

bleeding the giant

glow

you put-upon machine flowing glory goddess
leg brace tucked under your arm you'll blow up scream
eventually

in the minivan painted with innocence carting about
peers of equal timbre and expensive shampoo
fake gas log fireplace glowing like you till sweating
occurs

and i'm coming to the next-to-last topic
on my list, my conversation menu, which is a good clock
for the rest of my stay, so i strap my laces
back on and skid away, snow drifts higher,
sealing you away, you cask of amontillado.

bricks of cold pressed and spitting on
my tires they want your head buried in
calculus and *Seventeen*

donuts and figure-eights later we re-enact and
continue the bizarre communion we share.

follow the bouncing balls as they hit you in the
nose, wipe away the blood with one
of luciano's sweaty hankies, you six-foot
statue of auburn-maned ivory
spinning on their
tightrope that they pull tighter and bounce as your
knees bend backwards, your balancing act
applauded and lauded and hissed by those
on the elevated two-by-four, falling off with every
wind that changes direction.

glow with furious defiance, my prodigious spectre
of flawed perfection. they will wrap you much too
tightly with the garland they garnish you with
(immovable and afraid to ask for answers)
and feed you to the deities
of blood-letting dedication.

their pagers bleep around you with a
symphonic madness, but
the plastic factory comes first, so your
tendons must groan before
you are free to push this load off your lap
and peek outside.

as usual, one poor
deluded schmuck of a synthetic peer
stands and gives you half a smile while
keeping an eye on all passing cars.

Matthew Gordon