

collateral damage

a few rabbits built
of sticks
and wet skin scraps shiver
and snatch bites
out of the brown bald grass.
winter is a hum of motors.
winter is a field with no borders.

january 16, 1992

4:47 pm

kelly calls. *it's raining. wanna
see a movie? they've started bombing baghdad.*

at the field's centre
over a few shaking fur scraps
a tree splays wet

black limbs like filaments
running
inside air, air
flattened out
of the third dimension
air that's flat like a circuit board
like a glass pane

bare black tree bug
slammed on a windshield

i am
walking to the theatre
in the streets umbrellas
float and
bounce in streams
rain falls on us in waves
and makes the city

grey, fleshy, body
 struck on pavement.
 i stop at the bus shelter. i read
 an ad in the paper

ROADKILL!

You hit it, you eat it!

Obtain the color brochure on Roadkill
 Products and order the
 Roadkill Cookbook the song cassette
 by Ike Turnpike and the Ditchcombers
 plus caps aprons oven mitts

the limbs
 are bare and
 black, null
 space, the place
 where the glass has
 cracked. night sprays
 through, drowning the grass
 in a widening pool

night is a thin
 burnt fluid night is
 collateral damage
 night is flowing around my ankles as i run
 to the next bus stop.
 you hit it, well,
 you eat it.
 a siren sings a siren sings
 the air splinters