

Wind so bold  
the blowing  
the coming  
the against  
the house



For a luminous moment  
she pauses-  
my wife who has survived  
so lovely and so intact  
she pauses



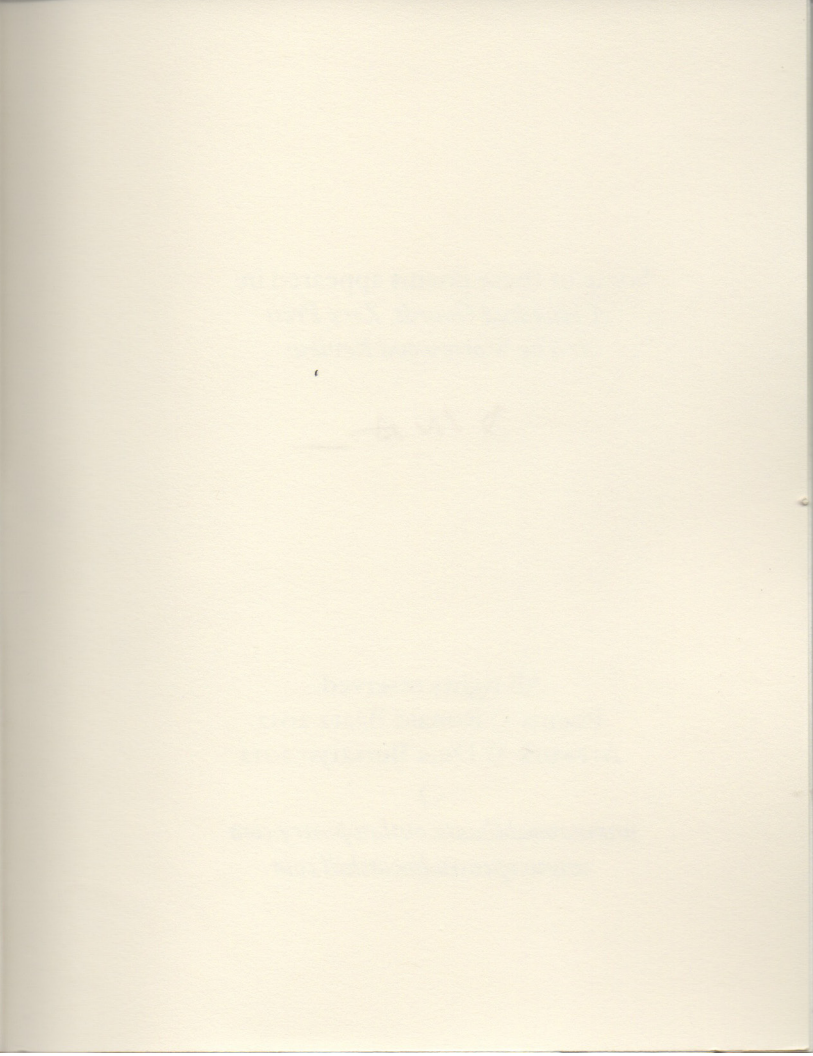


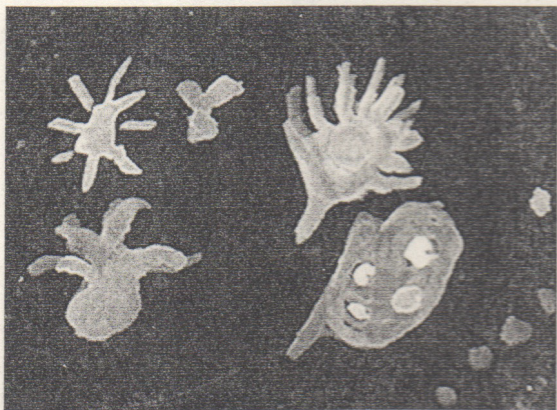
When you travel  
know the many  
gaze their plenty  
pity their woes  
kiss their toes





The winter moth-  
the smallest of angels  
flying drunk





***Open Studio***  
402 Main Street  
Catskill, NY 12414