

FINALE (UPDATE) - III

Gather up words
like shards to a magnet
cement mixer churns out back
fires rage up north
people fall out
like flaking paint
of my life.

Flaking paint
peeling glazed colors
mold multiplying
covering proud surfaces
brushed with knowledge
and the powers
of an earlier self.

Poisons crest
insinuate into crevices
soil rock air matter pores
whiffs buoyant
on waves of filth
as water finds its level
and good people muscle through.

Call it a poem why not
as good a construct as
any these days as
if sweeping particulates
from our sad dirty air
present vision or voice
Some *finale!*

– Diane Sophrin
Vermont (8.5.23)