

Fealty

by Bill Yarrow

tomorrow's work
I wander toward
a neon sine curve

I clutch my hollows
The future holds
my darkest fears

a black gull dives
the cobblestones
my wants and needs

I should go home
the midnight dock
stabs my eyes

like a brick
my brother's pain
by hopes inflate

a painter's gloves
deny the clouds
are not aligned

