

R. Bremner

The Temple of the Tooth dances in the wind.
The morning call to prayer whistles down the mountain.
Elephants sleep before their parade in the streets.

We sip tea on the veranda of our rest house,
having escaped Colombo before the curfew
and the riots scheduled for last

night on Alwis Place, where angry and troubled
trishaw drivers met to argue their strike,
and at the other end of the street, the jail holds
in separate cells,

indigent Tamils, battered, but not broken,

and JVP rebels, who called the curfew,
modestly awaiting
the coming of their bloodthirsty saviors.

R. Bremner has written of incense, peppermints, and the color of time since the 1970s. He appeared in 1979's first issue of *Passaic Review*, along with other young, adventurous poets and Allen Ginsberg. *International Poetry Review*, *Peacock Journal*, *Bosphorus Review of Books*, *Jerry Jazz Musician*, *Ekphrastic Review*, and *Paterson Literary Review* are a few of his journal appearances. Ron has published six print books, including *Hungry Words* (Alien Buddha Press), *Absurd* (Cajun Mutt Press), *Ektomorphic* (Presa Press), *Pencil Sketches* (Clare Songbirds Publications), and *Chambers* (New Feral Press), and thirteen eBooks. He lives with his beautiful sociologist wife, brilliant son, and frisky Plott Hound in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, USA.