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