

rockeries

“How much the timid poem needs
The mindless explosion of your rage...”

For The Last Wolverine, James Dickey

it might be rage is the wrong word it might have more to do with a kind of hip-hop catamaran consciousness a letting it out to sea riding the wave bad blood cinder block stiletto spondee counterpoint that sits behind the suit the lineated variegated jetty that lines the shallows against the tide it might be a better fortune to follow the competent captains of entertainment the song merchants' mouth organ tapping foot the sell out to audience the unrelenting poll taking finding out what they like it might be rage is the wrong word that fever can only come to blood that the hot mind wants out that the sand however fine is full of glass it might be the birds nesting there deep in the tufts of their rockeries in the mean buildings of their sex their procreation their open-mouthed vulturous inheritors the worm-fed fish-fed products of evolution might be making a better sound it might be in that hunger in their stretched necks up on the rocks of their rockeries in their wide mouthed supplicant screams they make a better song a truer song a real song it might be rage is the wrong word that all the nests the scrimshaw etchings of bone and rock the tablets in the cave the walls of any cathedral it might be the sound is right in the rockery in the heart that needs to eat in the flightless little thing waiting to be fed it might be rage is the wrong word looking at the sea in the awe we have for the vast the fear we have for the vast how we watch it like it knows like we know dumb by being little it might be rage is the wrong word and all the tidy things we do the notches we make in the pearl handle the bed post the vita the billfold of our soul it might be rage is the wrong word that those little birds are praying in the rockery bent on communion a chorus of little heads needing a fix that's what the blood wants it wants to be fixed it might be rage is the wrong word that the bower bird's compilation of knickknack Feng Shui lock of hair junk yard decoration makes his point let's her know what he's about such an artless bird such an artless bird it could be that what the sea throws up what it leaves in its waves in all that sending out is a message a code a bottle in a note it could be that there is rage in the rockeries that the whorehouse moon the disc without blood the heatless little thief of light might be the desperate call rage might be the wrong word that the mean buildings of our flesh need out that the suits we wear however sharp make no sound we are the cold moon's voice voice of history such a little bird and it might be rage is the wrong word