

PAUL S. WOOD

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*Little Ontological You*

A tiny god's fly is open and some of his best ideas  
get loose and wander around town.  
The Couple Falling in Love walk into a bakery.  
They order His and Hers Crullers, a pair of pastries  
elaborately entwined in a discombobulated double helix.  
The Man Who Doesn't Feel So Well sits at a bus stop.  
He is interfered with by Some Thoughts about Childhood  
and forgets for a moment the Squeaking in His Liver.  
The Dog That Knows Too Much wears  
a Hawaiian Shirt and a Mustachioed Nose with Glasses.  
He thinks They will come for him soon.  
He sips a margarita and reads the paper  
by a Swimming Pool Made to Resemble a Beach.  
The Couple Falling in Love drift lazily by  
on inflatable alligators and think about Progress.  
The night is warm and full of Phenomena  
Visible to the Naked Eye.  
Large Chunks of Colored Rock fall out of the sky  
and smolder brilliantly on people's lawns.  
The Dog raises an eyebrow and is chased away  
by a pack of men in dark suits and striped ties,  
but soon reappears and is wearing a Long, Shaggy Beard.  
He's changed his name and is writing an Encyclopedia  
of Vague Thoughts and Historical Misunderstandings.  
The Couple Falling in Love lie naked in a Room  
Lit by Moonlight Filtered through a Slow-Turning Fan.  
A letter lies unexamined on an Old Oak Table.  
The tiny god is zipping up his fly.

The Dog That Still Knows Too Much stops  
mid-sentence and gazes out the Window.  
There's a Word He's Forgotten,  
and then another. A Nasturtium dangles . . .  
a bed squeaks momentarily . . . a baby  
is delivered in the Cutting Room.  
Is waving its arms, full of Unexpected Life.