

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.