

KEVIN DUCEY

Beauty, first whale then monkey

Beauty you make me sad.
If you were a whale
and I a ship, I'd see you
coming for me

a rocket through the water
trailing incandescence
like celebrity's entourage:

Tell me again it wasn't about Fay—
My sides have windows
and off the top of my head you saw

The wars of mankind
wrapped in bandages

in such a way that Achilles might weep—
tying the rag ends about the wound

so that beauty might carry me
in her arms like a bit of
David Bowie stage business.

Remember love how we hate
our television,
all those false exclusions
from a box—and even Helen
once put her hand
on Hector's bloody arm
when he came home.