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OLEANDER SESTINA

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There were lots of ducks but no breadcrumbs around the pond lined with oleander, where we hunched against the drizzle, past the strolling couple under the red umbrella that had no seashore use except maybe to fence in

or hide the copulating pair fenced-in by inhibitions common as breadcrumbs, unlike crabs mating on the seashore, for whom death comes easily, like oleander poisoning. Bees know to avoid these red flowers left to fall like a drizzle

on the green salad earth, drizzled with honey-lime dressing. Fencing, chain-linked and metallic red, environmental: rats can feed on breadcrumbs poisoned with milk of oleander, their bodies like flotsam on the seashore.

Beached whales and dolphins on the seashore do not awake in a salty drizzle. Mystery deaths might as well be oleander poison from pink-flowered-green-leaved fencing, hiding bodies scattered like breadcrumbs, washed out to sea by a frothy red tide exposing Bleeding Tooth red-stained eye candy on the seashore. Polyped seaweed like scattered breadcrumbs on sand, pock-marked by a drizzle, remnants of an ocean shower that fenced-in blue-green lizards in an oleander prison, like in the movie “White Oleander”. The cell is liberating like the colour red, a boldness that rejuvenates fenced-in creativity, fresh like a seashore breeze foreshadowing a cleansing drizzle, splattering a canvas with painted breadcrumbs.
Life feeds us breadcrumbs, poisonous oleander
sprays in a drizzle of dangerous red
and a seashore imprisoned by fencing.