

Ragged robbins for the curtain call
Wrapped in ribbons on the trailer door
Carved initials in a concrete footstall
On the imitation marble floor
We're the boxtop admissions and their throwaways,
Strewn across tobacco roads
With their wormwood shots and their snake oil plots
Drunk sheepshank con men and their sycophants

And I often wonder if I've already died

Out at elbows by the encore
But there's a citadel inside
Where I'll go and shape my heart like yours,
As you shape yours like mine
Where we're the spiraling arms of all galaxies
And we're the microscopic sand
Suffering from delusions of ungrandeur on middling
display
Beside the Cardiff giant with the alabaster eyes

I often wonder if I've already died,
Or if the 'I' is an unintelligible lie

Off we flew like swarms of hornets

'Woken up' from winter's rest
To colonize with plastic pulp

Our neighbor's perfect paper nest
While all year round potter wasp

Has buzzed her unhinged song
You can hear its creaking in our floorboards

Megalomania's only mania if you're wrong