

DUSTIN HELLBERG

Pap

The rain lisps as if thirsty for something more
than itself. The way the ladders hang down
from the helicopters that circle the city,
lines of cartoon rain. I am a place
so Paleolithic I make out with stones,
whisper to them, *The world ends every
day. Bacteria are the master race.*
The world is loud. Stick your tongue in my ear.

*But there is this woman about to board a flight
so rub some of this on the rash for the pain.*
Even on days that fell out of blossom, me & you

so cocky we rhymed plains with Spain and rain
because days there were we grew so rare and light
our selves began to outnumber ourselves.