Patchwork Odyssey

After Romare Bearden’s *A Black Odyssey*

Simple unit of day—landscape of pretending suspended over dream, care, color, transfer

of sugars. A tangerine but a spider bite and fist fight. A story goes on needing to use the bathroom.

If the idea is we’re strung together and drifting I understand. The new glacier footage reminds me

of the mass grave footage. A senate of shrug and ice cream for Africa. Like anyone

I’ve had ideas:

don’t be ashamed

have an orgasm in the open air
imagine the highways still out there

road-cuts strapped over the shoulders of all the hot ranges bobbing like reggae heads above the sand.

Mostly very late at night.

A feeling: set free

a hemoglobin particle jets forward through time.
The connection then the explosion

that everything is quickly zooms back to the struck match. Don’t be ashamed to say “whoa.”

This movie is:

inspring.

Looks-Away-At-Cool-Moons, a real person, tells his brown recluse story, we celebrate

the whiskey procreation story, and the sky brightening in the East is announced by the color guy, Chris.

“What a high quality organism,” I thought of the dog dying after fourteen faithful years. It seemed un-
emotional so I didn’t say it out loud.
Still: maple whiskey at the party

and in the a.m.,

pancakes!

Distant stranger, think of me sometimes.
I was the first you owed your life to. Although

the Vogels, Sheldon and Anna, own Cattle
of the Sun God. Cue the saxes and people act
electrically shocked. *Glissant*: one consents not
to be singular, but don’t go thinking you’re French.

You’re cardboard
cut from a catalogue

flown high to the black edge
of space, and from there dropped to flutter down to

Hawaii. Yes! Dancers, mangos, distant volcanoes.
One or two palm trees. An absence of hostility.

When hope unexpectedly Bugs Bunnies into the picture
reclining figure in moonlight repeats itself in its mirror.

Sorry said Penelope but I’m heading back to my Penelope.
Okay I’ll get drunk with Old Liver Jenkins.

A world’s worthy adversary
never conceding

your point entirely, since you could argue
you’ve always been an Odyssey. If the planet drifts

your improviser feels at home, but inside spinning
the dominant trait will mutate. None surpasses

Montaigne
(anyway for a cat name), On Plurality

the lobby quartet shimmers like a god.
Parking attendants offering directions freely
unravel but a final smile for children who assemble 

your travels into equivocal frames, suspect

you’re dreaming when you describe the ice geyser 
on Enceladus, start talking like you know

something about navigation.

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