

Philip Byron Oakes

### Making Change

Insights on outer limits of appearance as  
if it weren't what but where it matters least,  
to more the merrier a Christmas come  
summer time. If it weren't meant as chance  
offering to gracefully recede. Under  
contortion to perform antics in the antique.  
Planting cactus in swagger's blossom. A term  
limit of visibility in the fog footing the bill,  
paid with passing millstones in the life. Eyes  
squandered peering inward, as it were in a  
novel when the voices begin ceding wealth  
to the music. Dressed for a promenade of  
hands raised. The purchase of feet in the  
slippage left dear John. Letting the purpose  
do the serving. A loiter serving a hitch as  
answer to the kerfuffle. Equating the  
plangent with a music yet to be.

Ante

Concessions cleared for lift off kilter.  
Viral cogs in a vow to scream. Theatrical  
misgivings a good whupping cream, of  
crisis borne as legacy tucked away at war.  
Starting the ball rolling sissy fuss's way of  
saying timber. Owning the weight of an  
argument uphill. The return of a tickle  
embalming words. Spreading light thinly  
veiled in rifts, where rivers used to be  
enough to take to the water for  
redemption. The grating pride in humility.  
A spin cycle of the incarnate.  
Captions to the panache  
holding stories to the  
floor.

## Next Street Over

Conciliatory handkerchieves waved in surrender to small town aerodynamics. A warren of loners cramped in steerage of drunken boat, afloat on dreams administered remotely by hands in the till break of morn. Solo flights in a crowd of recruits to the smell consoling victory. Warding off the convivial putting cold shoulders into it, unravelling elbows rubbed the wrong way home. Pants hitched upon a star. A new shirt to swallow a treasure chest of pangs, pooling in a steady beat of tom-toms to the emotive rhythms of here and far. Dubious and dutifully. Dwarfing the commonality of sense endeared as gesture made to last the live long day.

## Diurnal

Rhythms the deliquescence blurs  
in melding, trading the immediate  
for the vicarious attenuated from  
a vantage taken unawares.  
Breaking bread into where it  
comes and goes as both sustenance  
and leverage, behooving the awkward  
to gauge their strides rummaged from  
the ruckus below. Leading grass to  
growth in color and body electric.  
Center mass infusing the  
extraneous with relevance,  
tickling nerves thought lost to  
the struggle. Inferring a bond  
to the sweet spot on the nucleus,  
crunching numbers till they break  
without bursting the bubble's  
cohesion to the beat.