

Full Four

Bearded knight strengthens in sound,
sight, defying the cosmic wind upon
the New Yorker; it is I topping this peace
we've grown to hover upon. The hell
with you who can't see the air gap
of our plea, our device to land such ship.
We've worn green pants and bike-handled
our mustaches to seize this foggy day,
on your roof of sanity. Let us make
bedlam out of your trite box, wearing
that slim tie or that thick camisole
inappropriate for this funk of weather.
Seize this Thursday! Let it be your tongue
that taste the sweet molecules in the air;
radical dust will not embitter you, as
long as you see the gap under our boots.
We are everyday. We are that wind,
that hair, the ghost that visits your ribs.
We are that lonely song, that beat,
that shaker of marbles thrown upon
your city walks. We are your fall, your
uprise, your dance, your memory.
We are rooftop, and we are Music,
seeping into the cracks of your mundane
little skulls.



Ted Bernal Guevara is a freelance writer from Speedway, Indiana. Although he delves in an array of themes—always looking for the unusual—he tends to adhere to the plight of the disabled and the helpless, their profound richness. His upcoming collection, *Tonto & Destinata*, hopefully will provide such tools for life. Ted has been published in *Suisun Valley Review*, *Elbow Lane*, *Anaphora Literary Press*, *Ely Two* and *Vending Machine Press*.



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