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.