

Linda King

there are missing saints and children

notify the rescue team balance the debits and credits of illusion
return to where life is something you get to do every day
where it is simple and reckless

we all want an invitation to breakfast
to ignore the aftertaste of despair

hope mislaid will be tomorrow's headline

your pockets are empty of coins and colours none of your wine glasses
are smeared with lipstick you no longer think in a linear fashion
it's all pause-laden

every day disappears into every day disappears into every day
everything overwhelms like a child standing at a window

while we fill the streets with our wanting to be there

dust and drift and days that won't calm themselves spin out of control
enter into every bad situation where words swallow you wear you down
speak a language so new so terrible it has no history
only this day

so much left behind postscripts childhoods glass slippers
we have Sunday drives on Tuesday
none of our homes have guests

fear darkens every room becomes that place
between the places

there is no way to catch your breath those days are gone
to pale moon and before a media buzz of too many words
that won't lean towards calm

a world full of knowledge is not enough
the new international commodity is fear
it has its own bar code

it is too lonely everywhere the landscape blurs
its contents have shifted