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Jericho Radio

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NORMAN DUBIE

Jericho Radio

—for Sam Pereira

I.

One coffee tin with grease in it, the other
with inky fists of turquoise—the faded
calendar page: platinum, rose
buttocks, a lens
of runoff, the snow again
on the mountain—two goats
in repetitive motion, night
pulse where the whistle on a steam
locomotive fills the valley
with absolute contour and volume.
The Leonids sparking a nostalgia
on the old Hayden's Ferry telegraph
and a long dead cat hears it.

The pastel awning of a Veterans Day
saying, *the Leonids*
are not important.
You know. Or men
fake orgasms also. Broad snow on the Estrellas.
Another winter shoe of cold.
You should apologize to your physical corpse,
like Cosmo Monkhouse did,
then spilling the chamber pot,
reaching for his bowl of tea.

II.

Not the sun-yellow grocery across the street
from the Veterinary Hospital, but
I'm buying boxes of frozen fish and
frozen asparagus. Thinking my cat

has slowed with diabetes, I now know
that she is dead before the sun can set.
Between us there is rush hour
desert traffic
with dangerous pinball flubber
rain falling across it. Here, sudden rain
leaves them nude and confused,
more envy of schoolboys.
They are cradling slimy pods the size of day moons.
Weingarten called it the vaccination moon.
Our friend Kenneth is already dead
of mystery in Mexico. *I know.*
But he had to age
before he could get away with it.

III.

The Chinese laborers forced to accept
a freight train in a snowy mountain pass
for that prayer you wake from
in an opium paralysis,
a faded calendar page, saying
wake again, fool, it is Bastille Day
and they're going to shoot
at that big stupid fuck de Gaulle
again. Lyndon Johnson eating
a banana split
in a cracked porridge bowl
in the darkening office.
The sad and pathetic child. At least
he was honest
like a boil on a goat
or a morning apocalypse
followed by a rainbow with azure lemonade filling it.