

The Fossil Reunion

How strange yet true
This narrative painting.
Beautiful men recede
into the snow-filled shadow lands
of a lunar landscape.
Beneath their clay feet
indigo and violet stones shape
a crescent crevasse
of skulls, guns and leather boots.

Genteel girls gracefully
curtsey and smile.
Women with hollow eyes convene
mouthless boys bound behind them.

With a wide-eyed, sidelong gaze
an emaciated ingénue sings.
A gaunt, elderly woman
with diamonds and violets clinging
to long, flowing hair
points wearily to the sky.

A dove,
arrow in her breast,
falls from the silver cracks
of a mocha moon.
A Chinese chanteuse stares dreamily.

Haunting cherubs kiss,
one with bronze slanted eyes
the other with bright, blue orbs
caramel cream and brown flesh embrace
featherless wings spread.

Beneath an amber oak tree
an old goat whittles, whistling.
A young, wonder woman walks
whipping by surly suitors
in royal garb and pink persona.

A black tin man
sits on a boulder
too long
he has wandered, wrestled, worried
his dream to love is lost.

This odd reunion is faith and sacrifice
at the mercy of dreams.