

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.*