

After the Lie, Donald came in a vision to Donald

On the twenty-
fourth day the river,
a belt of gold,

Donald like topaz,
like lightning, eyes
flaming, arms

burnished
leading himself
into the river.

*I, Donald
touched my lips
and used lotions.*

On the twenty-
fifth day the river,
a cord of honey,

Donald like flint,
like thunder, eyes
closed, arms

bare
chased himself
into the river.

*I, Donald
opened my mouth and sang
what I had rehearsed.*

On the twenty-
sixth day the river,
a dark rope,

Donald like touch-paper,
like ice-storm, eyes
black, arms

bleeding
dragging himself
into the river.

*I, Donald
vision of such terror
I fled.*

On the twenty-
seventh day the river,
a dry trough,

Donald like sawdust,
like swarm, eyes
aching, arms

weeping
digs in the dirt
for the river.

*I, Donald
touched my lips
but nothing came .*

On the twenty-
eighth day the river,
a splitting headache,

Donald like salt,
like aftershock, eyes
restless, arms

frantic
tries to plug the source
of the river.

*I, Donald
could not escape
my lips.*

On the twenty-
ninth day the river,
an unmade bed,

Donald like piss,
like epidemic, eyes
raw, arms

heavy
buried himself
in the river.

*I, Donald
swallowed the dust
until I drowned.*