

Why do
you insist? There's
nothing here. The timer's
broken, lightbulbs flare, jaw soldiers
and gland

soldiers
work round-the-clock.
A moratorium
on speaking its name must be kept
up, please

take me
away from here.
Night-frost sugared the mess
some kind soul removes with a rake
—easy

does it—
no one knows what
to do, of course. We cry
out. The parking lot's standing on
its head.

Nothing
ensures the jinx
will ever be dislodged.
People can't help fixing to gob
on life,

suspect,
teeth showing breath
bellows at full extent
pink froth at whiskers I'm not quite
done yet,

teacher.
She takes my name
becoming one of us
to jack off the referendum,
help out,

we shoo
away the songs
and they crawl into us,
staring off into space where no
one moves.