

BUD CABAL I

Hooray, it is Spring, it is beautiful here, hooray.
A note in my mailbox just wished me a blessed Beltane.
Next, I spied last night's length of dental floss.
Nexus? Abraxas, a tooth pow(d)er?
Incisor². The alchemical hum of the power saw
eating its restorative breakfast below
(below, below, below, yo ho, yo ho—uh oh:
Dorothy, Kansas, wheat,
Demeter, Kore, dragon's teeth . . .).

Below. The guy next to me wearing eau
de fume on the subway. Toxic jacket (yellow
jackets busy around bags of pine bark out front;
the magnetic field of smell reducible to number.
Don't forget the = sign. Each piece
of former tree upended in the earth like teeth,
a necklace of the next thing,
and the magic winter coat of earth
weaves green ornament and worms stitch,
sometimes each other (like when $2=1$,
when $I=I$ in the night), and I walk down
the zipper stairs and those same numbers
request an erotic tune and I give it
to them (*you wear it so well*),
bloom in me anytime bud)—
when he left, I breathed and closed the book
in which I'd written "eau de fume,"
stink not smoke. Chem-i-cal.

I want you to say that 'i' like 'ee.'
That is my blessing for you today.
Smile pretty. It is Spring morn
and you just with Abraxas
brushed your teeth.