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from Fate-Inked Papyrus

Starboard

We're turning off the gears on this one;
set sail—let the wind
billow and prevail as
superlative power.
We've been sitting around
for a while now,
like sour apples.
On the starboard, we execute
our plan: never go to port.
From the stern, we bow
to the vanishing
land on the horizon.

Lighter

the flickering of a lighter
signifies allegiance,
mechanisms appeased
by the sounds of needs
being met. the sparks fly
from a barge to light up the night sky.

Paint

The sane march in shower caps
and the insane in top hats,
all listening to the same music
piped in underwater and above,
their search for lyrics diluted
by the absence of middle ground.
And all the time spent on a reply,
a painting of the town, silly,
in nothing but white.

Disco Ball

The moon and its inkblots
swing from the earth and its sidewalks
a rendezvous to the place, to the light side
of the half-dark face, where the souls
of our shoes are made of gold
and we tread, Oh Muse,
as though we were within eclipse—
what a disco oh-so familiar!

We could fly a kite as high as space
is wide and could find as many reasons
as the sea is deep to outcry,
and the marching of little coincidences
coincide with my insides
as if in a real-life play.

What a disco oh-so familiar!
We have flown a kite as high as space.

The Bar

Out of order
is the juke box in the corner.
Its tunes are leaking through
the floorboards by diffusion.
The barkeep is drunk; with little persuasion
he takes in what he gives out.
Wine, mixed drinks, all in time—
as if rehearsed
with a mime, powder-white
face silent while glasses slide
back and forth
with rhythm from beyond.