The Driveway Absurdist

Peter Mitchell

Recommended Citation
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Arches of rusting
gate-hinge song
curl the
querulous air
and loop the leaves
brushing the blue-
grey drive-way.

Two stick-legs skitter
here/here

as if tweaked
by a string
then

here/here

radiating tail-feathers
fanning
hieroglyphics-on-air,
feather scripts
marking

the

wagtail’s

limits of this

driveway.

Was that a scarp of paper blown
by the wind?

This black-and-white minstrel

is a blur
on the periphery of my vision,
a black-and-white film in fast forward.

Though seemingly absurd,
this nervous twitcher

performs for the spring air,
his dreams finding ways
to net
startled insects
and feed
his garrulous
garrulous ego.

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