

The waters tell me I am turning  
Into the right direction, dancing down the wind.

I am drifting deep in a reverie of rivers.  
My small mouth churns with songs.  
All that is left of me streams  
With the deep, eddying knowledge  
Of how to go home.



## Ralph Wanderer

### NEW WORLDS

The hot sun palms Portland with surprise  
startling stunted cactus with germinal memories  
flattering green tomatoes  
dignifying roses  
stirring and turning the helix seed through me  
that spins itself into the ground  
knowing with genetic certainty  
it will beat the odds  
it will survive  
hell, flourish  
The helix seed in me  
that moves out into summer  
stretching shanks, uncurling  
pumping out across land like  
rhizome runners in blood hot soil  
Yes, I think I will not work  
or sleep  
but traipse through backyard country  
triumphant in towns I remember  
new worlds rolling across my forehead like sweat