The Rope (A Dream)

Stand so close,
To see,
Something…. 

And so few have been there...

In a garage in a marine climate
With its soft shingles
And ashen beams,

Without care...

Over a few hills,
The rope
Like a sleeping child's hair.

Of the scalp,
In songs of moonlight...

What are the pleasures of a young man?
How are they assigned?

Does spring hold a light?
Does the old man in his mittens and stocking cap
envy the babbling toddler,
does he ever hate god?

Is maturity just an alley for the walking dead?

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When he was slightly younger
He whipped his hair around like a banshee...
Gazing through oily bangs like a dead son, cousin...
Walking train tracks south of skyscrapers
In a fantasy of disease and darkness,
Provision of knowledge....
In sleeping spruce mists,
Hearing the notes no one else could,
Strumming the chords that correct bullshit...
A dream in the sky of the Anemoi...

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Every time these words come up
I pin them on the fridge,
Communication styles pass
Silently.
Cold- dawn- breakfast on the couch.
Dress-shirt pit-stains, no way out.
Thirsty flowers held back,
Under a box on the passenger seat....
I'm on a street I wasn't born into...
Visiting a friend
The warmed and gold faces in a row...
An evening...
Families on porch-steps,
Picking and poking,
Or just breathing...
Then i look to my left and see
A train car
With the words: BUILDING AMERICA....
And I snicker with my feet in an oil-slick....