

Dean Young

## Go On Too Long

I believe in the unspoken word.  
The breeze in the subtle April leaves  
pleads, Shut up! Shut up! says the mud  
to the wheel, whispers the oil to the hinge.  
An intermediate state, says my doctor  
of how I'm out of breath just getting  
to the treadmill. Shut up, doctors!  
Enough of your hocus pocus diagnosis.  
Enough sitting on a rock cataloguing  
every poison and prison, prismatic  
mis-giving, might-a should-a, the more  
out of breath I am, the wholer life is  
so zip it friends with advice about rice diets,  
acupuncturists and the great struggle  
against obscurity. Cat-pawed obscurity,  
I set out for you a dish of bourbon,  
your purr slur far preferable to  
the articulation of hyenas, the caucuses  
of gnats and their baffle-gab. Ix nay  
with ra-ta-tat ra-rah of instant text.  
Here's to what never boils over, the lid  
unrattled, lava deep in the volcano  
staying there, caldera stoppered, hurricane  
humbled to off-shore, pre-schooler sulk.  
Here's to the repression Arab hip-hop.  
Here's to not fussing about injustice,  
the ozone layer's bald spot, the taxes  
you're paying and the rich not. Find me  
someone with no feelings to share, no  
grievances to grease, no love's lost  
beach house lease. Let the birds bellyache  
the break of day, waves rave their usual  
balderdash, I just want to forget  
the burning scarecrow in my chest,  
700 signals cramming my dish, please

let me float off in a mist of never coming back  
even though I never know where I'm at.  
Going, goner, gone, we all gotta go sometime  
so what's the big outcry? The cottages  
of Bolinas rot in the fog, Manhattan's  
highrisers fill with mold, the fire makes ash  
of every log, the inevitable doesn't shout,  
it doesn't even have a mouth.