

CHRIS OAKLEY

Sand

Sand of the air-light on the light brushed winds, we
Taking the copper down town taint what black depths
we have. Oh, this is us motion without
sandlight skittering on the window-screen batteries
fading might like blossoms without oxygen
shudder to a halt by the gas station a man standing
hands in pockets thieving what little oxygen we have
the sand not a commodity but a promise old
as copper we live this prickling bone.