

handcrafted promises
brought to you as
miniature billboards
to lure you in

with words
anchored to the surface
so jury-rigged souvenirs don't flee
to an announced elsewhere

this way,
the sign reads

with words
flung onto the canvas
like the coordinates
of an unknown pictorial destination
...paroles et paroles et paroles

let the paint guide you, they say
if the series produces the paintings, then,
it must be a sign

drifting along the coast
spinning in the sun
picture me
deceptively hot
in zesty pink and black

frappé on the shore
outlined by a Barré arrow
pointing to the nearest repository
of cheerful sights

you hold on
to your begging bowl
and sing the praises
of the sacred sippy cup

to your frozen longings,
to your iced peregrinations,
"Drunk with love's acrid torpors,"
O waves ~ or something about interiority

you look for a buoy to lift you up
disappointed tourist
you find your way

-Emile Rubino