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## I Saw, A Small God

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## I SAW, A SMALL GOD

Our boiling green splashy sphere  
furnished a range  
another awful mouth. Wonderful.

Snappy strings held masks to the heads  
of children pushing through grey slush and wind  
to homes tied-up with dogs.

Moose  
went the barren streets.            Wind  
scratched at the crust of drifts.

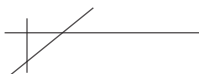
Passing deer making prints, you might leave  
small mounds  
where kids dug in, pushing,  
shrieking to be king of anything.

Doors hung behind chain-link,  
brown, counter to blue and green siding; sickles  
dripped on stoops; long hallways of numbered rooms whistled.

Grownups decided to be things they weren't.  
Track stars with knives. Bald. Painted green.  
We were told the man drooling  
in our neighbor's front yard  
was mostly a bottle of gin—giddy for more  
than another wild winter in Alaska.

Sense ensnared in icy gusts—the smell of sea bit,  
lap and drag of water over sand; fall's flouted leaves  
fled their brawny weave: freed—signals in





a dream, the painter, four-fingered for frostbite,  
rose nosed, abstract asleep—           Brushing branches heavy  
with needles, numb womb,  
twiggy, snow-shadowed core:

October. Your scratchy throat and  
breathing red eyes. Out, everyone flicked and puffed up,  
adjusted their  
masks. Orange fell. Sunny on grayed banks.

My mother equipped me with a pencil mustache and  
plastic six-shooters—4 dollars burnt in my pocket  
for bus-fare, maybe a hot dog, bubble-gum soda.  
I'd more than a few fingers to pick my  
  nose with.       I was  
  off! Emancipated.

Holding a candy cigarette in my mouth,  
I watched a shivering woman in white  
vomit behind the Laundromat  
and a bottle of vodka unhurriedly  
navigated his fickle landscape.

I loaded a fresh set of caps and cocked my pistol.

Arm in arm, the woman and her  
werewolf businessman embraced,  
stumbling under the suggestion of night.