

Bricolage

Is there anything as odd and perfect as a bird or the gloaming?
Do tears trickle like rain or does rain trickle like tears?

I hear Nabokov in bored snob bistro babble and angelic
crescendi in the rants of drunks.

There is opera in domestic spats.
Wives' pissed-off eyes are all Ligeti.

Sartre saw the entire Renaissance in *La Gioconda's* lips
and Aristophanes foresaw the New Left in the Sophists' folly.

King Oedipus didn't have an Oedipus complex
until Sigmund diagnosed him and Norman Bates made it sell tickets.

Birds, gloam, tears, opera, wives, Leonardo, *Psycho*.
We are made of these.