

David Allen

FIFTH FRAGMENT from SEVEN FRAGMENTS: A WALK AT DAWN IN SAN FRANCISCO

Let us tour forgotten rented rooms
and paint our memories the colors of Etruscan tombs.
Let us exit thought like a room filled with strangers
where, feeling out of place, we await a known face
that will punctuate the moment like a period
dead at the end of an infinite sentence.
Let us not repent and instead reverse direction,
walk down the circular stairs, ignoring stares
from intrusive silent strangers who, adding bounded corners
and conscious margins to the day, question our conviction.
Let us fashion fattened lambs of errant speech
who, ill-made and half formed, are then sent forth
before their time to be devoured by choirs of demented vegans
Who eat the meat but then pretend the meal is only metaphor.