

“Gone East on a Rainy April Afternoon”

Sultry rouge feathered half smiles peek out
While fingers slide over ridges of jade cypress
Cool to the touch with their marbled veins

A ripple sends waves across the plain
and the branch shatters

Cracks splinter the clouded green
Mapping out a nervous system now awakened,
now aware,
and grins shared aside a painted screen are shaken away

Footsteps snap away the daydream daze
Unnatural textures and hues twisting the focal point
Wrenching it out the palm of the drawn-out liminal landscape
Spawned out of dimmed lights and captivating shadows that

Curl,
Stretch,
Slide,
Overcast,

And Welcome

The pops of a gentle step carefully placed
Lead the wanderer to the quiet
and into a blissful existence

Away from sun spots who do not dance but warn
Terrifyingly overexposed slats of highlight
Blinking down in their containments
Others bring others till the space is filled

A claustrophobic fellow would find no solace in those blinding waves

Waves that spill across the land in a chattering crash
against the rocks of an urbanized cliffside

Pop goes the wanderer

Young small hands cup a tin kettle inviting the noon

Pop goes the wanderer

Prickling plinks of the rain that trickles down panes and pools at the feet reset the land

A brief vision overlaps the day

And the haze of a dream beckons once again

Till the elusive tide pulls in to leave sun splotched sea foam on the ground

That wash away a melancholic lonesome nature who breathes dust instead of air

Scrape the floor with their shoes and scatter amidst abyssal spaces

Jadeite pieces pierce the skin with a jolt

Carefully compile the remaining and around the bend another will welcome an exhausted wanderer

To the craved existence of neutrality

Where that dreamer's daze lies

Half a smile pricks chapped lips

Pop goes the wanderer

What image will you find this time in the shade on the edge of view

In what image will you stay