

Erik Fuhrer

[the eyes are wider than the mouth]

but the mouth
is the width of a moth standing on a coin purse
because the mouth
is angry
and is itself pursed and

 a breath of greymatter just escaped the brain and went to a party hosted by the great gatsby
 (who actually turned out to just be ok
 but) had great scarves the color of lemon ice or orange Julius
 or a baboon's buttocks
 which is so red that it deserves its own color zipcode: IIIRED
 where you will find the anthropologist scratching

 his head
 at the way his hands
 have become shovels
 and his legs
 become stars
 because he has found
 the key
 to a world
 where objects are not quite
 what they seem in car mirrors but instead
 are smaller
 than pins buried in haystacks
 where little boy blue
 gets higher than a kite on Ambien

[stagger into

the horses body]

where god is but a shell swaying
on an esophagus of neighing

don't worry no horses were harmed in this poem

only embodied

only recognized as a body

worth being a body

that is not just for the whip

or for labor

but for pleasure

for understanding for spiritual growth

read a fucking handbook whydontchya

and you will understand

that these hooves are made for walking

in that the horses in Connemara are more beautiful

than your stupid soul can ever be because

it is soaked in the dust that god created you from

how did god create the horse from light

from cloth

from the sun

from clay from NEIGHboring

worlds

you know those in which you are an

alien

and those little green men

are just plain people laughing at

your stupid looking head and your

strange little bodies which can't even

break the speed of sweat

[wolves wrestling shovels]

from their mouths
moths flustering flickers of dogstooth
jammed
against the transmission of that thing called love
which you caress every yesterday with a pair of hands borrowed
from the shelf of a priest who lopped off a limb
every Tuesday for contrition
for ammunition for a day
when he could walk on water without any feet
and multiply fishes using only his tongue
which is in a glass jar next to his teeth
next to his piano forte
continously playing bach's brandenburg concerto number 3

I only play on the left side of the piano
because I have blacklung
and I am a flitter in the ashtray
 a whimper in a glass
 a hollow stutter in the windowpane
 a gutted body of a fish
 a swift swipe of light on the subfloor
 with its large crack in the foundation
 make sure you put on some rouge
 so at least the disaster
 is a beautiful disaster
 a volcano exploding
 with glistening lips

[shroom destructioom]

a tree felled
in the fellshroom
couple of swoons with an oiled
tune-

cluck uck ck k k k

— — —

throat is cuzzy

huzzy

k

k

k

—

mushwoom in the thicket
mudbloom
ashmush breathing through
the silo with a sigh

low

cuffing fit

darlingguzzleleanintomyglut

there's no escaping these mudclots in the bloodsplean