

Failure, Golden

he crept through the streets sent to him
a small patch of sky looked down on him
through baskets that weave so thickly
he saw it on a sea
of thunder clouds

a rusty old bridge
was jailed in his mind
he thought it was golden
it swayed to his breath
and creaked with the bolts
he unpacked his coat
and laid down

with somebody's shoes he traveled
returning to lands
of his birth
he made all the holes to cry in
and stayed for the time
when the winds too cold

the last Ides of March
was spelled in his ear
he knew it meant something
but nobody came
he sat through the nights
and watched all the darkness
it spread with his breath
and pushed back the sky
he stayed for the days
in his home

a rusty old bridge
would swing in his mind
he thought it was golden