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Map

after Jasper Johns

The mouth opens.
Do something to it. Do
something else to it.
Music music. No I had
not seen the monkeys.
We are all cages
of meat. Anything
isn't more interesting.
A sluice. A palace.
Starshine of Canton.
What isn't. There
by the text-fountain.
We try to remove
the spar from the ship.
Beware the body.
Beware the mind's
slow animal, its polar
hum. *O.* Unthinking
watchman. Try
harder. The monkeys
screaming. Into
the perfect s(w)erve.
We must remember.
To infect, via touch.
It is not so small.
It is not so iridescent.
You had a dream I say.
A pearling growth.

The state is an object.
Blot the cage. Only
tarry. For a little
while. For a signature.
Hello hello hello.
Soldiers in the news.
The skin stretched,
almost invisibly.
Over the breast. Over
the marked breast.
As soap or newspaper
traps. The lying I.
In the present tense.
No secret intelligence.
The plaster calf
adrift from its upland,
fall or worship.
Sleep sleep cheeps
the monkey's sex.
Their smell a parallax.
A rebus. A red
diagnostic. Piecemeal
into the blind fire.
You are not a spy.
Inside the cage a seam
extends, a pure heat.
Varicose. Welded.
Place your wax inside
the thigh's blue
hour. Ennumerated.
Our underlying
structure, pierced.

Depends. Suspends.
The dancers move
within the plane. O
dreamless willow.
The budding clock
stenciled in dusk.
You can't "watch" it.
You are not a fire.
You are not a laundry,
a quince. A spline.
Kepler dismounts,
ripe from insect time.
Hello hello hello.
Signs the scented hand.
Signs the fountain's
scapula. Avid. Imma-
culate. Dry as bone.