

The Rose Gavel Falls

(Freestyle Poem)

The auction begins.

I stare into a bidder sea.

She avoids my wond'ring gaze, as do the other shes.

The ware-men arise.

Each holds a letter in his hand.

The microphone and trained ears upon their promises feed.

Exhibit A projects

As he reads his hodge-podge script.

The raven voices first rights, and into a coupe they slip.

The rose gavel falls.

Exhibit B appeals.

His cursive guides his saccharine voice.

The dyed-white dove in velvet gloves makes Good Sir B her choice.

The rose gavel falls.

A gust of wind tugs
At my own prepared speech.
I hesitate; it flies beyond my reach.

The blue pen-marks rise
From the page, forming a heart of ink.
Our keen auctioneer grasps the sapphire flesh and starts to knead.

The monstrous word-wad pulses
Between her fingers. She lays it to rest—
Directly beneath that pink mallet's edge.

The rose gavel falls.