

knoxville reveille

morning sunlight filters around
the untreated wooden stairs
on the side of the house
going up to the second floor apartment
stairs swollen with rain water
from a deluvian downpour
the night before
and the grass still wet and
the huge trees in the yard
weighted with rain water
on the highest branches
so the squirrels racing around
on the tree tops bring a
small downpour as they
shake the water loose
with each leap and each landing

the mint green chairs on the
porch, facing the quiet morning street
provide anchor and balance
to the early morning montage
and sunlight - the pure early morning kind
filters through the green leaves and branches
and glistens, sparkles off the huge spider webs
where the porch and support columns intersect

the birds are in full chorus
and the crickets and cicadas
are throating a unified
orchestral drone
that waxes and wanes
as an occasional cloud
crosses the suns'

early morning trajectory
and dulls the rays for
a few moments

the large calandria surrounding
the front porch
grows from a bed of wood chips
and a lone royal standard typewriter
now rusted together as one forever
sits amid the wood chips
and pine needles
silently confronting anyone
coming up the front walk

the keys, rusted, partially obscured
by pine needles and garden flotsom
clearly show off their black letters
in contrast against the small white tops
of the key pads that are the
imprinture mechanism connected
directly to the heart of this once useful device
that drove the news of the day
in a thousand big-city news rooms
manhandled by the city desk's crack reporters
hollywood hacks
compulsive letter writers
and, as if spent
from the process of spilling others guts
and opening a vein or two on a daily basis
for fifty years, it sits motionless

fifty years scrapping the underbelly of humanity
collecting the harvested crud and bits of scab
examining them under a
perpetually yellowed desk lamp
and selecting only the choicest of human debris
the most promising of scabs
and quickly exploiting them for cash by

spitting it all back out in the form of
prose, contemporary criticism or
loopy, crazy, run-on sentences
that go all the way to key west
before coming back for the period

and now this word beast has
found its own happy acres
sitting peacefully
in the front garden
interacting with the cosmic calender in
some endless cycle
positioned between
the wood steps
the edge of the grass
the bricks lining the slate slab front walk
and the front porch
the keys motionless
the thoughts long gone
the morning sun catches a bit of the un-rusted chrome
and a brief, bright sparkle flashes brilliantly off
the carriage return bar

an occasional breeze flutters the tall poplar trees' leaves
into furious activity

and the whole tree becomes
a blur of green and white and water mist
as the leaves shake off the rain
and prepare for the new day