

GUNS IN THE BASEMENT

I won't hold words to your head.
I'll take instead the cell of this poem, its
exposed metal toilet, communion

wafer-thin mattress, the high
bird of a window that turns
its white breast over and over.

I could be hiding in heavy traffic,
instead, left again, another, again, another
cell of difficulty. Revolutionary sugar

cube in winter never melts on the tongue.
Set on the snow: a crystallize maze-
eye of fanaticism, smashed monk spectacles

iced upon the plastered alcove, beneath
the aristocratic, soft leaded glass.
(I will never tell you it can wait.)