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I Am a Cymbalist

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I AM A CYMBALIST

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I am decouped in trillium petals though patterns of four for the sake of divination. I get my job done, categorizing tissue samples. Filing, really. Tedious, Times Square in the 70s. I smell like meat all the time. Dogs follow in sorry spectacle. Invite them in and tell them the future, you say. I keep losing my mouth, but rhyming from windows, a cluttered emulsion of cloudspace and leaf litter. We keep the water heater off, crumble only outward. A sequence is spreading, a diamond light. Spin me a pretty story and I'll pour you the strongest daiquiri we make around here.

...

Sometimes by tissue samples I mean biopsied tumors, sometimes extremities. I keep on the T.V. while sorting, tell everyone I never get hungry at work though that's not true. Sometimes I'll make myself a B.L.T. but I always make an effort to eat quickly. The windows glow with a light that can't be from outdoors. It scuttles around the panes. I work by it.

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In the museum I watch the whale and how its deadness slowly overtakes the blue space as evening limps forward, swells, closing approaching. Cavernous as enclosure. Cavernous as sealed in incandescent nightdark. Cavernous as carnivorous, hungry to distraction. Once I hid with the impalas. Their hides gave off comfortable musty dust, but you found me and coaxed me out. Is this boring you? The puffins the next wing over all shuddered their beaks against the glass in solidarity.

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Every day we burn our collected garbage and go to sleep. The aquarium heat lamp flicks on and off. The lionfish treads in a corner. We named him, but misremember the happening. A cracked spell to movement, a frame. An enclosure. The citizenry trumpets its success, new saplings along the boulevard. We admire them. And the municipal confetti streams like clockwork.

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