

Gordon Downie, Starpainters

The myth is neither here nor there, from the air.

Just blue lake stains and purified, parcelled squares:

a crazy quilt of spearmint, of mustard and honey tones;

a scuffed-up kitchen floor

of tiles on top of bones with a big trap door.

Towns down diagonal lines disappear and drop out of sight into the night beyond the national night

and underneath the grit and glare into unfettered nothingness and thin air,

as herds of clouds lazily graze on thermal sighs of delight,

The Starpainters are taking over now,

their scaffolding is in its place.

your anaesthesiologist tonight is washing up and on her way.