

Fall 1960

new highways

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new highways

the lemmings have guides now—
they shuffle slowly.
(sometimes they push or scratch)

I saw a man contort once.
his hands clawed God,
his voice searched sky, garbling hatelove.

fascinating!

we gasped, flannel thrown at us,
muttered first and then shout shoved
at his writhing hairy nakedness.
we didn't terror though, when he stripped the plastic skin
at us.
we remembered, soothed him.
we're good at this.

the gray mass moves,
no more blood-coursing rush,
and I anguish why that sea seems reluctant?
they don't jump — they slip off.
the man? he's smooth and happy and shuffling now.

only the damned vomit life.