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Jericho Radio

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—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.