



the dogs

the dirty dogs of Egypt slide down my bones
and the cat goes home in the morning
and I think of agony when there's little else to
do, and there's usually little else to do
except think the agony might kill us --
but, perhaps, what really saves us from it
is our being able to luxuriate in it --
like an old lady putting on a red hat.

yet my walls are stained where broken glass has
pissed its liquor.

I see agony in a box of kitchen soap
and the walls want their flatness to be my
flatness, o the dirty dogs of Egypt,
I see flatirons hanging from hooks
the eagle is a canary in the breakfastnook
eating dry seed and cramped by the
dream.

I want so much that is not here and do not know
where to go.