

gagaku

this is the first poem
perhaps for 8 months

it has little chance to
succeed

it's going to wormwood review for
judgment

and now it's time to
get down to
biziness

I did paint 50 or so
canvases in the
silence of
the last 8 months

but the hell with that
it's time to get
down to biziness

demons in burlap
bags
potato sacks
only eyes show through
holes in the
sack

and there's not much
to see

the whites of the iris
are more
grey than white
large black pupils
now reduced to pinpoints of
black

the mouth seems to be moving
under the sack
large lips seem to chew slowly
as a camel

perhaps it's not the
stuff of art
this camel like chewing
of lips under
burlap