Western Wind

Wings of consternation
are wings that folks beat
the dying coals out of.

Guava-coloured scales
signal the new messiah.

Eyelid slits for oxygen
& Marvell's tongue as stinger,
Lorca & Breton, backpacks full,
lugged consciousness up a hill
devoid of gravity, as Camus intimated
but never consummated.

Blake's chimney sweep sweeps soot
off Library of Alexandria scrolls
rolled like cannolis.

Scrolls flickering beneath whale oil
lips licking the hips of Iranian dancers
in a tavern filled with iPhones, iPads,
& whatever else flickers.

Wings of silk & hemp.

Laces threading leather eyelets.

Winds from the west.

Winds from the west.

– Alan Britt*

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