

That's all, folks

these mornings my dreams
seem to lack production values

on the asphalt in the back lot
the noir misplaced
uneven between the scenes

the director's chair
blown against an earlier century

waiting for that new kid
chewing words at an angle
confident that the world

understands the lines

a lone sparrow drifting
making feast of scattered crumbs

then the ocean's tracer light
soundtracks of distant bikes
revs through the outland of dawn

a crew rustling for breakfast

the waves as near as skin
you singing in your sleep
those big band auditions

bringing in technicolour



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