

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

...

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

