

DEAN YOUNG

Lives of the Hallucinators

It was my idea that the elevator never
stop, certainly not at every floor. But
they ruined my idea and stole my idea for
the happiness of dogs so now I'm buffing
windshields with a Cheeto-tinged rag.
People come round with big attachments
on their heads like swans, filthy
glimpsed-from-the-bottom swans
and the glistening is upon them
like the glistening of vials of blood.
Struggle to get away, just get gummed up,
menace glistening like pickpocket monkeys
on the temple steps. Are we talking here
brain dysfunction via blunt instrument
or the usual dream infusion, usual
bleed-through from the afterlife?
Under her desk, my advisor has a missing leg,
a famished lion crouching in her signature
and the president's a cannibal, he's made
dirty water in the ovum. So what
can you say under those attachments?
Can it be put on index cards for review?
I promise not to get them wet even though
someone's shaking the snow globe very hard,
the pavilion filled with puppets trying
to do each other in. Feral is my heart
glistening under its chicken wire.
Humid hammer glistening in the cloud.

Glistening in everything is the volition
to go on existing but some's leaking
into non-existent things. Hell, for instance.
No one knows how long it can last,
not even the volcano gods.