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## Frau Bauer Thinks of April in Prague

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S. D. Lishan

*Frau Bauer Thinks of April in Prague*

*...the more I write and the more I liberate myself,  
the cleaner and the worthier of you I become,...and the  
nights can never be long enough for this activity,  
which is incidentally quite sensuous.*

*—Letter from Franz Kafka to his fiancée,  
Felice Bauer*

K. watches clouds: "Their fiery cars of tears,  
gobs of tears tethered at the steaming gate  
of saffron-winged April." K.'s "little dears"  
of lines, not mine. Mine wear a moonlit freight  
of wishful, fleshly hunger. So it goes;  
the Wizard of Belief sidles up to *him*,  
whispers from the branches and overflows  
K.'s quickening-like-a-seed heart past its brim  
for just one more shorn taboo, one more shot  
of defiance, at *me*, chump, shoveler of rot  
and shit in the circus pen, safe home-old-  
always-know-I'm-there, old always-wait, old  
back-rubber-unbudded-unbutton-your-dress,  
broken...