

*Metropolitan YOD**

gallery seeps into gallery
pooled in the communal, somnambulant huddle
that pauses to hold back each deluge
sketched in the blurred Seurats.
scrawled, conte black figures
drawn while swallowing too many words
isolated, even in their own time,
reaching out of focus
in cold smoke.

this is my mysteriously, wonderful crisis
or turning point –
a person met,
bridges burned–in hummingbird eyes from
the smoldering sheets of centuries,
friend, family – all fall away

feet reflex, step into another gallery
glances glide on humid silence –
avert to scenes of the other life now passing away,
incubate:

Seurat's labors whirl of dark meetings,
landscapes collide with
emotions implied and unspoken

in our little moment of truth
some things had been said
some things had not been said
and too much recognition had transpired
for staying at the table longer.

there is this welling up so painfully clear
so precisely pointed, as to incise the exact bind –
the YOD strains, is finally seduced,
succumbs to strange new structures of emotion

what this moment is, I understand
it's not just you – nor, just me
but, the grace of some larger shifting of the geometry
that now enables forceful steps down the Metropolitan's marble
to embrace the homeless one
and subways off with the ice–sizzling wail
of jazz nights coming home to roost.

John Sturgeon ©1991

*(Yod, called the 'Finger of God', is an astrological aspect often associated with crisis, a turning point and regeneration.)