

SUMMER SOUNDTRACK

The ice cream truck jingle mingles
with insect clicks and the clacking code of birds.
In the city, someone driven insane
by that tune has just assaulted the driver.

But this is vacation and I'm practicing
the here and now: five dragon flies loll
on the arc of a phone line, probably snoring,
their double wings back lit to bronze transparency.

Persistence of the there and now:
back home, two pigeons shriek in a tug of war
over a chicken tandoori bone.
Our transvestite, bereft
without her Nordic truck driver, floats
white-faced down our sidewalk
in impossibly silent stilettos.