

THE SUBURB

I

The bones crackled again this morning
in the graveyards.
They flexed inside stucco skin surrounded
by dicondra manicures,
Prepared to appear human, assumed
shapes and shrouds
Recognizable only to clean white femur.
Any corpse allowed;
They gently jerk in classic spastic
vengeful nonchalance.

New bones come with long ribbons of
pulpy skin
To evidence a sign of life. No matter!
I know when
They will be dull white, all and all
and all the same.
Tonight the bones will pile themselves
to rest again.

II

Consumptive souls cohabit our
red desert;
Some ectoplasmic wrinkles

show the signs
Of tightness and constriction
under pressure
Seldom seen in spirit
haunted plains.
Our desert is a valley
full of tar
And fascinating fungus,
fornicating
Prehistoric life forms.
Hairless, staring
Creatures disappear
digested by
The boiling blackness. This
one struggles,
Newly bogged, with arms
resisting shapeless
Sucking forces, flailing
lethal currents.
Others long abandoned,
faces black
With hopeless former strain, have
ceased to move,
Accept remaining fluid
time of life
Resigned, dispassionate, burnt-out
leper husks.

Consumptive souls cohabit our
red desert'
Opaque remains that belched through
gangrenous ooze,
Reminders of their goal
infested end.

III

This is a tired day.
It hangs and hangs.
While time sulks
The tinsel ghetto
Vomits dull, despondent shadows.
A love dies in the ghetto
And dogs don't mount
Because it's so improper.
Children train for boredom
With young yawns,
Never seeing that there are no old,
No poor, no black, no dine, no evil things
To tease and torment.
Words are never touched or tasted;
Fondle colors only decorations.
The tinsel ghetto grapples,
Soothes; it whispers sublimated
Suicide to minds so weary

That they die by proxy.
Tomorrow is a tired day;
It just hangs and hangs.

IV

Cement veins bulge and choke.
Coagulating metal globs
From capillary ends
Distend convulsively and throb
With leukemia intent.
Sounds blend within, without the gear
Engaging plasma grates,
A terrifying clash of fear
And brakes, of indolence
And shattering appeals. Squeals and
Bloated fumes bombard
The lattice, concrete wasted land-
Pollute insentient slaves.
Tenacious, phallic landlords curse
The carrion corpuscles
On either side, a sea of hearses
Servo mechanized
In cybernetic random starts.
Pumping beats pursue;
The pulmonary flow imparts
Frothy fits of motion.
Anxious, anxious, snapped frustration;

Hours, years of dead time
Causes casual castration.

V

The walls! The walls!
In Dachau and Buchenwald
We had to walk
A bit, and peer through Bromo fears
That bubbled tough,
To see the brick and barbed bounds
Of our despair.
We needed no excuse at all
To hate or blame,
To choke our rasping hisses
Of injustice.
Someone else had built those walls
And we would die.
But these walls belong to you.
Protect them.
Push them up around the frosty
Little barns
To keep the winds and people out-
And you within.
Escape the howling pantomimes
Of ugly toads
That snarl and snap from under rocks
And rotten logs

In slums, in rancid ghetto swamps.
Just talk and vote-
And smile your placid turnip smiles
Inside the walls.

VI

Within the walls the sleepers
Are exhausted by the rabid skunk
That fastened dully
on the scrotum
Of their minds.
Where are the
Feather fingers,
Enchanted
By a ridge eroded scar,
Exploring for a file
Of wrinkles
Like a blind lover?

What tongue
Will know the salt upon
A fingerprint
In search of color puffs
So real in riddles
On a magic day?
Is no warm breath
Waiting in the surf,

Wailing

To be received by flared nostrils?

Where is the word that says

The word is not important

Now?

If I could---

All the bones would know

Each other just by

Touch,

And I would dance

Among the pits,

Dissolve

the walls with irony

And tears.

I would lead

The children through

The streets of Hamlin,

Scalded

With imagination.

The days would sparkle

With a thousand

Dancing whored;

I would foliate

Cement

And breathe the scent

Of eight star

Metaxa

In all lungs becalmed

By isolated winds.

I would make

Poets

Of them all.

