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## Does It 'Til It Hurt

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## DOES IT 'TIL IT HURTS

A light moves over the pasture and interrupts  
a meditation of ducks and a serious-minded philosopher.  
The serious-minded philosopher holds aloft his gavel.  
“Darling,” he shouts, “I’ve forgotten your name.”  
A lowing of cattle and a pause for dramatic effect.  
The ducks hold a colloquy and smoke a pipe.  
A naked woman is caught in a flattering breeze.  
The serious-minded philosopher collapses in the grass  
and thinks about windsocks. The idea of a fluttering.  
He thinks, “Behind each unexplained event  
there is usually the placement of an electric fan.”  
The ducks raise their brows. They aspire  
to a semblance of bliss but are thwarted.  
They are becoming glassy-eyed and confused.  
The naked woman finds her clothes in a neat arrangement  
beneath a pine tree. She is tired of the pasture.  
She suspects the ducks have been faking their devotion to her.  
“Alas,” she says, “an excretion of white fills my mind.”  
She hurls a pine cone at the philosopher,  
but he is already dead. In the distance,  
a swing set creaks and casts its shadow across a sandbox.