

TWO POEMS BY DENNIS COOLEY

Pennys from Heaven

coming
: in
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/
burnt
inside her brain
blurts
bends
out thru the
two bubbles
raining blue/
light
trans
lucent
as cuticles
curves out onto
in gusts
up
on
me
we too
we two to
gether
)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)