

DEAN YOUNG

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*Weird Fricking Clouds, Huh?*

I'm feeling mildly psychopathopneumophilic,  
pawky and roseate as a bee searching  
for its bee-key. No need to read too much  
into that, the evening's in metaphase,  
chromosomes taffy-pulled apart. Tomorrow  
will have two nights, or one with two heads  
and pretty soon my insurance will be pulp,  
an oligarchy's clogging my tub,  
the prisoners I mean parishioners  
stumping for cyborgs. November, a turkey  
at one end and 50% off bags of stunted  
candy bars at the other like a life  
beginning rather hazily and harshly,  
awash in gory plasmas, soft of head,  
then ending in an equally icky event  
although here is where mythology comes  
to the rescue like an eagle plucking  
the radiant soul from its blood agar  
petri dish. Believe that? How about  
a familiar come with a bucket to mop up  
the mess you've made of yourself?  
Before this world, there was another  
and the people like us carried dust within  
and wanted what they could not have  
and left what they had out in the rusty rain,  
the busy, befuddled surfaces uncorrected  
by light. And when they died, they were so  
stupefied even cockroaches pitied them,

their president inconsolate with his broken  
yo-yo, shouting Attack! Attack!  
Their abbots drunk in golf carts,  
scrambled egg on the text, human grease  
on the mint steps, an ichorous footnote  
to my present journey into the bleached forest  
of fading limbic screeches. I consider myself  
a form of extinct life, irislike with roots  
primarily above ground, froglike with extra  
sterile gonads. The impossible challenge  
of the future is to live in it, drenched  
and sorting bricks left from the blast factory.  
My world too has nearly come to pass,  
its never getting here not preventing it  
from being gone. But you already know that,  
you who are my replacement, pathogen,  
hippogriff lecturer. I like your perfume.  
I smell it everywhere.