

# Fox's Dream of the Log Flume

mewithoutYou

Provisionally 'I' practically alive  
Mistook signs for signified  
And so since I've often tried  
To run them off a cliff like Gadarene swine  
and tied my thought-ropes in anchor bends  
wondering whether we were someone better then,  
or maybe just better able to pretend  
(and what better means to our inevitable end!)

No, I don't know if I know  
though some, with certainty insist  
'no certainty exists'  
well I'm certain enough of this:  
in the past 14 years, there's only one girl I've kissed  
In the blistering heat of the Asbury pier  
we sat quiet as monks on the Ferris wheel  
Until looking down at the waltzer  
and out at the sea  
I asked her, "did it ever have that recurring fantasy  
where you push little kids  
from the tops of the ride?"  
she shook her head no  
I said "oh, neither do I"  
and with my grandmother's ring  
I went down on one knee  
and the subsequent catastrophe  
has since haunted me  
like a fiberglass ghost in the attic  
my inconveniently selective memory  
as provisionally 'You' mercifully withdrew  
all the bearing points we thought we knew  
Day's run, days set plot  
our compass shot  
we sailed waywardly on  
singing out midnight archer songs  
until well past dawn  
it's still dark in the deck of our boat  
haphazardly blown broken bows  
our aimless arrow-words  
don't mean a thing  
so by now I think  
it's pretty obvious that there's no God  
and there's definitely a God!

I dreamt of the rocks at the Asbury dunes,  
and that you jumped from the top  
of the Log Flume,  
and they gather like wolves  
on the boardwalk below  
and they're howling for answers  
no wolf can know  
I charged at the waves  
With a glass in my hand  
I was tossed like a ball  
at the bottle stand  
and I landed beside your  
remains on the stones

where you cold fingers  
wrapped around my ankle bone  
while maybe ten feet away was a star  
thousands of times the size of our sun  
exploding like the tiny balloons  
you'd throw darts at

I slept until our chest was full  
of yarn we spun from Shetland wool  
in socks from where the Dorset grows  
sheared and scoured hours before  
the rooster crows

the price of German silver fell  
threw this disused thalers  
down the superstition well