

dance of the ace of spades: pictou landing, n.s.

1.
October
the almost numb waves
snarlcrash
onto beach edge

Murky foam soaps later
through bones
clinging to wet weed sand
here on pictou blue landing

Ocean of dirty wash water
sprinkled with rainbows,
dancers: colored capes
of spray, dashing
kissing, poking
and away

wires, pulling back the liquid curtain
swirling fingers recoil
into the arms of p e isle
* * *

2.
Mottled rocks dappled
orange
crush cartons flattened
by heel prints in the wild grass and

Bird feet and elephant tracks
seagulls in the black,
ladies with walking sticks
too old for use
* * *

3.
I'm sitting in a circus of stone
where cowlicks
of burnt green straw peek
from the comfort of a mangled tree breast

and brown sea pillows clump
a hot prickly bed
for granite heads
to doze
in the nova scotia sun
* * *

4.
We giggled into the rafters
a beer happy crowd
nestled to a pot bellied fire
snorkling at old time songs:
stagger lee and billy
in the still of the night
who put the bop a bop
in the grand old opry

notes sputtering the wood
with carved laughter.

Dizzy Dean and Peewee Reese
routines for lullabies:
walking at dawn to set some logs
straight
* * *

5.
Mexico, the hot swamp afternoon
by the jeep
we stripped to dip
in the cool at the end
of the world,
then stretched,
turtles in the silk
to dry and dream

Nights of pebbles running wild
on Stanhope
till the mosquitoes begged
no more

Big Sur passing the pipe
on the rocky firely moon,
curling into a wedge
the cat train blinking over
* * *

6.
Tip toe top
of rusting trees
with wax branches crackling

Fringed shadows criss
cross
in the sun,
striped bodies
casting asperations
to the wind.

Below,
graves of tweed moses,
sandangels hanging on posts
grinning,
peeled gin bottles in hand.

susan perly

Punish me.

**I am alive;
I never want to die.**

Punish me.



S. R. Mills