

## 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 breathe is still.  
His grave wet.

## Day at the Races

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 make a fine damn fine cocktail with a twisted smile.

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.

## 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

## 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