

Secret Places

(site specific, undisclosed location)

It is a mystery, why
in this place i feel like myself.
is it because of the light twisted into water
when darkness is about to drown us?

i feel like a black wolf that could turn into mist.

where else can i take off my mask and speak honestly ?

(nothing more sacred than meditating without purpose)

and the swans, so amazing,
they look so real.

but secrets !

i heard you like secrets. well, i know someone
who knows secrets.

meet me at the park, we'll get her drunk on poetry and we'll learn
everything.

i have come home, even if i have traveled,
nothing like
this quiet corner of the universe...
nothing like...

but wait wait let me think, i must admit, there is one place...
in new orleans there is a park,
a square circled by iron spears.

by day i can sit with my new new orleans friends, gypsy, spaceman,
scary jerry...

at night humans are locked out,
and dozens of stray cats slip through the bars of the fence.
horrifying screams are heard.
that's amazing too.

i wouldn't tell just anyone about this place,
magic places should be kept secret, and quiet,
so artists can hear their
muses whispering.

-- Paul Dagys
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