

**(untitled)**

when the new trainee  
 added finishing touches  
 to the world,  
 he left out a few things  
 here and there  
 (didn't tell anyone, though;  
 needed the job)  
 forgot a couple of styrofoam cups  
 (from a package of 50)

and a door knob or two;  
 left the rewind button  
 off somebody's tape recorder;  
 dropped a drainpipe somewhere  
 and misplaced the street map for Bongandanga  
 This wasn't so bad  
 (his boss had done worse)  
 and but for the wildebeest

in my basement,  
 he might still have the job  
 Oh, the wildebeest and I  
 get on fine  
 (now that we've made  
 our little agreement)  
 Every Sunday at precisely twelve noon  
 I feed him (oysters and beans)  
 and we play backgammon  
 It is in my best interest  
 to let him win

**february white cloth hanging**

lives suspended  
 in frost animation  
 like two struggling  
 hands against red cheek  
 bones in wind cracking  
 the world  
 revolves slowly  
 those days  
 like white serpents  
 rising  
 out of sewers

