

## Titles and Registrations

I will be insane at first when Dutches will be last  
I love the letters that my grandmother wrote in the past  
we take off the rhythm in the fact  
the method will only bother you, the mask

Our own roads taken out on the roads faking  
educating Indians find some toads for the taking  
now that my horses full listen to the strings in his bowels  
names many of the horses she had no names for cows

Spent lights might need batteries  
tragedies of Psalms to calm Edmonds versus  
curses lurk Robert's grave gets robbed, hopeless on the surface  
the pope wrote warnings, children broken in a battle scene

We are what mother cooks in the kitchen  
from Vegas in the car all of the southern fictions  
Oprah has Elvis on the show, who knew  
dance together and they shall have answers new

Something wakes me up in my father's house  
even nuclear age is late to spring now  
is it a kiss in church, holier than thou  
when strong lambs die I am a mouse found

The Whitehorse has come to harm poets  
in the cool of the evening jokes on a pulpit  
my father's corpse lies with grandmothers spit  
fireflies after twilight I have do this bit

—*j.a. cummings*