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Vince Putnam

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Twin Peaks

Vince Putnam

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

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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