IF ANGER

If anger dissipates

 then into what?

On a beach red flotsam

jabbed by a stick,

underfoot the crunch

 of hermit crab shells,

stones skipped with malice,

for the splash.

Only a corporal of entropy?

This iron and jade phoenix,

ascending on the sooty trace

of mind's fire, wings

a claim to the

contrathermodynamic. So —

If anger accrues

 then from where?

The thicket of trip fuses —

traffic, unbalanced accounts,

a slippery cold "Yes, if

 you think it best."

Accelerator pedal

to the floor. Bleak sulk.

The stars go out once in a while

it's no big deal.