

Marguerite Pigeon / FOUR POEMS

Cock

Once, you were a dog's tongue, pleading at my leg, palm and mouth
for gentle skin you could not hope to interpret. Your panting was faithful and false.

Another night, I clung like a film heroine from a window ledge
of your city's skyscraper. When I fell, the smallish death exhilarated and I forgot
to hate you for your crumbling bricks.

My letter 'I'. My number 1. Wherever you wander, you bring your drum.

I return to you without grudge, see the tiny ark you've built on the rise, a lone helix
trudging up its ramp. With some pity, some enchantment, I bring you the flood.

Cunt

In chintz and velvet, you receive — nearly suffocate — your guests with kindness. You've tried minimalism, trimmed the hedges to please the Joneses, thrown away your dated fur coat.

But austerity has never been your character. You prefer trust. Prefer to think pink.

Through your halls, giggling. Long gloves and rustling satin. Yet you tend your business, at your tunnel's end, adventurously spelunk, scooping to greater depths with a silver spoon, call: "This way to the wellspring of sense and sensibility!" You would fashion yourself the next Panama. Let men confuse access with domination. Your waters are perpetually Caribbean.

When you take my hand, I feel there is nowhere we cannot travel. I feel the shame and exhilaration of keeping company with such an eccentric, independent relative. I was warned against your type, after all.

But what can I do, when your morning bells peal? What else but ride, sidesaddle, beside you, hooves splattering the dewy mud as we laugh and gallop and canter and drop the reins and find ourselves picnicking?

And you've never laid down a blanket without popping the good Champagne.

Hair

Hair entrenches an already-tense truce with the body.

A rich indigenous culture with settlements on the chest's great plains, the wilds of the pubis and the fecund head, its contributions to history are legend.

But a civilized society must respect borders. Like all of nature's creatures, hair must live in harmony with its neighbours. If not, our entire way of life is threatened.

Disturbing aggressions on the part of hair are well documented. It has expanded its territory in recent times, has outposts in the ear and nostril, the big toe. Equally unsettling are its gypsy tendencies: stealing land, abandoning perfectly arable terrain to squat elsewhere.

All of which leads us to ask ourselves: where next? Will hair, gone unchecked, occupy the entire continent, push weeds through the cracks of palms, fur the tongue, and finally choke us in its foreign tangle?

We must look beyond our own deceptively harmless sunflower eyelashes and see the forest for the trees: such affronts are deplorable. We must patrol our borders with tweezers and expel the marauders. That wiry ingrown loop represents our mortal coil.

In the interest of peace, however, I put forward that greater understanding could be gained through compromise and dialogue. Rest assured: hair's survival will not be threatened; head privileges will not be arbitrarily revoked. But we will be vigilant. And we do insist that hair withdraw from its *entente cordiale* with our sworn enemy, the coffin.

As usual, I await hair's emissaries to deliver their pillow-case memos. Interpreters will be on-hand.

Yucks

The ass-face cracks a good one, says Paz,
sets fatty two-by-four a-howl or
a fowl, that rubber chicken
clocked over some lug's noggin, Mo-style,
as mouth-Ying and ass-Yang spin,
the klutzy muse tugging Carol Burnett's earlobe
then stumbling *à la* Tripper over sexual innuendo
from sound-stage San Diego back
to stoned Ancient Aztec afternoons,
game priests pissing themselves blue-faced,
clowning under human skins, basking
in the hilarity of a sopping heart held aloft,
like the hick whose chicken runs between
his keystone legs without a head until
the cleaver slams down once more
across its breast, bloody scratches in the dirt.
One last slapstick routine. Oh, stop! *Stop!*
My ribs are splitting and this tickle
feels an awful lot like tragedy plus time plus
my own ancient animal yawp.