

BLACK SKY, MY HURTS POSSESS A FILAMENT

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My hurts for days and no good reason.
Bucket of oil drops bordered by violas,
by good days full of mumbo
jumbo, sweetheart, though now I do
no mambo. Not strong like Rambo.
O bleep and buzz, erratic static
come from my radio, get ye gone,
s'il vous plait, as I desire music
or NPR. Tell me, my hurts,
if a 60-watt's within you, and if you,
my hurts, reside inside this, my heart,
then can't love be a finger on a switch?

I'm ready to curse all the relatives
who said curse words indicate mental laziness
because my "fuck" is
press his foot
onto the pedals, elongated
notes. Malleable smoke. Radio, stay on.
The most terrible sounds come ordered
dead. But see, once, I fell in love
with iambic pentameter, substitutions
energized as sewing machines, treadle
rocked on like a wah pedal.
Rednecks dropped in brand new Volvos.
Words covered in shoe tread.
I'm walking all over these sentences.

As of tonight, I believe in collision,
I raise my hands up to juxtaposition,
I dance around and shout.

As of the video store, as of the wife
divorced from my old teacher,
painting her masterpieces and
bumped into twice now there, as of
their children waiting like impatiens
while she laughed in a parking space,
as of her telling me to say hello for her
to the younger woman, as of
her embarrassment upon tripping
on a little sign prompted by a parking war
between a video store and a steakhouse,
a little sign that was indeed a hazard,
as of all that.