

A SOLITARY AND SEMI-MUSICAL CONFINEMENT

I found a bird skull with a yellow feather on it.
Beak's the same bone as skull—I didn't know it.
(*O she wore a yellow bonnet*)

This calls to mind when every night on channel 63
was "Hill Street Blues," rerun episodes my only family.
(*I'm looking over a four-leaf clover*)

This is how (with oblique refrain and over and over)
I noted my bones came close to going to serve or
at least to lie under the useful soil today

while I waited in the crumpled metal egg of car
for The Jaws Of Life to chew me out of there.
The better to eat you with, my dear.

I'd feel better if I thought I was peanuts for some observer
or reporter or promoter of the spectacle to buy for a quarter
and swallow me down, salt me away,

or even if I *were* a peanut, sunk in a sandy ground
branching off from a crowd of peanut kin—
this is missing Mississippi homing in. I reckon.

O Mr. Shelley, *when weary meteor lamps repose*
and I (Jane Doe, a dear) go and go and go
ever in hope of finding home

I think of you and darkling hum
You'll never walk alone.