

4-15-2021

Something to Praise

Myles Luedecke

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Luedecke, Myles (2021) "Something to Praise," *The Oval*: Vol. 14 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol14/iss1/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

SOMETHING TO PRAISE

Myles Luedecke

her lips crack like
barnacles, and there's

a deep red in there, grown
stab wounds, some

thing a peacock writes home
about. This some

thing of a man, stitched together
alive, a trailer park
of broken Michelangelos.

her nails blue gleam—
a thunk! Each floorboard

under a good night's sleep under
moon, under a seesaw, under

something that licks the ear
drums thrumming, a beat to

fuck to, tap dance around,
chew on the diction,
like a dog, something
that reminds me of

death. The canyons in your
head lose electricity and

the camera pans, and
the neck distorts like dishcloth, like
something that hurts to
hold—yellow kite, it

billows. The hearth ash pricks the
bottom of fingernails and

a straw breeze into both
ears, tickling ear of

wheat stems through
all the small orifices.

Something plumbers hear when
their wives have curled over, some

thing pugnacious, a
gymnasium full of three step dance.

Something I believe is tinnitus—
they've been at it for hours.