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Twin Peaks

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

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.

1978