

Interlude

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always below sad lights
this chill home of black alloy

the drone of info television
while outdoor the always grind of
the crowd mechanic

rubber smoldering
in the sink machine
the click & whir of some neglected
belt & spring
a cloud layer of foul exhaust
swirling
at the somber movement from couch to bathroom
mirror

splash the face with the copper rust of water
&
failing to betray the stubble with a blade
trace wet careful
fingers along mirror-side circuitry
&
narrow shades
widen to allow a broader band of night
to illuminate channels across the room
to the door unopen

musing the android question
one more time
& another still movement to the window
where

drift blinking neon
billboards
along slowly predetermined ponderous skies

which broadcast
the angelic hum
& subliminal sounds of grace

& what motion of the eye
reflects in window panes
while ever
the shrill whine of focus & defocus
& the flutter of regulator flaps
as the heat & cool of the room electric
dilate in waves of time