

McKinley, Pillowcase Sail

(McKinley)

There's a bad, bad place with no big blue sea
where people like you and me go.

Because we've been bad bad bad, Sister Big Shoes
says so. She's sure

of most things, but I'm sure I know

a turtle holds the world on his back and Sister Black
it's turtles all the way down.

She says, "God hates to hear lie like that," but I think

He likes a bedtime story. I think

She likes a bedtime story.

Gracie made a pillowcase sail, Huck Finned it down

the sewer river in the bleach-bottle raft, little craft

kept steady with ridiculous faith and perfect weather.

Of course, she sailed off the edge of the turtle world

but I know it didn't hurt a bit.

Better to be out of reach of the curl of that

crushing, smashing fist, of that

hushing, crashing fist.