

ASTROLOGY IN SAMOA, CA

by Daniel Helsing

We leave the car and find the dunes. I walk
behind you in this maze. You keep us trotting
along on brushy trails, through grassy sand,
with hard-nosed talent in your legs. And nothing
will stop us—not this dragstrip in our path
with cars approaching, not these staffers shouting
at us to stay away. We find the beach
and settle: you uncork your magic potion
and I light up my leafy lemon spell.

The sky is pulsating softly, like in a gentle cosmic breeze,
while songs flow from your throat like a terrestrial river.
Night descends with rip currents and shooting stars.
I'm a turtle and a centaur.
You're a kitten and a bull.

PERPETUUM MOBILE

by Daniel Helsing

—does not exist, only entropy. The second law of thermodynamics, formulated by Carnot, Clausius, and others, guarantees that disorder will always keep increasing until it cannot increase any longer.

But, says A, what about an idea that forms in the mind's mud, grows, then reaches

the sweetness of air and learns how to breathe time. No, says B, growth—

HAIR-TRIGGER ALERT

by Daniel Helsing

A pear-shaped four-foot cylinder,
rusty, dented, pierces the seaweed sand at
Haskell's beach. I wonder what military tactics
were practiced here, I say. The tide is coming. Nuclear

war blends seamlessly with the afternoon sky. Don't
touch it, you say, it might blow. The crumbling piers
behind us, still barbed-wired, suggest the 1940s.

Warheads

explode beyond hearing. Water breaches
the seaweed barrier and soaks our feet.
We should go.

Beach hoppers skip around our toes when twilight
approaches. Let's at least
watch the sunset.