

Epilogue to an Apologue

By Vincent Toro

I.

Not quite a hallucination

A phony resurrection

Maybe

An almost before that

Leans into after

Noon leaves her guessing

She is a caricature

Of the girl

Who lives beyond

The desert

The impression of a path

Forged in folktales scars her cheek

Uranium becomes her mascara

A musical note trapped

Between

A ghost town

And nowhere

Merely a tan line

Distinguishes her

Blacks from her Blues

The mist of wasted

Breathe brushes across each memory

Molding a whimsical musical

Plunder

A spectacular

Famine

II.

We were in search of a map back to ourselves

Or a guide who might answer our questions

A lake of inhibitions separated us from

The angels we had once been

Sky became Earth and soon we found ourselves

Walking backwards from our graves

Into the center of a squalid grayness

Where our personal belongings

Had been mingling with

Impersonal longings

An ineffable illusion

Mutually induced

Into infancy

III.

An Anatolian desert

Had served as their

Lifeline once before

Some elegant transformation

Of tusks and hooves

Into the dream clouds of

Migrant farmers

The veiled veins hailed as

Tigris and Euphrates

Were not intended to harm her

But a translucent draft bringing

Spices and doctrines from the east

Charmed her

The skirmishes of tribes

Escalated into a

Yellow pool of silence

All precluding a messenger that

Never arrived

Barely the presence of a tangerine mare

Confused

With its saddle missing

Offering but an obstinate and obsolete

Stare

IV.

Murals of

Non-sequiturs

Satyrs wrestling on a

Mountainside

A tenement

Made of sand

Washed over in high tide

The committee

Dismantles

A flask is filled with

Conspiracy theories

Once the flask

Runs empty

We will continue to pass

Emptiness

Around the

Room

A wheel will spin counterclockwise

Undoing the coastline

Candidly

Until we are returned

To a chapter

Where the names we were given

Are of

No use

V.

A monochrome rainbow served as their proscenium.

The weather forecast called for six months of empathy.

A galleon full of school children set sail on the first windstorm of imagination.

Their homeland having been appropriated in a treaty signed by specters,

They constructed a kaleidoscope that would navigate the crew
Through a maze of magnetic waves all the way back to Innocence.

All spectators to this cosmopolitan inquisition staged a handsome mutiny.
In unison, they unsheathed their crayons,

Aimed blue, purple, and green toward the three suns below their feet.
The league of shipmates folded newspapers into makeshift crowns,

Sang conspicuous nursery rhymes to the caramel ocean.
Earth became flat once more.

Ten leagues from darkness, a troubadour perched on the sloop's mast
Began to utter the unending small tale of a city

Fashioned entirely from lost toys.

This halcyon brigade hung a nightlight in the sky,

Listened intently to the fable as they lined up to walk the plank and dive,
Facetiously, off the edge of the world.