

The Jester

The jester talks in abstractions, livid puns on obscene levels,
the abstract abstracted from the memory of the race.
He drinks himself into the pigsty and wishes with all his pig heart
for virgin angels to appear in the filthy straw so he can vomit on them.
He laughs when they are in awe, he grovels when they laugh.

Something of a wizard monkey, something of an arched cathedral,
something (under his brown skin and redrim eyes) of a man —
but that is a secret he thinks he has.

His concentration span is a camp in the desert, a fart in a bubble.
He can't, for instance, remember too long at a time how to write at all,
and his personal memory cells are as porous as his beard.
He likes to think that what he needs is to be split wide open like a locust shell
so his inner stability might glisten in other men's eyes to prove that they're there;
but he's afraid to give himself up to the bluecoats who own the nutcrackers.