

A Turn

by Yoko Chase

Like a lone black hole holding dense
its breath of fury among cooled stars
a youth sitting at the end of a loaded bus
captivates a vision of his own scarlet death

The sun is slowly drowning into
the shadowed sap of the afternoon trees

The ghetto streets are scented with blues

A fatigued house sits in meditation
like a dusty rock on a crater of the moon
though haunted with the grandeur of its aged character





The blasting pant of the sinking sun
 pierces through the crevasse of its eaves
 and brightens an image of an old man

His furnaced eyes in the still silhouette
 are rolling fiercely expecting a bus
 of an irregular schedule but of a certain promise

(There! Surely it's coming rock'n rolling!)

A primal rhythm of the atomic heart
 springs out of the twangy bus
 The youth is caught in the two eyes of fire
 that burn in their serenity the deeply furrowed face

The moment of eternity gazes at the two
 vibrating characters of the ancient sun

Their memories, their lust and fury all fume into love
 and a laughter deceives the darkening throats of alleys

The beaming gray of autumn meets
 men regenerating souls in a doomed house

The bus turns toward a cemetery

