

Summer Bop & Some Are Not

by sean m. poole

The idea is to warp and bend the form
To serve the purpose at hand while retaining
The essence of the Style in addition to a certain
Acknowledgement of Spirit as embodied in the
Original interpretation prior to transposing and
Interpolating the syncopation to suit poetic license.

This is Bop even if you think it doesn't sound like that.

Bright beams of afternoon sunlight illuminate a teeming seaside
jungle.

Humming birds buzz hovering above blood red Hibiscus blossoms
the size of saucers.

Yellow butterflies light on purple flowers wings flickering like candle
flames.

Emerald green Anoles drip from spiky tipped palm fronds like
reptilian raindrops.

Trade winds shift sand dunes erasing the final remains of seasonal beach dwellers.

Seagulls reclaim empty shoreline and deserted boardwalk.

One bearded old man pedals a bicycle slowly on silent summer streets to the sound of distant booming surf and oversized balloon tires sizzling on steamy Asphalt blacktop.

This is Bop even if you think it doesn't sound like that.

Beneath brilliant azure thalo cerulean cobalt blue blue

Blue skies and no candy there are no hurries no worries

Only the timeless rush of the rising tide and

The image of fish suspended in

Cresting waves like fossils in amber

Each fin and scale luminescent in late

Afternoon sunlight a shimmering

Nautical tableaux.

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