

DEAN YOUNG

Man Pointing with Cane

An archway, a boatramp, foam.
Trance summer headlight sale.
Breasts of women.
Llama drawn on graph paper.
Breasts of women in bathing suits,
parachutes, in Montana,
horserides making them move.
Step into this big ass light source
so through your raiment I may see.
A goal-line runs from my heart to yours.
Sure was giving the tracking device
a workout. Arf arf in the moonglade.
I do not know which to prefer,
the innuendo or the full-frontal,
the blackbird singing or the blackbird
in the hand. What was it the Greeks
believed about the breasts of women?
Certainly the best place to put a nipple.
No problem then with documentation.
O mechanics, fix me now! Swallowing —
have I ever done it before?
There's a sunrise in my sandwich.
A problem with walking down the street.
Fly-fishing breasts of women.
Mountaineering. In general,
when the elevator plummets out of control,
lie flat on the floor
even though you may feel a need

to jump up and fly away. Away is impossible.
There's a crash in the parking lot,
a fire at the pool. When impact
is unavoidable, move into it,
letting as much as possible move through you,
the body but froth in a shockwave.
Well, not exactly.
My hair is gray now,
the governor sends me to the parafin district,
medical students crowd my room.
Uunnngghhhh.
The breasts of medical students.
Volcanologist's housecall.
Dark upward as in the Romantic sublime.
Biblical, stopping short of commandments.
Yogi Berra even and the breasts of women.
Let's go to the police station and explain.
Bad idea!
Let's open the second bottle.
Everything in present tense.
Voting block. Opposite of dust.