

ROBERT DANA

Indigo

Tendentious heart.

The wages of age.

Season of goldenrod & burdock & thistle.

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Odd how, across the world, we each hear the same song as different music.

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Mad-ass Mozart stringing his heavenly harmonies.

The buzz of sitar.

Wail of evening prayer over the broken rooftops of Alexandria.

Blues In The Night. St. Louie. Memphis.

Delta.

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I'm alone in my own little corner of the world.

Late afternoon. Late September. Late light and long shadows.

My comic cat,

satiny grey Miz Mischief, asleep still,

her right forepaw across her eyes.

And this mood that will not leave me.