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Elegy

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ELEGY

My hungry poems know
the disease of birth

each is all appetite
everything it eats lives

inside its eye's belly
as each man is a scholar

of his own digestion.
In August a holy man's

hunger devoured Vedas
on a rice paper

a thousand years old
reasoning

all paper is made of food
whoever eats the Vedas

can die into eternity
though poetry disgusts him.

Yet only a child who
hawks his name the sinks

between his bones his
dried testicles and bulbous eyes

for the crumbs of birds
can know this poem's greed.