

Brian Doerksen

"The Belldog"

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Most of the day
We were at the machinery
In the dark sheds
That the seasons ignore
I held the levers that guided the signals to the radio
But the words I receive, random code, broken
fragments from before.

Out in the trees
My reason deserting me
All the dark stars
Cluster over the bay.

Then in a certain moment
I lose control and at last I am part of the machinery.

(the belldog) where are you?
And the light disappears
As the world makes it's circle through the sky.

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