

## SHAPES OF SIGNS

some people - a swell of people rushing  
behind bleak signs - blurring shapes  
run out of sight

she's reading maps of sky  
into the tableclothe  
these clouds stretched high  
above the rooftops' gleaming  
feel a little lifted off the ground

from the angle of an eye  
the world's asleep  
sudden beatin' of a wing  
get the swan's meek lullaby

and she's moving up the stairways  
pushing windows open wide  
writing letters to someone  
she does not know

feathers, crumbled roses,  
sandy clarions drawing nigh  
to the yardboys' bouncing  
downbeat rubber balls  
letting words get curl around  
that sound of orange blue

who's been driven out to the sea  
in the blue hats' misty dawning

still a figure on a platform  
of that rusty shuttle train  
in watching rails grow slowly out of sight  
may she be near you

and if slowed-down wheels may twirl you 'round  
you won't keep from turning  
she'll come high on heels to help you  
waltzing through these days

standing on a ledge  
in the weird forest mountain  
when the firstness hits the eye  
in the shady pond of mire  
pale silver riddle slice

