

# ARBOR

Erik Noonan

*this night-washed alley – Julien Gracq*

Afraid to merge we fought hypnosis  
and sought *not the poem as idea as idea*  
*but ideas in words as words* by writing them down  
status rivalry within peer groups  
opprobrium amour propre  
sententious fake spiritual authority  
don't they look identical from outside the ensemble cast?  
Smooth prose of freeways in predawn light  
day breaks the cramped passage gives onto  
a bounded vista of scaled prospects within the sprawl  
off key pop lyrics float in on drowsy talk  
talk melts into a mosaic of the air  
the air forms an ethereal boulevard  
no one knew how long it would last



**forum**

Est. 1937