

Polar Nettles

Neko Case

he takes his dinner in the bath
love sickened and infirmed
the orderly found him there
fileted on the marble stairs
hat still in hand
his smoking remains
blown out by a kiss from the sunday scene
sunday soon sunday soon someday soon someday someday his eyes are closed he mouthed the name the
rosary
her lips and tongue she is the centrifuge
that throws the spies from the sun
the cistine chapel painted with the gattling gun
someday soon x4oh the meadows set on end
move like starlings up a cliff and tenor of a foggy touch
the forcefield round his frosty hips
whose shape recalls the wicked spade
that buried him but on his lips the last rites of nerves
someday soon

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