

You're trying real hard

Hi big eye,
singular, beating lashes —
thick like pencils.

A man in a brown puffer-jacket enters with fingers forced into the air.
He's singing under his breath
but in a way where we can all hear it;
It's an unavoidable whisper - a drone that
asks for directions from the soul behind the desk:
"It's upstairs on the right" he says.

Those fingers how they bend
forefinger and little one, horn-off each palm.
They curl and tighten as
Abject little signs to the world;
thrusting further and further until
they are pink and flushed.
Unyielding and compressed.

So that flesh - quivers and itches.
It's this poster paint pink -
And you can smell the gum-water,
And the glue
that binds cheap pigment together,
which in turn becomes pores and hairs
Laid out over a canvas.

The large eye hovers again,
a pearl-like globe over a desk and over a floor.
Papers spread out,
cigarettes half finished
gathering around extensions of fingers
of breaths
And coughing fits of
"Get the damn pen to the paper boy!
Get it out and down however it falls...
Just let it fall, man."