

# *Veteran*

*Michael Carey*

here here here the garden is the same but the  
houses grow fatter -- enough beauty in a lump  
of garbage, in my hands weeding the soil I  
saw you close the door and take a taxi uptown  
god here it comes again, we don't have enough  
sense to shut off the brain even animals look  
the other way when we kill, the turnip bulb  
looks like your head, there are more taxis  
in the street, god god don't let me die  
let leaves spread out from my neck  
make my fingers green and stupid  
but don't let them stay the color they are  
or grow any redder

