

a table set for thousands #2

Ashley Capes

I have to let the words make mistakes,
dozens of them, years of them
tonnes of them
before
I take them out to dinner,
introduce them to dangerous types
happy holidays, marriage ceremonies
gainful employment, theft of history
blood feuds
strange cousins
and salesmen, with coins that sparkle
like wishes in fountains
before
I send them to gods with shaven heads
or bookies lined up, pads in hand
and travellers with shirts open
blouses, glimpses of skin
and book-keepers
smiling in shadow
turning pages
sharing secrets with silverfish
and customers

eager to be included,
in a dance that leaves
ink stains in a tango
across the mind, eyes that blink back
an assault of meaning, jokes or
careless barbs
and claims that simply
cannot be true.

Monash University
mountain0ash@gmail.com