

## A POEM FOR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

The Wallace Stevens investigation  
X'ed out his lungs  
Hu—Huh—Huh  
Cl—ck—his whole throat sealed up  
The dam busted, it was like Vladimir with a sword  
His Highlander calves clenched  
As if beanbags were sewn in  
His tongue sweated  
A little rainy-foggy, nice and moist  
The definite plasma spun off  
Huh—hh—hulp—huh

## A POEM FOR YELLOW SILK

Danish pastry  
Squiggled with white  
Erin Soma, she called herself  
Her day was a sucked egg and I painted its insides