

le flâneur passed by worlds

by strannikov

eye knowing eye wondering

across short episodes a spell of rain falls:

the boy darting for his ball the zooming car
twelve tablets more than necessary—lethal
motorcycle rounds a mountain curve the rock
occupied bed—a dying disease's dreads.

across short events as day begins to break:

the kitchen coffee first cigarette the day
a quiet sit to watch the wait for the mail
a prudent nap before a longer day lasts
clean-up after breakfast some dishes still soak.

with two eyes knowing and wondering with all.

le flâneur passed by worlds

I'm down on doltish druids costumes in hand
wardrobes in tow spectacles aligned lectures
in wait—little learning as performance art.

I'm wearied with these tired Potemkin façades
these elaborate gates for alleys all blind
worn out with walking into dead ends each time.

I wince at those piloting the planet poor
I vomit hearing how the planet's brakes squeal
in dread I wait for collisions to pass me:

skies grow green dust goes red oceans go deep brown
as the planet twitches jolts gorges splays heaves.

