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The March Hate at Work

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THE MARCH HARE AT WORK

Monday.
I am perfumed with butter from a spray can
and wear the tight crisscrossing black lace
borrowed from the toast.

The electronic inbox
has a coffee'd clasp.
Someone open it.
My world is in there.

•

Waiting. Tuesday
is the day no one picks me up.
I hop forlornly to my hole.

•

Tea time.
Teat time.
The teapot offers her long gray nipple.

•

The jam is not my friend.
It crawls from my heart, streaking purple red crumple diamonds
down my fur, then throwing itself
into a glass jar
and screwing on the lid.

•
No one joins me at the table
and with a rabbity smile pulls out his pocket watch.
Its hands do not move.
They do not play slowly through my whiskers
which would be like a harp shedding its golden frame,
transcendence.

•
I butter the works.

•
Wednesday.
I stay until the sun churns with misery,
and I am there with buckets.
Butter falls like tears from the sun's quivering face
and I catch the butter and smear it
into my face flipping open.

•
Lunch break. Reading Berryman,
my tall soft ears like two dreams caught
halfway between a sky and a skull.
Berryman, "Berryman," I have no inner resources.
Where are you now?
A ghost strung from blue berries,
or the rasping berries that stick in the throat bite-back sobs?
A raspberry grows white hairs from its red honeycomb cluster.
A raspberry grows old, in its color of poison,
Life friends is boring. You dropped ripe from a bridge,
"Henry," our buckets weren't full.

•
Friday. New vows after elegy.

•
I will punch the clock until its face spits its hands.
I will walk back and forth in my few clusters of rooms.
I will pass my hand through wisps of a grinning cat's belly.
I will carefully move the cat's sliding layers of fat.

•
Friday. Still here.
Alice and others stuffed a dormouse into the fax machine for kicks.

•
There will be time, there will be time.
My screen saver is the image of a peach,
like a hard orange breast covered with the yellow down
of oh, radiation, all our microwaved bones,
I click and click,
as if I could fall through a small square void
into a rainbow bumpy land where talking is not talking
and love is machined through glimpses.

•
Friday. Still here.
I leave windows open while I work,
holes that would welcome a voice,
unblinking bars at the bottom of the document.
I envy Alice, whose very life depends on all this,
stupid girl, who doesn't know it.

I am so much in my yearning
that I merely add one detail to the nightmare,
buttering the clock.
What I could have done.
What I've learned from all this
is not to expect rescue from a place that's not existing.

•

Saturday.
All day in my hole beneath the ground,
"rabbit as the king of ghosts," héhé,
moving my paw from web to web,
sliding along threads of glowing, oh, ephemeral spider shit,
drifting from violet fly to violet fly, forgetting all
as I butter individual crumbs for my fat-wrapped
evening to curl and uncurl, clench and unclench, sob, stare,
stare on.

•

Sunday.
Butter day,
the worst one.
Alice with her butter hair
is not here to sneer at me and I miss her.
I miss even the huntsmen, who always back away from me
while I mumble to myself, while I shake sugar from my ears,
while I loose from my penis a grand arc of brown tea
as the sun falls in lit plops all around me.