

### 3 Poems by Jim Mello

#### Decompressing

He walks down the old

railroad bed

denuded now

of ties and rails

decompressing

35 mm camera

dangling

from his neck

like some medallion

from a lost civilization

his head still buzzing

with the gestalt

from the smorgasbord of papers presented

at the regional Cultural Association meeting

in Boston

where dead Justice League heroes

bear witness

to reflections on the soteriological

implications of Superman's

dual natures

and the messianic implications

of the Presidential candidates

are dissected in living color

where Werner Herzog plays with the boundaries

of the manipulation

of reality in documentaries

that drive home the theories

about hyperreality

(Hyperreality) (USA) (Hyperreality) (USA) (Hyperreality)

in Boston, where the traffic never stops flowing

around the beehive airport

24/7

unlike the trickles to nothing

on Town Farm Road

during blizzards or on still, small nights

where the bull frogs that ring the backyard pond

are an uninterrupted Greek chorus

on sweet spring nights

the bicyclists pass him by

and the young couple strolling

by the beaver pond

and the three middle aged angels

haloed

by the backlighting shortening sun

greet him with smiles

the dog sled team keeping pace

with the four wheeler

practicing for January's competitions

heed their master's command

to stop and be photographed

and a flock of moths

camouflaged to blend with the tan

grasses drained of color in the dying season

are birthed by the unseasonable warmth

to dance their slow spiral dance

in the unexpected nurturing sun

the absent minded wannabee professor

wends his way back to his beleagued van

contemplating arguments to present next year

to support theories about homo religiosity

and to garner more reasons to keep hyperreality at bay