

Utter reams of waste and emotional
Carnage wimpered. He and old
Jos. Smith had an angel. Had
Our Lady of Czecstochowa stood on
A red rock at Cedar Breaks the
Angel could have been no less real
Than the beast.

He asked himself rather finally
That day what is beauty with out
Man? And is beauty deprived of man
Ultimately the same as art? In the termination
Of the vision a full belly equals beauty, the
Mechanics of the oxygen rushing
To the gut depriving the receptors
To prepare for the onslaught.

And that day buzzed as man
Possessed by angel pushed a numbing
Breeze usuaging the mind in
Fertile blindness. A man whose
Mind was made of concrete
And steel and blue sky silhouette,
Could ther be but any answer
On the blue and white?