Transparent

The Servants

squid on my stomach exploding fat
lying on my belly pretending that
i was a whalewashed up on the shore in a sea blue coat
and a silken streamline pink and mauve
i drank from the graildon't turn your eyes
away from the window
it's a see-through disguise
on the pillowthe eye looked down as a hulking mass
spawned by the linger of floating gas
that clings to the lungsclose up all light with a curtain tug
follow the trail of the ceiling bug
and entwining tonguesdon't turn your eyes
away from the window
it's a see-through disguise
on the pillowdark eyes stare from the same place where
my head was bared in the icy prayer of nightmare
call up small to a tiny ball
or out to the hall, to the staircase fall
hear a distant callthe size of the bird was an ocean squid
i understood it secretly shared betweenme and the wall and the record and you
one and all grown askew
but there's you and the ten or two i've seencream in the ashtray
i take back the pictures to my dark hideaway

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