

CRAZY JANE FINDS A DOG

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At night I hunt explosions and in the day I invest my liquidity into the alchemy of trash and sewage.

To not be devoured, to not be devoured, to not be devoured:

I hide with the white bitch in the mud, praying to not be devoured.

In the cemetery, I lurk in the silence of the men who wear the shirts I fold so neatly: I eat them with my eyes; I spit them from my armpits.

I rub their skulls with the bottom of my fungal foot:

I read them like a crane, like a bulldozer, like an abattoir.

I read them like voltage up the leg of a monkey, like voltage up the leg of a whore who is the only man who can remember every single angle from which the piss came out of the cat, like leeches on the back of a whore who is the only man who can remember every single drip, and the moment before the drip, and the furiously pissing cat, and the cat in profile, sprinkling the land with poetry.

My ugly toes on the moss, the stupidity of my ankles: here, looking onto this land of piss, I exalt my own lethargy.

Here, in the mud, every thought I think is a word between fear and love, every thought I think is a whore with so many choices that all he can do is slash his wrists and refuse to die.

I do not bother anyone, and no one asks me questions.

Now that I take care of the white bitch, I have gained the respect of my family.

