

Hor(ror)se Show

(I'll ask your parents to spend the night,
and make it seem that I am alright.)

(If uptight they may be,
I'll use my agreeable remedy.)

“She needs to get up early
and there will be no worry.”

(What an untasteful night,
if she doesn't put up a fight.)

“Her brain needs to be fresh
to ride her horse the best.”

(For if she talks fresh,
I'll strangle her to death.)

“She will go to bed early
so that we are in no hurry.”

(She'll sleep upside down
with only hair touching the ground.)

(Candy comes in handy

Oh, many a breath she will miss,
with lollipops choking her esophagus

piercing her tongue
is oodles of fun

turning licorice red
with her blood instead.)

(Laced chocolate bars I use as bait,
rescuer often comes too late

but if I forgot
to tie her to the bed?

and tickle her with my cat's tail
for mass hysteria never fails-)

Blame her horse;

1. For riding; it's a dangerous sport,
(and when she dies,) my name not on report
2. She's eaten by carnivorous horse,
Will that cause them less remorse?
3. All at last, this might be much better,
just smothering her with her sweater!

“Stop fantasizing,” says my tailless cat.
“It's too early, why be in a hurry?
For when she comes home from college,
an overdose is more acknowledged.”

mare turned out in a field with her herd to cool to graze to massage

off to the mud
she gallops.
to roll to cool
off sweat. mud
dries and flakes,
like a clay
mask, with no
pores to open
to puss-
she smells
grass snapping
it's fingers,
to be trimmed
to be fertile
once more-
her tail whips
both her sides.
firing bugs
that bite
and suck-
one joins her
for a mutual
massage, gnawing
their teeth on each
other's withers
groaning relief
(free of charge)-

their heads jolt up
smelling their
employers, trudging
towards the gate-
mare snorts
to her herd
asking, shall
we give them

a chase,
or just
submit on
auto for work
today-

Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts

she was dropped
into a hospital
she chirped nonsense
and scrawled scribble

then music came
in the mail
from her dearest
friend

soon she knew
how to press play on
the music box
and music came out

she bathed herself
in the shower
understanding
shampoo and soap

her feet made noise
her determined mind
steered them
down the hallway

to the stairs
to practice balance
one foot on one step
next on another

Aran Islands

The fishermen fished
with a string and a stick
like a puppeteer he maneuvered
The sea: danced.
As he headed home
he stopped and laid
strangely nobile;
like a lover--
in the grass--
among donkeys.

leftovers from a trauma

curlers rattled my head,
not stylish but thoughtless instead-

to plunge through and drain,
all the swelling that remains-

sure thing I am alive after this,
but couldn't even take a piss-

or walk or talk or focus an eye,
on those grateful that I had not died-

but all that work i dare to speak,
or playing drunk or silence beat-

those ears to hear to comprehend,
my lack lustrous chance to mend-

would my mind to evoke,
from the reefer I do smoke?

but, her (royal) highness quits her job,
throwing me into a chamber of-
relentless fog.