



From savage to the ringing of a bell.

The puppeteer has blossomed into his own hand. For we are the age, the ability: to count each and every hair at the stadium. As the world, confessed with regions, curves beneath the pilot's belly.

We who have been hooked by form, enchanted by mice, reduced to public prayer, tossed by such jubilant debris. We who have been milked by foreign hands, in all too many imitations of the beggar's hand. Hustled by some strange fatigue, we have been trampled down past the very fabric of our knees.

We who with so many lifetimes, each to be the other, with each other, as the other. And to suffer poverty, every hovel of it, so complete. And luxury!

We who gather to assign ourselves achievement, position. We who call what is paid for asylum.

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