

burned birthright

There was a
hole in the sky
because they refused
to believe in
dragons and wizards

pixie-dust
now swept and incinerated

even old stocking has hole
from hungry moth

she's a little curly-haired scientist
in a tremendous limitless laboratory
she notes all her observations
like the "X" on the floor
and her own drool.

her astonished smile is the
only evidence of her note-taking

i screamed when i saw spinning globes
and dreamed horribly of giant demons
with big red shoes
and watched the über-sheep dissolve, gurgle
and explode

while the serene yet formidable face of mary magdalene
melted
into a vehement skeletal banshee wail
with retribution for
everyone who continued to stare and
pledge allegiance to their jesus in khakis.

mary magdalene didn't visit me that night
and the elongated faces of the profane disciples
never showed up dripping on me either
and i was happy.

big dogs, jingle bells,
light sabers, little white ducks,
little white spots, muffing men,
bullfrogs and butterflies, old V8s,
featherbeds, tractor sheds,
coconut heads, puddle jumpers,
brooder houses, corn cribs, pole cribs,
and raunchy nurses all scamper about
in the caves below
my landfill.

when i spun in the rope swing,
and burned up my little blue
cowboy boots
scraping circles in the ground

they were all leaping about
in the garden
chasing away cicadas and bumblebees.

Matthew Gordon