

# Void Of Silence, Universal Separation

a century of universal decay  
in cyclotrons nuclei are split  
souls are split, sounds are split insanely  
while behind a quiet fence on a bench in someone's garden  
doom weighs a century of separation  
and her eyes are ancient and her palms are taut with nerves  
it comes oozing  
out of flowers at night  
it comes out of the rain  
if a snake looks skyward  
it comes out of chairs and tables  
if you don't point at them and say their names  
it comes into your mouth while you sleep  
pressing like a washcloth  
beware, beware  
nearby and cynical, death brandishes a hasty spade  
here whispers are worse than curses, offer no consolation  
how long the bureaucrats babbled on like crows about universal good...

if you meet a cross eyed person  
you must plunge into the grass, alongside the chilly ants  
fish through the green fingernails and come up with the four leaf clover  
or your blood with congeal like cold gravy  
if you run across a horseshoe, passerby, stop, take your hands out of your  
pockets  
and count the nails as you count your children or your money  
otherwise a sand flea will crawl in your ear and fly into your brain  
and the only wall you'll keep from going mad, is to be hit with a hammer  
every hour  
if a hunchback is in the elevator with you  
don't turn away... don't turn away  
immediately touch his hump  
for a child will be born from his back tomorrow  
and if he promptly bites the baby's nails off  
so it won't become a thief that child will be holy  
and you, simple bird that you are, may go on flying  
whan you knock on wood  
and you go  
you knock on the cross