

*Adam Shechter*

***Wild with the Ducks***

I've come in November, both mocked and caressed  
by a chilly mist, then light rain, down the winding lavish tongue  
of a worn asphalt road, through trees undressing, clutching onto  
their last few leaves like bent over elegant old ladies.

I am bashful, but seek the stomach-lake  
Swinging two bags of softly puffed up white-bread,  
Just purchased from the local Key Food store  
Obnoxiously emitting their Orange Stickers,  
Brightly breaking open the consistency of  
depressive autumn hue with 99 CENTS Shining.  
Like the ten-year old boy anticipations  
just beginning to peck below my pants,  
Soon it will be raining in white bread pieces,  
and I will have ascertained an authentic understanding  
of all those Hellenistic references that I have stared  
so blankly over throughout the years,  
An affinity with Homer so true, I instantaneously  
Ascend to the morbid grandeur of ruling class,  
And begin holding court with Mother Nature  
in this Brooklyn sanctuary called Prospect Park.

The seagulls are LUNATICS!  
because they know what they want!  
Their bodies have been dried out  
by concentrated desire, leaving a puppet like residue  
of frayed white feathers and primitive curled nails.  
They are the Eternal Fiends, unethical  
Politics perfected in small bodied brainless feeding.

But it's the ducks whom I truly care to feed  
The ducks who have brought me beyond the indoor perimeter.  
So I hold my land against the threatening claws and eyes  
Guarding this forlorn pool of Brooklyn water  
And wait through the hallucinations of my very own scared faces.

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For I want to get want to get Wild with the Ducks  
So wild with the Ducks,  
I truly do not give a fuck!  
When I get wild with the Ducks.

Throw crumpled white bread into the air!  
Like you just don't care!  
Whirling while square pieces like divine emanation Frisbees.  
Three pieces at once, and the sound become terrible,  
Excitement cracking up gullets with agonized squawks  
As one bill after the next breaks open the icy water,  
And comes up chugging the saturated starchy balls  
As my arm cocks back and then shoots the next white sugar bomb  
Another little beady-eyed head darts down,  
Then returning to the surface with a steadied anxious devour  
My hand breaks apart more and more bread,  
And there comes to be at least 30,40,50,60 ducks swarming  
Just below the pale gray sky of swooping seagull rain.

As I lose all control from what is between my mouth  
And theirs, and their sounds and mine  
And my breath and the duck's, all the movements of hunting  
Of the wrestling of webbed feet stepping upon supple back,  
Then vicious feathery reproaches.  
I throw piece after piece after piece  
Until the lake has become but one bubbling soup of duck head and ass,  
Going up and down and all around  
with the most horrible flapping wings,  
And grand complaints sing,  
Ligaments hanging like string  
Oh, how they fight over the heavenly Manna  
With bills of partially opened longing  
Snapping, screaming, shoving, biting, shoving,  
biting, snapping, biting  
over the very last scrap of Water logged bread.

In my mind, I emerge from the water,  
And lay on the oily sand, retrieving my breath

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As one last duck approaches,  
There is no more bread I glare,  
As we make intimate eyes  
He interrogates with inscrutable platypus stare.  
There is no more bread, I apologize,  
And he concedes, beginning to swim away.  
One by one they engage a crudely satisfied departure, leaving  
Only two behind, whom have completely lost their minds,  
Enjoined in an infinite circle of biting the other's ass.  
By the twentieth screaming circular pass,  
Their bird rage touches eternity through brokenness.  
As I lay with closing exhausted miserable eyes on the filthy shore,  
I gaze the event with a terrible primordial guilt.