

Junkyard

SUSAN BOEHM

In a junkyard
piled with the rusting machinery
of wheels turning in visions
we salvage what we can carry
in our arms

dream fragments
pieces of songs
shards of memories.

Ledger sheets scattered in the wind
of time in arrears
cling to cyclone fences
and float in pools
of iridescent ink.

In the truckstop
on the edge of dawn
Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrow
pours cups of bitter coffee.
We sit at the counter
of the last breakfast
our tears falling like coins
into the jukebox
of endless heartbreak.