

BOB HICOK

Duh

My father is silent and distant.
The moon is up though sometimes
to the side which is also called
over there. Coffee is better brewed
than eaten straight from the can.
When someone is dying
we should unpack the clever phrase
I am sorry. Wrenches
the wrong size should be distracted
until the right bolt arrives.
Inside your head is a map
of your house and inside that map
is where you actually live.
People doing jumping jacks
look like they're trying
to start a fire by rubbing
the sticks of their body
together. Vague nomenclature
is not the correct response
to *thank you*. It's surprising
that pencils and erasers get along
as well as they do. When dogs meet
it's the scent gland not anus
they sniff. There's the conviction
in every head that someone else
is happy. This is why we drool
from jets at green rectangles
of earth, why when we kiss
we push hard to reach the pillow
of the tongue. If we swapped
mistakes they might fit neatly
and with purpose into our lives.
I'll lend you the day I locked
my keys in my mouth

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if you give me the night
you got drunk and bought
a round of flowers for the house.
Whatever my father wants me
to know he tells my mother
who tells me. This reminds me
that if I put my ear to the ground
I'll hear the stampede
of dirt no cowboy can keep
from rolling over my head one day.