

Jeannette Allée

LUCIFER CLEARED HIS GOATISH THROAT

and yawled, Hey Gawd, you're snogging off on the job again
lounging around in your smoking jacket on a puffy white pad
nothing but a cloud potato, leafing through Playboy
with a channel changer as accessory.

While I stir the muck, a ruckus of warfare.

Don't you know I'm all about juxtapositions?

That's why I moved out, Old Man, you and your
damn missionary position.

Why just this morning I was down at the overpass
throwing ketchup packets — hoping for a 3 car smash up
but settled for a motorist forcing another off the road
and slugging him in the fuggly mug. Caps & crowns flew
like shelled corn across the interstate.

You should have been there.

Nobody rides goofyfoot over a wave of
bloody murder like I do, dude.

Then I saw it — *her face* in the passing bus window
the way her breath caught.

I slithered into a seat nearby. Waited. Baited.

Passing the dog park, a dipsomaniac across the aisle

sighed, confided in her, "I wish'd I could bary my poop over there too."

Christ, the flashfire intelligence in the woman's eyes,

— we're not talking compassion as a fashion here but

delicacy, detail, the way she mapped the moment

down to the man's pickled oracle, Indian boarding school,

flowers pressed in his wallet — medicine, over his dead daughter's photo.

She's holding him just then, by acknowledgment.

Gawd, don't go looking so gobsmacked —
you think you can have light without dark, depth without the dig?
Who's gonna save the world from button noses, man?
The bland lie of success ain't you in your fabric-softened robe,
it's me flipping the bird — seeing who arights it.
Seeing who the hell arights it.