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Lisa's Kazoo

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LISA'S KAZOO

Daniel M. Gannon

It could be a metal battleship or submarine
Rusted and weathered from many
Times of use, bearing a slightly
Rippled nose, possibly a mouth.
The blood and blue colors do not mesh
Cut in half with chosen symmetry,
Separated through the center like a thin
Layer of oil on a surface of water.
This object of tin has the spout of a whale,
Or maybe it's a crow's nest where a small sea farer
Can breathe stale briny air into his lungs.

The endings (or beginnings) are open,
A roundness at the corners
Like an overhead view of a jellyfish
Contracting its movement in the ocean.
Rolling to one side on a seething red belly,
Lying as if in pain or just plain apathy.
It hums and chokes, though, when the ends
Are closed and a breath is forced through it,
But it lives when it chokes and
Never ceases to live until the humming stops.
And though it can scream like a seal in fear
Or rattle like an outboard motor,
To it life all depends on the user.