

## Sawdust into Dust

“And the sky turned white  
in the middle of the night!  
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in the middle of the night!”  
Firelight fusillade, starlight demigod,  
campfire orange hair aflame.  
Night and day are the same;  
yesterday tomorrow’s name.

Don was real gone, long gone,  
and gone gone.  
He just got tired  
of that vampire on his knee.  
He retired to get a better look  
at that x-ray gingham dress.  
“She was under duress;  
she was under that dress.”  
See him dancing with his love?  
“The shadows flicker up above  
up above the shadows do the candle mambo.”  
(The old fart screaming  
naked nightmare dreaming.)

Oh, but oh,  
high octane octave range,  
belly bursting and deranged,  
sizzle slither on desert floor  
(cacophonous chaos, righteous roar).  
Yellow dog bare toothed howl  
in the valley of the antelope  
the sagebrush growl  
at the China pig they want to kill.

Come near and press an ear  
against the door of perception  
and you’ll still hear:  
“Mr. Zoot Horn Rollo . . .”

– Jeffery Greb