Duh

Bob Hicok
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My father is silent and distant. The moon is up though sometimes to the side which is also called over there. Coffee is better brewed than eaten straight from the can. When someone is dying we should unpack the clever phrase I am sorry. Wrenches the wrong size should be distracted until the right bolt arrives. Inside your head is a map of your house and inside that map is where you actually live. People doing jumping jacks look like they’re trying to start a fire by rubbing the sticks of their body together. Vague nomenclature is not the correct response to thank you. It’s surprising that pencils and erasers get along as well as they do. When dogs meet it’s the scent gland not anus they sniff. There’s the conviction in every head that someone else is happy. This is why we drool from jets at green rectangles of earth, why when we kiss we push hard to reach the pillow of the tongue. If we swapped mistakes they might fit neatly and with purpose into our lives. I’ll lend you the day I locked my keys in my mouth
if you give me the night
you got drunk and bought
a round of flowers for the house.
Whatever my father wants me
to know he tells my mother
who tells me. This reminds me
that if I put my ear to the ground
I'll hear the stampede
of dirt no cowboy can keep
from rolling over my head one day.