

from *The Imperfect*

Ousted

from the place reserved for me
up high a flight of birds
slowly rising Chinese characters
in my handwriting for all to read

En haut du quartier

where only the sound of someone
carelessly practicing a piano
accompanies our tender reticent stroll
up the street to your favorite Café Parisien

Blue of Noon

on the patio bathed in fatigue
wanting more than anything to be done
and when it inevitably comes
accepting its eclipse with a wave of sorrow

Interstices

the living space of interstices
a solfège of despair misses the keys
it intends to strike and hits others
with something like endless impatience