

## NOTES FROM A HOME FOR ODD BOYS

(Excerpts)

See Harold dance

round rug

middle of floor

one small light

see Harold dance

rare skin

bare bone

round round

no sound

into arms of

blond boy

into room at end of hall

see Harold pre

sumed dead dance into

metal bed

Father Jim

knows enough to count.

How to draw the right  
face from the deck

how to read the future into you  
when to strike a blow for peace.  
He can fix a break or

stop the blood he can  
lose your voice or  
give it back

he can strap you in too  
tight and leave you there to  
bite your nails or

wipe your nose.  
Like a real man who can't sleep  
he walks the floors at night

prays to his shadow honors  
the dead says  
each little boy like a bead.

## Blond Boy

He who rescues.

Fond of Harold who is  
fond of prayer and  
likes to dance.

He who rules in  
dark blue beats who  
sleeps in the corner of  
some stray eye.

Housemother

Black bird lady  
around the corner  
under the bed  
at the head of the table

waits  
for a word  
out of place  
for a lie in the dark

black bird

waits for the food between your  
teeth for the dreams that  
soil your sheets

she waits until your  
tongue goes out behind her back  
to forage in your mouth for something  
black or sweet or live

If  
it was red  
it would glow  
behind your eyes  
down in your dreams  
if  
it was blue  
you could pull it  
down over your ears  
and sleep inside your own  
skin  
if  
it was yellow  
even black bird  
would wet her pants  
if  
it was white  
Father Jim could  
feel holy again  
if  
it wasn't  
grey stone  
it wouldn't be home

Mad

is one foot

to the other

a big circle in a

small space

one arm

out and down

out and

down one rubber face

for another

thin doors

hard corners

black blue cold mad

is a mouthful of dark

5

4

6