

My Brother's New Bike

1930

The room is large and dark.
It is early, and no one else is awake.
I sit next to the banisters to the stairs.
There is a new bicycle leaning there.
I look at the handle bars, the frame, and the wheels.
The spokes shine in the early light.
I touch a spoke, and hear a faint ping.
And then see the glow on the spoke.
I smell machine oil,
And the smell of oil gives me a shiver.

Sages

1956

Three friends I like to think are sages
came while I was out.
When I found their note, I thought:
I see you as small black specks in my eye
and I see you, specks
as you waited talking, at my door
and I see you going away
your three heads grown tall like the domes
of Japanese sages
and the three domes became in my imagination
three bells ringing.

Piano
1956

I play the piano
while outside the sun is sliding down,
sad,
through the towers that wait.
I am playing the piano over the room
but the piano's noon-like sound
cannot alter the falling of the sun,
its fragile light,
wilting in the sky.
The sun billows out a little more
a last yellow into the room
across my playing on the piano.

Gui Mayo
Three Poems



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