



D. C. Lynn

Tandava at Kampong Saom

At about six-thirty

Lord Shiva's chrome-plated dissolution crashed
my single-malt psyche
like a long
lost
Tartarus-bound
iron
splattering
a nondescript
bed
of South Alabama fire ants

The ice rocks pummeled into afternoon high tide on the Gulf of Thailand

Zinc-tinted blood of lapsed

Shaivite demigods

edified my empty chalice in *last call for happy hour*
redemption

House bands along the Serendipity Beach corniche

jacked their desultory sitars
as the hard-core drinkers filled up the bar.

D. C. Lynn's work has appeared in *Quiddity*, *Ditch*, *Hawai'i Review*, *Chiron Review*, and *Bare Root Review*, and elsewhere.

Image: "Johnnie Shand Kydd in Naples: Siren City," from *The Telegraph* (website).