

## Curio Lounge

The earth is turning like a violin.  
I look out of the café window  
at pinkness spreading beyond  
a pigeoned dome, at the sun  
pouring goodbye to the gingko tree,  
brushing its leaves a yellow farewell.

Easeful of the dark, I drink some tea.  
Teenagers gather on another table.  
'Who's she with?' 'Who's the drama teacher?'  
A waitress brings them the empire  
state of ices on a silver tray.

I think of the lonely mammoth tusks  
I saw that afternoon in the museum,  
who touch their tips after the staff  
clock the doors and turn out the till.

No more tea and nowhere to go.  
I look up at reflected car lights  
that swim about the shiny ceiling,  
pairs of red and white that dart across  
a saxophone pond of speaker tunes  
where lampshades hang like lily pads  
fizzing in the strangeness of night.