

Little Joe Gould "Canyon Inn, Room Sixteen"

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your hourglass shape in the light half covered in cloth
the rest untouched .

thinking i don't feel like being a sentimentalist today
and whispering wake up, wake up, the rain is slowing.

"i was faced with a three headed cyclops in the south
seas, no place for cucumber trees. and oceans of wine!
no place for me"

"what happened in the story?"

"what?"

"in the sultan's palace... did you escape? were you
killed"

"i don't know... it was all a long time ago"

touching a hand to a head the static of the radio
humming someone humming something pretty off
where the antenna just can't reach.

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