Clay Ventre With Pineapples in Her Head

she walked in legs crying a whisper demanding the inventor of the sun reveal himself she'll know it (by God) that God who took a banjo to the moon debased it to barren rock dressed it in stupid and handed it over to somedumb poets

she announced her intention to be spectacular in our sight to take all cakes and eat them too

and it was spectacular and all the cafe's in all the world shaking with fever and bells dangling-dumb in churchtops hung up their rung on a nail and quit thenandthere

¿and here?
all anyone could think to do
was jazz some music
— some saxophonista
might make'er bend
'cause walkingby she made
things
fall off other
things
even the wallpaper
gave up the fight
and let go the wall
and sighed to the floor

The Losers

we lost to the rain the rain lost to the sun the sun lost to the moon we are shot-though pleasure-unhinged impossible crab-like things

we-drunk
we-firetrucks at the opera
gin-soaked gun-toters
leaning at the step
Gomorrah-bound beasts

-¿is we lucky?

the world will flood-up under us
we'll lose
we'll drown
they'll call us heroes but
we were only winged-things
at the best of times
with no place to land

the return of some matador

some brace of machismo machine

you see,
the matador/toreador/son of no father
started as a tiny cosmonaut
upsidedown
floating
in the womb of the matador-mother
mother who she was destined
to climb up and into being
her own mountain

her legs under-dusty-dress

clanged

her fists tenderized the meat of some blight of crop that left her

longing

something other than some litany of incessant-

village-clamoringsomething-about

government -etc.

some medieval man some false mustachioed laugh at an actually-funny thing some palsied reckoning some genius plan of bad ideas some orbiting thing

that won't leave her alone

even when she closes her eyes she held it all together only ever before he entered the ring for the first time and shifted the color spectrum of the sun