

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Asps and Banded Kraits

By William Doeski

Night rain severs me from myself
with images of falling trees
and flooded highways spackled
with bodies smoothed by friction.

The lack of wind feels portentous,
a silence overlapped by drownings
of the mindful kind, a sense
of depth that pulls me into the sky.

Has anyone crossed such distance
while still aware of the flesh?
The prophets earned entombment
few could survive. Epic poets

blinded themselves with papyrus.
Lyrics danced away on their own.
That's the history I remember,
all elbows and awkward gestures.

We should never refer to Athens
or Rome or even Babylon
but stick to the old neighborhood
where wet dogs bark in chorus

and people can't sleep for fear
of bill collectors armed with tongs.
We should not allow the night rain
to lavish so much punctuation

that our sentences turn on themselves
and become asps and banded kraits
so venomous that uncoiling them
in mixed company can kill.