

Colors

Colors
 strange reflections
they mellow the tempo of evenings
 mellow
 with age on paintings
colors as reflections
 are people
 they too mellow with age
that is
 time is
 a learning process/is to mellow
to learn
 that one color of the spectrum
blends easily with another
 color
all of the same spectrum
 that is
truefully
 there is only A spectrum.

On A Jazz High

Sounds/ (re)sound(ing)(s)
wavelength notes that hit the ear//
categorize
 take any group of functions
the variable being the only
 static point
not leaving to chance
 the question of movement
 questions in themselves
completely
complete(ly) divorced
 from any relevance
 each note
 is aimed directly
the aberration is aimed
 even more direct(ly)//
incident(al) (ly)
 the only happenings at all
are real ones/
 twice removed from reality.

-- Allen De Loach