

Clouddead "Dead Dogs Two"

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From the height of a highway on-ramp we saw:

2 dogs

Dead in a field

Glowing on the Oakland Coliseum

Green seats wasteland,

Dogs we thought were dead...

Rose up when whistled at,

Rib cage inflating

Like men on the beach

Being photographed.

Guard dogs.

For what...

Against

Overzealous

Penniless

Athletics

Fanatics

Getting

Into

Games

Through a

Hole in the

Fence?

For the owner of the blue tarp tent

Pitched by a creek beneath the on-ramp,

In the privacy

Of the last three trees

In dead east Oakland?

It's hard to stand the sight of two dog's dead

Under a sky so blue.

You have to stop the blood to your head

To fit the death in front of you.

We secretly long to be some part of a car crash.

Long to see our arm stripped to the tendons,

The nudity of swelling exposed vein

Webbing the back of your hand.

To be red tendoned dogs...

Blood breathing by the side of the highway.

Long to be dead
Of a curious crowd...
To be touched
Sticky like nearly dry paint...
Their soft science stare
Nursing your face...
Anticipating the slightest
Pinched
Eye
Flinch
Of pain.
Everyone blank
In accident awe
As the car
Crash
Fiber
Glass
Dust
Straight up settles
On your raw muscle tissue.

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