

Under the Pier

Under the pier, smashed bottles and shells,
bead game bunting and paper bags, used
rubbers and pies of shit, plastic diapers,
smog-red sun running down the ruined
funhouse distracting me until I trip:
ear over peeling eye it rolls from my foot
whistling sand from cracked white lips, coming
to rest its hollow cheek against the cold fire
leg removed from one three-hoofed horse,
foaming neck still tied to its red-waved
sleigh as if to pull it up & down
again over & over in time to the tunes
beating out from the center. Seagulls
barking through long bars of shadows,
the long-beaked bones marking high tide.
A fist tightens in my bowels. *The scaly
thing*. I clench my eyes. *The boyishness
of the dog-faced boy*. Stumbling through
the sand, I swallow. *The man with three arms*.
I swallow. *Crawling. Mounds of woman flesh*.
Swallow. Air. Salt. The cold water.

I'm driving down the road nothing on my mind
Red lights come on flashing up behind
Man pulls me over asks me who I am
You know if I'm holding my ass is in a jam

But you're standing on the corner smoking your cigar
Man comes up and asks you who you ere
You don't have to answer and you don't have to lie
Just look in his face and spit in his eye

Revolution. Revolution now. Revolution.
Revolution now. Revolution. Revolution now.

