



Opstedal, to himself

What I may have mistaken for
an act of kindness was probably just
dreams of coconut massacres & atmospheric hymnals

for immediate dispersal amongst magpies & stray dogs
or to send across the Pacific to Japan in an old chianti bottle
you've been saving for just this occasion

The ideal far outstrips the busted sidewalk
for sheer audacity but still there is the
charm of cracked pavement yes

the way stars will rattle to the ground
left me all looped & windowed
for a minute there

some antiquated audio-visual equipment
lodged in my chest cavity

along with a purple iris bloom

© Kevin Opstedal, 2002 (printed 200)