

Yet another day 4

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Father of blueprints that erode the night,
enhanced in decay with lips that stray
on a meeting with toad tampered earth,
hand me your eye to dance with the she
with her easels and old trams to feed.

Old man sees the ships that load and groan
and fights the cry, the spray of further burials
where guns and fish bones scream,
slams the door, the fake, the road that fly
on beams of sherry lights, flips on the tray.

This road will never be enough for I
that once strode in such a proud procession
with a stolen flash, a chimney chance
to sweep a swollen bay by mankind made
to keep a balance with the loud.

Repeated metaphors will never be
a true rebellion, walls that lean,
ominous and dark, a hunt for the Persians,
a salt carrying one across many bridges,
just to spend the air that came after gills.

Remarkable be the first amoeba,
split with irreversible urge
in an early bio sludge ocean
without purpose or intention.
No first father fed the first thirst
nor any and nor all.

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