

PLATINUM

The loudmouths are functional
Wind turns hawk some
Sidewalk rolls up like nothing

I wonder at platinum gray
where sky actually shows
I hear only the steam

of my own ears at rest
Melanchomic melody
Laconic lyrics afloat

I know the language
Hushed strokes of ink

SWOT MUSIC

The willowy who
are out of favor
What will lift them now
The world which blazes
through measured in meters
The feet are busy voting
Disfavor's swot music

A spectrum of fashion
Crowded at the gate
A pensive face stands out
Nothing inconspicuous
among the other needy
Name the season

FLAIR

Their manners brutalize
Those who
 indulge their franchise
Representation is fiery
Words swing like batons
Sidewalks bestir with flair
Mirror reverses compassion
Never knowing you listen
Pledge on the edge of the crowd
Affection confounded
Arms beseech out car window
Neither time nor tonic for
Dictate nothing to my sleep
Reflections within frames

PROTOCOLS

The count ends I breathe
It's air around me now
Bubbles cascade and cease
nowhere after all
She stares as she walks
at her palm and it
glows upon her face
Understanding contracts
the sidewalk, protocols
of acceptance
And I commit championship
I am her champion
She does not see or look
She doesn't feel me at all
Yet she throws the cape
around my shoulders
Adjusts the collar of fur

WORTH MORE ALIVE

Alone you are not querulous
Alone discomfort is
insensible to the hybrid
Your pose today: perfidy
Yet blossoms attach to
the reflective black glow
of your eyes in twilight
Absence holds things together
And I do not follow you

Bursting with fertile stems
Cafeteria windows bask
and make compelling
Skin of a hip in motion
Extended fingers twist
bills for a ready count
Retract with essential ballet
Her child next to her wayward
But then beauty has
its drawbacks

Face overwhelmed by attention
Camera turns her statement
into rising lilt of a question
Hand clasps an elbow
Barrette catches light
Attempts at defilement
shore up her restlessness
Purity in the inconstant
nature of things
Smallest box within boxes
Breeze plays with hair
Senses feel less funny
Being always with someone

asks few of these questions
Unshoddy is worth more alive
Pretend to need help
Last one of all to know
the end of ministrations

LARGE IN SMOKE

Branches the only
moving things
Reflections fix to
window glass
The whole block long
Hear but do not listen

Cunning is as
silent does
Coarsens what is
writ large in smoke
Sky somewhat rustles

Deluxe interiors
Excess of instruments
Chrome the random cursive
of parking regulations
Comfort does just fine
when not employed

Dual exhausts for
expulsion of logic

John Godfrey