

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.