

## Lub Dub

lub dub   lub dub   slow blink   of light   on wall   of cave   and crest   and fall

first word   is yes   affirm   it all   tail swash   ear flick   spear jet   clear wet

good stone   clean flake   dead bloom   heartache   arm up   arm down   take red   rub round

make trace   lie down   sun up   new prey   break bone   bring home   new words   each day

## In The Idol Hours

Over the jaunty credits music,  
meet the ensemble: eight feet tall  
and looming ludicrously  
around our boy, as thirteen years old  
as anyone has ever been.

He runs between the rows  
like giant skittles. *Wobble, wobble,*  
go the things of Baal,  
and the dusty laugh-track -  
*Ur, Ur, Ur!*

A customer comes in  
to make an offering,  
and behind her back  
he makes them kiss,  
then fight,

then topple over  
as if swayed by the ructions  
on a bouncy castle.  
- *These things belong in the monolatrines!*  
- *Wait till your father hears about this!*

When he does,  
thundering in like Yahweh,  
Abe acts out  
his version of events,  
a squabbling pantomime:

the idols, sharp-elbowed  
as holiday shoppers,  
swatting each other out of the way for bread.  
- *Impossible!*  
- *Ha! You admit it - they're dead?*

Flash cut to Abraham,  
perched on the furnace,  
a reluctant dork on a diving board.  
- *How did I get myself into this one?*  
- *How do we get you out?* Saith the LORD.

## Poem for the Western Interior Seaway

Hello, Alberta! Chisel-cracks  
expose me, lying on my back  
as if inside an ancient shell,  
toes dainty - and the rest gone slack.

I flipped (this isn't how I fell)  
and drifted like a caravel  
out into open waters. Spite  
insists: that could be you, as well -

the one who hoists me into light,  
who mines me for his cololite,  
plucks charcoal from the mush of ferns.  
The self, that secret ammonite

withdraws within its osteoderms:  
let gloves shit-sifters choose their terms.  
I crop my leaves, their tips brushed black,  
while everything around me burns.