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Plague Man

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PLAGUE MAN

We have plucked the bulb of day lily,
scraped the crust from an owl wound,
and taken the scum from a hill woman
in her time of month. And still
your sickness floats
across fences and corrupts men.
We burn mustard seed and cardamom,
push saffroned nuts between
our black and softened teeth,
pray until our knees ache.
Yet in the darkness of our lives
your death swims
like a fish in still water.

MENU OF HEAD

olive heads skewered
on small white plates
with red radish heads or
stuffed head of tomato
served beside
white head of butter
and two roll heads
followed by head of veal
smothered with black heads of mushroom
together with small heads of potato
skinned and boiled
and for dessert: mixed heads
of pear and pineapple
drowned in syrup