

An Empty-Field Soul

An empty-soul field
beneath as are worlds beneath stars
a wind of blue-grey childhood
rests in the orange of the firefly swingset lamppost,
and is broken
of night wet grass below the shadow of the playground swings.
Older clothes wear the eighteenth lamb,
white naan pants.
And the feeling is distance,
veils, swatches of farness,
an ocean of aloneness.
The arm jerks with
brief
strong
emotion,
as the eye is transfixed, and held
by a light attached
to his youth,
when he looks over his shoulder.

He stands on moulded metal
elusively eternal, hard—ultimately transient.