

Bob Whiteside

here come daffodils
stiff as black eyes

the drunk brains of the sun
surmising a grinning nowhere
in a garden of grinning fire

here comes the moonlight
turned upwards like surgery
feasting on the petals of the sea

somehow some of our follies
will catch safe landing
and we will be sad for that

the blue feet of the
sun like
ethereal wads of
chewing gum
in this ninja sky
an insomnia of love
is absolutely possible

a hazardous getaway
as the end of birds
spectacularly distant
jump into vanish
stirring our already caldron
brains
with our hearts as spoons
whisper whisper tears the
highway of loose change
is all we have for lunch

the mountain is bigger than you
you are the mountain
the blue sky
and the moon
are trees with roots
the mountain is
more than you can count
and yet as it rains
the rubbish of sunset
is meet with the banter of stars
and still you listen
for mountains