

Veteran

Michael Carey

here here here the garden is the same but the
houses grow fatter -- enough beauty in a lump
of garbage, in my hands weeding the soil I
saw you close the door and take a taxi uptown
god here it comes again, we don't have enough
sense to shut off the brain even animals look
the other way when we kill, the turnip bulb
looks like your head, there are more taxis
in the street, god god don't let me die
let leaves spread out from my neck
make my fingers green and stupid
but don't let them stay the color they are
or grow any redder

