

Ars Poetica (for Anonymous)

by Roberto C. Garcia

If nothing else
it must be beautiful,
a rebellion against,
like Miles Davis' Birth of the Cool,

Or pearl-topped street lamps
against green-brown trees,
green-blue grass against satin
mists of summer fog,
sky so gray birds flitting through it
make silent black & white movies,

Or Thursday half-moon sighing,
against two feet floating
free of boundaries, Duende
like shards of colored glass
shattered along a winding path,
catching bits of moonlight,

It must be beautiful rebellion.

