

The Rock Tumbler

Davis Fowlow

The girth of caramelized saucepans
and molasses dripping toutons
consumes the welcoming ambience,
leaving room for just one
at nan's kitchen table.

I fit between the cracks
in the overcrowded cupboards
filled with miscellaneous trinkets,
mismatched teacups,
and twenty-year-old copies of the Evening Telegram.

Empty streets bathed in neon light
feel narrow.
A deluge of salt sea spray
ventures
to christen my head,
and baptize my neoteric temple.
I turn away,
frizzy,
tangled
braids and farewells.

There is no place for coloured identities
where the fog rolls in
and paints the landscape
in charcoal greys.

The fishermen return home
after a day on the glistening waters,
reeking of cod and archaic incense.
Pop's supper
oxidizes on the table

in anticipation
for his return.

My weary chair weeps
neglect.

Nan sighs.
A dinner for one.