

John Duvernoy

Dispossession Blues

what you dub
pain she knows
as day

warbles the sun
half done in au
bergine

lucia sprays wisteria
splayed over carport
w/ a quaalude mist

from an orange
childs pistol
to the low rain hotel

you deadened
the wrong one what
could i say

crooked karma sub
sidized blind spot
expanding

yr retreated
mind high in the corner
dim parlor

where we would
never all shiver through the same
dream again

