sailor

by Colin Montfort

the waiting room is cramped with expectations moiling on the blind side

homeric welcome home charades kool-aid toasts and truckled cheer from those who don't remember

somewhere else the sailor
who comes and goes the way of least resistance
dillies here
and dallies there
like rumour

the keenest player bitten twice untwisting fate's capricious catch is back inside

half asleep in yellow fog

no witness in the wash
to mind the cruel mirage
seething in his soul
but time
the sailor's sometime friend
most trusted
and or feared
when ticking

every day the tide will toggle twice each way behind his back sweeping odds against the clock to spent from pending paradox

it's twilight shift and sister ruth resets the locks the rubber rooms are keyless now

the yellow door says ward thirteen behind it in a parallel hallucination shadow beings twiddle fog ships pass almost scuffing barely felt

sailor dreaming snuffles and sighs levitates on a laudanum wave

the quiver of a tell-tale thread a salty breeze and some forever sail away

anchor here and there when things need fixing

the high seas howl and whisper

sometimes at eventide

you can hear from here to nowhere gently ticking