

popcorn was snapping in the hot oil on the kitchen stove
and the sky through the kitchen window was cold and
poised and threatening.
heard your voice come lilting through the wall.
I heard your voice come sailing from the other room.

let the young lions come.
let me break their jaws.
let the young lions come out.
let me break their jaws with my bare fingers.

coffee was dripping through the paper filter cone.
the hip scent of it nearly knocked me out.
I heard your voice come lilting through the back of the
refrigerator.
I heard your voice come breaking through the wall.

let the young lions come out.
let me talk them out of it.
let the young lions come.
let me break their jaws with my bare fingers.