

Snap Shot

(G.F.)

The part –
as in hair, the division of – the being discrete of it --
has all but disappeared, is all combed back now, homogeneous

The heart
has been slaughtered again & again & yet
you can hear it still stomping away

down in your cellar - too much
to take in: the one of him grinning ---
some neighbor's stucco wall: a sudden Lieutenant,

his left canine dodgy
in his chlorox summer uniform – flashing bright:
that is the one to judge its descendants by: subsequent

nickelodeons -- ceramic eyes due to hurricanes of ryes
& sodas at times – do not focus
on the true him of him; it's the middle ones on the various lawns,

in the porte cochères of us his girls
who escaped by signing on
to other disasters, the ones to keep in mind, perusing

Kodakian albums electronically, sent forth & back
in the wee hours of Remember
to remind us I guess

most especially the one he withstands
against their house, a puffiness, glasses on & regards us post-ginnily
with everything he has