

Lenny



Sculpted drifts winter rivers,
Mountain passages brave shiver,
Double yellow line curving roads –
World spun of encrypted codes.

On the corner confident direct,
Mystery and objectivations intersect –
Twenty-first century sign system player,
Deconstructing microtheatres.

Never turns out how you think,
Best intentions nothing links –
Lucky reliable just won't quit,
Pure magic whatever make of it.

Sidewalk stains clouds in pantomime,
Curtained windows reasoned rhyme –
“Got the time? where are we?”
Saturn asks, “What story do you see?”

