

Landmarks

In how many places have I left my words?
my likeness lost in broad daylight,
on greasy napkins dropped upon the diner floor;
there they rested - alone and hopeful
that someone might find these abandoned road-signs
a weary traveler might take comfort
that another has also journeyed
this blackness upon the ground.

Be wary when crossing my wordy frontier
so many roads to choose from
of half thoughts and abandoned verses
you might miss the turning
because something went missing
as you stopped for awhile - not understanding
under what murky skies I loosed my tangled thoughts
and while they seem dazzling in the shadows
they are but bright disasters that slipped away:
invisible until they reached the light

for how long now have I stood silent
while inspiration was coming
wondering what would be born;
open-eyed and hesitant I linger
shifting, seeking, blurred at the edges
until the feeling did flee
and I released my colorful spell upon the road
just as you were wandering;
swept upon the wind, you plucked them
held so tight, not knowing how
like a thorn bird I perched - and pierced
my soul blood red and tasting my tears
before they blot the page
and blur this bullshit spewed like landmarks -
glittering beside my muddy tracks:
of the words I loosed and lost.