

Badger Behaving Badly

There are letters steamed
open. There are bugs behind
the wallpaper. There is a mechanical
relief found between outsized
mutton thighs. There is a word
that forms *reality* into *poetry*,
then *fiction*—an empty room
lit by a bare bulb—there is
the banality of evil—music
echoing from a flood-control
chamber. Net curtains around
blacked-out windows. Plastic-wood
cabinets withholding a good man.
Here are his Prussian gray polyester
pants, his cheap mailman's boots
that march.