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An Apology

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AN APOLOGY
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the nighttime thunder is asking
when you last called home
to tally the damages while
the phone is ringing and no
one answers in the basement
of limber muscles that can stretch
into one long sinewy thread
of consciousness to boomerang
into the oblivion and hug planets
like shoes that fit too tightly
above the music you can even
hear your toes screaming and dancing
dancing to dance is to burn
a wick turned upside down so
a flame can eat itself in a tender
warm apology to the wax pleading,
never worry about how fast to melt
only about how long to stay
in bed on mornings when you want
to disappear from worlds beyond
your dreams. You never did like
to run, only to watch thoughts
on the air as they mingled
with Tuesdays and road signs
and rain.