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poem

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mister in between
For Charles Bernstein

Sheet-music – I wanted some of the synoptic
so I stuck out my neck, comma-like
to do attitude was doin' right.

Why did they say eliminate the negative
transparency, don't mess with Mr. In-Between
or scud? Sit tight and close low
right down to the maximum, some
latch for an onto, maintaining
a plus from a pulse. Well then
illustrate:

latch onto the nexus while claiming the crux
of the squall. The positive also equals
the page. Ok, I'll take the floor, a
blendable family, double-U-Ay-Aych
aching. Positively, adverb or not
could be more than the accent outside
immigration – who
cares if it does? Doing weather except

why apply for the job if
the hinge isn't broken? I have
stolen the report and now can't find
a door, as if I need one. Even
a sliding door. Awed
by the side-to-side cloud

thought Noah the dark thought
Jonah what did they do
except wait away and never let
go? My joy's spread, my maximum's
lost interest. Otherwise you'll be other
you know you'll be background,
and that makes the word
the door with difference:
doored.

The downburst blows away, the scene
affirmative by the day. Word's out
what I need to do is mess around
with Mister In-Between.