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# Bud Cabal I

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## BUD CABAL I

Hooray, it is Spring, it is beautiful here, hooray.  
A note in my mailbox just wished me a blessed Beltane.  
Next, I spied last night's length of dental floss.  
Nexus? Abraxas, a tooth pow(d)er?  
Incisor<sup>2</sup>. The alchemical hum of the power saw  
eating its restorative breakfast below  
(below, below, below, yo ho, yo ho—uh oh:  
Dorothy, Kansas, wheat,  
Demeter, Kore, dragon's teeth . . .).

Below. The guy next to me wearing eau  
de fume on the subway. Toxic jacket (yellow  
jackets busy around bags of pine bark out front;  
the magnetic field of smell reducible to number.  
Don't forget the = sign. Each piece  
of former tree upended in the earth like teeth,  
a necklace of the next thing,  
and the magic winter coat of earth  
weaves green ornament and worms stitch,  
sometimes each other (like when  $2=1$ ,  
when  $I=I$  in the night), and I walk down  
the zipper stairs and those same numbers  
request an erotic tune and I give it  
to them (*you wear it so well*),  
bloom in me anytime bud)—  
when he left, I breathed and closed the book  
in which I'd written "eau de fume,"  
stink not smoke. Chem-i-cal.

I want you to say that 'i' like 'ee.'  
That is my blessing for you today.  
Smile pretty. It is Spring morn  
and you just with Abraxas  
brushed your teeth.