

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.