

## Cannon Ball Take Me Home

### **Cannon Ball Take Me Home**

You've broken, friend, I'm certain. You ate all  
the tongues. Damp rust of hot sauce is spilling

all over your June. The morning pirates  
and their pile drivers call for our foundations—

rock and spit and bone. Now creeping for maidenheads  
peaky pale flesh ripped straight away from home.

Homes with gardens void of gates, brimming  
with tomatoes. Flowers ripe with the fluttering

squeals of birds. I'm not sure what brand of bird,  
but a marketable one nonetheless. We haven't seen

each other's sex in weeks. I'm sure you knew how  
to stuff raccoons. Dead, but pliable, I broke

all your ladders when you were eating cucumbers  
in the morning mist. I haven't got a home

I've got an ashtray to put things in. Check your mail,  
I left you my ancient tome. You think it's dusty

but it's just flesh, dry and faltering, scraped off  
your bone. Full of holes, letting grease from tits.

I've known that flesh and I've bumped that bone.  
I'd see you biting, just biting. You've been pretty, just pretty.

I've been sick, eaten marrow from a chicken's rib. I've seen  
a whale of a tree. I can eat you, I can break your bones.

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### See You in Forty

Torpedoes aren't just TNT  
aqua dildos, they're elegant  
like walking slowly in rain/  
waterfalls or growing cacti

in a swamp. That's what Charlie  
called style. You have it  
or you're left with wing nuts  
and warts. Listen to me,

please, just take your whirling  
spears and spit them onward:  
one if by land, two hundred  
if by sea. Shit. You sunk

my battleship. Do you know  
what that means? You're proud,  
you've killed so many that digits  
are about as useful as debris.

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### **Bomber Bird**

World, this is voluminous,  
even grand, in a morose  
kind of way. It has to be  
like buying flowers to throw  
them away. Liberate tulips/

fallen black hawks as  
they sputter swan breath  
in the rain. There are no  
mountains when there isn't any  
light. I wish I could spend

bricks instead of my health.  
Some of us would like it  
if the chase was all about  
daring and decorum. It's not—  
it's all crow stuffed with hay.

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### **A Talon, a Sword, a Grave Look at the Sun**

All the crows have died  
where I live. The ravens  
have taken over with heavy  
beaks shaped by heavy

tongues. Where I live there  
still aren't icicles  
in the sky, but the bricks  
have been perfected.

We now use gases  
in kites, shards of glass  
in acorns, a pepper shake  
of asbestos in ties.

The ravens will go on  
fighting, a soft armadillo  
will look to the sun  
and fry. Crunch, crunch

keep biting past the eyes,  
crunch, crunch. Cream—  
the snow packed tight.  
Don't look to the sky

for answers, it's a broken snow  
globe, a fettered canvas  
for the rays of the sun. Crumbs  
of you have fallen, you have

fallen, but there are saints  
and solicitors that will help  
you focus now, the ravens  
are reforming a blockade.

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### Dear Cyclist

Dear cyclist, I'm writing  
this letter in response  
to yours. It is half past seven  
and I wanted to let you know

that you can't feed me  
alphabet soup and expect  
me to shit poetry. I'm telling  
you this now because I got drunk

last night matching you beer-for-beer.  
Then from taking shots after you left.  
Mourning the newborn silence  
I'm assuming I'm not an impresario,

but it's nice to think I could be.  
Let's eat some cells. The plows danced  
all night being oblivious of the petty  
thefts, usury, and morning prodding

that cattle face before the bastard sun  
wakes them properly. I'm thinking  
I want some flowers, but I can't find  
fruit or fresh salmon, so some things

will have to wait. Did you know that  
Spam won us the war? Hitler hated  
Spam. I wonder if God has a good  
dentist? I hope so, cyclist. Some

American slaves took their master's  
surnames and began to own them.  
Native Americans or rather Indigenous  
peoples didn't have to free their slaves.

Q tips can be dangerous, cyclist.  
Watch your ears. Thank you  
for maintaining karma, I was  
getting quite hungry. I wish eating

mushrooms could make us *super*,  
but they won't. I want movie star hair,  
cyclist. Also a gender that would flatter  
my curves. Picasso should have had a red

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period, so that we could have better jokes.  
A few elephants walk on their knees after  
birth. They get infections. I've already  
smoked three cigarettes writing this letter.

I'm not very good. I'm getting worried  
about the all the candy wrappers I've thrown  
away in my life. I've killed so many turtles.  
Monkey beats dinosaur and dinosaur beats

rock. What the heck beats monkey? Children  
are gross. I've never been West of Iowa  
City. Do dogs like fish? I bet Brancussi  
masturbated a lot. My arguments never

have any basis to them. I want a sword,  
possibly something green to impress  
the ladies. I haven't eaten cake in four  
years, cyclist. It loses its charm.