

Rough/early draft

We May Never Get Back Here

after Erik Satie

1

Allow yourself some ecstasy or else.

There's heaven & there's having
soup in half a hat with your back

to a birthday. Pity is the currency
of sleep pants. I laughed to feed
the fireflies. Justacorps appear

to ask about the real body, night
roaches straight razors eating
from the eyes like a record

2

needle, music carving circles in a mirror,
like when you hear a sound or phrase so
right you have to hum. Teacher hugged

his daughter like a haunted rocking chair,
& was I watching a soldier disintegrate?
Was I a bird crying on pictures of more

beautiful birds? *Then the angel left her*
like a two-timing grandpa, hell on her
hands, shrinking in some coffee shop.

3a

What do you think of a winner
that talks about my names? You're the only animal
at home. I watch thunder

experience a horse. Each of her eyelashes
smelled like a different perfume. A lot of dogs are waiting
to please the paper, wear a sigh, bite the air, the *right*

there. I think you're
the talking I've been with

all day. I twisted the cigar
into a fortress of dust.
I was in a taxi with all your time.
I am a night animal

rolling in the want. The dead are loud.

Stay for the morning.
You'll like getting born.

Aren't you tired up there
with your long mind? Perhaps I'll make a noise,
a need. a pause in
the claw.

How deep is the clock
A heavy room is passing through the silence.
Turn the clock until the room
is yours.

You know
the trouble of objects that give you
no trouble. Here you are—

I've always had a feeling that a soldier is
standing alone under the lost,
falling apart in the facts,
killing nothing, just sliding into sum,

heavy snow.
Your neighbor is old & in the wrong

room, back in their unfinished
world. Open your mouth &
lie. Go on, I'll pour your
throat into a room,
like the night

you got your eyes.

contort

across the stage & blow a kiss
into the curtain.

3b

A dog can hear your disc slip.

The mind is a generous butcher.

Our home is a lilac dropped
at our feet like cigars or the afternoon. I only know America

in words. Live in the earth & don't forget the earth.
Who can afford to live in a house
with a woman no one bothered to name?

Revere the word apart. You've forgotten me.

The body is

a child in a watertower changing
into America. But what about dancing?

Just one dance before you stand
in the street. I was

always a few laughs. The naked mind

will say America is us, the last bird in the road
on a string. Perhaps it's not a bad idea to stay

children, a home without money, laughed
human. America's tricky enough without
teddy bears turning in the blood. What I mean is
a family died inside this house. That's all.

What kind of family? A very attractive one.

I was going underground the other day
to find a house, become a stranger & grow old,
to kneel at any face & kiss the manic curtain.