Beneath The Waterfalls

Edward Garner
Beneath The Metal Waterfalls
by Edward Garner

Stone streets
An armoured city
Slickers slouch in gilded suits
Monuments and marble judges
Mourn for never-lasting truths,
Rows of red geraniums bloom
Surrounding liquidation stalls
Into the stilted woods I walk
Beneath the metal water falls.
A stainless pool with long conveyors
Making stoops at many slides
Carry nudes whose bodies drip
From points along its piss-warm sides,
Elevators cross and carry
Escalators everywhere
Wading wading
Through a market
Human shops displaying wares.

Through a field of amber wheat
Wind floats upon the grain like waves
As plaid tycoons go shooting woodcock
Shining silver guns ablaze,
I fly into a blueprint forest
Twisted vines are sparkling chains
China cats are flowering sunshine
Into arcs of glowing haze,
All around the air is spinning
Swirling clouds are angel's hair
A moon is high
Half beginning
Tilted on the atmosphere,
A still blue sky is turning
Slowly
Into shades of deep azure
A stallion kneels before an altar
Priests incant
Amor Amor.