

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