My Welsh uncle once got six years for selling Saran Wrap to the Arapaho. They used it for preserving treaties.

Fortunately, the authorities had no inkling about the time machine Uncle Llywelyn kept under a black fireproof blanket in his barn.

Thus, he was able to deploy his prison address as a convenient cosmic postal identity box while he kept rescuing himself from boredom by omnibussing through the millennia. I suspect the Arapaho liked him mostly because he didn’t want to be named Chief of anything, especially after he met my ancient hippie aunt, Open Sky. Also, thanks to him, people saw through things much more clearly, and knew what they had.

In-laws, outlaws, all these thundering questions herd us on to an ageless opaqueness while the obvious answers disappear in time.
THE BLACK TRAINS

Bombs on squeaky wheels, thoughts
are louder in the dark.
Separating instance from distance, it’s far too easy
to forgive what you can’t remember.
The odor left hanging
locates motives, permeates its iron-horsed way

with diesel dinosaurs & rented air.
Must have something to do with being old enough
to start stealing from yourself.

But that’s what you’ve been doing all along—
praying instead of doing
something about it. Squealing,

blustering the risk-taking like a rusty politician
running to beat the odds
instead of asking what you’re doing

for the common good. Beyond what
the rules allow & beget, there’s always what
can be gotten away with.

Can we ever begin to charge enough
for all those tankers
torpedoing through the suburbs?