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Afternoon in the Jungle Shop

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AFTERNOON IN THE JUNGLE SHOP

Down in the garden my mother wipes the bees from her eyes.
The rose season is over but she's down there
looking for my father or a woman who resembles him.
It makes sense after all these years with her hand up her skirt
troubling us with her dilating.

When the neighbor leans over his fence and asks her
will she want to start a bonfire in the middle of the lawn
she falls down and nobody notices.
Meanwhile the neighbor's kids are bringing the wood over,
the scraps of shingles, the broken bottles filled with gasoline.

In this heat I stay upstairs and listen to my knees collide.
I've been banging them like this since I was four.
The rain will come and cool us all alive
like after the garden explodes and we get to see ourselves as we
will become.