

Why?, These Few Presidents

At your house

The smell of our still-living human bodies and oven gas

You pray to nothing out loud

Two first names and an ampersand

Embroidered proudly on a kitchen towel

You're a beautiful and violent work

With the skinny neck of a Chinese bird

In a fading ancient painting

And if you're in heaven waiting

You made it there fighting

The tightest kite string

In a bad storm with lightning

And now these few presidents

Frowning in my pocket

Can persuade no god

To let me let you talk, oh

These few presidents

Frowning in my pocket

Can persuade no god

To let me let you off

Even though I haven't seen you in years

Yours is a funeral I'd fly to from anywhere

I thought I had a pebble in my sock

I pulled it off and shook out a wasp

It stumbled out lost

And without a pause

Unstung as I was

Still I stomped it

I thought, there is no my paved street worthy

Of your perfect Scandinavian feet

Wha, wha, wha, my crooked Chinese fingers groped

The machinery of your throat

And now these few presidents

Frowning in my pocket

Can persuade no god

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