

The Silhouette of the Sky

Kate Gale

the orange ball of the sun
floats into the smog
of another Los Angeles sunset
the sun sees flickers
behind the oil slick bay

the beach is strewn with lovers
who wish they knew what love feels like mostly they feel nothing
but what is left behind
sand coursing between thighs

a round white space where thoughts once coursed
back when loveliness emerged
in the form of water
moving in circles
in the belly of the mother

long before there was space
for yeses and nos
for the safe pollution of an entire life
the sun rakes the sky
with long pointed fingers

nobody knows it all
she tells the lovers
disappearing
the truth always becoming
the truth at the moment of disappearance

a cloud of waves subside
along the beach front
the lovers wipe their legs
the yellow and purple
where the sun disappeared
drops bloodlessly on shallow memories

the movement toward blackness is turtle paced
almost it does not occur at all
almost the disappearance of dreams is nothing but the yellow smog
becoming our minds
a long mural fading to black

the sun will rise again
to the silhouette of the sky
sink again like a soul flattening
becoming one with the oil slick bay
bruised by lifeless birds and the stink of fish



Tom Moran