Drawing Dragons

An old man learns to draw
he draws dragons
the way he remembers them.
the dragon looks so real
that the old man
lightly shades what must be
its breath
and waits for it to breathe.
When it does the old man
gets sucked up,
fears he will die forgotten.
The grandchild runs into the room
tries to pull grandpa’s feet
from the canvas.
Then the mother rushes in
to save the child.
The room is so hot
perhaps from the dragon’s breath
perhaps from everyone’s efforts.

In the end,
everyone is left
with a rush of impressions.
It grows into
three maybe four
variations of a myth.

Alice White Leaves Me for the Last Time
In bed, she twisted away from me
her fickle movie star persona,
always second billed to a woman
whose strawberry scent Alice claimed
to have smelled on my thin skin.
It was really Alice’s own scent.
She said “good-bye” and “go fuck yourself.”
The only thing that rolled from my mouth
was more night.

At the club, Alice could be anyone
a gift for transparency and denial.
I spot a girl by the bar,
gluttonous blue eyes
drifting though the human-fog,
the wounded smile
of a failed grifter
her haunted goods
left behind.

Kyle Hemmings is a retired health care worker. His work has been featured in [b]joink, The Airgonaut, Bones, Burning Word, Sonic Boom, and elsewhere. He loves street photography and obscure garage rock bands of the 60s.