

'Austere Sunshlne'

Kenneth Lifshitz

Surfers in coffee trees  
argue of senseless art journeys  
worn out socks  
and basketball.  
Tracking -austere bodies  
a mental sun  
a healing lustrous dignity.

Arthur's toads render  
bloated chorus  
and jump in the pond  
Cancel eternal traps!  
Basho sits very nearly dead  
in the back of the Buick

A temporal screen  
cast thse shadows in twilight  
- homely stillness.  
The two contenders  
sulking about in their  
traditional garb,  
in studied jaundice,  
Artifice,-with somber  
Grunting.

In gaseous grandeur  
they float  
Unseen by us.

The weaker wishing  
quick decision  
in the austere - sunshine,  
but neither can transform  
the carpet where the  
shadows fume into  
Intricate sadness  
of blood red lace.

Mac Arthur's toads tread,-  
In milky moonlight  
Greatass dances in and  
swallow wine badly  
smoking slightly  
thinking of time  
and funny faces  
to tell the children  
Who can answer them,  
O belligerent basso?  
Taken by surprise  
you can't see  
them  
with mortal eyes.

They strip to naked blaring  
sweat  
Pointed at the sky  
a surfboard  
neatly tucked in the  
sand  
Sentinel of the evening  
its' long shadow governs  
the combat of two  
dirty socks in moonlight.

They run the show  
and stand on blocks  
So everyone will know how tall  
they are.  
And comb their locks  
vertically.  
What a shock to mom  
Who gets vertigo immediately  
and signs releases for  
maturing stocks,

The- general lies dead  
still, he surveys  
the quiet Hudson  
through the hours  
of an Italian night  
Wait!  
One moon;  
two men,  
- argument  
(Is it useless?)  
Grant's tomb, -  
ah these socks.

Big Ben's mighty bell  
rings in the  
austere sunshine  
this morning, useless.