

breathless prose 2

they're there their wisdom

looking thoughtful being wise when not
having foot in mouth leading to a
scattering of sentinel owls spewing
saggy-ness to babble fish in owl-ese
understanding philosophers who be
spreading philology's in logically
romantic sage-isms to those oft quoted
sages observing specious sophist not of
sound minds within souls of savants their
wisdom not belonging anywhere
available within turned upside down now
see it over there siting wisely in a corner
without walls this appearance of wise-
ness

rerouting

missed another one oops rerouting oops
rerouting here i go again located in
middle of what building while street side
walking those signs don't need no
stinking yeah right signs i'm going where
which way turning round and around
getting dizzy oh for paper mapping
blowing about in wind with strangers
pointing this way and that interacting
funny thing happened on my way to
fomenting trafficking avoidance

procedures going where no-one in this
city is that one could be it are we there yet
yippy x spot spotting

cloud walking

up on up elevator into clouds with my
new cloud hopping shoes guaranteed to
keep one's head above all that white puffy
stuffing beneath my feet when last seen
dancing a jig saw puzzle without missing
pieces fitting together with one two
buckling up for wild ridding across
skylscapes escaping into same old newly
exciting freefalling ways from grace while
shutting all doors leading nowhere in
particular having lost anew found
sightings between cloudy platforms
speeding along in leisurely pursuit of
wondrous places you will never pass up
again