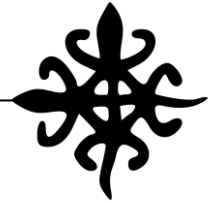


Fried Chicken & Philosophy



#38

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Should I coolly cascade up the stairs
and meet him.

Should I throw down our faces
and our wits
or should I not.

Should I buy the beer
and frost a heart
as one would a glass.

Should I sift the sawdust
for the diamonds that lay there.

Should my elbow be more
mahogany than bone.

Should she behind the bar
know my eyes and my limit
or should I pass
to the rest room
and flush the handled john
even though it wasn't used.

Should I eat
with the napkin folded in my lap
or should I palm the spoon.

Should I slip the peas into a sleeve.
I am afraid to smile
as I might be a crocodilian thing
and a laugh
and a howl at the moon.

Will I shake his hand.

I think that I could not.

How could I be so bronze
when all my blood is hot wax
and my ankles so well turned.

How might I enjoin a man

that spins a melody
I once hummed.

How should I tie my shoes
and be clean as a new ass.

Oh should I or
should I not.

How could I meet him
and not
hold her hand to long.

