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

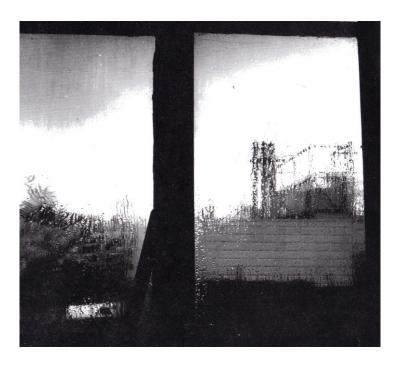
1956

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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