

America, kiss my ass! I didn't mean that,  
laughing myself sideways down the cul-  
de-sac and into the Franz Kafka Re-election  
Committee headquarters: Prague comes  
to Prairie Village, a rather cuddly ghost,  
still miraculously unweary of understanding  
the speakable sadness of a dried-up port.

### EAVESDROPPER WITHOUT A PORT, BECOMING SMALL

Arabs are twisting downshore,  
members of a leading desert tribe.  
Perhaps that have lost contact  
with their highschool peers,  
lovers, golfers and fishermen.

Waves can be as formless: over  
illuminations, cocktail nuts drift.  
The Captain in his bathtub tells  
terrible stories, false stories  
of breathless beginnings in a shivery cove,  
which turn out to be the same as this one  
by a thick thread of broken paddles.

The fabulous highwayman considers remaining  
on an island never adequately explained,  
without regard to time, space or spectators.  
And by rubbing granite cliffs together  
morning becomes Thor Heyerdahl  
on his way to work, and a cannon  
announces Spring groping its way  
as a hearse among lotus blossoms.

The zebras want to visit Chicago:  
it is said they have memories but they don't.  
They receive their energies  
from a completely unknown source,  
some malignant force is directing them.  
The electricity from our nightmares?

Full of illusory weathervanes and silent cocks  
that sleep past noon, in a field of marble?