

MOONSET

Gilean Douglas

The moon shines crescent on the black,
white-fringed swell of ocean track
and surf where shore makes deeper night
foams with a phosphorescent light.

Between the ocean and the sky
glint enough to ponder by,
between the starstream and the sea
a notion of lucidity.

While on the tide a driftwood spark
of fungus brightens with the dark.

SOLO

Patrick White

a man in a bathroom of all places, singing
because the mirror will not tell
& water rinses away
meaningless dirt
between his toes

knows

how to purify itself
& will never complain.
words are not important nor the song perplexed
by the long hiss of the shower, he
remembers scraps of things, rhymes
gawk like orange cabooses

coupled up

with polka-dot mooses
because the song he sings defies
the freight it carries & therein
lies the secret of his singing.