

MARK CONWAY

from in the white house

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this house is like a face
I live inside, windows blinking
on the neighbor's yard.
my sister lives
inside my version
of a face, her life
has nothing to do
with mine, we just
live here at the same time.
still, she drinks with me
beneath the eaves
from where we watch
the neighbor boy
blow up
the evening frogs

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the neighbors live
in fear of me
and my incessant garbage
trips—they say *He's out again!*
I come out of my face in day
after I put my time card
down, barely make it
to the curb. there, I say,
that's waste's fate:
away.

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I love the car I live in
like a muscle
variant of myself, I live there
strictly
when I want to move,
I don't have to hire a stooge
to help me
get away. the car
begins, it's bored-out,
restless, I like gas, used to sniff
it till I passed
the point of getting any
higher. my girl and I
were crushed
to learn there's no point
after that.

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and I went down to what
they call the Pharmacy,
bought some "blood" and by
and by she and I lay
defenseless
we were enormous stretched
out beneath
the entire sun.

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the birds torture us at noon
turning into gulls.
we'd prefer if
they changed
into hawks or owls, any
sort of more major bird.
they *caw*
and dive and morph
but only
into crows: that is,
themselves, again,
this time in black;
black and bored.

I am not myself
today, my face smashed in
by winds,
the selfsame
winds that pick
the garbage up and bash
my windows in.
rain falls inside
my face
others danced to make it
come.

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my house is most alive
when I'm inside,
my face moves

when I'm dreaming.
the neighbor kid
frappes frogs in
a stainless steel
blender. he's a hybrid
of some sort, that crow,
can barely fly
but sings like
Leonard Cohen if Mr. Cohen
were a crow.
we're going to stiff
the neighbor kid so bad
when he collects for
The Evening News
he delivers on some half-
go-cart, half-pet, he makes it run
on olive oil and methane
gas he manufactures
in the guest
bathroom.