

Judgments

All the pans we placed in this leaky place
the rainy day of moving in
have long since overflowed, rusted, gone
green.

Then why do I keep them, these tins that,
calloused, benevolent, firm, your palms
washed,
scooping locks, lukewarm, up, down, back
up to soak a beard kiss-thick?
It tickled, was a trademark. I mean
is, *is* in that photo of you dozing,
bear-secure, on the steering wheel
of our old psychedelic, fender-bashed van.

Jesus, it was something, our first year,
trial and error, abruptly superseded by
search,
seize, some judo movie on the tube
kicked over when, fists ramming, the
militia—
We hadn't done nothin'. I don't understand
mongers, their language romancing war's
allegory, dependent
on which side can leave less.

What math is so pathological?
Where is the diction? Twisted
At birth? Looks
good on paper, the blue prints drawn,
planned methods to quarantine,
an evil concentrated but
on the *outside*. Thus, to carry out
the hypothesis, pawns are ordered,
individuals reminiscent of pans, these,
sieves now eaten empty by weather,

my head, an
 this is the way
Armageddon
 the world ends
damn them
 not with
only I want
 a bang
by law
 but
to embrace you
 a birth
cry where I still
can't