

# **THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL**

Volume 4 | 1995

## **Early radios talk...** Killarney Clary

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

*The Prose Poem: An International Journal* is produced by  
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)  
for the Providence College Digital Commons.  
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

## **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.