Universal Separation

Void Of Silence

a century of universal decay
in cyclotrons nuclei are split
souls are split, sounds are split insanely
while behind a quiet fence on a bench in someone's garden
doom weighs a century of separation
and her eyes are ancient and her palms are taut with nerves
it comes oozing
out of flowers at night
it comes out of the rain
if a snake looks skyward
it comes out of chairs and tables
if you don't point at them and say their names
it comes into your mouth while you sleep
pressing like a washcloth
beware, beware
nearby and cynical, death brandishes a hasty spade
here whispers are worse than curses, offer no consolation
how long the bureaucrats babbled on like crows about universal good...if you meet a cross eyed person
you must plunge into the grass, alongside the chilly ants
fish through the green fingernails and come up with the four leaf clover
or your blood with congeal like cold gravy
if you run across a horseshoe, passerby, stop, take your hands out of your pockets
and count the nails as you count your children or your money
otherwise a sand flea will crawl in your ear and fly into your brain
and the only wall you'll keep from going mad, is to be hit with a hammer every hour
if a hunchback is in the elevator with you
don't turn away... don't turn away
immediately touch his hump
for a child will be born from his back tomorrow
and if he promptly bites the baby's nails off
so it won't become a thief that child will be holy
and you, simple bird that you are, may go on flying
whan you knock on wood
and you go
you knock on the cross

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