

DEBORA KUAN

[SUFFER THE SONS-OF-GUNS TO COME UNTO ME.]

Suffer the sons-of-guns to come unto me.  
Plum-eyed, queasy Joes, them oral-breathing machines.  
My heart is greased  
all over with God's lard  
to squeeze through the eye of a camel.

It was a golden evening.  
We turned the corner at Sunset Road, & there,  
a landmark:  
Two white birdhouses jammed in the earth at angles  
beside a stone-  
cold fox.

We were all such (lawn) statues once:  
chiseled visages. Beveled noses.  
At birth, our bodies were gifted w/ birds  
& at death, they broke from our ribs & clattered  
westward.