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Not Gold Songs

Peter Layton

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Layton: Not Gold Songs

NOT GOLD SONGS

Peter Layton

This is a white cake
It is made of air and bones
And flies.
You may experience a distaste for it.
An un-taste.
Foreign, foul, feelings, while it
Drums upon your tongue.

And all the while an extremely annoying acquaintance,
From a bus you were on a time ago,
Is perhaps here.
Hat or head removed as an autopsy.
You mention that you do not know where,
You know, certain people are.
In stopping in mid-sentence.

Fingers in its pockets,
You may think it's finding its keys but no, it's
Merely saved the little ribbons
Of fortune cookie fortunes.
Funny ones or ones
Which unwittingly tell your fortune.
Just like everything you didn't wis to have happen, happened.