

## Why "White English"

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Tongue gone dumb  
From disuse at some  
Numb young sea-scum's post  
Bottle after bottle after bottle out sink  
Cold filled to the cork with uncrackable code  
So good through the years the knots went  
That it's alphabet was even forgotten  
Me? I'm head vessel for a fleet of tears  
Out on my old man's bones parole  
Under sail only for a hole to hell to fill  
With handfuls and handfuls of loose-earned dust  
Or plug up level really with anything other than us  
And then to toss a dusty rug over--

Lost (lost lost) in translation. Lost.

To a kingdom of light I wish tonight to fall witness  
But victim to a spite it might incite sickness  
I sit in and pretend and through it write hymns:  
Tight-limbed in white English as my one and trite  
business.  
Light as a nice fat rice sack boiled in water  
Out farther than the house of my father  
Waiting in the sitting room of yet another doctor  
I taste what little bitter roots this winter has to offer and  
Without a son or daughter to shoulder the debt  
Alone with the past and prone to regret  
Dreamt my death by a knife on a path in Burnet  
But under the bedspread, I'm younger than dead yet.

Lost (lost lost) in translation. Lost.

Even an opal heart hopes all night  
In the bright, biting strobe lights  
And bitter cold, as the living set up  
To a long white joke told through sun up  
'til the bones and bodies spun around them fold.  
Hopes all night through the old lone fight  
And the bright vast cold, but there's no punch-line  
By this told whack joke for all one's life is surrounded  
'til the black hole and bodies spun around it fold.

Lost (lost lost) in translation. Lost.  
Lost (lost lost) in translation. Lost.  
\*(Glass shatters)

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