

## **The Border Is Many Young Men**

In this room are no shadows The Pacific  
ocean is framed on 1 wall the prairie like

chopped brains on another Bales  
of hay fall out separate

as soccer players sleeping Drink baby  
clams from a wineglass Whirl clocks

on chains like criminals Forget everything  
but this: "A man can slap  
his head in the hair of a woman"  
there is no cause

There is no cause for alarm  
There is no cause When

the long wall crumbles dead men's bones will not  
support dead men's bones Do not give way

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