

john martone

fantasmi

williston park
dogwood & honeysuckle
2005

r & e

raffael de gruttola
jim kacian

cc

*they spoke of how all existences are
like a dream ...*

avatamsaka sutra

fantasmi

the first sunflower's over my head

dipper
gourd's

size
of my

little
finger
now

next
morning

tomato
vine

smell
still clings

to
body

an attic room above the mourning doves

roof-
hip's
rounded

bindweed
up rainspout

to attic
window

row
after
row

w
garden
hose

shirt
pocket
full

of
cherry
tomatoes

tomato
melon

& mint
at last

en
tangled
here

on knees
to enter

other
worlds under

tomato
bushes

sparrow
hovers

whether
to trust me

holly-
hock dolls

adrift
in
a pan

of well-
water

shot-
to-seed

lettuce
brings

gold
finches

ancient
tea
kettle

on
a new
hotplate

new hotplate's
2 burners
plenty

frying
pan's
nearly

too wide
for
hotplate

new hotplate
to cook my
spaghetti
& peppers
this summer

a sole
sun
flower

around
whom
we sit

older
letting

finger
nails

grow
a bit

neighbor
smiles

seeing
me

water
pines

bindweed's
bundled these
coneflowers

all these
tomato
stakes

cd make
a little
house

garden knife
rosary

opposite
pockets

blanch my
zucchini
for freezing

& cook
spaghetti

same
water

beetles please
eat your fill
of eggplant

my sledge hammer
& my shovel
outlast me

remove my
steel-toed
shoes

before
climbing

attic
stairs

antique
tack

in
paneled
wall

no
picture
now

washcloth
for face
& feet

then
to bed

hominid
curled up

eyes blinking
awaiting
sleep

in my
attic
room

above
a

long-lost
earth

white butterflies in this row of broccoli

dipper gourd vine's
crossing my roof

thousand
foot

dipper
gourd
tangle

from one
rosette

a crook-neck
nestling

on 3 sweet
onions

3 days now
attic room's spider's
gone hungry

next year's
bushes

in this
pepper

2-day rain
garden gate
swinging

bushes
collapsed

those
years

summer's
loaves

semo
lina

holding
this knife

remem
bering
father's

carbor
undum

fedora
only
in garden

pomodori
melanzane

my
lit
tle

fan
tas
mi

tomato
pepper
eggplant
seeds
commingled

this time of
drying fruits
for winter

dozen white
handkerchiefs

hung out to dry
signaling

one place
half junkyard
half garden

green shack
sinking
into weeds

have needed
sledge-
hammer

to drive
stakes

deep
enough

for garden's
tomatoes

at dusk
crumbling
today's
dried basil

dip
per

gourd
vine

needs
rafters
now

heat wave
weighs down
dipper gourd vine

stones &
tomatoes

topple
around me

one
dipper
gourd

my
forearm's
length

longer arms
after picking
tomatoes

white
plastic

laundry
basket
full

of
pomo
dori

all year's
garden work
to be

up to
elbows

in crushed
tomatoes

simmer
pomo
dori

gallon
after
gallon

on my
hotplate

a bright
table
cloth

hangs
over
garden

from
attic
window

beyond
3 roofs

a paw-
paw
tree

gold
finches

come
from

sun
flowers

weeding
when something bites
then bleeding

all this time
carrots've been
hiding

heatwave
& attic room
a torn t-shirt

my shortwave
vietnam

& italy
in attic

a
cottage-
shaped

snail shell
in
my dream

the
wonder

enter
ing
garden

after
rain

a stranger
where garden's
overgrown

garden's

sometime

boyhood

jungle

loosen
ing roots
sweet dew
helps me
weed

bindweed's
got hold

of all
my

bas
kets

may
be

ne
ver

done
w

bind
weed

this
life

picking
my steps

thru gar
den now

not to
crush all

thru heatwave
& rain

empty
blue chair

facing
garden's
buddha

either
side

of
stepping
stones

melon
vine's
a stream

this melon's
summer's
measure

a
little
form

living
here

