

Glenn Ingersoll

Night is the mother of bad laughter,

sister of the tin pan alley cats, father of
the business of grins. Night carries

a knife long since dulled by bones that
put up a good fight against cleaning; this is the
scream that spreads across the street,

the sack that held it split by a toothpick.
It is the flickering of a drunk in glass,
the dealer whose fix is silver-plated,

factory fresh, and old as your afterbirth.
Night is dressed up, playing doctor,
your clit a neat fit in her long slow groove.

Orange, red, three tints of sleep, two of
not once, bitches. Pretty bitches with
prettier guns passing the wrapping

that once kept fast shrieks neat for names.
On a gallery wall the sheets from a sickbed
offer a spider a long climb, you'd suppose,

six legs less, reading by the light of books
on creamy fire. The tongue flops on the floor,
a pope's clock or cock, its new movement

what night wants to beg out of the alms
smoldering in a piano bench under seas.

along a season barrier

in the periodic unveiling
of the noxious brew a steady circumspection
allied with a tender eagerness
began to coalesce around the ambient tincture,
equipping its monofilament species with
a mending twitch
that startled yet soothed the long, unbent arms
which few people could elbow
except among the well-encumbered camelid traders
and even among them desire
was seldom quantified
such that daylight in its cup
could unturn the twirl of the lathe,
wind reburning lines through sand aqueducts
that had been erected two-by-two
along a season barrier
when ladies repaired their damaged automatic snuffboxes –
a traditional task to which not every girl applied herself –
and gentlemen lay stiffly where snails
lately had been exchanged

Empty Handsome Cup

Will you be my friend, empty
handsome cup spilling new seasons
that haven't that haven't that

refused, seizing up, their frosts
and fruits, their melt and shake
of wind ... oh octopus

oh suppliant moss and stacks of
vinyl recordings. I have a groove
that runs from the brain to the anus

in some music, a quailing tune.
I peer out across the caught waves
and single out for praise one black beak

breaking the sea into colors.
The cup is waiting, is wailing,
its pink mouth wide as the need

and my fist closes on the handle
of the pitcher and the spout channels
screams, pretty tinkling night

terrors, clippity clop go the cubes,
clippity clop, running to see.

Ashes Quit Sifting

A delightful de-lighted lamp actual
balanced on a tier of friendless samples
performs placid shadows in flower patterns across a series

of similar faces, their cheeks lined and rouged
and a fragrant performer drawn with worship
civilizes a corner, then, appropriately, in its complementary corner

next to ashes, which have, at last, quit sifting earthward
from their angelic ledges on the monolithic architecture
of cloud after uncomfortable cloud,

such lamps, such tassels in tessellated fumbles,
such rooms composed of fingers bending, counting, tipping,
a sharp-toothed wonder on its pile of scat,

even a cloaked whistle with fabulous catches
cannot sunder us until Monday, or noon Tuesday
however many ages leak in a Mandarin direction.

singles

CLOUD

THROUGHTL

BOUGHTL

CAUGHTN

BEEF OR AUGHTER

LUOIEAVE

HAVN