

Our Museum

by Rhet Lickliter

I hear the music of factories.
I see the steam paintings above steel
clouds stretched
across the sky
flat dark creatures glide smoothly over the lawn below
a statuary of forgotten relics;
industrial icons.
In a luminous oscillating sea
float a million inverted coat hanger antennae
carressing metal collisions softly echo
an orchestra of windchimes

A dark horizon.
Radio towers
red pulsating lights
slowly,
silently fall,
fall again
crashing a soundless crash.
Television tubes like skyscrapers
mount themselves on ledges of rock.

Night fires burn.
Flames rise up
where memories drift
like giant figure balloons
in a parade of nightmares.
From a window stares the attendant of my past.
an unfamiliar muse.

In a meadow of bone, sleepwalkers stray.