

## ARTIST AT THE DUMP

I

Land-rider Dawn, who's glassy,  
root finger pre-soot blackened amber fires  
that in the metal plates middle coal up slow;  
recede charcoal, yawn dawn;  
the long margin civil.

Society you venerated correct, so there went!  
Lever pull, armature raise, switch engage,  
discreet components worm on a board,  
taupe cylindricals, tails intact. Resistance pots;  
and a father with electron tubes fletch immortal air  
for televisions' tempest, core's innocent  
in an easy look back; a day's hot packed,  
drawn to escape as mule hitched, from the worry first,  
before as sycophant, man married his machine there.

II

Sight an overworked day, "That cart, bring it close!  
"What's under the tarp?" stood answer the riddle of  
Sir, nothing worth attention!  
"Then show it, at once, you insolent fat!"  
As you say! Sheet grasp, light invade,  
"May the gods forgive us this day...what! What is that?"  
Oh like I said sir, he's found no place to stay;  
there with me retries  
but (more assurance) a traitor not I be!  
This man of cause curious, shiv charm,  
labours minute joy to find.

I like to think the outcasts' found it here  
with thee sir in thy kingdom, what say?

“A poem from the fool then  
and let the wretch be!”

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