

LIGHTS-OFF

by

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Over time,  
they have mellowed and slumbered  
into an eternal nap.  
But yesterday, these pink-pinioned minions  
cocked up their heads at me,  
winked, sniffed the air, whistled and  
jostled to vie for a nip of antiquity.  
Then we broke into a hymn of wind-piping,  
melting the hearts of the clouds  
into a myriad spittles.  
And I walked on the mire  
fly-whisk-armed administering  
large doses of salutation.  
And now!  
Why have these particles of Time  
breakfasted on themselves  
and gone to sleep?