

should i reverse this pattern
and get a look at things
from the floor up:
a stargazer with the floor beasts?

reject the dainty grammarian
on high? yes, i'll punctuate my life
with a wing-bone behind my ear,
preaching of a whimsical planet.

ruck-sack

i have always kept a loaded ruck-sack
in my closet.

no one has ever seen it, nor will they
until i throw it up over a shoulder
and wave goodbye with the other hand.

i'm a gypsy with a mustang, nine
buttondown collar shirts, six hundred books
filled with hokum and humbug, and who
will get it all when i've hit the wind --
naturally, my worst of enemies.

i play a good game.
i've cleansed myself with a slight tint of liberalism,
laugh at revolutionaries and other god makers,
plan to go pipi on the governors spats
if he ever shows up.

i made ready for this trip several months ago
while meditating on the general electric trade mark.
such a mystical configuration the world has never seen.

all my madness is packed in that bag:
Ellison's The Invisible Man, The Rosy Crucifixion
(all three parts), a few letters from
the girl in the pearlescent go-go boots,
a roll of chiffon toilet paper for gaga moments
when a bush will become a cherishable experience.

hello ruck-sack:
hello green twig sizzling, whistling, hissing
in the campfire:
hello rezina, raki, chilly swill of Parkbrau:
hello daughter watchers in train stations:

ruck-sack and i are coming through,
hoping to get our fingers in your ears.