

from inside here
in the center
like the hubcap
on a wheel
that the sun's rays
shine from
when not obscured by clouds
or spattered with mud
so look
i can't see anything
i have nothing
to say or write
so don't

THE BUTCHER

he's a nice guy
quiet soft spoken
spends a lot of time alone
hiking in the mountains
his wife off here & there travelling
& studying mapping her heritage
he hardly ever speaks
says it all with fewer words
than most makes his own
beer smokes a little hash
shows me the slaughterhouse
this is where it all happens
he says some can take it
& some just can't
take all that dying across
the road from his house things
with horns & hooves hover
in the air he says sometimes
when i've been out & come back
the smell almost makes me sick
& looking up sure are a lotta
stars out tonight isn't that
taurus up there

WESTWOOD

she announces over burgers
that what she really
wants is to go back
to vegas & get some
silicone tits