

MARK IRWIN

Helmet

The five o'clock LA sky's alive with jets and palms
swimming in a cocktail of smog. In the attic yesterday
I found your Helmet, its dull red,
scratched and dusty in the dormer's
blast of sun: George Milliron: you held
me once as we slid down the brassy pole & stepped onto the Fire truck
shiny as a dreamed toy. Dead
fifty years now, you drank a glass of milk each night before bed. A green willow
brushes against the window while a hummingbird
rams its breast into a pyracantha blossom. In London once
I touched a bronze Corinthian helmet whose pitted crown
was dented from blows. And here's your watch too, dumb & stalled,
but yearning in the sky's blown gold.