

A Beast With Four Faces And The Place That He Lives

On Being Rescued by a Turtle

An Arhythmic God in the Sea
sweltered up to the drowning skin I had left behind
floating, because, paper thin, it could do nothing else.
And With its Domed Back, Cold as a cut
lifted the drifting business suit
and busked it down
to the sickly, weed-covered beach nearby.
A Green Van that Barely Thought,
An Upturned Boat, Filled with Medusa
and I, lost in the ocean, spat out my innards
that my skin might go on without me.
That Grand Tortoise made a Seat on the Drifting Sand
and waited to see if I would rise,
but skin can do very little on its own.
In an Infinite Kindness, Pulled on my Loose Clothes
and my layers of stretched skin, one by one.
zipped me up, at the mouth
and Soon was Riding the 406 Bus
Down to Work near the Bakery at the Old Port.
He Sat Down in Restroom Stalls
And Made a Name for Myself,
not even my wife could tell the difference,
though she did, once, comment
that I seemed shorter than I once was,
that I was quieter than I had been,
but I wonder why she asked no questions,
when she gave birth
to a Demi-god.

On Stealing the Left Foot of a Rabbit

In the junk filled deadland behind His Holy Trinity,
in which, were buried, June May, Miss Terry and the Hopkins.
I found the hole where bugs professed to live.

By now, his lazy eye and scatterbrained hair,
left liling too close to his right ear,
Block the incoming traffic from streets a little too far away.

He invited me in, and being polite,
I couldn't say 'no', or
at last couldn't not say 'yes',
and I found myself tripled up in sweaters and
blotting my nose from the scent of lavender he had febreezed on every rug,
I sat on a ripped up giant empty can of what had once been tomato soup.

He tea partied and I shifted,
And he rushed off claiming late and I
shifted once more, in the opposite direction,
till I had finally had enough of his
double-entendres and innuendo
and, worst of all, his puns.

I stole his foot, to claim his luck,
I won't deny it or skirt around.
It was lying by the door, where he left them
and *he* certainly wasn't using it.

As I walked home, I felt quite proud,
that I had swiped without his pout or trill,
and I clicked at a lady-lass in hopes of her hips
but she tapped me off with a ball-change.

When I went to work I was fired,
When I went to church, I'd unprayed,
and when I went to dinner,
I found myself without a single piece of pork,
which was, if you ask me, the singlemost blamed shame of all.

I tried to return the foot, but he was gone,
and so was the hole, to which I had hoped to hang it up,
a large candy-striped condominium was being raised
in its place,
with "Bugs and Co." printed on its wall.

I tried to speak to the manager, but he was booked till next month,
and then booked again till the spring after tomorrow becomes yesteryear's today,
which would arrive and his secretary would promptly inform me,

but last I checked, my calendar had no account of that
instant, much like "tomorrow"
in the saying, "I will get to it."

So the foot I had stolen for luck clung harsh to my belt and
I, eschewing its kindly presence,
tried to release it from its duty,
but it was the guard to the kings keep
and wouldn't move were the earth to descend
into flame.

But as the streets busied behind me,
I found myself buried with the philosophers
in street corners and under newspapers
past where the lipsticks sashay under streetlamps,
And when I bike to my home I can't help but whisper,
"I'm too tired."
I climbed to the place that had once been my attic,
tripped through the rafters down onto my bed,
and fell quite asleep.

Every morning I fly by the building,
I race by the streetlamps
and philosophers,
"What's the difference between ignorance and apathy?"
I don't know and I don't care
I don't.
And I
don't care.

On a Half-Minded Bird and The Rush of a Train

Quick the left-right rush of
sky drawn liquid in hand,
mask-off you look sharper
than beak curve, my end
is painted on pencil-lead
price leaps, eyes bled from
the stare, arch-enemy of
the sun-lit fields, his wings
burdened with the weight
of words as he cawed a
dangerous pitiful cry and
men heed the call, drawing
into their homes, in fear of
the dragon-lie that the pretty
bird told in swooping circles,
he headed for the tracks and
flew along them, till he made
stop to peck at the sun-flower
seeds dropped on the track.

Till the train and the shout and the power-shifted wheels and the whistle and the crack and the boom of the gong and the spin and the shriek and the nature of a bird and the speed and the sting and the bullet will not yield and the toot and the squeal and the flying of the feathers and the cough and the spur and the arrival of the bomb and the twist and the turn and the train is burning forward and the black and the end and its gone.

On a Snail Climbing Up My Back

In the steam,
that burns the eyes
and relaxes the taught muscles,
he climbed up my spine
sending shivers,
neither good,
nor bad,
to my feet,
warning them
not to move.