

Subtle "Silence"

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The silence between radiators and constellations takes
place some three odd dreams before a vacation

Meeting gears clumsily detaching a man's hand in the
dust crunching machine of an aspirin factory shift
Adding their glued open eyes to
The good Reverend Pitman's hard to find bird head
collection

Then the dream trails off into long drawn out
conversations
Set in sickly lit hospital halls and over cleared tables
In office space about Workers Comp
And what the headache folks are willing to give up

In order to endure that today is the day that no one
went bald
Today is the day that no one went bald
Today is the day that no one went bald
That today is

There's a brief intermission

They offer you money for love and a popular song
A license to pill and spare no expense
In the supper with big Dr. Moon and Gun

The dream ends in an extended stay America kitchen
You're beating eggs, you look down for the wisk
You see a sealed off wrist on repeat

Completely destroying the snow globe
And a day begins before and during next
Between space heaters and constellations

And again from the bed with the boy
In the absence of an absolute aspirin
There watching you through your bedroom window
A winter bee slurs its legs on a half snipped
Sprig of barbed wire while you imagine
Page five gallons pouring pink into the center of clouds

Or you or the other way around

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