

FIRST HOURS OF A RAINY DAY

Lines in Oakland. Oakland lines.
Endless freeways in California.
Misty forests and angel minstrels.
All is all. All is lines.

Loved the girl. He loved the girl.
Orange thinness. Yellow sun.
Springs and clocks.
Human fetus. Incredible photos.

Beatles in yellow submarines.
The circle is magic.
Child's art and pumpkins grand.
Such a perfect smile.

No more. No more. Gone.
All is darkness never ending.
The sun's not seen in Oakland.
But lines are in the painter's eyes.

-- D. A. Wilson