

Decay of Spring

By

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We parked Whitey on Oceano.
Walked across the bridge to the
Poetry Reading where
White chairs lined the balcony
like the wedding I attended after
Smoking Salvia with the
Hopeful Groom--
Behind the stage
the east side of the city glowed,
Sirens howled,
Crooning the odious night,
and the abandoned felines of Milpas Street.

The violins screamed.
Smothering
The first poet's sad sad story
of her husband's
Unexpected demise.
(It was the screaming that delayed my sleep and saved it for later)
The second poet's red glasses rested on her nose;
Reading with only the nights' serenade,
(No screaming violins bellowing like
A Dying Witch).

When the reading ended
We walked across the bridge where Whitey waited
patiently--
Smoked cigarettes from a blue box
With a picture of an Indian on front
smoking a peace pipe as
Her frail inked up finger wrapped around my leather sleeve.
We opened Whitey's door
Climbed in then...
Lit a joint
Started the engine
Made a left
Made a right
Rolled past the blue house with the rotting corpse,
half painted gate,
And the decay of spring crawled

hastily up our noses
along with the salted windy sea.

We parked Whitey when we got home and
Listened to the clicks and the clacks,
Finished our smokes then
Went inside,
Read some Faulkner,
Crawled into bed
and Closed our eyes.

A half hour later I
Opened the blue box with the Indian still on the front
Smoking his peace pipe,
(Right after we made quick, Invincible Love).