

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