Two poems by Dennis Cooley

Pennys from Heaven

: in
coming

bundles of light : out of the blue

thudding

on to her cornea scratching

me in

side the wet optic rope

where wafers of sun scuttle

along like electric coal cars

whistling

in to the bumps dumping

their sticks of TNT in to

crevices in to
the nervous gaps/
inside her brain
burnt
blurts
bends
out thru the
two bubbles
raining blue/
ligh
trans
lucent
as cuticles
curves out onto
in gusts
up
on
me
we too
we two to
gather
)gather
ing
light
Expecting / The Sun

it has
jumped down
upon her
the sun
has jumped
& soon now
the moon
strolls slow
beside her
low inside her
like a white
foot
(floating)