

EIGHT POEMS BY NEIL ELLMAN

The Irony of the Cadaver

my cadaver reeks
 onions
 week-old eggs
 putrefacted memories
rigor mortis mortified
 in my joints are stiff
 slow deterioration
 the eyes sink
i cannot see or hear
i wonder how my soul is here
while my hair & nails still grow

The Spectrum is Not Itself Today

red is a rabbit pulled from a hat
blue exists only in the back of the eye
somewhere in the imagination
another place
where purple majesty is not

when green is not green
 something else
 other than green
pretends to be
 or not to be
 only on a colorless wheel—

the color of black is black

Whatever Happened to the Frigate Lollypop

treacherous bitch
we plundered we maraudered
she smiled
shook my hand
“thank you, sir”

oh, what perfidy
up her skirt
gold & silver coins

she went down
on a throbbing sea

Meat Girl Meets Her Maker

braised
pureed
served
on a bed
of rice
to be eaten
fantasy
consumed
first eyes
chewed
nibbled ears
sweet taste
of flesh
passion
satisfied
at last
the heart

Contracted Aspirations of the Soul

couldn't
can't
wouldn't
won't
shouldn't
shan't
didn't
lost
in line
the last

He Who Obscures the Sun & Moon

who obscures the sun
& moon
not the power of a hand
nor parallels in space
nor perturbations
of a comet's tail
nor clouds
nor I
nor even in the flesh
the shadow
of my form
endures
he who obscures the sun
& moon
endures
not I

Jesus Lived Here Among the Ruins

Jesus lived
here
among the ruins
the ruined

house of the fallen
where so proudly we hail

he walked
on cobblestone water
talked
a pretty good game

will
knowing words repeated
so many times

make this a home of the brave
again
bring back the dead
by the rockets red glare
bombs bursting in air

When You Wish Upon a Star

points his finger at a star
an idle thought
whispering demolition derby words
-- EXPLODES--
everywhere
as far
as the eye can see

pretty
little
armless headless
dolls
on fire

the cow tripped over the moon
again & again & again

magical
omnipotence
of
the child