

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.