

Exhales Deeply

By Diana Ferguson

Bukowski exhales deeply
Longer than a cigarette
Into an old microphone
That can't hold
A drunken bard
Or delicate bird feet
Insinuating the endless black death
Of human conditioning
and love
That fucks
Dog
That sniffed the trash
And pissed on its aluminum can

Exhales deeply
Longer than a cigarette
Or an erect cock
Protruding through mountainous landscape
Of tit, thigh, and red mouth
Motioning words and sounds
but the only thing heard
Is belching automobiles, and airplanes
In the background of curtained white noise
Clocks ticking
Crowds roaring
Mothers humming with babe in arm
And then she cums

Exhales deeply
Longer than a cigarette
or a switchblade
With an eye gleaming
and winking at you
In the subconscious of you overzealous matter
Scattered
Like Autumn leaves
Exchanging freedom for limbs
Moving faster in gravitational cool breezes
Swaying and dancing closer to their inevitable....

Exhales deeply
Longer than a cigarette
With the last word
Over the antiqued microphone
Laughing he says
“Bukowski”
I turn off the recording
and the silence is a bleak suicide

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