

I WALKED MY SKELETON

To the blackboard
That morning

A bowl of Wheaties in my gut
My skin
Soft as leather but hairy

The color of wheat flour
A piece of chalk in one paw
I would prove in seven steps
That a small triangle

Was identical to a large triangle
Down the road past a tangle of far
Away traffic my father would taste
His last gulp of air When I scribbled
My name on the board to the problem

I signed his name

MY NEIGHBOR

Wants to buy
A green monkey

He wants
A green monkey
That masturbates

He wants
The green monkey
To scream & howl loud
About midnight and louder at 3 a.m.

He has scads of money
Hates his neighbors
Across the street
And imagines
Their cosmic embarrassment

I can't wait
To see
The stupid monkey and
Hear its midnight
Shrieks
While I am writing