Carousel

By Jaya Savige

Dense night is a needs thing.

You were lured
    in a luminous canoe
    said to have once ruled
    a lunar ocean.

    The 2 am soda pour
    of stars is all but silent;
    only listen —

sedater than a sauropod
    in the bone epics
    it spills all the moon spice,

    releasing a sap odour
    that laces
    us to a vaster scale
    of road opus.

A carousel of oral cues,
    these spinning sonic coins.

A slide show of old wishes.