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R

Vespers

preface:

Tronny and Dick who are featured in this poem were a homosexual couple who were friends of my parents (in a time before gays were accepted more freely in American society) who would throw cocktail parties at intervals through out the calendar year. They lived in a charming apartment over a liquor store (Tenley Liquors) in Tenleytown, Washington, D.C. Tronny worked as a music teacher at the National Cathedral School and it was unclear what Dick did, but he could have been a minor alcoholic by trade although he was always a well mannered southern gentleman. My father Joe was informally known as the Mayor of Tenleytown. Battersea Dogs Home is an English home for abandoned dogs, a halfway house where dogs are kept until good homes are found for them. Caesar, utters "The die is cast" and crosses the river Rubicon from Gaul with his legions to march on Rome, the dice favored this move (which was in defiance of the Senate) and the rest is history. That's all you need to know.

hardened by life on the surface
but vulnerable through all of the senses
make this fortress penetrable
Battersea Dogs Home is accepting nominees
to those who want to find better homes
coining insight by the bundles

like angels in fur
they trundle
atmospheric static
writhe
in infancy
twigs and leaves
thrown in the wind
breathe no tell tale
air of those who have sinned
repented and second hand rented
or leased

the premises above the liquor store
where Dick and Tronny
hold sway with a grand piano
and double dutch doors
seeing in to them always meant

a good day
puppy love
triumphs in the face of contingency

we know the dice are soon rolled
as we await to cross the Rubicon
in a restless hold
hardened by life on the surface
but vulnerable through all of the senses
make this fortress penetrable
is my prayer at Vespers
this evening

the apache kid

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