

# the trenchant lad & the mechanical men

*by* Jeff Swanson

the trenchant lad  
and the mechanical men

the pinochle uncles  
seethers in the anesthesia region

mustard stairway  
mrs. snakesflavor

the trenchant lad in ancient lands  
the licentious women of the sung dynasty

the moonshake women, nacreously ventilated  
wild cows, grazing the cracked streets of fallen rome

it's satellite weather out there  
the uncles gather in satellite weather

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a man walks on the moon  
my mother knew at Purdue

I am named for him  
I was to walk on something  
some celestial body or other  
I walk on unknown moons of mind  
I plant my flag on a million obscure maria  
they will only remember my namesake

unknown mama on the moon  
runs the dust of Neil's footprints through her hands, reflectively  
wipes them on her jeans as she gazes back at earth  
she can see Indiana from here  
all those ghosts, walking on the moon, lend it that pearly white  
sheen  
the phases: mass migrations

...

this view of the earth, from whitespace  
mama immaterial

on the numinous loom  
of a summer night

heart attack beating  
hull down on the moon

to shatter the summer night  
on such materials!

the ghosts gaze up at Orion  
and make their observances to old Orion  
the ghosts make their obesiances to Neil Orion  
and watch the old lander come summering down

while way down on the summer lawn  
the fireflies commence

it's satellite weather out there  
the uncles gather in satellite weather  
the mechanical men  
and the trenchant lad

