

Paul Horse

Paul the horse is a criminal.

He winks in his blinders and deals from the bottom of the deck.

His hoof and his other hoof have them by the gruff. The gruff!

The two-armed man taking bets has his own flaws.

His own disagreements.

He sends my ticket on his breath.

I squeeze it somewhere between my fingertips and squeaking shoes.

Down the stretch they convert, whether they like it.

Paul the horse shows, wins.

The Pneumatic Man

The pneumatic man breathes in air

Breathes out something like air

His power comes. His power comes from

A wide stance, an oak sky.

Can't you hear him? Shouting

At the loose grass and hard stars?

Build a new castle for the pneumatic man.

His breath is still.

His grave wet.

Terre Haute

Terre Haute is in my throat

Words to a song

I don't write songs

The chorus is rust in my lung

The space around them and between them

It's the best way to remember the state capitals

Each letter is a figure

Leaning into the hills

Terre Haute is a haunted Capitol

Standing on its own

Stretched over the hills the road

To where my throat begins

112 Lectures to the Dog

Need I remind you

We aren't racist in this house

We bark by choice

At people we choose

Hip to shoulder ratio is a good start

If you need a rule to follow

Count on each lamp post

Piss laughter in confidence

Let loose when the time comes

Each tree holds a different hand

Queen King Jack Bark

At the people we choose