Sarabande

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SARABANDE

Two by two we tempo the cloverleaf, swallow blue downers with our turn signals blinking alone under Jupiter, singing in stop-and-go. The yolk deftly separated, tongues & grooves not wedded but lockjawed, we hitch our moon to a melon-balled hour, anoint our collars with dishwater. See the stray filament, the one loose thought adrift in its galaxy? Fix it with a light-span parceled into windows and fluted into channels we churn until morning. Only imagine, on the far rim, a satellite spins out, goes ruckusing over the cliff’s edge past Discount Liquors, the landfill’s last wink. All night we mosh our torches past the guard gate, laurel the rodents gnawing our woodwork. Even here, in the half-dark, some treeswift, some felon, some flung self goes break-beating through a bad neighborhood, knifes the guy-wire of evening and reels.