

Holopaw

"Holopaw"

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The deer and the antelope play
The hiccup of the telephone wires
Birds tossed in and out of the fray
Clouds rush in and lose focus

Afraid if he drops his glance into this room
Might just stare a hole clear through
Like a thumb pushed into the paper mache
Grizzly that rides the prey

Pale green life vibrates across the Abraham Lincoln
Curses spin beneath his chin

Not to pass any judgment
Over the deer and the antelope play
Over the boys swapping names
And the girls folding papers into clipper ships

When they've wandered from the parade route
And the room fills with aquarium light
Cursive in a tangle on the wall
And the grizzly lies in deep deep slumber

From the cold cold places behind the Abraham Lincoln
Where the wallpaper will not fade
Magnolias pressure up against the bank from the dark
as the deer and the antelope play
The clicking of their heels, the clicking of their heels

Pale green light vibrates across the Abraham Lincoln
Over the boys swapping names
And the girls spinning curses across clipper ships

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