

# Why?, Light Leaves

Each of these old light leaves is dirt  
Barely held together by  
tiny bone hands that  
used to be alive,  
Holding hands,  
Loose gripped  
at the deja vu  
dream scene end  
of a lifelong relationship.  
These light leaves  
is my hair on the bathroom floor.  
My smaller selves  
down the sewer somewhere  
under Berkeley, Cincinnati, or on tour  
(Airplane rear  
and hotel lobby ladies' rooms beware)  
Is these leave leaves  
bagged up in plastic,  
never to decompose or fertilize.  
When my balls are finally big enough to do it  
I don't want no casket  
no saddle  
no see-through plastic mask.  
And when I finally do it,  
I want to do the dirt like the dead leaves do.  
And if you do leave the Earth  
when the Earth leaves you  
cold and hard as a marble table top  
with nothing on top  
there's no hip hip hop hurray  
heaping heaven golden bone gateway,  
no bright confetti high-step march  
tickertape parade.  
There's no mound of clouds to lounge on.