

Brickish

A bricky air in this house.
Nothing grows in the heat
but jarred ferns & ivy.

Everything comes down to color
washed
as if our life were water gathering dust.

Yet in this atmosphere
I imagine
driving brick or black horses thru a stream

till ripples stand out silver, either side
driven by the knife
of neat hooves.

Yes, a dark stream:
 Like surgery, time-outside-time
 but near & perilous as morning.