

RELATIVE ZERO

His shoes are bruised with the shadow of salt,
there are mental potholes in his mind's gestalt
with a book for a hat versus sleet's assault
and his spouse is screaming, it's not my fault (not my fault)

Our knight slams tight on the psychic brake,
soon finds he's dreaming of the Lady of the Lake,
but he's never really less than half awake
like a felon, scheming of the perfect take
(but it's fake)

When the timer sings, he is soaking wet
(your victim, broiled in the sacred sweat)
and he can't remember what he's trying to forget,
and the postman brings another midden of debt
and collector threats

He mourns the passing of the family car –
the bus stops smells like a bad cigar –
he joins the commuters squeezed against the bar,
vinegared beans in a Mason jar
 - on the way home,
 he's staring out the window
 at the North Star –

Another night brings another chase for sleep
the no-account accountant, counting sheep

in the fertile dimness, the semi-demons creep
and the wife, in fervent frustration, weeps.

At work the next day, he flunks the confidence vote
and slumps home, unemployed, in his sensible coat
to find his love has left him the dining-room note:
for richer, for poorer, for hate and for hope
(there's no hope)

(she's taken the suitcases,
she's taken the kids
she's left him the pots and pans,
tops and lids.
She's taken her leave
of the winter term.
She's left him the number
of the legal firm.)

He stares at the silent box half the night,
and nodding off, tags Orpheus, dead to rights,
demands non-fiction dream in the Northern lights
and the Lady of the Lake giggles "this is your life..."
The story of his times in the Northern lights...

Here's Harlequin Harry in his satin tie before the mirror rehearsing his alibi.

It's another promotion for Joltin' Jake, a new calculator from the Lady of the Lake.

Another success for Silky Sue, seduction sealed with sweet superglue.

Marble Mary earns another divorce; here's a picture on her desk of her favorite horse.

*Secretaries shriek in sub-celestial choir;
Beloved boss, beaming, bowlines baling wire,
The rabbit hangs dead from the forest limb
trap for the target when the Northern Lights are dim*

*But he knows it is fake, he sweeps it aside,
and the Lady of the Lake has no paper to hide behind.
The evil eye glares from the Great Red Spot,
a bloodstained tissue Rorschach blot.
But he's eons too fast, and the Ghost of Christmas past must answer at last
the question he asked, and the answer is*

He leaps awake with wet foolish hands
to hear the morning men, gambling with the garbage cans
searches fevered mind for nocturnal plans
but the dream escaped with the evening sands.

He knows the dream-queen bestowed on him a quest;
the Lady of the Lake's tacit acid test.
So he axes his briefcase, burns his vest,
throws open the door, and walks west.

(walks west.

he walks west.

walks west.

he walks west).