

## DE TO A GARGOYLE

by Maxfield Chandler

Sandstone gargoyle,  
you fade into art medieval,  
leaving just your black tracks,  
and those quickly erased by a shifting wind.

Where have you gone?

Not to some vibrant bright-eyed brawny paradise,

lit by a staccato of hammers and methedrine;

futureshock neon banzai pipeline.

Try, you say?

Try very hard, try dreams, blue works best.  
Get an english speaking guide for yourself.

Limestone gargoyle, ravaged by acid light.  
Plastic gargoyle, computer-enhanced.  
Polyethylene gargoyle, mass produced.

Now you can fly,  
as if over a soft red nylon sea,  
like ivory mahjong blackbirds,  
like tigershadows melting on an occluded, faraway moon.

Phantom gargoyle, of windflush sandwashed silk.  
Penniless gargoyle, we all love you,

when you are a tornado

of emerald thoughts black,

of batwinged skulls,

of solemn swan-beaks,

of you. •

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