

*Bob Hicok*

BUILDING A PAINTING A HOME

If I built a barn I'd build it right into the sky  
  
with windows twice as large as walls and ringed  
with theoretical pines, clumps of green on simple sticks  
  
and doors cut from the ocean, doors that wave  
and doors that foam and shadows inside to eat  
  
every cow I own because I'm afraid of cows,  
two stomachs imply that aliens are involved,  
  
moo is what the brain-washed say, my fields  
would be green until yellow and yellow  
  
until white, acres of albino wheat  
for the manufacture of weightless bread,  
  
I only eat what floats in a house that spins  
as the weather vane turns, a house that follows  
  
a rooster in love with wind, the sky  
and my barn are blue and the sky also floats,  
  
there's nothing to hold anything down,  
even eternity's loose and roams the erotic  
  
contortions of space, even my children  
recognize tomorrow better than they remember  
  
today, if I built a barn I'd build the land  
and the sun before that, I'd spread the canvas flat

with my hands and nail it to the dirt, I'd paint  
exactly what I see and then paint

over that until by accident something habitable  
appears, until the kettle screams on the stove,

until the steam is green and the sound is gold.