

Why?, These Few Presidents

At your house
The smell of our still-living human bodies and oven gas
You pray to nothing out loud
Two first names and an ampersand
Embroidered proudly on a kitchen towel

You're a beautiful and violent work
With the skinny neck of a Chinese bird
In a fading ancient painting
And if you're in heaven waiting
You made it there fighting
The tightest kite string
In a bad storm with lightning

And now these few presidents
Frowning in my pocket
Can persuade no god
To let me let you talk, oh
These few presidents
Frowning in my pocket
Can persuade no god
To let me let you off

Even though I haven't seen you in years
Yours is a funeral I'd fly to from anywhere

I thought I had a pebble in my sock
I pulled it off and shook out a wasp
It stumbled out lost
And without a pause
Unstung as I was
Still I stomped it

I thought, there is no my paved street worthy
Of your perfect Scandinavian feet
Wha, wha, wha, my crooked Chinese fingers groped
The machinery of your throat

And now these few presidents
Frowning in my pocket
Can persuade no god
To let me let you talk, oh
These few presidents
Frowning in my pocket
Can persuade no god
To let me let you off

Even though I haven't seen you in years
Yours is a funeral I'd fly to from anywhere