i sat drunk at Dante’s tomb 2 weeks before
you died asking him what to do
how to be better
even from my self-imposed exile
the lady behind me laughed as i asked silently
for an answer
found a polaroid of the dog  
on the couch the summer  
before you died  
those are your legs  
the dog lies on  
no human face only human legs  
immobile dualistic  
the mind already gone to some other place
sometimes i run my index finger over my thumbnail
to feel the anemic bumps—
though nothing compared
to your nails
i am able to convince
myself for a second that i am holding
your hand
GRIMALDI DONAHUE

horses always appear in
the rain
chewing grass
through fog
next to old silos
old caves
old bones
in switzerland
the mountains here
are not green
if you, pile of dust
could accumulate
what kind of being
would you be
once in geneva
we were lost
some colombian boys
gave us a ride
from france
and we slept on cold
lake rocks
cold lake rocks
where yr ashes
stick in the summer

    rain

the wind was supposed
to carry them

    away
then the birds came
made footprints
like it was summer
they ate the soggy bread
some asshole left

    behind
pour yourself into concrete
like your name written
in cursive beneath
thick glass
the mixture drips
from thin fingers
seeps through
the weight of your
liquifying body
they paint red and white
over you they blend
make pink like ground beef
your legs glisten in disuse
you pour yourself
into the ground
like silver dripping
on the basement floor
once ground
the neon light
the vice
the freezer
filled with
orange juice
concentrate
the invalid shines
skin shines
mind shines
less movement makes the
skin brain not lips soften
unused flesh gets glossy
like a photo with a timestamp
glowing orange in one corner
yr feet round and red
glide across the floor
later
glided
i have dreams
where you bury
things dig them up
the dog helps
sometimes and sometimes
you are wearing a hat
usually you dig
for crystals
and usually you
hand them
to me in a
big woven basket
over a small small river
with no bridge
you were the only
scientific person
in our family
and like grandma
i find myself
prone to calling
a witch doctor
all hours of the night
pinning cash to the madonna
licking my fingers
doused in holy water
after you die
i trace my fingers
along the rock in the garden
breaking my stubby nails
as i pick apart the granite
in search of the
ruby
when they turned you
into mineral
no one offered
me an amulet
to place an
ex-human part
hair
a nail
or a photo
all these things
are minerals now
found in my elementary
school chemistry
set at the bottom
of the basement stairs
in dying you became
a plant since no animal
can be so alone
can’t help but
whimper and cry
only a plant
could ever suffer
in such silence
in the garden
chemicals change
to living things
the mineral
the nickel
the lime
make mind
plants nurtured by
exhaust
trains clatter
fast rolling baseballs
dump the used oil
over the basil leaves
in the room i couldn’t
sleep as a child
spat up warm milk
lullaby on cassette tape
until grade seven
flung over the chair
is the blanket you
held onto
dying
in my bed
we woke up drunk
and sticky and pressed together
before you went back
to yr room
tiny brown nipples
in the front
room of our
railroad
window
yr reflection in the empty shop window
i put a coin in the vending machine
knowing full well it’s empty
only cobwebs
and i reach in to give you a gift
take and receive
i look to grip
yr soft soft hand
that is nowhere
as i declared i was
done with modernism
you felt me up
outside the cathedral
and mozart shoved
another flyer
in my hands	
trenzen you said
means to drool
the flecks of light
from the disco ball
go across your face
go across the white wall
you go *i love you*
i go blind