

# 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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