**Failure of Interpretation**

Richard Martin

1

Words are hungry fish in the mind.

Pardon me if I say:

sunset on a lake of shadows,

splash of night in the eyes,

hook of dreams on bedpost.

The last time we spoke

we were lost in the Swiss Alps.

It was so cold

hands and feet went viral.

We traded recipes for stark situations

via smart phones.

Ain’t technology, wonderful?

2

My mind conceived in a rogue thunderstorm,

I grew up in a time vacated by time.

Birds were swift through me –

raindrops in a firestorm.

I was made to stand under trees for hours

in a sweat of self-contempt

by those who loved me.

“Sky is a patchwork of mistakes,

sky matures understanding,

‘sky’ is a word,

sky is a fish!” they roared,

and laughed prodigiously.

3

Night moans without warning –

a cat in an eddy of dictionaries.

Words swim through my head in schools.

Some travel where they want;

others lurk in deep tanks

as prescient symbols.

Who doesn’t don scuba gear

to fish soundwaves

for scraps of meaning?

Words breathe through gills,

with nowhere to go but out

into the sea of it.