

Autumn

- kelvin a.t. tan -

Wriggle the toes. Pinky – no, last tiny piglet – you all right down there? Saint Augustine's prayers went unanswered, or was it the saccharine sugar cubes for the horse, can't remember anyhow. Leafy foliage, variegated patterns on the maple and walnut and raspberry in consummate pose with the harmony of the rustic bench. Streaks of brown, hash of maroon, gnarled endings. Tender tentacles of ivy reaching out like fingers – the tiny one, pinky – engulfing with loving caress and thorns and pierced ears. All the better to hear you with. The gentle breeze fluttered the crisp autumn air as I surveyed the free expanse of perfectly manicured green grass like home. Unlatch – click – beyond the fence looking out of the fenster, visually tickling the palette and to parry the reflecting resplendent drips of honey globe in the gods' realm. Sun King – El only soul in the vicinity, a large-sized retriever – of golden fur farrago and bushy behind wag-a-thon like there exists no future tomorrow. Live life for the fullest, and fling not your neighbour's face. The smallest of men compare pale to the efforts of the burrowing mouse – field type. Sniff. Snort. Sneeze. Harks to mind the time with my aunt Pitt – best friend resides beneath the kitchen cabinet. Industrial strength Ridsol. Oh, those be the days gone by. Stillness of air betrayed by the consistent undercurrent murmur of exit 124B slip – adjacent by the Baumannheim – ageless architecture, faggots for braggarts. Big oasis of green fenced in – the abdomen of the downtown – grand old farts in art deco stenciled facades. Gobble down the asparagus my boy. Don't let the geese get your goat old chap. Smile, say Caembert. I'll tip my tophat to the man at the Tür, but he ain't getting no dollar bill from my lot. Shucks, stubbed against a smudge stone, sending sand up the swirl. Plucked a pansy up by the root, stuffed into my pant pocket, makes a garish garnish for the Hungarian dish. Have a hot dining arrangement this eve. Petite blond, 4-3-3, fine forward formation a la MLS style, eastern european angel. No doubt, got the toes stubbed, got the fingers burnt, got the toast buttered, not one side but two, face the music and turn the other cheek. Who knows, what the next Winter holds in store for the scavenging hoarding squirreling weasel and his companion will-o-wisp?

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