

jeramy dodds / THREE POEMS

Glenn Gould gasps on the Dictaphone

The music I wept to was dumbed down some
'till it was music I crept to while mulling over
swamp flats via the sticks, stumps, and gangplanks.
I frogmarched from under a parasol pine,
clouds did part and parts of the marsh
were stunned by a raygun sun.
The river's a sash, bashed-in
by the alloy of starlight. Each leaf's
fallen-angel-poise chalked by the cops.
The lake's glass-machinery stepped up a notch.
Rain like tape-hiss, lightning white as pineflesh.
I can see the bass-lipped Maria Callas, she has lashed
masts into a raft and is tossing up flares, strobing for me.
O Death, you threw me the axe while I was
looking at the sun and each key I've dropped
was a finger clutching for the cliff top.

Credit theme from *The Rag Castle Hotel*

A theremin quartet, backed
by ventilation shaft singers,
music staged for the shadow theatre,
piano bar piano music
that reminds us the moon lip-synchs
the sun. A brushed drum like 'help'
snuffed in a rag-stuffed mouth
the velvet pit of your mouth
on my mouth last November
pale and bedded on the tasseled
rag duvet, we are cautious
as though calling a stranger's
dog. The painting overhead
is of a hound hauling a gored goose
like a rose through the reeds
to his gunman. That same gunman
in the room next to ours
propped on two pillows, sucking
a cigarette red, humming the chorus
full-throttle, flat-out.

She's got a love like a matador

*If one looks down at the earth from the
moon there is virtually no distance
between the Louvre and the zoo.*

— Braco Dimitrijevic

At one point, while I'm deep in sleep
she goes for water.

The lake is unpinned and sloshes in its bowl,
what weather radio calls 'a front.'

I wake and, thinking she's gone for good

totter on the edge of the bed
like a bull
full of swords.