

# 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.

