

Richard Fox

Mouths of lilies come after root;

come after stem: proof that the world

is round falls pretty out of them.
To what do the leaves owe their days

grammared by breezes tagged to treetops
where gnat-flags stammer? How'd the deer

drown? By getting down into spring
flood, silted down to raise both bed

of river & of codger?

Mountain range—machine & wound—be
deep & bloody ravine; be leap,

be unbound, be long-division
of salt lick, tip of deer tongue at

river's rung, thoughtless as pocket
change.

Receive receive receive

Explaining Pictures to a Dead Hare (after Joseph Beuys)

Human labor—human error—
like Jack or Jill: what goes up

must come down. Hill
as sine wave; has peaks

& valleys. Here is Jack.
Here is Jill. Here are woods.

Here is stream & well.
Here is hole for rabbit—

hare & Jack (in tumble)
come before Jill.

Sky-parts fall
& here comes hare

from his eye-like hole
on fur-lucky legs—

his leap; his pin-up;
his wife-beater

& his amazing slacks.

The Suicide

"Pain is the marvelous purifier." — James Dobson

The Owl of Minerva
flies at the moon.

Headless body of
shirtless man, you thumb

your nose at the air
or the ocean;

the devil will find
no workshop there.

It's hard to be effete &
stylish with a pinch

between your cheek
& gum.

You love elevators.
You can now be made

into different things:
statues kindling.

The Lamentations

I can introduce myself to others & can ask & answer questions about personal details such as where I live, people I know & things I have

I want to sleep, but
when I try, I remember
all the times I have
humiliated myself:
tongue be instrument
of torture.

I can describe experiences & events, dreams, hopes & ambitions & briefly give reasons & explanations for my opinions & plans

I want my father to be a cop
so I can masturbate
with his nightstick;
doesn't matter which hole.

I can deal with most situations likely to arise while traveling in an area where English is spoken

I want to have
a canopy of happiness;
I want to inspire someone.

I can understand with ease virtually everything heard or read

Everything you see
is in a distance;
everything is slow
& silent.

The sky has
come down to earth
or the grass raised up,
fretful & collusive;
the forest is
a lesson in birch.

I want to kill rodeo clowns.

Jane, in Flames

When I was one hour old, I smiled at my father; when I was eighty-nine years old, I died.

Who knows why
Jane burst into flames:

there was that frank stare,
quiet as an egg.

The air does not stop
at night—the horse-

men ride through
the house like fire.

What could be worse
than to be mad with fear?

Oh what a shame
for poor wee Jane.

Why don't you pour me
a glass of that sweet,

light crude: it comes
with a large lapse in faith,

the pitch & yaw of
shrift & shrive.

Translation

Adenoma is somebody's
word for *bello*.
A gesture goes with it,
but it's a joke—
kindling for a laugh.

Now splendid with moon,
the lake is all busy with waves.

Translation:

bello *goodbye* *aloha*