

Fused Realities

J. Kyle Kimberlin

from Pictures of My Forgetting

You know that life is hiding from us, though
we caught a glimpse this morning, where
it fell as light on the carpet by the door.
It rose and flew like a moth down the long
hall and disappeared. As a child I saw it rest
that way. It would lie by the window while
morning arrived and my grandmother
was singing in another room. It fluttered
by and rested a while on my hand. It spread
its wings and loved me, whispering a psalm.

The house is gone but not that room, not yet.



Two accomplished local poets
and writers will share the
podium, reading from their
work in poetry and prose.



Sunday, October 4, 2009

4:00 PM

Presidio Springs Community Center
721 Laguna Street
Santa Barbara

goldcoastwriters.blogspot.com

Admission is Free

Joseph Gallo

August

Late birds flush the bush, streak
beaks across a bruised horizon.

Nightfall knows better than we
precisely what to do with itself.

Wild dogs skirl ritual like Pawnee,
their plain song sere against the sea.

Flutters hoot the winged oaks and every
mouse shadow stands its still ground.

To move now would be to
do the only human thing.

