

A Trip Mood

The oil slick rises to the top of my
caffeinated spirit
suspended, languid, just a bit
uneasy
it its buck-and-wing with conflicts,
tries to ferret
jagged ends of threads that prick
my hazy
consciousness through a fabric
badly sewn.
Anesthetized from many massive
hemorrhages,
it suns itself to life in solitary
loneliness
quiet, quiet, anxious lightly,
dormant rages.

But now the feathered air
is gone
the plane is down and once
again
the windmill world of Hertz
belongs
to semi-automatic motor parts
of skin
of amputated thoughts. Terror
billows in
to churn the caustic, oily calm.