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Strange Honey

by: Elias Baez

A cockroach snores in our grandfather clock.
Pony paws a cloud where a streetlamp
ambers glass, and Alex dreams of rock
at river bottom...

A zodiacal ramp –
pyramidal light dispersed by dust –
blows the morning toward us like a sail.

At 1AM, the Moon and Venus kissed;
the Beehive Cluster, witness, spilled its cells
and nebulous honey stickied sweet our dawn ...

Summer broke the bank for this year's finale,
blazing in green and orange.

Looking down,
my calendar chafes against its age, its nail.
Below it, Pony toys with an injured roach.
Sidereal bees swarm his flashing tongue...!