

TODAY I SAW WOLFMOON

MATT DEL BUSTO

Poetry Contest - Finalist



I suppose it's musical, death,
like a too-many-stringed lyre
or really hopeful-looking firearms
when blood plumes like cloth from a magician's throat—
too many broken-colored sailboats.
Trances like these drip honey-slow
so I transcend reality,
a hoop-earring time-warp & it's the 70s but not
the ones your parents pretend to remember
as history unrolls itself like a red rug.
Here, if it burns, it burns.
The ice cream man eats the ashes.