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Too Late I'm Blue

The sky's rolling around in my heart, swishing
its birdlessness in my head and I'm mapping the way
to the end of this

hour, the start of stairs
and a rip of light, the mark of time revving up.
I've got nothing to thank, thank

god, and a plane parting the clouds above me.
The door's swinging out and the far sky's
humbugged by a storm that'll never make it

to this moment, this la ti da. I'm taking
myself out to another long
stretch of silence, roarless heaven. I'm hurrying

away from here, eyes closed. Concentrating my heart
on the New York June in your clothes, a whiskey room
and weather in your ruined hair. I've got

your name and more on my mouth, miles
that aren't miles anymore. A borrowed bed,
the floor's crushed clothes,

a slick of moon at the footboard. Far into all of it, more
lines in the current

sky showing up. Then dissolving.

And in this air, everything
as it was, already is, without last
time or this time or the next anything. Then

the day's end. And not
even a star burning through the trees. Or a breath inside this
rising rounded night. Still just door after door after door after door.

It's Zipper On Your Shoulder And You Dancing

Today almost every boat,
untied, bears an ocean of light. It's the hour's
start, the sky's time for fire.
The waves have been awake forever.

Earlier a watchman whispered
what he could hear himself saying to his wife
in a little while. And he whispered more
while his shoes, each one,
fell to his hand, then to the floor.

Now the empty cigarette
and candy wrappers swish, do the trick of talk,
and the dock's girly voice never really stops. No one's
foot-tapping the water's edge, looks like. Last night

lovers may have stopped at your window.
The cat, by then, asleep on your shifting shoulder. An arm floating,
backside, front side, a flash of cheekbone,
a leg lost in the shape of an unlit lamp, for a second
the whole room full

of just you, a twist of darkness,
an unfinished accompaniment to music
the waves keep stealing.

Chris Young's poems have appeared in *Eclectica*, *Small Spiral Notebook*, *Stirring* and other journals. Chris is a Pushcart nominee, a recipient of an artist's grant for poetry from the Kentucky Arts Council, and currently lives in Oregon.