



Cloud Judgment

We all feel it differently but remember it the same,
 the explanation of life nothing more than strolling
 in a warm coat, her hand in his pocket. The cure
 lies sometimes in the thrill of slowing down the pace
 though this, we chide ourselves, is mockery of purpose.

The invisible cars glide by in our minds, wagons
 that long ago went to shore with tuna on white
 stuffed in cellophane, come back as ghosts, as flavors.

To be of two minds is to be transfixed before breakfast,
 somewhere between the chilly forecast and roadside fuel spill,
 the lozenge dissolving under the tongue, the horse-back
 riding way of life an intrigue. Each swashbuckler has his day,
 and after the meat of the script, sails home for supper.
 What fish would you choose on holiday?

The boulevard turns aghast with itself, the riot on the corner
 is a subterfuge, merchants reminding each other of the saga
 of time being duplicitous again, as if time would dare
 look at itself in the mirror.

And that's just it. The weather is cold and the mittens
 making circles on the window pane are not yours,
 though as an aside, there is an invisible, albeit dependable
 Aunt Betty busy at the loom. There's always a Betty.

At times the theory of root canals is not a bad thing,
 forced entry with a flare, a purpose, another way of expressing
 pent-up feelings, a sentimental farewell in the stairwell
 as one takes out garbage. There's always garbage.

And if not of two minds, two voices, parallax commandos
 in their dotage, talking about the trading of pith
 helmets, before the horrifying fact of noon
 in the winter heat of indentured dogs and cancelled credit cards.