

A Goat in the Yard

Moments in the sun when all is perplexity —
the same ochreous shape with variation of tones
or determination with an old shoe, leather being
more than an affectation in the breeze.

The clouds somersault, and the bewildered goat
is without a sense of oblivion: on grass, sawdust,
empty shells, rotten boards, shingles, as I contemplate
an old shoe with a personality all its own.

The goat quickly moves forward, hooves scuffing the sun —
without the sky's imprint as I also cherish hibiscus,
broken petals on glass, leaves on the ground, and
imagine Noah at the crossroads all at once.

A semblance of rutted soil, my now being held
to one spot as I'm about to start speaking in tongues
with a derelict stove, porcelain, potsherd, orchids
forming on buttressed roots setting the world afire.

A burning bush really, as I am thrust among
animals locking horns amidst the Hebrew flood;
the goat ruts hard from high ground, and
I look up with a sturdy glare, mesmerized

By the power an old shoe can muster. The goat
swaggers on blamelessly with a tufted beard,
amazed as I am at what else is transformed
with images through the ages, yet never far away.

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