

Squirrel Hill

Ascent

Overlooked by all but a knowing few
I feign sleep and pretend to dream
the perfect geometry
only a painting can reproduce.

If you feel my cheek against your skin,
observe the converging parallels
and carefully follow
my calico-eyed line of sight.

Peak

Now that Mars has receded
for another sixty thousand years
and the harvest moon
is once more on the wane,

now that cicadas have fallen silent,
sunflowers turned to seed,
I must again survey
the limits of my territory.

From what I hear through lightning strikes,
the gist I feather from the cirrus wind,
all types of intrigues remain unsolved,
all manner of mysteries abound:

the Giant Budweiser Cactus,
the Garden with Pink Flamingos,
three Perfect White Mushrooms;
the Bus that Never Departs,

a Black-Cat-on-a- String,
the Home of the Severed Heads,
a rainbow over the Cathedral,
the ice I carelessly ignore.

Ian Gibbins. 'Squirrel Hill'.
Transnational Literature Vol. 5 no. 2, May 2013.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

Descent

What gives with these strangers,
who interrogate my field notes,
count my fingers and toes,
measure my crooked gait?

Eventually, our paths will diverge
across an invisible day-break,
as I watch their trails evaporate
from my private patch of sky.

Ian Gibbins