Universal Applicant

Bill Callahan

Without work's calving increments
Or love's coltish punch
What would I be?
An animaless isthmus
Beyond the seaOh bees only swarm when they're looking for a home
So I followed them
I found the bees nest in the buffalo's chest
I drank their honey, that milk
I've seen this taste cased in almost every face
That's working to see it in all
And this kidnaps meTied up in a boat and kicked off to sea
In tight baby binding technique
My arm chews through the swaddling slings
There's a flare gun in my hand
I point it straight and point it high
And to the universe it appliesIt lit things up in lavender
Where I'd been was might go
I saw the calf
I saw the bees
I saw the buffalo and the colt
Well I'm sure they all laughed at me
At me solo in my boatThe flare burned and fell
The boat burned as wellAnd the punk
And the lunk
And the drunk
And the skunk
And the hunk
And the monk in me
All sunk
Sunk, sunk, sunk, sunk, sunkAll about Bill Callahan:

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