

These Few Presidents

WHY?

at your house the smell of our still living human bodies and oven gas

you pray to nothing out loud
two first names and an ampersand
embroidered proudly on a kitchen towel
you're a beautiful and violent work
with a skinny neck of a chinese bird
in a fading ancient painting
and if you're in heaven waiting
you made it there fighting
the tightest kite string
in a bad storm with lightning

and now these few presidents
frowning in my pocket
can persuade no god
to let me let you talk, oh
these few presidents
frowning in my pocket
can persuade no god
to let me let you off

even though i haven't seen you in years
yours is a funeral i'd fly to from anywhere

i thought i had a pebble in my sock
i pulled it off and shook out a wasp
it stumbled out lost, and without a pause
i'm stung as i was, still i stomped it
i thought, there is no paved street worth
of your perfect scandinavian feet
my crooked chinese fingers groped
the machinery of your throat

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