

An inventory of ideas
To stare at blankly
As they lie, mounted
On forgotten walls

Great artisan, did you know
The dust settles
In patterns that echo
The fabled shapes foretold
One was supposed to assume

Apply your thick veneer
Favourite face to wear
To start the day
And haunt the night

A cold crept into the crevices
Of everything you once
Stood for

Are your legs aching
From walking in circles?
Sit down, tired dancer
Weary bones feel the lightness
Of ambivalence and rootlessness

Stop listening to closing doors
Life's toil marred your aged face
As strained eyes fail

Such a pretty imbued impression
Demands the distance
Of a perspective never afforded

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