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Tag

Steve Langan

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TAG

I

On my side of the fence there's a pile
of weeds and roots like a dead dog's coat.
Dried leaves take flight, crash in the corners.
Starving raccoons ignore my trash.
The scar on my back is who I no longer am.
Just because I'm not strong doesn't mean
I wouldn't be useful as far as moving your piano.
I know finesse, technique, how to approach.
I'm certain it can be done by three of us.
It will fit in that empty corner, or that one.
My scar is not holy; it's not a design
or the orbit of any planet. I deserved it.
I prefer the dark—to forget all my lies—
you'll see the scar when the time is right—
I'll switch on the light, keep it on—
you might trace it with your long fingernail
again, or your tongue—you might turn away.

II

The neighbor boys and girls play
Kick the Can later than I can stay up.
They whisper and curse through my dream
of escape, they unlatch the gate, they hide
in my trees, the can rings off the curb,
they scuttle to safety, free.
While you trace the ribbon on my back
I'd like you to also kiss the scar on my shoulder:
I'll lie, you'll kneel, the TV on saying
end it all and join us now and improve
yourself, the remote in your free hand,
your eyes on the screen, mine on the ceiling.

III

—Just so long as you never utter we are planets
with divergent orbits, or you're my wishing-star,
or I'm your faithful moon.

The black dog chained to the metal toolbox
in the yellow Chevy's bed is not my demon.
Nature loves a Tarzan in her trees.

Does Tarzan think his hands vine to vine?

What do we do when our programs end:
sit propped in bed and listen to nature's squall
and children who one day will hope to die?

I'm stumbling a little, I'll be okay, I'm okay.

You've probably fallen into your deep sleep
that sounds like pain. If I eat, I'll sleep.

Inside my fridge a country of beggars sleeps.

In my cupboards, behind the row of soups,

I hide all the important documents.