



Western Motel

Christopher Mulrooney

raven

dear bird of night
with shining eyes
if there's less light
where you are found
let that suffice
and bring around
the zodiac theme
of six and seven
a banqueting dream
superabundance
made for heaven
to all as one dance

Peachtree St.

the lemon-yellow sunlight
on the great thoroughfare
not even yellow
nor yet pink
but as it were a sea of trees
the odd railroad station
newspaper
department store
old Terminus

folklore (reprise)

now after the second act finale
settling down in our seats Wow
as Stravinsky says it's a real stunner
what's that moon and stars right here on our stage?
a really big shew

Kew Gardens

all the very festive soil

for such rich occasions and of course all the toil

the water gate

nymph in thy orisons be all my
something something

duende

they speak of you now

as then

they spoke of you then

as now

formation

the gift of a minute an hour maybe
gift of an outright guffaw at my lot strained through my fingers
like cold jelly
aspic
on the fine dining-room table served with white gloves
paterfamilias gives it my blessings
the guests dig in

pathfinder

way about me
at the Savoy
come and get me
way above Berlin
she comes into the cabin
my naked mascot
all the hubbub
searchlights flak
come on loverboy
put 'er there

occasion

the dear fellow what can have gone amiss

I must go up and say a few syllables just a word or two

for the National Geographic

the purple eyespot on the very rare butterfly's beautiful hindwing

do you see it there Christopher?

prime the lens attack the buildings for that warm glow

whatever you please but let's have the shot

portrait

in the middle of the night gear and tackle and trim glowing and winking
like some sort of artist there on his Tinguely apparatus
far from home and wife of either sex
per the legalities
and the formalities
of municipalities

Western Motel

across the U.S.A.
its trackless wastes
our tracks