

FIVE PASSING CLOUDS

Arthur Abrigado

Arthur Abrigado went out walking with
no destination but
as one began to take the form
of gas lamp romance
candlesticks,
he slowed his pace suspiciously to
focus observation on a hanging flower pot
which just so delicately dangled in the front
of young Ms. Esperanza's frosted café window glass.
Arthur Abrigado did not need another coffee
but in moments barely conjured he
was standing in the line.
Young Ms. Esperanza floated when she saw
him fix his shifted posture and
he left his coat and hat before
he joined her on the ceiling.

One of these Lives

Up the grip worn banister

You scrape a fingernail

And pick residual wax shaving

Thumb forefinger flick away

Knowing how the layers

Long before you crossed the threshold

Of so many high ideas,

Lofty goals and birthday cake

Have come and gone so many

Clever parties, fetid arguments

Haircuts, indigestion

Maybe just a dream

Or two

All singing something lonesome

Something Christmas time

Remember

Smile in the now perceived to live forever

Live forever in music

Or a picture in a frame

Whoever I am/Whoever you are

I once was you and walked around
Demanding who I ought to be we
Caused a little mischief and
We broke a couple hearts
And I broke yours
And you broke mine
We drank a couple cokes.
You were me for a bit and
There were very few survivors
To the monumental cruelty
Negotiated fear
We tried to break it off
A couple times
A pinky promise
With your fingers crossed behind my back
My flat palm straightening your dress
We tied a little string
As we began to walk away

An Accidental Breath

For in desire lost among
Some far more simple eloquence,
And often long parading through
The young disaster picture show,
Design the flavor least of all
Forgotten Sunday supper crowd,
Too carefully neglected by
The hands of copper elegance.

In light blue feathers ruffled up
Stalk still and set for pouncing
An accidental breath divides
The air with odd geometry

Where death may hold no countenance
Forever takes a holiday
Set fettered on the eagerness
Compounded by itself again
To borrow someone else's time
To flirt with generosity
Too carefully neglected by
The hands of copper elegance

My Racing Pigeon

Say hello to Geoffrey

Geoff, to say the least

Come say hello

Oop!

You missed him

Come

Say hello to

Whelp!

Gone again

Now that's on you

I've told you twice now

Here he comes!

Geoff! Hello! Geoffrey!

Damn

Now that time was your fault