

VARIATION/EVICTION

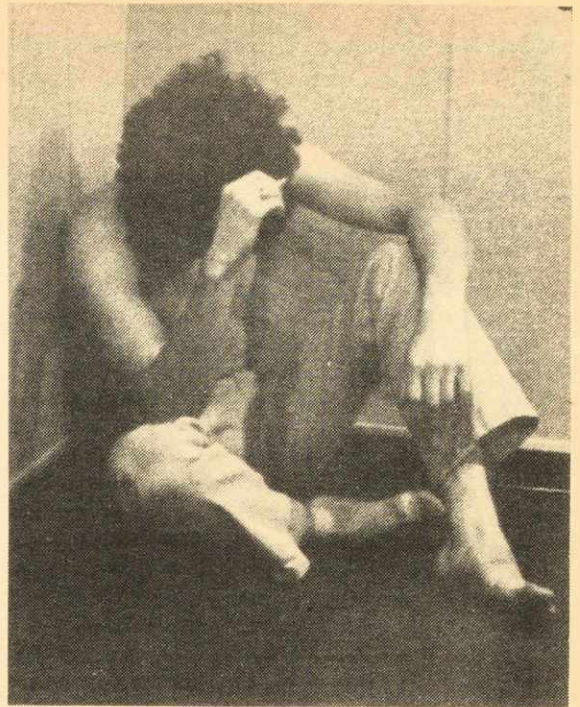
you have come-the last
 . . . the most impressive
 bravely and strong
 direct the tattered
 sofa out
 careful
 not touching the
 broken grease between
 the folds.

this house is old, bleached to the
 point of dishwater
 my woman is like that, she walks
 until she is bitter-until she
 tastes like the scum
 floating in the plastic pan
 does it scare you?
 thinking all those
 people were out
 walking Sunday off.

perhaps you will see it-this house
 will show you the theatre of life
 and pain
 the memories
 a package deal-premium
 to grow to flower
 plow your own children
 under

you have cut me, i cannot
 save you

maclennan



the young man sits in
 his new room.
 watching the needlemarks
 on his arm

his final eviction
 of the cold spike
 he lets his blood
 wander on the walls
 and he remembers

-hot white flashes
 shot in a black void
 voices lying there
 moaning sweetly
 icy snow melting
 in his sickened veins

and his gut touches
 the place where his junk
 used to be

and he anticipates

the bedspew
 sweat singing in lifeless tones
 scratching his nerves
 like telephone wires
 reciting the promise
 into a grave

and his skin is hard
 from his nakedness
 and he is silent
 like the mouth of one just dead.

Maclennan