

And How Will Sunday Find You

And how will sunday find you find you
shaking among your artifacts dry fingers
both of you. And how will monday monday
trace your dust-blown appetite in the lines
flesh wrote on all your faces. And how
the carousel bank the epileptic monkey
on a string the careful ruin of elephants
in paper hats will be counted who
can tell or how you left them terrified
of the dark box, the sudden vault of your hands,
the dumb show at your chest, the parrot in your knees.
There is no music in the tin bank.
The acrobatic beasts stand unwound.
The monkey screams falling down and up the pole.