

The Photograph As Burial Ground

They sit churched in casket chairs.
Curtains punched thick as bread crust.
At their feet the battered floor.
The year: 1884.
Black River Falls, Wisconsin.
There is suspicion of what life is hiding.
That things in form are shapes in sheath.
Earth hoarding what saviors hoped to save.
Arms stout as axe shafts.
Backs scarred as plowed rock.
Mouths miscreased as cuffs.
Teeth nearly all shucked out.
Eyes shocked by god-sight.
Thought forging a porous hammer.
Each rush of talk an abrupt loss.
In a flash they stutter their headstone.

The Long Table

We are honored guests
at the long table
swiping what hibernates
in the depths of our neighbor's plate,
divining prosperity
in the clots of his wine,
staining our hands
in the crotch of his wife,
while a spite of kids
kickback our tactics
like termites with dynamite.
The host has yet to arrive
but we know he is someone grotesquely old
from whom each of us derives
by testes deeper than the ecclesiastic.
Will we see the geezer
when he is finally here? Gossip
has it he is grandiose as the cosmos
yet withered to mere semantics.
A laugh passed around
tastes of catastrophe's history
persisting in masticated meat.
The lady serving says he is damaged,
caught redhanded reconstructing
the flaws of self-salvage.
All we hear is sawing. No hammering.

Eating The Cat

Tasting its caustic tail,
I lower the cat.
Lower cautiously and slow
like a sword swallower.
Gristle and hair.
Intestines and bone.
Lower till its spirit genes
fill my heft.

As I speak, a feline tongue
rasps my masculinity.
A mercy loudly prowls within
unjagging my swaggering steps,
tectonically realigning
the broken unicorn of my spine.

Stalking my past with its cosmos
of claws, the cat
catches my synaptic rats
reactively gnawing
my iconic flaws.