

Poems by George J. Farrah

Horn

A horn on the river

A horn on the symbolic
driver

a circle disgorged

boulders & dirt

("lovely firearms")

one face
of his
happened on a hill

another
deeply in water

and another
between two large
pillars

there was no picture
of daily life

but the day
was a trench of thought
and a
wave of motion on
a tight path

to objects
& food

the beloved
in barriers

all rose like
a shaped
substance
rising slowly in

the
breeze
into the dopamined (diapused) deep.

Stitching

Digging the nobody
dirt and shines
to find a managing
of travels a now of
old layers summoning
a 3 foot memory
imagining a city a mountain
to name it

and another
between you and me

your aviary

or your fishery

or your lake

or
farmers market

a nick on the stone

shows where these monsters spoke

to us how we didn't

answer

how we

planned ahead from there

to here

and
equalized translations

and saw the sigh

to travel again

moving the orbits
and reappearing
tracers

in what we cut apart

and saved
for later.

Church

Darkened old people

shine
through the trees

and kiss him
together
this is an old idea
of making ones way
through the forest

there seats
on the weather
an old smoking pathway

the sun registers
their passing

as if an old empty
Mt village
had radio

a devotional to
the sky
at anytime
of day or night

the presenter
would be an
official of snow
water and moving
stone

Lash

There traveling across
his face

a smoking rose
not seen in centuries

a dead end

with

wild grass and

no engines

of conviction

no angular

2nd winds

no sun's lace

everything direct

and without mercy

the old rope
which pushed
them over

a fact
like
unmoving thought

a camouflage

for barefoot
jaw lines

at red dusk

in front
of
the sumac

they sunk
like
pale lashes
into the tall
grasses

mild voices

and long
long
 shadows
accepting
 no
possible
future.