

Africa Wayne

tiny pony

more being. more hours.

nothing sleeps in an open world.

gates arrive. gates leave.

colder in the balloon of a serious life.

afraid of old men and being propped up.

sunlight sets out on a luminous landscape.

no sleep in the garden. only tossing.

you stay seated because of the way the
room feels when you leave. it's your
voice that tricks you. in a house with
hollow floors. above a noisy neighbor.
you are sad for sadness and along the
phone lines I am sad for you. not fair
that you're worn down. not fair that
you are far and I am too.

impervious (a title of great demise).

along the park lives an ordinary fellow.
thoughtful though chilly. complete with
stories of battle and a city with unusual
trees. rest is infrequent. sleep describes
itself in dark flowers. sickly and turning.
unable to encourage omission. he speaks
in clues. in mewings. clearly this is coded.
clearly it's unclear.

story. the disappearance of her
prehensile tail and its reappearance
as my thumb separates me from my
meaning. cats do not have clavicles.
my back will not always be strong.
decisions come in definitions. what
goes best with toast. which egg is finer.

heady near a landing. hair across the shore.
between knowing a man and knowing these
men. things left across the water. like air
inside a harbor. small fish limited by currents.

an artificial longing for gills.

hummingbird and not this violin.
large beneath a maple. she is
ample. tiny queen. velvet
 indiscretion.
in direction.

below the constellations there
are streetlights. unlike alone a
neighborhood. balleted between
garages. regal in their rows. further
deep a basement. measured space
for miniatures. unlocked and nearly
open. small castles gather for the pile.

committed to the ways of a lovely face.
hints follow us like thunder. cracked by
mermaids singing. we wander this wet
avenue. hail cabs talk fish settle on
the shape of the moon. it is the shadow
of ships we seek. pulled tightly towards
land.

narrow beside the shore.

part what I want. part what I don't.
picture the patio as scapegoat. charm
and naïve handiwork. needlework.
coming up on an origin. between
metal. beside sound.

nothing moving under the bridge.

steady tow of envy solid. aware the
sky has fallen. the weight of sky on
water. sky on land. land that is Atlantis.
lost beside the palms. here clearly now.
here calm.

weary of the red chalk and all that it avoids.
worry is not syncopated. there are scuffs
on the radio and the moon lies long over
the highway. angles fall like sidecars.
change comes in quick doses. what
remains is measurable. the length of
travel. weight in pounds. what was lost
was legible. something blinks the lid
towards a higher something. a sky defined
by struggle. night takes the sunlight down.

last days of the longest year.
not to be believed but not ignored either.
uncertain times and down go the shades.

lonely for laughter. for laster.

similar to an ending. whatever
the direction. a notion that we're
moving when we're not. cautious
of short seasons. lost without the
lighthouse. awash in change.

bridges recall me swimming.

behalf. be wholesome.
an angry pool of feeders. a mile
long stretch of beach. this reads like
an ending. beneath. be cautious.
ways to avoid trouble. friends in
search of bargains. friends failing
in the heat.

flaming candelabra. gaudi glee.
I say your smile nightly.
we were giddy once. fifteen
minutes meant we'd made it.
past plain soldiers who
watching over us in service
meant no real harm.

busses remind us

bicycles meant something

rolling along sometimes
merrily

almost never. seldom ever.
life is now living me.

new fears. fish with large jaws.
great surfaces of leaves. plastic
bags that hang in trees

like lungs.