

“THE TRUTH IS  
CONCRETE”

He puts the metal sculpture  
on a newspaper vending machine  
outside an early morning bar  
on 3rd st  
where the air is a whipped dispensation of grease  
where the light finds its source thru a hole in cement.

He handles his heavy metal sculpture  
like the throwaway note of a bitchy soprano  
although it's only the 2nd in a series  
which he calls, “figments of my frustration,  
the manpower development and training act  
No. 2 . . . No. 3's in a vise on my workbench  
and No. 1 was in my old lady's car  
when she threw me out . . .”

( You can smell eggs being put on to fry,  
coffee is poured into one or two cups,  
the policeman eyes the sculptor's quart of beer. )

He says it's a bull,  
a bull made from the bumper of a car.  
You notice how the horns  
twist out from the chassis connection  
and how the writhing body, in his words,  
explodes from a seemingly virginal base.

The suggestion is very complete,  
you respond. You wander off in a semi-circle  
in order to find the most conclusive perspective  
from which to observe the multiple steel tongues

emerging from these loosely related mouths,  
these caverns that open as you walk about.

Then suddenly he removes the object.  
He snatches it off of the vending machine  
and plunges it into a brown paper bag.

Then silence, in this case ungolden:  
a silence broken only by your eagerness  
to bullshit about childhood, the environment,  
and various ways of curing a stutter.

## SEASONAL POEM

Everyone looks gray from a bus  
but sometimes we can remember our beauty.  
It's not a bouquet under neon lights.  
Our feet strike the pavement. Our overcoats  
billow irrelevantly in the wake of our passions.  
The flowers circulate around the bus  
and wash down the street as separate petals.

The Jehovah's Witness  
still stands in front of the Emporium  
distributing leaflets for god in the rain  
which soaks his moustache into drooping strings.  
His thin eyes cut thru the line of janitors  
who picket outside the Star movie theatre.  
They are old, like him, but clean shaven.  
They are out of his world.

Sometimes we can remember our beauty  
but it's so astonishing: the petals drop off  
revealing the nakedness of a real life body.  
She loves me. All night long  
she loves me in order to forget.