As if Remembering

A red sun slipped
past orange sky a breeze
was filled with smoke burning
eyes blinked 100 years of yesterday
turned to ash

cases in between left right
who is willing not to dance with
the devil it's leveled minds getting
into trouble small pricks bursting peoples
precious little bubbles

an old man
a little kid
stand waiting
for a bus

one day goes by
two days go by
three days go by
five six seven eight
nine ten days go by

on the 11th day little kid
says to the old man

little kid says

how long do we have
to wait for this bus

cupping his ears
as if remembering that
he could hear

squinting his eyes
as if remembering that
he could see

fighting with his tongue
as if remembering that
he could speak

the old man says

he says

well that's all up to you

little kid says

he says

but

the bus never comes

old man says

he says

then walk

Cobalt Poets Series # 449 ~ October 13, 2020 ~ PoetrySuperHighway.com/cobalt

Marvin Dorsey

At the end of a workday Marvin Dorsey travels 60 minutes by freeway, exiting on a long unpaved desert road to his ranch home in Lancaster. There he is greeted by the wind, lone tumbleweeds rambling across the sandy vista, and a variety of farmyard animals. The dichotomies of city and desert, noise and quietude, and the confines of a cage vs.the expansive freedom of the night's universe of stars, inform the heart of Marvin's poetry – where a deep interior life shares the page with the wide exterior landscape.