

Oora "Roccococooler"

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(RE Broughton)
Sitting, laughing at the mindless humanoids
croaking in their swarm.
While recalling Omar Khayyam.
How we changed there in the holy sun high on
holding hands.
The pilot crashed with Rupert Brooke they blew
together fast on other levels.
He spoke, softly, opened by the wine.
A father pushing fear and looking for redemption.
Someone hurry he thought as the waves rolled
their way through concentration.

It's all too much he seemed to want to say but
could not make the necessary juncture.
How he loved lady by my side. Rococo lady,
daughter of the African the westernized.
He is searching for whole to be in to make himself.
How we changed there in the holy sun high on
holding on.
You, you might be different I can see it in your eyes.
You, you might be something I can read it in
your sign.

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