

Winter 1994

Again, Prometheus

Kurt Slauson

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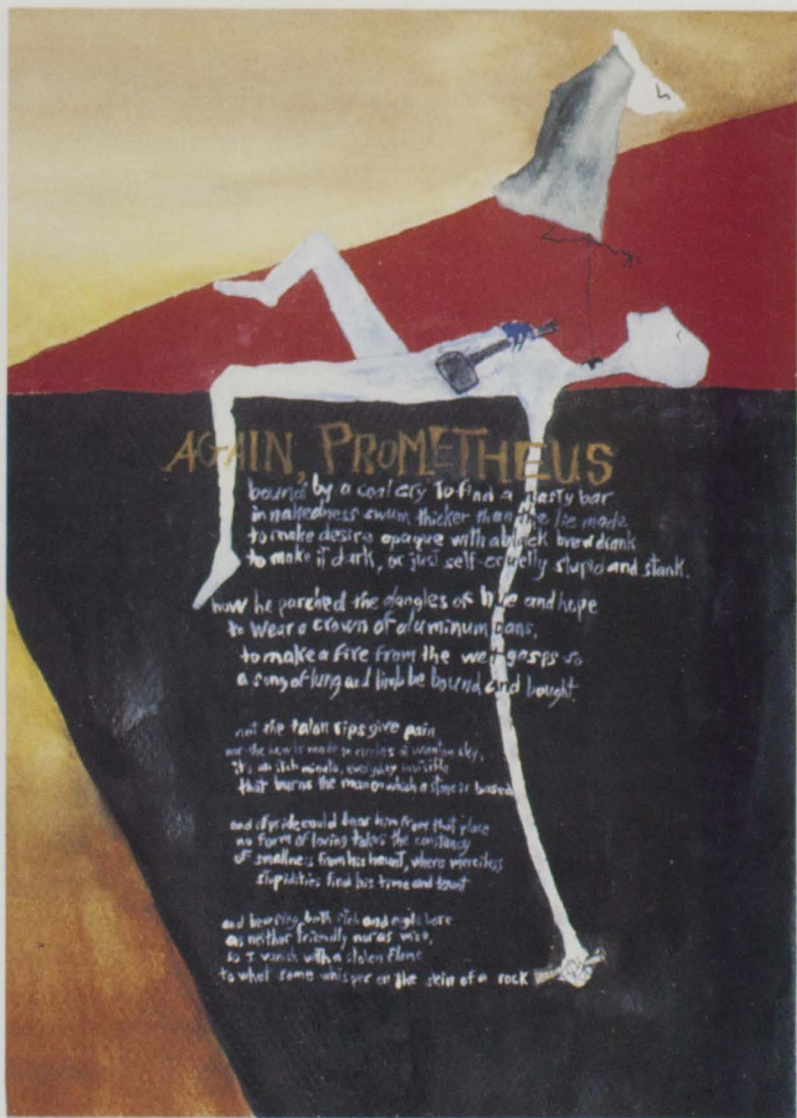
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AGAIN, PROMETHEUS

bores by a coal city to find a nasty bar
 in maleness swim thicker than time, he made
 to make desire opaque with a black bread drink
 to make it dark, or just self-crabbelly stupid and stank.

now he pored the dangles of life and hope
 to wear a crown of aluminum cans,
 to make a fire from the wet gasps of
 a song of lung and limb he bound and bought.

not the talon tips give pain
 nor the teeth made to erode a wondrous key,
 it's an itch inside, ever just invisible
 that burns the man or which a stone is based.

and if he could hear him from that place
 no form of loving takes the constancy
 of smallness from his heart, where wire-less
 electricity find his time and doubt.

and burning both still and night here
 as neither friendly nor as mine,
 so I watch with a stolen flame
 to what some whisper on the side of a rock.

KURT SLAUSON, *Again, Prometheus*, 1992
 Watercolor on paper, 11" x 14"