

Jeff Crouch

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Something middle class

Walking to the Lake

i. leaf after leaf

replaced by a shadow the desire is a shadow the wind
habits in a flesh mouth unopened
whistling

ii. Daddy 1970s

black dress socks
glasses taped on
mowing the lawn
sales are down

iii. becoming bird again

the next piano lesson
what organization left
the right desire let her
vomit in my mouth

iv. jeff koons

delicate as a shine casts a double
sugar glaze used to extort money
metal balloon monkey porcelain
a headache from coffee withdraw

v. in season

the productive cough is floor polish
lemony chapped lip on a dirty sleeve

vi. *Fatal Attraction*

warm as folded apron
cotton

wanting wound searches
book

her heir caught her throat
moist

chicken rice recipe nesting
carrot

boils a nail polished
chop

vii. vacuum cleaner

we leave this part blank

dog court

I hang my robes on the back of the seat
clothes like scuba gear form an alien skin
sleeping in my car, yet the lung is a lung
I adjust my wig; repeat the word *engine*

the fire truck is revving; a tap at the window
Bitte, rauchen Sie nicht: Verboten
from her side of the bed, I hear a complaint
the neighbor's dog won't shut up

the attendant hands me the x-rays
the backhoe has ruptured his coffin
an ignominious ooze glistens
swimming worm in the beak of bird

who ignores you and watches the clock
but there will be no more talk of justice
the attendant can return to his death
I need my parking voucher stamped

milking the pure

thorn psalm flagrant
shaking her salt shaker

garden of icing topped
embalming fluid chalk

when the sky was punch
made to take a pay-off

crime scene silhouette
a million-dollar check

filled with odd ingredients
the city of my thirst

zound

linoleum teeth screaming
an irregular bleeding birch

fluorescent instruction

what welding sunshine seamed
yielding toes to triumph

an ice-filled oyster cries "le mon"
pleasure petal plucked