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## Twin Peaks

Vince Putnam

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# Twin Peaks

Vince Putnam

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Wafted by fog  
surrounded by tier upon tier  
    of clinging little houses  
matted by macadam  
    lanes  
running up down around  
to spire crowned apex  
    zenith of horizon beyond  
the stars and blue  
    pacific  
now lost in a sea of haze  
dew drops cling on giant kalanchoes  
    above the azure  
wind swept sky of  
    san francisco

I sit alone  
in a small cafe in castro  
    and soundlessly watch the  
soft faces and eyes of  
    young men  
in wide open flimsy wispy shirts  
the coffee cup is refilled  
    the morning becomes late  
as youths begin to roam in  
    parks and gloom  
more  
    and  
    more  
    and  
    more  
and yet i am alone  
my days yet are few  
    and return forth with  
from this paradise shall i  
    hence

Evening has come as it must  
and i sit reflecting on the  
    margins of my days.

steep and pitiless winding  
    hills  
traversed by clinging clanging  
    cablecars

an old man totters from  
a trackless trolley  
    he drops his cane  
    ping!  
i pick it up he smiles a toothless  
    grin

night begins its long descent  
from the spire guardian on the  
    hills  
kiosk like it stands

more more more  
    more my pleasure  
    surges in

last days memories  
on sand strewn roads  
    pointing at the western  
    sea

*Vince Putnam is a resident of Fifty Washington Square, Newport, Rhode Island. His work has appeared in In the Heart of the City, a literary magazine produced by the residents of Fifty Washington Square. He is pursuing an MSW degree at the University of Rhode Island.*

I shall come back  
filing dream memories  
    in fluent afternoon  
    evening reveries  
coupled in the loving arms  
    of one i held close  
    her brown hair  
    and musty aroma  
        accented by the lamplight  
        in transit time  
send now a color of mauve  
patterns on the wall  
    fire and silver in the creek  
    tonight  
as i cabled-trolleyed my  
    way  
to here my san francisco  
    home  
        215 Henry on a hill called  
castro  
    above the city of love  
    by the greenish-blue  
    bay.

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