



... a man steps on the gas:
 full throttle will collar the man with his trumpery things.
 Carrots can no longer ginger up the snapper. The man chucks his fishing job,
 wheels home to go and live in his glass house.
 The others dress up. At the barbershop they ride pillion. They will stay put and take a breather.
 The man glances through the porthole window.
 He feels the tide approaching with ruffling silence.
 The books are to be snuffed out now ... by the others.
 And daffodils will no longer flourish the trumpets.

