

PM Flynn

Self-Made Self

Haven't been here today:

a cool green world, the spring of what is left, that leaves again
under the deep soil of any moment. But today is like any other day—
before summer follows with the sun's burning gaze.

The heat of indifference rides up and down Main Street when streets
cool their obsession shopping all day, with coupons, bargain hunters
who sit together at lunch; a familiarity sipping iced relief. Glances
turn at the same pace, focus on the same time; sit in the same chair
each time.

Contentment shifts its view in windows reflecting the wavy mirrors
of self-made self; reason that has no reason to shift from view, inside
greetings that sound full of pretense. Those with secrets who walk past
without a word, abruptly edging around those who already know.

Road Trip

I never miss summer:

days when heat lingers past dusk,
as the worn, picnic grass cools until morning.
A shower follows the winding road; memories
turn from what doesn't grow in the gray light.

From the rain:

enter leaves falling where trees begin,
a brief cloud of time climbing a sky
of all colors, or all colors on the ground;
or shade, where summer breathes softest.

At home, clouds cover the distant trees,
and the gray is closer to the mist.

One Explanation for Divorce

Intent desires more:

weddings of spirit and flesh, with hope clinging midair
to promises fingering the full lips of any dream come true.

Possibilities peddle against the headwind
of the genuine coasting downhill.

Desire spins thin tires of doubt
or thoughts buried deep within the heart:

strings of songs as deep as self, for the moments
longing lasts; when you listened, your mind made up.

With any indifference you stop for change; staring
at your phone, before words stall in situation,
distraction or intent. You were spirit once, untouched,
until I touched you. And now you are no longer my flesh.

But death is relative:

a slipping away of days no longer explained.

A House of Rising and Falling Suns

Here, east meets west and north the south
where I am still, where I am never alone.

The gray does not leave; moisture
chilled with swallowing morning clouds
pinned under the sun. Before noon the fog
burns off.

Sometimes, afternoon is a busy town. I cross
a dark sky, an unarmed day when a man rides by,
past caring, who talks to himself. He pulls a knife
from a pocket, as I speak of a city never needing light.

Later, the gray returns with the evening news,
skies that turn back to morning when I started.

A Hurricane Season

"To whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever" Jude 13

All shadows are gray as I wait out this storm.
Thunder causes me to look inward, between
shadows where earlier there was light.

Night has fallen as at other times; mostly without rain.

Winds give way through trees where character
stops to look, and ask if I believe spirits walk across
shadowed walls, if I should ever see them again.

You wear humid summer like a sticky T-shirt.

Thick gray clouds swirl desire. Low riding radio bands
push blue skies north of easy listening. A blue-gray smoke
curls from chrome tailpipes. Whirling clouds of ocean waves
circle the ocean, always waiting behind dull white cool;
the darkness hiding the rage, Tail-fire shoots into the night
as drivers gun engines. A line of storms shoots from
a starting gun, as if hurricane seasons are sanctioned
NASCAR races.

The phone call was out of place, late last night—distracting
my introspection, briefly unbalanced with unseen thoughts
from distraction. Unseen, more so than when reading the sky
like a magazine, turning pages of what is eternal, more than
when I'm alone.

A Letter to Delilah

The car horn on the road woke me:

more than moonlight on water.

I am a mirror to you... and you of me...

In that dream I am calm; walking, turning
a road, along a field where I ask a Philistine,
as if I am Samson and you Delilah, "What
becomes green to gold, and green again?"

Gold is yellow—distance mixed with brown
when eight colors challenged more than
sixty-four crayons and a sharpener placed
in small hands. Pieces of orange suggest rain;
or plans being disrupted.

Yellow in every poem is golden hair; the growl
of tawny lions; saffron flowers, bumblebees
or a brazen sun. Now you know what I know.

It's not cobalt blue so much I lack with weather
or age; colors are stolen each day; it's that police
never question a white haze gone missing,
uncolored after it settles in a hammock
between trees while other, uncolored pages
beg for attention.

But I am not Samson, nor you Delilah:
a golden mane grayed, blown thin. You seek
a coloring book of tinted meadows with
money trees growing beside a yellow brick road
of predictable, emerald towns.

We always walk into the cloudy breath
of suggestions on winter mornings;
small clouds like horizons spread across
fields waiting to become green.