

## DRIZZLE

The snowdrops bomb crystals  
on the cars and the passengers  
fence posts, umbrellas and brown sturdy trunks  
of the telegraph poles wired like sentinels  
translating sound into alphabet letters  
carrying words on the wings of the air  
dancing on icebergs and waves of the ocean  
crossing the desert sinking deep in the jungle  
climbing the peak of the grandest of mountains  
determined to make the message ring clear  
Soon it will descend and wake up the village  
where peacocks compare their extravagant plumage  
consorting with doctors playing croquet and cribbage  
interrupting their game in the sun.

Down by the gateway stands Penny Ophelia  
the daughter of maudlin fortuitous car dealers  
who stoke up the brokers and business carousers  
and monopolize parents with packaging powers  
while con men hock artists on the pages of magazines  
their customers follow waving the flag  
We all buy tickets to sit there and watch them  
dance the inevitable roof-top blues rag

Revolution arises and takes to the streets  
Where vultures of enterprise polish their beaks  
with limestone encrusted relieving the pressure  
of mother the earth woman wanton with pleasure  
enraptured by birth and juggling sperm  
revealing the sad men who drive into work  
wearing shawls and a chain on their left little finger  
most of them orphans stranded in winter

We must go to work  
We must earn our pay  
We must make our living  
to pay for our grave.

Past the armed guard  
onto the factory tarmac  
threatened by a dog fenced in wire  
tufts of the once green grass  
crushed by boots and sneakers  
scuffed and stripped like dead autumn leaves  
lie broken subdued and downtrodden  
forgotten the scent of chamomile perfume  
that used to announce it was spring

Separate sounds from different directions  
The usual distress of a splintering brain  
Touching the edges of corners and verging  
we enter the doors of foreboding iron gates  
An eye that is filming your every movement  
'unauthorized personnel not welcome here'.

SHUT OUT!!!!!!

Above us the grey drone surveys all below  
scanning the rooms of corridor typists  
computers aligned with a mixture of bodies  
posing or postured in required regalia  
exchanging stark glances and frivolous laughter  
ignoring the plot to remain paralyzed  
pitching each squeak of their emphatic talk  
in the race for cheap spirit and gain  
we see the men and the women conspire  
drinking dregs of an old sewer drain

Motives slip through fingers brain  
Turn and twist the carpenter  
And hang the priest in chains

Cont.

Meanwhile down in California  
A roll-back king is holding  
lavish picnic parties  
dressed in southern languor  
alongside mango-apple orchards  
and challenging the moon to strike  
upon a scaffold holding peaches  
while his mansion in the canyon  
lies rotting in the sun  
one man counts his cabbages  
the other points a gun

Entering an elevator  
made of towered glass  
designed to reach a mezzanine emporium  
about to be restored in useless grandeur  
several attendants open their gifts  
derision scrawled on their faces  
the amount they were counting on  
...not enough... they want more !  
one can only assume their haute disregard  
will signal the herald of war

Save the people country funds  
on the hoardings of the highways  
swirl by cities grab attention  
mesmerized by new adventure  
drunken drivers lose their touch  
somersault and play leap-frog  
drunk on highballs good intention  
obituary never mentions  
angels or their intervention  
forecast drizzle silver rain  
once familiar now is strange  
and the snowdrops bomb crystals.

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