

Masthead Logo

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Duh

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BOB HICOK

*Duh*

My father is silent and distant.  
The moon is up though sometimes  
to the side which is also called  
over there. Coffee is better brewed  
than eaten straight from the can.  
When someone is dying  
we should unpack the clever phrase  
I am sorry. Wrenches  
the wrong size should be distracted  
until the right bolt arrives.  
Inside your head is a map  
of your house and inside that map  
is where you actually live.  
People doing jumping jacks  
look like they're trying  
to start a fire by rubbing  
the sticks of their body  
together. Vague nomenclature  
is not the correct response  
to *thank you*. It's surprising  
that pencils and erasers get along  
as well as they do. When dogs meet  
it's the scent gland not anus  
they sniff. There's the conviction  
in every head that someone else  
is happy. This is why we drool  
from jets at green rectangles  
of earth, why when we kiss  
we push hard to reach the pillow  
of the tongue. If we swapped  
mistakes they might fit neatly  
and with purpose into our lives.  
I'll lend you the day I locked  
my keys in my mouth

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if you give me the night  
you got drunk and bought  
a round of flowers for the house.  
Whatever my father wants me  
to know he tells my mother  
who tells me. This reminds me  
that if I put my ear to the ground  
I'll hear the stampede  
of dirt no cowboy can keep  
from rolling over my head one day.