Christian Downey

[Keats's Last Letter]

My Brown,

was in quarantine, afraid to encounter England. feeling posthumous God

writing on the river my star followed

Rome handwriting my quarantine,

I have knowledge of light and shade great enemies torture philos-

phy

neglectful sickness leads my faults

friends so low in body and mind. tell him about imagination a ghost I can scarcely bless!

John Keats.
The Salsa

She groans as her body implodes
Steel bones and concrete skin
Falling around me as I stand inside her
Her heart singes my lashes
A dominatrix in a snare

I move to the beat of cracking pavement
Watch with an electronic eye
Red and blistering is my skin
Split and seeping

The Man with a Hoe

(A Reply to Edwin Markham’s & John Vance Chaney’s “The Man with a Hoe”)

He stands erect by the prize many have handled.
Body slim as a 12 year old boy,
Sniffing tracks of Meth trains.
Rounded top and single flat foot.
Lube waterfalling, intermingling in the gazing pool of sweat.
Ramming,
  Fertile,
    To the shaft,
Wondering if the planted tree will grow.

The Post-Modern Prometheus: The Coronation of Prince Albert

The ice floated around the room on a gentle breeze; devoid of light. No warming rays to caress the nude body lying on the slab. He entered, snapping the rubber gloves, eyes focusing on the alloys of medical devices. The skinhead crouching and hiding like a turtle head poking out of his shell. The body began to speak, not eloquent phrases, but the short cockney sentences of
Cheapside. “He is usually longer,” referring to the midget skinhead resting limply in the body’s crotch. Bare flesh resting between the bush of pubic hair and pleather covering the iceberg slab. “It happens to everyone,” words slithering from the corner of a dispassionate sneer. There was no comfort for the body as these words signaled the gathering of the room’s audience. They converged on the plinth to worship the skinhead. For soon, there shall be adornments of steel rings placed on his head. Rubber gloved hands grasping the needle move near as the piercer, almost a medieval surgeon, announces, “It only hurts a moment.” A bolt of lightning shot up the body’s spine, bringing him to life with flinching pain. Only seconds passed on the watching clock as the needle penetrated the seven layers of skin, tunneling its way to the dim light of the room. A moment’s hesitation for the transfer of the cold hard ring. The ceremony was over as Philip’s body was dressed for the world. A new sense of self worth swirled in his shallow mind. He could feel something he had never felt before. It was growing inside him making him different, a secret that sets him apart from the world. This magic ring would allow him to take over his small universe. A smile adorned Philip’s face as he walked through the revolving door, skinhead in tow, walking hand-in-hand with his new friend, Prince Albert.

Rubbing the White Rabbit

You be my white rabbit,
    I’ll be your Alice,
Chasing after your marshmallow tail,
    You waltzing in 4/4 time,
    Embracing the hands of a watch.

I’ll run after you.
    My gingham panties becoming moist
    As sweat hopscotches down my leg
Seersucker fabric puckering
    Like my longing anus.

Will you jump down the rabbit hole,
    As the stars make love to the universe
    Beneath our feet?
    Or does the blue cake make you too big
To penetrate my soul,
    A budding rose
    Between my mushroom caps?