Drifting Zuihitsu

My dreams carry me to barren stretches of concrete peppered by flattened buttons of stone beyond the stars on a precipice from which to view the world.

Everything couples in greens and browns. Walks are long and steady with no vision for what came before, what is to follow.

Curtains are drawn, doors latched. There is no entrance, no welcome.

I inhale the sky, it’s blues and whites, its silences. It is not the voice that commands the story: it is the ear. *Calvino

Breezy jazz off a ragged skiff drifts along the lick of water to its boat in the slip, bat ray nearing its bow.

I squint hard in the bright of summer’s sun, doze wrapped in a warm blanket of air.

Foggy silhouettes of my dead in cruciform tiptoe through, shushing each other, knowing I am sure to shoo them off.

Wind chimes dance and slide their cymbals up against each other. Dark flocks of gese squawk inside the beat of their wide wings.

My time to fly has yet to be born in me.

*Calvino

Zuihitsu (1000 AD) is a free form of fragments responding to surroundings whose text “follows the brush” or “drifts like clouds.”