

PATRICIA GOEDICKE

Hole

Glares up at us like a black
graffiti covered

stone the day after
the execution.

Birds like heavy cigars, coffins
wheeling overhead.

If this be corpse

or grave. If this be tooth or cavity
or dry lake bed. Or spewed

vomit of self pity or howl, no tongue left
to speak with: if there be the same

killing fields from the start:
the gallows in the playpen.

If there be cracked eggshell
and no egg. Neither yolk nor white

nor whole-Baby-live-forever. Hah!

If there be no kernel. No core
to the applehead. If there be love

when love is dead.

If the outer firmament be arched
skin only. If the noose embrace nothing

but cold ore and bowels,

*where is the high famed convexity
of which this is the concave?*

For this is not a private. Not a personal
crack in a sealed container.

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No this is not a single

lost shoe: on the nation's highways the owner
is long gone.

And whether this be outer
or inner rot, murderous

aimed or innocent kick, here

is an end to it, a hollow
depression which has no bottom

and no top.