

Deus Ex Machina

by Robert Haik

He rolls in unbidden across the stubble fields
Old acquaintance astride a newly booming cloud
Under sky an alien shade of strawberries whipped
Her watch stops ticking out the rest of her
 scheduled breathing poses

Between her ears drums roar with unwinding
Cognitive reflexes still; familiar refrains forgot
Tropes of an ordinary life are unbound
They fly bare-backed through fresh skylights
 squinting, she yields

Through wide-set knees suddenly unhosed
Arpeggios transmit outward breaking husks
Her face sets in a pleasant rictus
While long-winded sighs are borne upwards
 cellar door sprung

