

wm mason

red clay & diesel

before dawn breezes rise
long slanted light
echoes out across my valley
this spring's redbelt hawk screeching
lilting over the greennesses
deep summer and first leaves falling
the gospel call and answer
of new sheep bleating
listening for familiar sounds
that never come
we create from the remains
that each day conspires to deliver
our dreams always broken by sleep
as we walk about
seeking to nourish our secret desires
all the while afraid to indulge
fearing to lose to implacable Gods
what is already in place
how many times
does the laughter rise up
from deep within our souls
the red clay of newly ripped earth
ancient moisture in the heat
of summer's embrace
silent streams of spilt diesel fuel
finding raw earth and manifold
dancing sinuously toward the sun
the clay's essence
still binding it to its source
lucent fluid



AQC

Revolt of the Underdogs



iron stained dirt
strange poetry of summers past
and what now recalls this distinction
that I must explore
the fleeting sensations
of coarse work
building the connecting ribbons
we float upon
of structures that will not endure
concentrating our labors
taxing our resources
a tiny operator surrounded
by the machine
complexity
focused
simple actions reverberated
from imagination
into manifestation
what part do we each play
how we are moved
to such detachment
directed by desires
that strum our deepest chords
our molecules are whipped
like meringue for pie
peaks stand upon the filling
baked golden firm
first impressions
as the essence in spheres
invites one to slice
to serve
to consume
potato salad
tomato sandwiches
bacon
mayonnaise
mustard
long wooden tables
mosquitoes
fanning house flies