Evening Drowned in a Dry Swamp

The flat quarrel of frogs belching between gulps of rain slapped down by a sky the very mother of indifference, an unerasable grey, or the silver snoring of the six-o’-clock bee under the brittle drilling of deaf crickets forging twilight’s soft breast into an armor-plate against the never-ending hammering curse of dogs beaten hollow between rooftops of tin pelting their bricks of rage to have them hover in the mind’s sky like clouds of blank slate or leaden farts of thunder heard but not heard as having to be heard like the growls snarls yelps of beaten numb men caught writhing in cobwebs of dumb memory, in nets of radio-prattle or in tight cages of lashing song and dance fueled by drumming veins swollen with thudding rum, the beat of hearts pumped by the urge to dare, by aspirins of accept.

BRIAN CHAN