

O quiet stone

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O universe,
your smell hangs deep in walls:
my nose recounts a story,
babbled through by cars.

An endless ring
of oxygen. I loved and laughed
playing chess.
A birded cannon shattered through a church window,
flew to my lap with a punch
regurgitated a take-away meal
and proceeded to sulk without requisite pants.
I laughed in pain
and jumbled,
strident on a camel's back
with postered leprechaun abyss
my ever-severed guide.
dripping fangs from on a stool
sat a bird-dressed father,
confused, wrapped in plastic chains
as pieces of the thick stone roof
tumbled down.
Moss glazed the walls,
drawing glances of fear
from the only onlookers to remain without bread.

Wide-open, wide-open greenery
threads against my plastic teeth
and calls itself a riot.
other painful projectiles
are pierced by growing fronds,
spraying blood and bottled hope
on timber walls.

To resist a temptation
the magicians now began a spider spell
as handcuffs grew 'top hairy feet
and webbed them all for swamp.
Space dissolved;
and in its darkly purple tracks

a pagoda by the river dwelt.