

1995

## the jig is up

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## the jig is up

“she” bruises poems on-  
to your silk back. you

say “stop it! quit it!  
they hurt, and they drain.”

\* \* \* \* \*

at the first tunnel  
the buddha, teacher,

waits for the thesis  
called om, my god, the

life force-you, broken  
boxed and late, crawl through

primordial ooze  
and tadpole to punt

the seed

to pooh

to goo

in vicarious you

slit punta

we're thru

the shot glass

slicked with tampax

and the metaphysical note of  
the lobotomized jig

is up and out

through our nostrils

and you, drunk with your own  
lackadaisically apportioned maculation,  
tunnel your vision

to the phosphorescent protrusion

rutting the blue off the gill

of the only fizzed fish still strong enough

to pull the emasculated and hysterectomized

fisher thing into the already lyed in

jacuzzi creek

crossing beneath route fifty-two

which itself pools westward  
to a not so well faring  
welfare utopia

bamboo underwear and all

*alex e blazer '97*