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A Nest This Size

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for Lise Goett

“Mockingbirds don’t do one thing but make music for us to enjoy.
They don’t eat up people’s gardens, don’t nest in corncribs, they
don’t do one thing but sing their hearts out for us. That’s why
it’s a sin to kill a mockingbird.”

Harper Lee

Pillow Inquiry

“One small room, wooden floor, favorite window.
The leaves are burning. Why should it be better.”

~ *Kate Greenstreet*

Which pillow did you want on the boat with you
on the way to your sacred conundrums?

You mean to heel, don't you?

Maybe you'll choose the piece stitched in
parabola's fabulous theme-park handiwork?
The one taken down from the avalanche of advertisements?

Which pillow doesn't matter, at this point.

Not when our wanderlust's satchel has grown heavy at our backs

full with the day's actual ridiculum;
arguments as pillows impossible to have,
unlikely bearing any weight—

Either way—such tedium—I have swallowed it like pillows.
A pillow full of guilt, a pillow full of medicine of sleep,

or smother?

Isn't there a no-man's land where
United Nations soldiers, rolling around in jeeps
over marked roads, talk on radios
someone neutral listens to?

I can't believe in them. Military pillows.
Political pillows. How puffy are these pillows?

Pillows in a hovel, pillows hunkered down on dope.
Pillows put in a pretty coffin for the beloved.

I suppose there are some rewards to killing,
but can't see how they trickle down to the living.

No-one's keeping watch this far away, this far off
the grid of daily primetime chum
sucked down without chewing [practically]
by American hearth sharks
who may as well wear barbed wire wrist watches and speedbags
for belt buckles
as they praise the God of Friday in the church of fried chicken
and ball game.
O, pillow talk.

Why so harsh or tidy?

Isn't there a small house in Maine where my friend
Monika grows tomatoes
and writes poems to her boyfriend's penis
in noodles on the wall?

I got a letter once that almost said that
and it was from Monika it said in the softest ink.

Or maybe it was goose eggs in a frying pan (cast iron of course)
as he lay on her pillows in her bed, in her living-room-
bed, and a season of snow thought all about the house
until the house was thoughtfully pillowed in.

In the human body there are so many pillows
and yet none enough to break one's fall
from a building, or a boyfriend, or a knife.
Is the bone a kind of pillow?

Is a tooth a pillow? If it was what a treat
for the tooth fairy to find in sleep
for sleep to rest the jaw and relax
your maw upon the down

within.

A little money under the pillow, for the trouble
of pulling it out.

[Note: We are writing in for a full refund—when we write.]

Come then; the grave is a pillow.

The brick that fell and landed on the bed.

A pill is a pillow and a pond for swans

is a pillow, and the dew is

a pillow for the morning light.

Finger pads are pillows for feeling
and remarkable in singularity
for every time they touch they leave a note
in circular language—*Nautilusian*.

I had a lover once, whose eyes
were pillows and lids were rumpled
sheets, and she smelled like unwashed hair.
The footnote is a pillow, for the over thought.

The belly of man is a pillow, right? At least, mine is.

A character in a book is a pillow, especially rabbit,
in children's books, who is always hopping. The rail is a pillow

for the train's smooth thundering path and plane;

the clouds above—of course.

Kind of them, to pillow the sky forth
through all these sleepy days.

★

To lift the head from the pillow—to wonder—have we been
too long the same?