

SWIRLING AND SOWING

Down below in the river was rowing
The depths of the streets, a swirling and sowing
And the ground was upended and surely offended
The pattered pulse of the midmorning march
Faces ablaze in a fastening arch
While the bridge of the river opened wide and indifferent
The land lost its footing and the balance off-putting

The gray escaped from the overhead pasture with the wave
Of a hand through the lingering moisture-clad land
And the rust and resin became noticeably more present

The apples and oats fell in wind gusts as boats
Thrown into the clouds and down ceramic throats
While the white wooden bones thrust into the sea alone
To spin with their ends underneath the splintered fins

The city shook as he stepped through the door
The world had never seen the likes of him before
Glass was shattered thoroughly and water ceased to pour
Planes didn't move and the press didn't roar
He spoke through lips that didn't quiver and didn't slip
His arms hung to his side, no expression and nothing to hide
His feet unfastened calmly from the patchwork city street
As he rose into the sky and past the rising heat

His ship sailed steadily along the window-scape
Cutting with precision, culled the glass into his wake
The building quaked a porous red and shrunk in his presence
His dark silhouette burned as bright as any furnace
The cold air stripped his face with a whip
Absent of shame or blame, his mind was well-equipped
He needed nothing from anybody his ability was sound
His eyes were still and solemn as they danced over the ground

From the cellars and glass to the green open yard
The cracks were ungluing, a wide crevasse jarred

The hour of blue was stitched to the roof
While the waltz occurred in the window with robes
On a yellow glass floor with a 3am glow
And the bristle fern from which all things burn
Growing as sawdust in a cold coffee urn

The paper covered fish slipped onto the dish
And laid there with lessons of life and its lemons
How the water was wet in the warm diamond net

The windy gaping gap stirred confusion
An old chorus lap leaking asphalt infusions
From the edge of the ledge they all swung their legs
Over the ocean in constant commotion

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