THE CABINS OF RHYTHM

JEFF ENCKE

the intonations we hear hugging the hemispheres

the radius of a beating dried-up heart

a little tinkle: what people call principles

but the poet will discover

this asceticism demanding and cruel

in the bones of light a dossier of human imbecility

the poem, a crescendo of speed of sense and perception

transmuting the traces of logic sowing a light that has failed

shouting on mountains of prayer

DEATH, THE GREAT SCANDAL

don't think of him that second day

brushing his hair coaxing the mouth slurring the chicken breasts

he sat up from bed and commanded the morning

half-forgotten a few comrades with silver hair and monocles

- artificial dung how beautifully everyone offered him

the rich procession of the human race

life itself invincible like everyone else

in spite of the best

a young woman felt ashamed

YOUR HEAD SO WORTH KNOWING

a cluster of fierce miles walking twenty by the end

now to push

to be the assassin aggressively lowbrow

Western art house crap I'm getting hungry in the taxicab

raw fish and octopus patched things

absent a greeting "come, come, sit" oddly empty

even presence failed to create much

spoiling for a fight the young employed

her elder daughter's aubergines sikh kebabs

very drunk indeed

A PROPHET

broods on the wretchedest man alive an inch away from a eunuch

from a grocer with twelve wives if only by convention

"That one!" he said

to move beyond the idea of rules history so mixed with probability

a woman of fifteen who wasn't placing breasts against

free of charge fond of the fact

the poet passed

whereupon they mocked him

annoyed by the image as all were aware

nor did it bother him

such a thing

ONE EYE FOR SIGHT

one for receipt one for duet

one boxer, indispensable a gang of dada assassins

taking an acid bath

the claim of blood the first woman I touched

an ecstasy that lasts longer, to start over again

the dial of a year

because I believe in the bankers of language

their little percentage