

The Ocean Cliff Clearing

Richard Buckner

It's been ten years now since the lights went down:
I was coming out of the sickroom suite:
The name was faint, but her spark was fine, & there were
no longer any shadows left to follow me.

From the poor lil' changer that fades away,
A message from a diamond & she's smokin' on!
He'd though he'd had a handle, but the load went down:
Busted up, found & broken out.

In the a.m. chalky light?: another 1/2-day-unmoved;

A lost turn packed in a Knockando roller w/ the note &
the news;

A Showboat Motel, Casper night.
The river's high (& losing),
I'll watch her flaming figure fly
& burn on out @ your ruins

As Felt belts out a warning of some spanish house I've
known;

Cut to the bone:
quick to the queue.