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Early radios talk... Killarney Clary

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Killarney Clary

Early radios talk about traffic and weather as if they vary. People phone in with opinions on the metro-rail and stories of most embarrassing moments, and it's slow through the interchange until I glide up onto the ten heading west. I dreamt Russ came to me scared, said he couldn't stop the rainstorm in his mouth.

In another sleep he was a wizard with crescents and stars on a tall hat; this afternoon at lunch he tells me we are made of waves and there is no time. Before we meet again I will forget his face; I will reassign meanings to what we've said.

I stand in the yard tonight; the reflection of the full moon scribbles on the surface of the tea I drink. Instead of figuring it, I watch the figuring; I catch my desire to have it still. Maybe there isn't any code to break.