POems by John Silano

# “Superman 700”

Ekphrasis #1

They kiss, rejoined and reunited.

They make love, and eat, and argue.

In the morning, together, they take a train into work.

He smiles at her

By dinner he is too. . . .up.

But she knows it is only a matter of time before the second-guesses and guilt drive him again.

And in-between there will be explosions,

And Monsters.

# “Poem 2”

She bursts into daylight and shakes the ground

Dreadful her fire but more dreadful her sound.

Burning iron and brass – constant steaming.

Freshly painted boiler coldly gleaming.

I know she will soon leave this place behind.

Always. Moving. Always. Leaving.  
  
On-time.

You think you have figured out “what” she is,

Instead you should try to guess *who* she is.

She was not made by antique tools in vintage hands.

But built herself out of herself.  
ALWAYS complete, but never FINISHED.  
She leaves, or stays on (her own) time.  
Now do you think you know her?  
Do you know she left here long ago?

# “The Rivet Counter”

(Ekphrasis #4)

A stern face looks down upon the people.

“There is God our God, our Heavenly Recreator.”

God imagines they would say, if only they would look up…

Look Up!

Though they were not made to look up, even for God.

So instead, He stops time, and makes one day into every day for *His* people.

They are unimpressed, so He puts more thoughts in their heads…

Woe to other gods who are not in the details.

We fortunates are as close to real as He could make us,

And have become a new reality unto Him;

For Our One,

Meticulous,  
And

Idolatrous…

.GOD.”

But Tony knows the people will never look up at Him,

And so he punishes them.

Freezing them in place forever.

# The Winter Discarded

We are the Scarf-in-the-Tree

Tangled-Just-out-of-Reach. We are the Child’s-Dropped-Mitten,

Alone-in-the-Snow. We are the Tire-Flattened-Hat,

Icy-and-Salted.

And we are the Stuck-Solitary-Shoe. Unpaired.