

With the Finale of a Slam

Chris Weagle

The wind whipped open
my neighbour's boiler room
door, its aluminum smashes
bricks, clanks ham-fisted
drunk on a clumsy frame.
It's done this every night,
trying to tear off its hinges,
lift up to bony clouds like a kite
or to shut for good
with the finale of a slam.

Before Motion

Before motion, there is potential.
Stasis; standstill, bus-stop, argument
that got stuck. Resting, it's empty,
a gymnasium with shadow-corners
and dusty rays of dawn, muffled
with memories of squeaking sneakers
and hushed push brooms. Potential
sometimes appears to be sleeping
until its ears move like radar;
and it all depends on what you see
and where you stand, which is a trick
for you're always in full swing.
In a cage of ducks behind a restaurant,
or in an axe sunk in a stump; it gleams
against floodlights. High tension torque
in razor-wire, it's a wrecking ball
at rest, a pendulum that hangs.

The Sunflower

It's late October; my sunflower
is only mildly intent on survival.

I potted it a month ago,
after I found it in the kitchen sink,
rooted in the drain, more out of place
than a plant should ever be.

It sprouted a few days after I washed
A bowl of cereal containing nuts and seeds.
Now it's too late in the year for sunflowers,
but if it could grow in dish soap
maybe it could bloom a bit
with the frost on the window sill.