

## Bandwagon

Those token drumrolls into place,  
that familiar bass line falls in line  
till it finds the keys

and the brassy brass.

Then in come the woodwinds  
and the dueling guitars—

then Crash goes the cymbal  
and all the strings fall

through the holes in the floorboards  
and the whole wide world  
ties itself to the shrieking wheels

while the minstrels play on and on  
like sycophants chiselling their names  
in the air.

## The Man in the Slob Weeds

told us nothing.

Over there on the sofa  
licking his wounds;

spurning and turning  
like a well-fed housecat;  
turning and spurning and  
blinking his eyes.

But who would have guessed  
he had nothing to say,  
no seat in the theatre,  
no house on the hill?

And who could have known  
of the worm in his mango?

The man in the slob weeds  
wiping a scythe.

## Nightlife

In the streetlit hours  
on a sweltering soi,  
they were all in a flutter  
like wings to web.

But when spider made its home  
in her naughty-nightie,  
rolls of tailors on their rooftops cursed  
the naked moon.

And when tú-kae took care  
of the nightingale

all the angels dimmed their haloes  
in a moment of white flag silence.

© 2001 Frank Finney