









## Delfonic

Trace the line & move until the ocean turns you,  
or when the northern hills begin to burn, or a squad car  
herds you back to the neighborhood you clearly belong.  
Once, rolling down the window, I felt the Santa Anas  
pulling against my chest, and naturally, I imagined a jailbreak  
of buffalo in a nearby valley, a rustle of names flooding my breath.  
I could go the whole day in silence, wanting nothing. I could  
sit for hours on a curb and listen to the tires tear at the asphalt,  
or carry a woman's footsteps down an empty corridor,  
& not think of loneliness. I guess I can't help but stare.  
In the rooms men pay to enter, the bass drum & vernacular  
alone are fantasy enough. So when the girl leans at the table,  
& offers a dance, you say: you are pearl & metal-flake,  
my love. You say: your eyes are gold-leaf & reflection.