

The Search

A normal life? No hard-edged gaze,
paraffin pose, the back street staccato
of shadow touch attempting to keep
the last straw.

Down the river? Sold?

Almost: this pathological time period of
pavement-scraped faces, bigotry begetting
violence; some hallway of slamming doors
and, for each, enough fingers.

Meaning?

In with *reach* then; passports, feeling
by thinking and vice versa, a La Dolce
Vita country for torches carried in
kitchen match measures. Beneath a

smear campaign, yours flickering, red
tip, to join mine, a fire of small,
private ceremony: glasses risen, clinked
with standing ovation undertones the
moment, only some dream really, love
steps up.

So why-----

triggers cocked---*can't we*—(let me
up)---*be*---(big lug)---*I'd*---swastikas---*let
you in*---crosses burning---*and try*---(can't
you)---*not to let*---(believe)---*you down*.

(Poetry-art hybrid also available)