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Monsters

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Monsters

At dusk my walkman's making alchemy.
It sends out multicolored ribbons
through the bushveld.

Where ribbons whip across the squirrel paths there.
Where ribbons
thread throughout the rain docks there.

A place of underneath it is,
And underneath the underneathness is
quiet.

A bell that rings itself to smoke,
hung before the zoo-y sun.

I miss you.
But that is just another thing
inside the bell-like head of walking that I have.
This bushveld lit with every droplet's leaf:
golden lager,
slow-motion breeze.

We, of course, will never meet again.
Half made-up of parts born in pursuit –
my catalog of chambers with you left,
your bright mind in the jar of my mind now infused:
Monsters.