

CIRCE AND COMPANY

"She gonna shake you down son,  
with her bloody love."  
He told me when I ask.  
Lived down by the tracks, daddy  
raised pigs. I knew that much.  
But I'd see her,  
walking in the gifted light  
of the moon. And, dream of her nude  
under the sun, her too thin  
taunt lips pending. She named her pigs,  
it's said, after the neighbors. . .  
and her lovers. Had a big hog, four hundred  
and fifty pounds at least, named Zero. Her father  
was an obliisk. I became  
a vertical phantom who wandered among  
the polk weeds and mug wort,  
my beige back sunburnt.