

Metaphysics My Ass

J. E. Bostock

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He was hugging trees and bending down down down
ever so cautiously into a gutterfilled hole of dead brown leaves
began to stroke the roots and speak (as if they heard him)
in a mumble jumble incoherency that made no sense.
I left him squatting to the inside ring of a kitchen telephone
ALEX IS DEAD I squealed into the mouthpiece simultaneous
to the stampede of dashing feet off to the front door
where a sign read: Blow Our Doorbell THANKS,
the Management.

In walks the somber funeral procession J J and N
holding one dead cat. And boy, was he DEAD.
The funny thing is (in a soft whisper) all I can hear is
Belew's Big Electric Cat ah ha ha ah ha ha ah ha aaaargh
SLAM goes the phone into the living room (but it ought to be the
dying room)
the black strobe light candles flicker nervously the music halts
an empty room filled with void emotion
No one speaks no one dares I close my eyes
and begin the dream

Back inside Honker's pad, three young souls and one
clairvoyant chick sit glued to the furniture like
peanut butter on a piece of Wonder
she reads his Tarot cards and massages my feet
and tells us bedtime stories that make us sick
But the last sight I wished to retain was
several boxes of Marlboros flying
ever so gracefully over the sofa carefully caressing his head
it was heavenly wasn't it? I asked.
Yes yes they all agreed, it WAS heavenly.

J.E. Bostock