

The Hound

1.

We heaves strong arms into shield-shape
and presses our mud-caked heel among mangled roots
and towns soon to be chopped. We is green-gray and loaded,
Pervitin-greased. Rattling voices chuckle and thunder
like a smithy at night, whacking stars into the black sky.
Dawn stalks like gunfire upon the rifle-tip,
hands rub numbness to attention. Concrete teeth, large molars,
drive up through dirt and smile
into the winter-celebrating wind. We wears coats beneath our skin
and lays back our big hands, houses firework-shatter
underneath. All hands are throat-fitted. All fire cranes
its neck towards heaven. We folds hands around our breath,
like walls, but bend the bars into prayer.

2.

Leaps! Devouring holes between branches,
between time, hungry teeth snapping
each moment away, devouring! Stretching neck
between the branches, steps becoming air and air
becoming self- up here! Man throws fist, throw
the bottle, the branches, the slipping rush of stomach-
throw! between the up, the low and
earth. Damp earth. Damp earth against belly, dead belly
against earth. The meat. The man.
Open-mouthed laughter trapped in winter-gray,
sky-clad cement. Open-eyed window holes
let maggots in, or death. Stretch my sixteen limbs,
bear my teeth. Tide: back and forth,
flight-swollen feet. That open mouth breathing
bustle inside, beckoning... At last,
leaps!

3.

We is the hand-palm drifting to the tree-line,
swatting men away like memories. We laughs
about this. We slings bodies into guns, canteens on hips,
speak-stumbles into this: light-gulping blood beading
upon the cobweb smoke like breath. Breath
sinking through the forest-hush, up!
through the branch-combs, up! Heavy boots soaking,
green rain-wrapped around the knee, fingers

trumpet-draped along the barrel. All of we
night-clad with no arms to raise before the silence
invades the tooth-torn cavity.