

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