

## **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.