

CAN'TILEVERED: THE SHADOW TO THE SKALD

To say you had a cathedral is an understatement. Buttresses
anchored to the sun. Arches, casements, windows, framing sky.
Heirloom tomatoes. Moon for a nightlight. Lady for the arm.
Stars bubbling the champagne. Wind & season, familiar pets.
Hit the ground running! Showed up eager. Showed up willing!
Black Jack! 21 didn't know what hit you! Knew the hot and cold--
I'll give you that. Drive them spikes. Drive them spikes!
Into the heart of years. Into the brain of decades. Working so the ore cars,
the coke cars, the dolomite, the lime, the T-bottles—those Aladdin's lamps--
the scrap cars, box cars, hoppers, gondolas--take me to Venice baby--
the coils, the flats, inbound, outbound-- the loco motive--
the steel mill could boogey into rust. Scrap yard baby. Cut it up!
Goodbye healthcare. Goodbye health. And buy yourself a heart.

Reflections on a deepening Lethe. Beautiful Ohio. Beautiful man.
Had it all. Gleaming chariot. Afloat on jeweled water. Sycamores crackling
stars. Horoscope and horror-scope. Overwrought and overdrawn.
Roy G. Biv cashing leaves. A couple of gargoyles working overtime
in your boilerhouse. The one called Spit. The one called Swallow.
Old Ah. Old Om. The royal Yes and No. You think about some place you been.
Some places you haven't. Some sweet thing. The almost. The utmost. The didn't.
Someone you miss. The times you don't. Weathered birdhouse. Feathers rustling skull.
Hung around. Lingered like a bur. Don't know why.
Why don't grease the axle. Why just a cry. The river gliding by.
The heron squawking fuck! Maybe you're stunned. Teetered cause you're tottered.
Can'tilevered. Got some hooch stashed inside your hut.

But look who's limping up the river bank. Poetry!
Po Em. Better grab her while you can. A man's got to smile.
A man has got to cry! You dig what I'm saying dude?
She's going to talk your ears off. Maybe give a lap dance.
Remember how the sirens sang round the sunken swimming pool.