

Eastern Painted

The poet's turtle, an Eastern Painted,
paddles like prose. The bard tidies his bonsai,
pulls a thread from a blue cable knit
and leans in. Sometimes it's more than a floater
he whittles as Slowboy,
(awash in fish flakes as the poet in wine)
withdraws his head and considers that he
and the guy biding time via pen
both bear the grimace of studied intent.

She packs umbrellas in her shoes when she flies
he scribes. But it's tentative, not the place
to hang his hat, set down his wine.

This one's a slog thinks Slowboy
through a rabble of bubbles.
Snapping at a passing meal
like the guy in the sweater
bites on verbs. The poet doodles.
His double paddles northward
to see the sky through unkept glass.
In a bit of a brood, the poet too,
drawn to the same wild wonder.

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