

tool shop meridian

sun baked asphalt
white tiled curved walls
frame a muddy glass window
facing the sun, suspended
on an endless roller
the shadows reach across the road
to the white tiled
ancient building
the wound-up tumble weeds
knock their way across the floor
at a crossroads
in the middle of a dusty
give and go
the decaying gas station
shifts occasionally into focus
to the sun-dried office
clouded by
the soft focus lens of sepia recall
where
the tool shop meridian
slowly moves its shadow across the floor
the lazy afternoon sun
toasts the ancient peeling paper
off the wall
it's a tool shop meridian
in a nuts and bolts free for all

the lifts and the wheel rims
ancient in the cluttered hall
guts and transmissions
laying across
the oil marked
car port bays

eric sommer

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the hulk of an engine
now too far gone to be saved
the tomb like silence
the dried paper and dust
the open register
filled with dust and nothing and empty
round light bulbs hang in the air
like the sun
suspended forever
somewhere between decay and death and decay
the calendar
fifty years to early
peels from the corners
marked for
an oil change
a tune up
a brake job
now far, far beyond the needs of any of those

the tumbleweeds edge
closer
the only movement
the only players on a sepia framed
stage of oldness
decay and
visual re-configuration
where
the tool shop meridian
slowly moves its shadow across the floor
and the lazy afternoon sun
toasts the ancient peeling paper
off the wall
it's a tool shop meridian
in a nuts and bolts free for all