

NORMAN DUBIE

## *Jericho Radio*

—for Sam Pereira

I.

One coffee tin with grease in it, the other  
with inky fists of turquoise—the faded  
calendar page: platinum, rose  
buttocks, a lens  
of runoff, the snow again  
on the mountain—two goats  
in repetitive motion, night  
pulse where the whistle on a steam  
locomotive fills the valley  
with absolute contour and volume.  
The Leonids sparking a nostalgia  
on the old Hayden's Ferry telegraph  
and a long dead cat hears it.

The pastel awning of a Veterans Day  
saying, *the Leonids*  
*are not important.*  
You know. Or men  
fake orgasms also. Broad snow on the Estrellas.  
Another winter shoe of cold.  
You should apologize to your physical corpse,  
like Cosmo Monkhouse did,  
then spilling the chamber pot,  
reaching for his bowl of tea.

II.

Not the sun-yellow grocery across the street  
from the Veterinary Hospital, but  
I'm buying boxes of frozen fish and  
frozen asparagus. Thinking my cat

has slowed with diabetes, I now know  
that she is dead before the sun can set.  
Between us there is rush hour  
desert traffic  
with dangerous pinball flubber  
rain falling across it. Here, sudden rain  
leaves them nude and confused,  
more envy of schoolboys.  
They are cradling slimy pods the size of day moons.  
Weingarten called it the vaccination moon.  
Our friend Kenneth is already dead  
of mystery in Mexico. *I know.*  
But he had to age  
before he could get away with it.

III.

The Chinese laborers forced to accept  
a freight train in a snowy mountain pass  
for that prayer you wake from  
in an opium paralysis,  
a faded calendar page, saying  
wake again, fool, it is Bastille Day  
and they're going to shoot  
at that big stupid fuck de Gaulle  
again. Lyndon Johnson eating  
a banana split  
in a cracked porridge bowl  
in the darkening office.  
The sad and pathetic child. At least  
he was honest  
like a boil on a goat  
or a morning apocalypse  
followed by a rainbow with azure lemonade filling it.