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Caveman (Home)

Andrea Mikenas

There's a hole
just where the heart's supposed to be.
The hole is a home,
a cave.
The heart is where the cave is.
The heart belongs in the cavernous hole in the jacket
(stalactite strips of silk and gabardine and wool and velveteen);
home for the heart is where the cave is.
Home is got four walls --
caves don't got four, ninety-degree, cornered walls;
no plaster in a cave;
no potpourri in a cave;
no clocks;
no pictures;
no trips to the store as a means of revenge by caveman's wife after day of sleeping,
night of drinking --
in four-walled home.
Cave wife no return with tiger-skin rug
(do damage to bank account --
keep getting smaller,
lower
because caveman sleeping,
not out hunting
for Benjamin Franklin;
cave man only got pictures of the queen --
toll booth won't take 'em;
they's from a different time
different place)
in four-walled home.
Cave man go back to sleep --
don't breathe your liquor breath on me.
Cave man
don't touch me with your dirty hand
your dirty words.
Cave wife say nothing.
Cave wife dragged by hair.
Cave wife cook.

Cave wife raise little ugs.
Little ugs walk over cave wife
like new tiger-skin rug.
(I love you, tiger-skin rug.)
walk
walk
walk
step
step
step
Little Ug say,
"No! Stone Age over."
Little Ug leave for Renaissance
thousands of years away
Little Ug hear caveman's dirty words
smell the drunk stink;
Little Ug make it only to Middle Ages
falls backward
into God
back past lead
into rocks.
Little Ug mad as hatter.
Little Ug stink of failure.
Little Ug fall onto rock of Stone Age
rock of cave
onto tiger-skin rug
in no plaster, four-walled
home.
Little Ug got hole where the heart's supposed to be.
no tiger-skin rug gonna fill that hole;
no plaster;
no potpourri;
no clocks;
no pictures.
Little Ug got
cotton
leather
stalactite strips
where heart
home
supposed to be.