

This Day

Bowerbirds

This day is no special day
This day will see no placards given
This day will see no no dismembered limbs
Yet there buzzes a distant chainsaw
Whose sound comes in and out on the tinned wind

This day is a slow gesture
This day is just clearly not ready
It hopes for a year of iron clarity
But waits for the cues from the coming weeks
And for moss and stares??

It's not clear how this day will end
But I have put my money down
On having a clear view from this house to the heavens
And back again, it's not clear how this day will end

Ahh!

This day feels like a cold engine
With a tank of old gasoline
Live your own mornings on ether
And tremble with anticipation as the sun goes down