

*from* WANT FOR NOTHING

guy on scaffold    again guy on  
bridge again guy    on parking structure  
again guy's same    momentary frozen silent  
silhouette up on    water tower again  
guy on communication    tower again guy

on overpass again    guy on ladder  
on platform on    barn roof guy  
on mushrooms on    scissor lift guy  
on parapet guy    on buttress guy  
on gargoyle again    guy back on

his bullshit again    guy on a  
tear again guy    once again on  
some inexplicable jag    guy up on  
ceiling again guy    out on wing  
again guy up    on balcony railing

and when you write it again  
let its answers drum the fingers  
of its questions play the same  
opening moves again that same rhythm  
you keep learning to play at

the direct address that one time  
you walked off the parking garage  
right in front of a train  
that one time you'll never live  
it down the memory's the wrong

key for the remembering which makes  
the compulsion to press the play  
button again all the more vexing  
and to tap your fingers along  
all the unexpected spinal processes effortlessly

a wind-up whale surfaced alongside me  
it had stairs for a tongue  
a recorded voice said "you're trespassing  
I can swim you back to  
the visitors' area here climb inside

the onboard entertainment is a band  
of mechanical mackerel inside an aquarium  
the band plays the popular Peter  
Gabriel song 'Sledgehammer' you have to  
stick your head inside the aquarium

if you want to hear them  
you have to feed them each  
a token or they won't play  
tokens can be purchased from the  
clockwork pelican up on the mezzanine"

the bus schedule's wrong the vending  
machine bill accepter doesn't accept bills  
occasionally a bone escapes the skin  
or an organ turns inside out  
there's a prolonged war of attrition

with the insurance company about who's  
going to pay for it and  
when they win they plant a  
hilarious asparagus underneath the pelvis which  
pushes up impossibly majestic intercepting the

sun the sundial shadow sweeps days  
over the growing and withering daffodils  
and daylilies and dahlias that surround  
the skull spine femur humerus years  
spilling into aeons of fresh flowers

upside down spider    full of babies  
abdomen bulging sad    smile “they’re not  
mine they’re the    wasp’s I’m not  
a musician either    any longer I’m  
a musical instrument    I’m a sampler”

I walk one    circle stepping stones  
laid knowing exactly    once begun where  
they are to    end a melody  
of baby steps    plantigrade baby feet  
so the parasite’s    in the semen

which is flung    into the air  
the wasp flies    through that and  
stings the spider    the spider’s in  
the dream reconciling    the music stepwise  
to the semen    and so on