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Monkey

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Monkey

Abstract
Redcapped like rage I am, and adorned with your metal necklace. The fetid, drying starfish you've thrown me to eat lies at my feet: my habit, swallowing your points. Otherwise and so, I am whittled too long, a kind of homeless.

Keywords
poetry, performing monkey, monkey

Cover Page Footnote
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Redcapped like rage I am, and adorned
with your metal
necklace. The fetid, drying starfish you’ve
thrown me to eat
lies at my feet: my habit, swallowing your
points. Otherwise and so,
I am whittled too long, a kind of homeless.
Too far
one of your mealy strays, my dance for
the public, rehearsed
as a wedding. My little striped jacket, a jail,
and you picked me
for my unveiling, how loud my buttons.
That I’d perform for
a squeeze. All I want is the dead’s perfect sleep.
And to trick you
into collars, curfews. Have you ever written
a song in pencil?
Your certainty drying, you give me wine,
not milk. Such
organ grinding. To show our differences,
I defecate your pages.
Now off to the disapproval woodshed. But
my smile turns
others smiling. I wander up freely to children.
And you are left
blowing hard across your mind’s scorched
valley, a garbage bag
torn. Your depth without heartreach, without
give, mouth strung
with lights of unknowing. You, mister, who holds
just the one side of a leash.