

## LEO'S LIMBO LAMENT

What could a stuffed lion say to some keyboard fop? Twelve inches high with black oval toy vision no-lens glasses, sure I can speak, but for what do my lion-soul friends snarling in mounds of sticky leaves and shit send me via toy farm to the study of this little wizard of tongues? Give him words for his people, Leo, say that we're at zero, not one, with brittle trees and baffled seas and ice caps trumping the melting clocks of those once possessed by God, say that people are circus-toy dopes and the Masters of Symmetry Lions their only hopes.

My stuffing is uncomfortable, shifting as their mortal muscles and bones do and casting the mad geometry they and the fop know so well. My vision is toyshop, like theirs.

So this is how they live.

What can I tell him of ice or forest, sea or circus if he has not the music we offered? King of the Jungle meant, fops can never know, that we devoured all the sounds and returned them to the world with a roar the tinsel-throated teller cannot mimic.

No sound, no story.

And what of my kind? Oh, so stupid too, sending me with pathetic rhymes on useless missions to word-fallen fakes without lion voice to conceive lion word.

And where to now, toy Leo? Back to giddy imperious beasts, no longer masters or word kings or kin?

Where to, if nothing can sing through fabric or flesh?