

WOOD BUTCHER

“We are all damned” the carpenter says
and “I’m a wood butcher”
when I tell him “You’re a sculptor”
he says “A year ago at this time
I had surge—
surgery—” with hazel eyes
“surgery to remove a Christ
from my skull
I had dreamed about
since I was twelve.”
The fact that Christ was there
without his apostles
explains nothing.

His cradle looked like the Christ
in the Christ of
the Virgin of Megalith
like the Della Robbia blue Virgin of
Asphyxiation
hanging in the

treetop aviary with Evian
glass bottle windchimes—

“I always say: if you can stab it and it doesn’t bleed
it ain’t my work.”

Nail a tree to it and nail me to the tree
the cradle I made—

The football team kills the family at kickoff
and the field goal makes it three like baby
it’s war

the dead are here and
you don’t know how to breathe
for their attendance
set the cherry table
you made with cherry wood
it has lights in it

“I only pick the trees that grow out of
the most difficult earth
because it makes them tough
I want tough trees
tough trees raise me
I am number one in the tough tree family
the only child in the tough tree
family tree—”

isn’t that glory
a carpenter

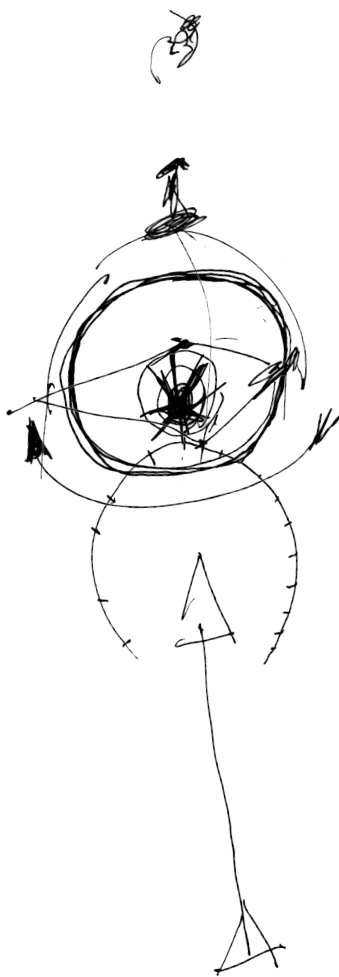
we are damned

to serve

this cradle a glyph a letter

this wood cradle is burning but the baby will
never burn

The baby who will never burn in it
cut the umbilical cord and the telephone cord
with one sword. It’s war



“THE DIVING BOARD OF THE WRECKTACLE”

“What thou lovest”
Hell
Ezra
is what you love
always Hell
“The descent beckons”
The variable foot
is pierced
of Chiron
limping under the lamp of
Diogenes who
holds up his laptop
looking for an honest man
gets busted
smashing coins
with a large chisel stamp

Wolfman don't be proud
of your education
you will be executed
with Dostoyevsky at dawn

Never mind the punishment
get right to pardoning me
I'm ready for
my M.F.A. in
Siberia

My seeing eye Wolf peach
will guide me
to Professor Chiron
with his Pabst Blue Ribbon sixpack moustache
I am not blind I have the Lamptop

Born in Pittsburgh
I sing Chiron because
I come from Illyria

Graphomania blessed be when
you've got a pen and a human microphone
echoing back at you

ATTENTION SIGNOR
YORRICK
come up from the grave
with your badminton shuttlecock
I'm ready to be bad with you
in the dirt as a way of
ending the war

yours,
Chiron

