

TRY TO HIDE

The mind pulls a sheet over the face,
the opaque mercy of zero memory—
the body won't return the favor. Though it

sings glory
to me
& the highest
crazy song
i'm kicking
it

worships at The Shrink's long couch,
its ear tuned to her calm leeching,

with them
other two

hands plucking at the full box
of paper handkerchiefs, the body

this corporeal idiot

will ignore the mind's kindness,

& our mistress
we're in church
a field of scripture

God is grabbing up dirt
fertilizing sunflowers
i know what comes
next

God will lift up my face
for a slap &

instead suck the knowledge.
The mind will try to hide God's

gift of knuckle
my body will fall
on its back
opening for the rack
anonymous
male sacrilege

capricious taunting:

daddy
not my daddy
night is daddy
not my daddy

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a cuckold, a thought, the two-timing,
alive entity and though unsatisfied
with life's slow-pouring mud, it dearly

loves puppies
& kittens
&
la
la
la